

Vassar College.

Jan. 19, 1872. (1873)

My dear Carrie,

The other girls in the parlor are dressing for Chapel, but I am ahead of them having made one toilette suffice for the day. An unaccountable (?) fit of laziness seized me this morning, for which reason, I (to use a Vassarism) cut breakfast, silent time, and Bible Class. Do you greatly object to slang in your letters received? I knew Papa and Mamma do and I try to use very little in writing, but sometimes a slang word is the best one for expressing an idea. Carrie Norton once, in a letter to her mother, used the word "smash" in the Vassar sense. Her mother, poor woman, was so much astonished and horrified that I believe she had serious thoughts of taking the poor girl from such contaminating influence. You may be sure, Carrie has never since dared to write in any but the most proper manner.

How do you wear your hair now-a-days? The girls here think that the nearer the crown of the head the hair can be put the better it is. Mine causes me some trouble, but it is growing fast and will soon be long enough to make a coil without any additional help from my switch. Those old fashioned high back combs are all the rage just now. Hasn't Mamma one she used to wear? Just put that on, and you will be exactly a la mode-

Friday night Deltans were amused by the reading of "She Stoops to Conquer." Among the number of readers, your devoted sister was one. Hastings was the character assigned me. Delta has been exceedingly considerate towards me, giving me only readings to do. If she only will not give me anything to write, I shall not care what I do. Last night our Sophomore class gave its dramatic entertainment. The faculty have recently made it a rule that each class and each society can give but one dramatic affair each semester. This was done because they thought we spent entirely too much time upon arranging costumes and learning parts. But they have made a mistake, more time is spent upon the one, now, than used to be upon all for the plays must needs be much finer.

To ours, last night, each parson was allowed to invite two. Of course all classes were represented, and to our credit be it said, that every one who went enjoyed herself. Fannie Buffington had one of the principal parts, which she took admirably. The play, Caste, was not a very good one, but yet was quite amusing-

I am dreadfully hungry and wish it were home fare which I shall get at dinner time. Do manage, Carrie, to write me at least once a week, can't you? The other day I received a letter from Sarah Pease. She desired her love sent you and hoped soon to hear from you. She has been so long answering my letter than you- I shall not trouble myself to write to her very soon. With love to all "enquiring friends" your little sister  
Julie.