

Vassar College. Oct. 21. (1894,
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My dear Mamma,--

Grover has been in just a year, and we have to have him for three years more. It seems such a long time since he was elected. So many of the Eastern and almost all of the Southern girls are Democrats, that I can't talk as freely as I could at home. At our table the only Democrats are the teacher. Miss Epler, and one other girl. We can't discuss politics with Miss Epler, so that there is not much talk on that subject at our table. Everybody was seized with the desire to write to me, at the same time this week, for I got three letters on Monday, and I have not had one since. You are so good to write, and the rest of the family are pretty good too, especially considering how seldom I write to them individually. It is rather expensive to write many letters. I find that postage stamps count up. It is dreadful the way we keep having to get books here, one after another, it just empties your pocketbook in no time. I rent and buy second hand all I can, but even then it is very expensive, and there are a good many books that have not ^been used here before, so that we [crossed out] have to get them new, clubbing together when we can. The latest one that we have to get is a fifty cent one for elocution, and three or four of us are going to club together and have one between us.

The Elocution teacher is from Boston and she attacked me on my r's last week. I find it extremely hard to drop them, but I suppose I shall have to in elocution class, though I shall not do it anywhere else.

We had a fine concert Friday night, by the Beethoven String Quartette of New York City. The Beethoven String Quartette of Boston happened to be in Poughkeepsie the same night. I suppose they do not happen to have so much talent in the town at once very often. Friday afternoon I went to town, and of all one-horse post-offices! The largest bill they had was a ten-dollar one, and they only had one of them, so that I had to get all the rest of my money in fives. I got a birthday present for Ray, too, a small pitcher,--which it will be convenient for us to have. It cost 35 cents. Her birthday is next Friday-- While I was down town I made my party call on on the Gardners, which I should have done before Christmas-- That was the first time I have been down town except on Sunday, since Christmas. Today is Arlie Raymond's birthday, so she invited us over there last night to make fudges. That is to have her room mate make them, for she never does it, on account of her being lame. Her roommate, Gertrude Smith, is such a good old-fashioned sensible girl, I like her ever so much. She is very homely, and has a homely shade of red hair. She was telling us about her family last night. She is one of eight children.

Ray and I went in to town to church this morning, and it was dreadful walking, but we walked both ways because we couldn't afford to ride. I grudge so to pay ten cents to ride in that bobtail, when we can walk just about as fast as it goes. I never saw such dreadful walking as it has been on the road to town most of this winter. But we had a very pleasant time this morning, and we could take our choice between deep snow, deep water, and deep mud, and we could walk on the car track too, if we wanted to, and in front of the college grounds we could walk the stone fence. But it was good walking in town on the stone sidewalks, and we did not get a bit wet. We went to the Dutch Reformed Church, where we went last time -- as we like the minister there better than

any other we have heard. They had the communion service, not very different from ours.

This afternoon a flock of crows were flying past our window, over toward the Catskills. There were hundreds of them, in a steady stream, so that it took ten or fifteen minutes for them to pass. I never saw anything like it. They kept cawing all the time too. They fly in such a queer way, that, seen against a clear sky, they looked like a crowd of magnified mosquitoes. There are ever so many birds around here. They say Dutchess County (this county) is noted for its variety of birds.

Yesterday morning I darned two pairs of stockings, and washed four pairs. I hung them over the foot board of my bed to dry, so that Ray said it looked like "the night before Christmas." I enjoy Saturday, when I can do things like that. It is pleasant for a change. Some girls send their stockings home to be darned, every week!

Friday evening before the concert Ray and I went up to the Fifth Floor Tower to call on Miss McCaleb. It was the sixth time that we have gone way up there to see her, but we never before found her at home. We were so glad to succeed at last. She is very nice indeed, and has so much interest in the girls' good. She has been here since 1873. She was telling us about how it was here when she first came. They had no elevator then, and did not have one till 1876.

Ray is going to take music lessons after this, and will have to practice an hour a day. I don't see how she can spare the time, but she will do it someway. She has missed her music a good deal.

The sun is so bright every day now, and it seems like spring outdoors. They say the spring is perfectly beautiful here.

I hope papa's arm is getting better. You don't say whether he is able to go to the shop, or not.

With ever so much love to all.
Your daughter
Adelaide Claflin.