

Vassar College.

Feb. 10, 1895

My dear Mother,-

Your letter came yesterday morning- Friday no mail came, because the trains were not running. There has been almost a blizzard here for a day or two - snow in drifts, and wind blowing, and fine misty snow in the air. The electric cars were not running, nor the trains either. There was to have been a lecture Friday night but the lecturer could not get here. He appeared, though, in time to deliver his lecture at eleven o'clock Saturday morning. It was on the "Underlying Causes of the American Revolution", and the girls said it was not very interesting- I could not go for I had an essay on hand- I have to take a Saturday off for an essay every six weeks- No extra time is given to us for writing them, and we have to prepare three lessons for Monday, too. I wrote on "Periodical Literature versus Books". We are given a half dozen subjects from which to choose. Carrie and Belle took "Is Football as it exists today justifiable? " They both said no. Some of the other subjects were: "Is it right to free in this country? " Is it the proper sphere of the novel to attempt instruction or social reform? " "Does the Realist hold the mirror up to Nature? " "Can a man express in his art, qualities in which his character is deficient? " I should not like to have to write on some of those. I can never get inspired to write on my essays till the time to hand them in is near at hand. We always have to hand them

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in on Saturdays at six o'clock, and I never can begin mine till Friday night, (or sometimes even Saturday morning). I work out my thoughts

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a little Friday night, then Saturday I box myself up in my room and work at it steadily from breakfast till six o'clock. On my first one this year I had "Good", on my next "Carefully written but not interesting." This last criticism I considered quite mild when I discovered that ever so many girls had to rewrite their whole essays- Lester Baker - the president of our class - who is usually considered a good writer, had at the end of her last essay, "Very superficial. Carelessly written and over familiar. No argument worthy of the name. Rewrite."

Ray did not have to write an essay this time, because they accepted the share that she wrote for Trig Ceremonies instead. She was on the committee to write it. Trig Ceremonies come off next Saturday. I could not write you about it before because everything about it is kept a great secret

by the class, and we try not to let any of the other classes know a thing about it beforehand, but they always do their best to find out something about it, especially the Freshmen, who are supposed to be the most interested. It is a sort of farce consisting mostly of grinds on the Fresh-

men, and the higher classes, and the Faculty. The occasion is when we

required

have finished Trigonometry - our last[^]Mathematics- and we are supposed to illustrate to the Freshmen what an awful time we have had with
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Mathematics and how glad we are to be through with them. I have a minor part in it - representing Mrs. Kendrick- We are all Puritans, so I am going to sit and knit-dressed in gray. This is the last time that there can be Trig Ceremonies, because they have changed the curriculum now so as to have Trig in the last half ol the Freshman year, and ol course they could not have Trig Ceremonies while examinations and commencement and everything else was going on. The Freshmen are studying Trig now.

We have had a week ol our new semester and are beginning to see what our routine will be like. I think Chemistry will be very interesting- though we have not had laboratory work yet- That begins tomorrow. It is so different irom all our other studies - lor we will work with things instead ol with books.

Miss Leach is such a line teacher and makes the recitations very interesting-
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This week we elected our officers ol the Y.W.C.A. for[^]next year- and Carrie was elected Recording Secretary. She has to post notices on the bulletin board, and keep piles ol minutes beside informing all members ol committees of their appointments, etc. The book in which she keeps her records weighs about ten pounds, and Carrie had to stand up and hold it while she read all the minutes lor the last year, at the annual meeting
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Friday night.

I believe I forgot to tell you how we changed bedrooms a week ago Friday. We made rather quick work of the bureaus and wash stands, for they are just alike in all the rooms and all we had to do was to carry the drawers to our new rooms without taking out any of the things. The room I have now is the smallest one - about the smallest room in college. It is like the one Miss Adams had in New York, when she sat on her bed and could reach everything in the room. It is 7 x 9 ft. and contains a bed,

bureau, washstand, chair, wardrobe, and a path up the middle, like this:
It is a cute little place, and I am quite attached to it already. Carrie's bedroom is as large as the parlor, and I was going to have that, at first, but I chose this one instead, because it is cuter, and besides the kitchen utensils and such things are kept in the large room. Ray has the room I used to have.

The trains are not yet running from New York I suppose, for the
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minister expected this morning could not get here, and Dr. Taylor preached instead- I hope Clarence has gotten over the mumps by this

time- They go harder with grown people than with children don*t they
L*ove to all the family and neighbors.
Adelaide. jClaflinj