

Vassar

Dear people:-

Its sunday afternoon. Cora went in town with Hilda to dinner at some bodies house. I forget their name. After dinner I went up into the Sophomores room while one of them read a sermon. It was a translation of one of the Italian Monk's sermons delivered at the time of a plague in one of the southern cities and was very good. Then I came down here and fo

Adele Buffinton just leaving a little note asking Cora and me to go walking with her. But as Cora couldn't go I went up and got Lucile and Edith and we had a very nice walk, though they snow made the walking rather hard. It snow some more yesterday so we are quite covered up. What do you think we did Saturday afternoon? It was snowing so we thought we wouldn't go sleighing as we intended to. But we went into

town to the theater to a melodrama. We paid .20 cents for orchestra seats. It was very thrilling and absurd. All the good people got rich, and turned out to be great personages and the daughter who had been stolen as a baby is restored to her father and marries her lover. And all the villains get found out and punished. At wagons points the heroine expressed lofty and sublime sentiments during which the band played softly.

It was dinner time when I got back and I intended to do a lot of studying in the evening, but they asked us to come down to the

fire wall, and be read to which we accordingly did. And I didn't get a lesson done. Alegbra I have first thing Monday morning, and I don't know it at all. I ahem been meaning to review the stuff ever since I came back to college and have nee got around to it. It is something dreadful

the way time goes. Saturday morning I intended to do latin prose and my essay but i want skating and only got my prose done. When I went to read my poems for my essay I found that one of the books was not on the reference shelves and so I hunted up Miss Hookers and asked her about it and she went down to the library and made inquiries about it but the book seems to have entirely disappeared. Then while they were hunting the

thing up I read some books on art instead of studying as I ought. You see I am a very foolish person. What do you think, Mama? Such a blow! Cora was told she couldn't wear her Maria Stuart costume because it wasn't appropriate for a Washington's birthday party. I am afraid perhaps the same objection might be made to a such peasants costume. What do you think?

I wish I could write Valintine poetry. THink of it, our prose day is Valintne day. What a sweet Valentine we hand to Miss Sanders. There was something else I wanted to say to you o ask you but I can't rhino what it was. I shan't send this till Monday afternoon though so perhaps I will remember before hone.

Monday. I can't think what it was at all unless I wanted to ask for Miss Sevann's

address. I know it wasn't that, but I do want that. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Miss Haines. It was the steadiest thing I ever wrote. No sense in it at all. But still I sent it. Well I have got throe Algebra and German safely. Though I found that I hadn't studied the right lesson in the book nor learned the rules she gave us. Some of the girls got dreadfully scolded, but she didn't realize a hadn't done it. Cora and Lucile had

Miss Dutton in Latin for the first time this morning She has been sick. Such disgusted children you never saw. It must be dreadful really some of this poetry is decidedly sentimental. At present we are reading Ovid. At halfpast 3 a single bird unto a silent sky propounded but a single term of cantos melody. At halfpast 4 experiment had subjugated test, and lo! her silver principle supplanted all the rest

at halfpast 7 element nor implement was seen, and place was where the presence was, circumference between. Emily Dickinson. Can you make sense of this thing? I can't and i had to interpret it for my last theme. Isn't it absurd? We want to send each junior a little bunch of violets for a Valentine; from the class you understand because they have done so much for us. DOn't you

think that would be nice? We are to have a class meeting this  
afternoon to bring up

the subject. There's the bell for latin boo hoo how I am scared.  
Ruth

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