

Vassar

Dear people:-

Your letter came this morning. You were very good to sit down stairs. I am so worried as to whether I got your letter in time to reach you this morning. I think I did though. I don't think I need to take a tutor in Algebra. If I would just find time somehow to do some reviewing I would be all straight. What do you think, this morning when I was going up stairs in Rockerfellow I met Miss Richardson. She took

hold of my hand in both hers and patted it. "I have missed you, my dear," she says with her sweetest smile. "I am sorry to have lost you." Edith who was behind me nearly fainted away and after I had been brought to, we had to turn our attention to her, but she finally came to. I had such an unhappy time in class drill this morning. It is the second one I have been to. And of ours they have got way ahead. She made us do all kind of stunts with Indian chairs and I never

got into such a mess in my life. I don't like it at all. Well there is the Latin bell. I must run. Wednesday. Nothing interesting has happened since yesterday, just study and recite, recite study. I wish you could have seen me trying to get a steamer letter into the post for Winifred today. The postman had come and I thought if I didn't get in the mail it wouldn't reach her in time so I tore, and ran down stairs putting it in the envelope as I ran. It was too big and I folded it any old way. It will be a pretty sight I think. When she gets it. I just caught the postman. Don't you wish we were sailing for Italy

tomorrow? I do. Yesterday Cora and I had the finest sleigh ride. We were walking over to the washerwoman's and we had to go past the new building. The only path went that way and just then a wagon or sleigh rather

came out and we jumped up behind and had a lovely ride out of the college fronds and down a side street. When we came o the main street, where the street cars are, we decided we would have to get off, for fear of shocking somebody or harming the reputation of the college. They treat us like babies. Miss Cornwell is a pill. I wish Mis. Kendrick was back. Miss C. wouldn't let us send the little bunches

of violets to the Juniors for Valentines. Did you ever hear of anything so absurd. Bah. Then they had a meeting of Phil. the other night because Miss Cornwell had discovered a rule made a long time about, soon after college was started by the faculty that no costumes should be rented for the Hll plays. No attention has been payed to it for over 10 years. But she discovers

it and says we can't have any costumes unless we petition the faculty for them. So we had to have a eating to get up the petition, everybody hooted when the girl got up and announced the business. In the last hall play she wouldn't let the girls say rape. She told them theft was much more befitting. It

sounded too absurd for anything. When the bandit told the old Gentleman about the different styles. The theft by

moonlight, the theft polite, etc, etc.

Thurs. Another Latin press ex. done. I passed. Miss Dutton's, but don't expect to Miss Sander's. Last nigh I made three calenttimes no 4. This morning when we went to breakfast there was an orange at every place. Nobody knows who put them there, except the person who did it, and she doesn't let on. Some of them think Cora and I did it which is very amusing. We are going to vote our class motto and monogram. Todays they are all horrid, I have more work than I can possibly do for tomorrow 3 lesson, class meeting and gym to do before night beside one recitation. Friday all my recitations come the first thing i the morning so I have to get them all the day before hand. I got a very pretty Valentine from New Haven. Voila the bell. Alas prose and grammer. Goodbye. Ruth.

Mrs. George B Adams  
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