

Vassar College. Dec. 2. 1894.

My dear Mother, -

Vacation has come and gone so quickly that It hardly seems as if we had had any, except that I feel rested and less hurried- I wrote part of a letter to you the other day, but I was interrupted, and did not have a chance to finish it.

Bay went down to Brooklyn, as she expected, and had a fine time. Her brother Fritz was there too. He is in Scribner's book-store in New York. Her brother Harry is in Asheville, N.C. where he has to stay till spring-

O I forgot that I hadn't told you- Ray has a new little sister. She was born early last Sunday morning. Ray Is so glad it is a girl, for most of her family and relatives are boys.

Ray went to the great football game in New York on Saturday- with some of her cousins. They always take her around in New York. A good many of the girls went down to the game Saturday, who did not go away for Thanksgiving- About half the girls were here Thanksgiving Day. We did have a grand dinner. It was at three oclock, and we assembled in the corridor a few minutes before three, and marched into the dining room two by two, singing "America". Dr. Taylor and his family ate in the dining room with us- Mrs. Kendrick and some of the Faculty were in their usual places at the Faculty table, at the next table was Dr. Taylor and his family and some more of the Faculty- at the next were some more of the Faculty and Miss Wood- the librarian- with five or six of the Faculty babies- Miss Wood is very fond of babies, and takes care of the Faculty babies a good deal of the time, especially of Dr. Taylor's- I should say children for they are three years old or so. They call Dr. Taylor's baby, Dick, and the girls say that it is short for "the Dictator." The children are all very fond of Miss Wood, and no wonder, for she is lovely-

For the Thanksgiving dinner we arranged our own tables, and decorated them. We were at a small table, only seven of us, and I was at the head. We were at the table about two hours and a half. I would send you my menu, if it were not too large to go in any envelope I have. We had all the regulation Thanksgiving things, of course, and besides, lobster salad, creamed oysters. Roast young pig, (which I never ate anywhere else, but which is good), rice croquettes, pine-apple sherbet, chicken salad, strawberry tartlets, Nesselrode pudding (which is like icecream with all kinds of fruit and citron and raisins chopped up in it.) Charlotte russe, and fruit and nuts and so on. I tried to manage the thing "systematically and scientifically" so that I was not uncomfortable. I barely tasted of the common things, and so was able to enjoy the desserts, I took some of everything but potato and celery.

Belle went home for the vacation, so Mary and I were left in possession of our "suite", and we enjoyed it ever so much. We did not get much done, for we were fated to be interrupted - Girls came in and stayed for hours, I suppose because they thought that was all right in vacation. But we would rather have spent those hours outdoors. We did have fun on Saturday especially. We looked all through the Catacombs (i.e. the cellar) for another bookcase. We had collected too many books for our old accomodations- We found a better looking one than either of those we had, so we brought it up, and changed the books- Then we changed the books in the other two and

rearranged them. We changed around all the furniture in Mary's bedroom too, and that took a long time for the bedrooms being small and square, the bed takes up a large part of the room, and it is almost Impossible to make it fit more than one way- Then we washed the dishes that were dirty or dusty, (we really do not dust every day) and washed and ironed the doilies and teatable cover. The teatable cover is an old one of Mary's and while I was ironing it I tore the hemstitching half way along one side. We ought to have spent all this time in studying, but we so enjoyed the change of occupation that we did one thing after another. Down in the catacombs we found a little table with a drawer in it, and we looked upon that as a gold mine, and brought it up to put in my bedroom. It is one of the kind they used to use here, and is about the only one left, I guess. It is about like the one Clarence keeps up in his room. I have put a blotter on the top, and use it for writing when there is company out here in the parlor. We are going to change bedrooms in February, then Ray will take mine and I will have hers- There will be one nice thing about hers, if it is a corridor room, it has a wardrobe in the room. Now I have my wardrobe out in the corridor, and the most inconvenient part of it is that I have no place for my shoes, for I want them in my room. If anybody wants to make me a Christmas present, tell them to make a shoebag, then I can hang it on the back of my door, and next semester have it inside the door of my wardrobe. You ought not to give me any Christmas presents, though, for I have so many nice things, and so many privileges. I wish I could give you each a real nice Christmas gift, but I am beginning to fear that I shall not be able to make any at all.

Please tell Lou to send me a catalogue of the Woman's College or else a list of the books she needs to use next semester, or else a list of the books she needs to use next semester, so that I can send them home at Christmas by Katharine Dunham. if I have any of them. We are going to read Horace's Satires and Epistles next semester, and I think she is too, isn't she?

Lots of the girls who stayed here got boxes from home, so that Mary and I happened to be invited to three two spreads and a candy pull in one evening, Wednesday. We went to them all, too. One of them was Katharine Dunham's- Her aunt in Lockport sent her another box- She makes the nicest boxes of things that I ever have seen- the loveliest angel cake just exactly like Edie's, and fruit cake and cookies and canned things-

Dr. Taylor was not feeling well all day Thanksgiving, and is still out of sorts- He could not be at the reception which he always gives ^in the evening and Mrs. Taylor received alone. After the icecream and cake were served they all played "Going to Jerusalem". Prof. Van Ingen and his three sons played too, and Prof. Van Ingen beat. He is the Professor of Art - a funny Dutchman, who has been here the longest- I believe, of the professors. I am glad you met Dr. Taylor and liked him-as I do.

Lovingly, Adelaide. [Claflin]