

Dear people-

I am going to start this letter in the girls room while we are waiting for Miss Hastings to bring her father up. He is the darlingest old man you ever saw and is so pleased with all his new grandchildren. Miss Hastings has told him all about us so we feel quite acquainted. Beth Seymour is up here over Sunday with Miss Palmer, the greek instructor, I walked in to her room the other night with out ever having met here which

was rather cool I think. Of course it has been raining all the time she has been here. I shall never dare asked anyone to come up here again. It always rains. We haven't managed to have field day yet. I don't know what will happen now because the seniors have to have their exams next week and they haven't time to spend on such things. Mr. Hastings has made his call. He is so nice and jolly.

Last night we went into the Amherst dramatics. They did finely, rather better than the Williams people I think. The girls were better any way. Why

it gives you such a queer sensation to see a woman and knows that it's a man all the time. Clothes do make a difference. You can't help some way feeling differently towards a girl, no matter how well you know, her when she is dressed as a man. Dear me it's Monday now. I fully meant to get a nice long letter off to you, that is get it done yesterday. It wouldn't have got to you any sooner than this will. I went in to tea with Dube yesterday and only came

out in time for the address at 8 o' clock. A miss Bradford of Whittier house Jersey City spoke to us on social work and all kinds of things that are being done for the poorer people. She is perfectly lovely. We went into the senior parlor afterwards and sat around her on the floor, while she talked to us more,

and answered all our questions. We were all ready and crazy to start into social work immediately. I wish so many interest

ing people wouldn't come here and talk to us so. I shall go wild. I have at last made up my mind to take every economic course I can get a hold of. Oh dear I am terribly sorry I believe I have missed the mail. I don't see how I could have been so thoughtless. We are not going to be nearly so busy this week, as we are to have no Latin prose but a lecture instead. Our essay however is something terrible

we are to describe in Pater's style either a basket ball game or the Shakespeare lay imagine anything more absurd. It isn't at all like anything he ever wrote. Such things are really quite trying. Friday night the choral club gave a concert and also our new symphony orchestra of which we are very proud. Then Saturday it poured all day and we were all dreadfully cross. I never saw Lucile get so mad in my life, and we all

sat around and swore at each other. Friday afternoon I forgot to tell you we had a [stunt] party. I mean the Juniors had one for us. It was lots of fun. We had 3-legged races and red headed races and potato races and all sorts of things. Then they took us over to their fence and gave me refreshments and a speech on the subject of the fence. Oh my I almost forgot to speak to you about a very im-

portent affair. Edith is very anxious to have us all go home with her directly after commencement for 3 or 4 days. What do you think of that? She lives in Fall River you know and we should go by boat which of course isn't as expensive. We would have a fine time I know but I told her I didn't believe I could come for many reasons. I hope Grandpa and the maid are improving.

lovingly
Ruth.