

Vassar College. Nov. 25. [1894]

My dear Mamma,–

I have had such a nice time this afternoon reading. It is so nice to have a chance to read once in a while though the chances are few and far between. We do appreciate our Sundays here, they are like a little breathing–spell, and they go only too fast. This morning Dr. Thos. McLeod of Brooklyn, preached for us, and we liked him very much. This evening Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's church, in Brooklyn, is going to talk to us on "Work for the Poor in New York City – Dr. Taylor spoke of him and his work very highly. Every Sunday evening we have Bible Lectures, by Dr. Patterson of Rochester – They are on the History of the Bible, its growth, translations, etc. and are very interesting. I take notes on them, so I will have them all in a notebook convenient for future reference.

It is a dark, chilly day today, and it has been trying to snow but has not succeeded very well. The snow that came a few weeks ago entirely disappeared, but it looks as if the ground would be covered again pretty soon.

Tell Lou that I have neither Millers Latin Prose Composition nor Tighe's Development of Roman Constitution. They don't use them here at all, so I could not get one from her.

Dr. Taylor came home last night. He walked in to Phil. Hall where they were having a hall play, and the girls clapped him like everything – for a welcome. Did you all go to the reception at Prof. Olney's, and meet him? Did he stay at Mrs. Adams's while he was in Cleveland?

The hall play was pretty good, but it was very long, so I came home when it was about half over. They had some good jokes on the programmes, grinds, I mean. One of them was about Prof. Wentworth, a new Prof, of English, whom we have for Rhetoric. He went down town one day not long ago, and asked a clerk in the drygoods store for some muslin– The clerk asked him what kind he wanted. and he said he didn't know. He didn't know whether he wanted it wide or narrow, or thick or thin, or dotted or plain, but at any rate he wanted it for sheets.

One day last week Prof. Ely did not make her appearance in her class in Higher Mathematics, the first hour. They waited a few minutes, then some of them went to find her. They hunted everywhere, in her room, the library, reading–room, and finally found her – in the dining room, still calmly eating her breakfast– She had forgotten that she had a class– We have her for Trigonometry, and she is better than a picnic. She says such funny things, in such a funny, matter–of–fact way– Several times she has spent the whole hour in just reading the roll–call, and talking to us about taking care of our health– She talks to us about everything under the sun, but her favorite topic is colds. She says that too many girls have colds, and that most all of them could be prevented if we would never wear slippers, nor low-necked short-sleeved dresses – which are her abomination. She said "If I should put on a low-necked dress In the evening, after wearing a high-necked dress all day, I should catch my death," I am sure I don't know what preserves you. And a girl who wears thin slippers around in these corridors has not sense enough to succeed in mathematics. I wouldn't allow a girl who wore slippers to be in my

Elective Mathematics class." We just sit and laugh and enjoy everything she says. She tells us too, not to study too hard, and not to think we have to do all the examples every day, and not to feel badly if [crossed out: we] other people are smarter than we, for, she said, "if we wanted nobody to be smarter than we, every body would have to come down to our level, and what about those inferior to us? We would have to go down to their level, till everybody in the world would be reduced to the level of idiots! We ought to be glad that somebody else can do things that we cant!" I am so glad I was fortunate enough to have Prof. Ely. for half the class have a new teacher, Miss Gentry, whom they do not like, and who makes them work like everything.

They have just changed the curriculum somewhat – putting Trigonometry in with the Algebra of the Freshman year. I will put in a piece cut from a paper, telling about the changes–

I wrote to Mrs. Sheldon, yesterday morning, after reading your letter. I did not know she was so seriously ill– I am so sorry to hear it.

Abbie Vaillant is up here visiting– She came Friday and is going back tomorrow morning. She greeted me very cordially indeed, and asked me to call in and see her before she went.

I have been looking forward to the Thanksgiving vacation. It begins at 11:20 on Wednesday, and lasts till Saturday night. Ray is going down to Brooklyn, and perhaps Belle is going home, then Mary and I will be left here together. Even if we do a good deal of work, it will be a rest, and a change from the ordinary routine. And we shall enjoy it. Mary and Belle are both going home at Christmas, and Ray will either go home, or to some of her relatives, so I shall be alone here at Christmas. Ray has not decided yet whether she will go home, or rather, her father has not. She will go if her father thinks she can afford it. Please give my love to the neighbors, and to the girls I know. I have not written to anybody, hardly–

Lovingly– Adelaide. [Claflin]