

Vassar College.  
January 14, 1894.

My dear mamma, -

I am so glad it is Sunday and I have time to rest; a good deal has been going on this week, that is in our work. We have happened to have long lessons in everything all the week, and an essay to write at the end. Ray and I stayed up Friday night to begin our essays, and spent all of Saturday morning on them too. For our essays we were given six general subjects from which to choose: Madame De Sevigne's Letters, The Connotative Power of Words, The Salvation Army, Jane Eyre, An Old Testament Story, and a Fairy Story. Ray's is about the "Fearlessness of Jane Eyre", and mine is about Nebuchadnezzar. Our essays are corrected and talked about so much more than we were used to at home. They are all carefully corrected in red ink, and then each girl has a private interview with the teacher about hers. I don't mind an interview with Miss Nettleton at all. I am not as much afraid of her then as I am in class. I like her pretty well, anyway, better than I did at first. She was in Cleveland during the Christmas vacation, visiting Miss Perry. The day Ray went out to the College for lunch she sat at the same table with her.

There was a lecture on Friday night by Prof. Sedgwick of the Mass. Institute of Technology, on "Bacteriology". Ray and I stayed home from it on account of our essays, but the girls said it was very interesting indeed. Someway it always happens that the ones Ray and I do not go to are always the most interesting -

Last night the Sophomores gave the Freshmen a party. It is customary for them to give it early in the year; but for one reason or another it has been postponed until now. There was a short address of welcome by the Freshman President, and songs by the Sophomore and Freshman Glee Clubs. Each Sophomore escorted a Freshman - and some of them had to take two - That is the way they always do at such things, in the absence of gentlemen - There were ten dances and the programs of the Freshmen were made out before-hand by the Sophomores - Of course those who did not wish to dance could walk, or sit on the couches and cushions around the edge of the room. I got acquainted with several girls that I did not know before, and I had a very good time. It is the most formal occasion that there is without visitors from outside. I wore my white silk.

This morning Bishop Foss of Philadelphia, preached. He is Methodist, you know - He preached as if he took it for granted that we were all infidels, but still he was pretty good. For some reason or other, we don't get any practical sermons here. The ministers that come, all seem to think that because it is a special occasion for them, it is a special occasion for us, and that they must preach a different kind of a sermon to us from what they would to their own congregations -

There are two Jewesses here who room on the floor above us - They will never eat ham, and we have it quite often, and they never study on Saturday, but always on Sunday. They are lovely girls, though - nicer than any Jews I ever saw before.

Today I heard a good story about a Freshman. You know the Volunteer Mission Band holds a meeting every Sunday afternoon. The first part of the year, one of the year, one of the upper classmen invited this Freshman to go to the Volunteer Band with her. The Freshman hesitated and then refused to go, saying that she "didn't believe in going to

hear bands play on Sunday."

Tonight there is an address on "Woman's Work in Hindoo Homes", by Mrs- Water bury- a missionary to India. I forgot to tell you that I wrote to Mrs. Sheldon the first part of Christmas vacation, before I got the letter of hers.

Our room looks much prettier than it did before, and every body admires our new things. I am only afraid that you robbed yourselves, and cannot well spare some of the things.

We are having very good weather, now, not very cold, and very little snow. I hope you are having a mild winter too, It is so much more convenient-

Lovingly your Adelaide. [Claflin]