

Vassar College.
Feb. 11, 1894.

My dear Mamma,—

It begins to seem like March now, the wind blew so last night. But there is bright sunshine. It was so cold last week that the water froze in our pitchers for several nights — I heard Fraulein Neef say one morning that it was 4° below zero. Monday morning I studied in my room for an hour or so after breakfast, and then, just as I was going to a recitation I noticed that ink was leaking from my bottle of stylographic ink that I had just bought. When I picked up the bottle I noticed that it was all broken, and the bottom stayed behind. The ink had frozen into a solid cake, and was just thawing. We let it melt in my washbowl and then dipped it into Ray's empty bottle. I tried common ink in my fountain pen, and after I had used it a week or two, it got sticky and would not write. So I use stylographic ink now. I don't see how Ed gets along if he uses common ink in his fountain pen.

This morning an Episcopalian minister from Buffalo preached. A girl who is acquainted with the prayer book invited me to sit with her, so that it was pleasanter for me than it has been before when the Episcopalian service has been used. But still I much prefer the Presbyterian style.

There was a meeting of the Students' Association Friday night, to discuss changing the time of Bible Lecture. The majority voted in favor of asking the Faculty to have it at quarter of seven in the evening, instead of nine in the morning— It would then take the place of chapel service. I should not like it so well myself, for I am usually sleepy when I listen to a [crossed out: ch] lecture in the evening. The Faculty will decide about it at their meeting on Monday.

There was also a communication from Bryn Mawr read, at the meeting of the Students'. You know Vassar invited Smith to debate with [crossed out: them] ^us but Smith's Faculty would not allow It, because they said it would take too much of the students' time and attention, and besides, the President of Smith does not believe in having women appear in public. The Faculty there decided the question without even speaking to the students about it, so that they knew nothing of it. Then Vassar sent the challenge to Bryn Mawr, which accepted, and preparations have been going on for a month or more. And now Bryn Mawr has just sent a letter saying that they wish to withdraw, because they did not know it was going to be public and formal, they say They thought it was just between student and student, and that ^since they understand it is between college and college, they do not want to do it, because they are not used to debating. So I suppose Vassar has to give up the idea, for I think they will not ask Wellesley, there is too much rivalry between the two— I think it is too bad that they are not more friendly. I must write a letter now to Maude Warner— She has been in Brooklyn for two weeks now, because the doctor said she had to have a rest. If she does not get better she cant come back to college. I know another girl whose home is near here, who has been home two or three times to rest a week or two— Two or three girls have had to go home for good, on account of their health.

One of the girls at our table got a box yesterday, and invited all of our table in to help her eat the contents — a cake, oranges, and a little honey— Some girls get a box every two or three weeks — with cookies, crackers, canned fruit, etc. One girl got two

barrels of apples in the fall, and several other girls got one barrel. When I first came I thought the table fare here was very good, but I am getting rather tired of its sameness myself. Since I was at Hort Lewis's where they had porterhouse steak and things to match, every day. I can understand how girls can think the fare is not good, which a good many of them do think- But do not imagine I am getting stuck up. I manage to enjoy my food, and live and grow fat on it. But things have to be so much better, away from home, to taste as good as very simple plain things do at home. I am looking forward to our own home-cooked food next summer.

Lovingly Adelaide C.[laflin]

[Sketch of room]

Here is a view of the prettiest part of our room - looking from my desk in the corner opp. the bookcase. The hanging on the door opening into the corridor is Ray's black velvet and gold. Our silk scarf is on the table, and on the lower part of the table are our plates and work-baskets and a pile of papers. On the right hand side of the table is a wooden book rest containing 8 or 10 books.

The lower shelf of the bookcase is our dishes. The biggest book on our bookcase is our Latin dictionary, the next two are the Greek dictionary and Shakspeare. The photographs stuck in a little bamboo hanging at the left, are Ray's. That is our couch beneath.

The door at the right opens into my bedroom, and you can see my bed, my closet door and my bed slippers and piece of carpet.