

Vassar College. Nov. 25. [1894,]

My dear Ed.-

Your turn for a letter has come last, you see, because you came to see me. Now don't you wish you hadn't?

We have been let down, into winter this week. It snowed hard all day Wednesday, and all night, too, I guess, and the ground and trees were covered quite deep- Then it snowed some yesterday and Friday, too, so that we are quite used to it now. Last week girls wore their straw hats still, but this week every body appeared in "tarns" and winter wraps-the winter wraps being long lined capes with hoods at the back - it seems that they are all the style. My winter jacket is up in my trunk. I shall have to go up and get it pretty soon, for other girls are wearing theirs now. This is rather early for snow here, I think, and isn't it unusually early to have snow in Cleveland?

That was a wonderful game of football you had with Oberlin, to judge from the newspaper account I read. No wonder you are all elated over it. I am going to read the Oberlin college paper in the Reading room this week. Was the one named Young on the Oberlin team, Afred Young, who was in our class at High School?

Well, the Republicans are all right, aren't they? Though we don't hear much talk about outside things here as a rule, there was a great deal of interest in the elections. Miss Macurdy talked about them with more interest than I ever -[crossed out: heard]-saw her show in anything not connected with Greek. She talked politics at every meal for three weeks beforehand. Every time there is a Presidential campaign, they have a big time here. The girls organize into clubs and parade around the corridors, and put up flaming posters etc. About four-fifths of the students are Republicans, usually, though a good many of the Faculty are Democrats. Miss Macurdy is a Republican- There is a Presidential Campaign for each class, sometime during its course. Ours will come when we are Seniors.

Sousa's Band is going to be in Poughkeepsie Thursday evening, and a good many of the girls are going in to hear them. Freshmen cant go, for Mrs. Kendrick doesn't allow Freshmen to go to entertainments in town in the middle of the week.

I was so tired and sleepy when I wrote home last week that I forgot to tell half the things I meant to. So I believe I did not mention the Hallowe'en joke on the Freshmen. Every Hallowe'en the Sophomores play a joke on the Freshmen, and the Juniors one on the Seniors. This year our committee had some long slips of pasteboard printed, just like railroad tickets. They were green on one side, and had four coupons on the bottom, the lowest one "Good for one fresh trip from Freshman Hollow to Mt. Sophomore - the next "Good for one hard journey from Mt. Sophomore to Juniorville, " then "Good for one soft-snap passage from Juniorville to Senior town," and last one "Good for one first-class passage from Seniortown to Alumnae Heights." The coupon [crossed out: ticket] for the Freshman trip was at half-fare, (not adults) and on each one it said "Not good if dropped". At the top were the general rules and regulations of the railroad,-full of grinds - the first being "No stop-overs allowed." "Best procurable conveyance to and from depots, though the -President of the Company regrets his inability to meet each passenger at the depot. (One of the Freshmen, just before she came, telegraphed to

President Taylor to meet her at the depot at such and such a time). "Trains run to Chapel-Gallery on schedule time-"(The Freshmen sit in the Gallery at chapel this year), etc.

The tickets were regularly punched and stamped on the back- One of these the committee put inside each Freshman's napkin at the table, during the afternoon. Of course this was very easy to do, for the napkins are all plainly marked for the laundry -

Of course at dinner, when each Freshman opened her napkin, out came a ticket - and then there was lots of fun over it.

This week I was called upon to be a murderer - of a centipede. I was sitting on my bed one evening when on the wall beside me I happened to see what I knew must be a centipede. I had often heard the girls talk about them, for they are often found down on the first floor, But they seldom get up as far as this. They are horrible-looking thirds, about an inch and a half long, with about a dozen legs on each side, and feelers at both ends. I was glad of a chance to see one, so I sat and looked at it a minute, and then killed it.

Did I tell you that Ray is in the choir now, and on the college Glee Club too? It is an awfully nice thing, though it takes time, for rehearsals especially -

Irene Lawrence - who lives on Willson Ave. you know - and who had typhoid fever in the summer, came back to college yesterday- She rooms with Cornelia Ranney, on our corridor, just a few doors from us- I don't know what she is going to do about making up her work- If she has to be a special, she cant stay in this building- For while it is so crowded, they make the specials live in the cottages and have as many of the regular students as possible in the main buildings-

Friday afternoon Belle got a box from home, with some cake, ginger cookies and apples in it- So we had a few girls in for the evening, and we had lots of fun. We played crambo, part of the time - Each wrote a question on a piece of paper, then mixed the papers and each wrote a word, then mixed them again and each wrote a piece of "poetry" answering the question and using the word. I will put in one or two for you-

What is the dearest wish of your heart?  
Fresh.

"Fresh for all negative wishes  
May my Fate say "No"!  
May I not wash the dishes.  
Let the rest go-"

I'll have to obey that last line, so goodbye- Your loving sister On separate slip:

Hallucination.  
What is the use of living ?

The use of our creation  
Is not to win ovation  
Nor yet concatenation  
Of mirth and great elation,

You may see no relation  
In my expatiation.  
But in my peroration  
There's no hallucination.  
What would you most like to be?  
Faculty.

"What should I most like to be?  
The equal of the Faculty?  
Nay – my wish is far more deep.  
I should like to be – asleep.  
Is the soul immortal?  
See.  
No one can a man's soul see  
So it may immortal be,  
After death, we know not where–  
It may roam the upper air–