

Vassar College. Nov. 18. [1894]

My dear Mamma,--

We have just come from Bible Lecture, and I am going to write to you and then go right to bed. We are all so sleepy, even though none of us woke up this morning till after the breakfast-bell.

We did not get to sleep last night very early, for we went to the Sophomore party. Every year the Sophomores give a party for the Freshmen. Each Freshman and teacher is taken care of by a sophomore, but as there are more than enough to go around, a good many of us had to take two. I took two Freshmen, Ray took Miss Macurdy and a friend who is visiting her. Mary has had a girl from New York city visiting her since Friday, and so she took her and a Freshman, and Belle took a teacher and a Freshman. There were twelve dances, so it was a good deal of work to make out the programs. You see we did that beforehand, and had to arrange for our two people and ourselves. All the Sophomores went around asking each other, "Have you all your dances taken? " Won't you give me one for my Freshman? " We all had a very good time, though we got pretty tired. The dances were very short, so that we had to hurry between each one, first to give up--the our partner to her hostess, then to find each of our Freshmen and each of their next partners, and then find our own partners. I sat down during most of the dances, but when we could not find a seat, we walked around. There are a good many girls who do not dance. I had several promenades with teachers, Prof. Salmon, Prof. French--the new teacher of Psychology-- a little bit of a man who is awfully bashful -- the only unmarried man on the Faculty.

Miss Whitman, the President of the Freshman class, who helped to receive, is a sister of Prof. Whitman of Adalbert. One of the girls took me to call on her several weeks ago. She is a remarkable girl, very bright and interesting and pleasant. It is strange that she is so animated when her brother is just the opposite.

Refreshments were served about the middle of the evening. I helped to serve them and we had to go way down into the gymnasium each time, and carry up two or three plates, with no hands left to hold up our dresses-- But we got along all right. Then they had shadow pictures, which were splendid. They were for the benefit of the Freshmen and were illustrative of Geometry and Latin etc. There was a girl who went insane over geometry, waving parallelopipeds etc. wildly in the air -- A cute poem was read at the same time.

Then they illustrated the first page or two of Livy, reading the Latin at the same time. They had the women come out and wail and tear their hair, then a battle -- girls rushing at each other and clashing sticks etc. Then they had the elephants -- girls walking across with their heads bent way over, and their hands turned up for trunks. You would not think they would look much like elephants but they did--and were greatly applauded.

Then they represented the trip to Mohunk, when it poured, you know. They got one of Baby Taylor's^ rocking horses, and a small girl in the class rode across the stage behind it, holding an umbrella-- I gave the description of Livy for Lou's benefit. She would have enjoyed it. I wore my white silk, but did not wear gloves. A good many of the girls didnot wear gloves, and it was a great saving. There are only two other

occasions this year when I will wear my white silk.

We had some special work to do Saturday, so that we did not have time to do any of our regular work, and I don't see exactly how we are going to get through this week, though for that matter I have wondered about that every Saturday night so far. I thought I had to study hard last year, and so I did, but it wasn't a circumstance to this year. We Just work like dogs this semester. I keep thinking I will get a little ahead, and so keep comparatively comfortable, but I can't keep up with my lessons, much less get ahead. There is always a lot of extra work for us to do, too. Then we come down to dinner Saturday evening and have the Juniors tell us that they have almost all their lessons for the next week finished. I think I shall write my next essay during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Ray got a box from Harry this week, with some of his sofa-pillows, and a comforter, and table-cover, and a few other little things, which added a good deal to the room. I would write more if I did not feel so much like going to bed, so goodnight. Give my love to the neighbors.

Your loving daughter Adelaide. [Claflin]