

Vassar College. Feb. 24. 1895.

My dear Father,-

The time has come around for me to write you another birthday letter, and say that I am sorry not to have anything more substantial to offer. And if I could give you a birthday kiss, it would be much more satisfactory than sending it in a letter.

This morning Bishop Leonard, of Cleveland, preached for us- in the Episcopal service. I don't remember whether I ever saw him in Cleveland, for I did not remember his face. I liked him quite well. You know last Sunday we had a Cleveland minister, too, Dr. Upham. This afternoon Rev. Mr. McCarthy, for twenty-seven years a missionary in China, is going to speak for us- This is in addition to the usual services,

for in the evening we have our usual Bible Lecture by Dr. Pattison, and an address on Tenement House Reform by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

Thursday evening was the regular missionary meeting of the Y.W.C.A. at which Ray, as chairman of the Missionary Committee, presided- and Carrie Hardin spoke about life in Syria, which of course she knows about very well. She knows a good deal of Arabic, though she has forgotten some of it, and it is fun to hear her recite Arabic- Yesterday afternoon Ray and I went to a reception given by Gertrude Bronson for her sister Victoria, and a friend of Victoria's, Miss DeWitt. Victoria was here only two days, but it was interesting for her, I guess- And she was enjoying it very much. She seems a good deal older than she Feb. 10, 1895 ~ 943

did in the summer.

Friday was quite an exciting day- after lessons were over. We have always had Washington's birthday for a holiday before, but this year the Faculty concluded that we might just as well have our lessons as usual, and not break into our work with a holiday- So all the usual decorations of flags and colonial relics the girls replaced by decorations which indicated mourning for a lost patriotism.

The Senior tables down the center of the dining room are always decorated, and the seniors are always dressed up in some particular way and march together into the dining room, first, while the rest of us stand by in the corridor and watch them, So this year the Seniors adorned their tables all with black cheesecloth, even tying bows on the vinegar bottles and salt cellars etc. Then the Seniors instead of being dressed in colonial

costumes, suddenly appeared, all in black, some of them Puritans, some of them nuns and some monks, with long flowing robes and cowls on their heads and candles in their hand. All these sombre figures singing a mournful dirge produced rather a startling effect. During dinner we were quite hilarious, and while we were waiting for dessert the Seniors all yelled "What's the matter with Washington's birthday? " and the response, "Going, going, gone!" and "What's the matter with the Faculty? " "We don't know." Over at Strong Hall, they sang Star-Spangled Banner, America,

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Marching thro9 Georgia, and so on, during dinner.

In the dining room a committee had posted big printed posters - a "Declaration of Patriotism", modelled on the "Declaration of Independence which contained sentences like this: "We believe that students are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the celebration of national holidays."

A statue of Geo. W. in the front hall was wrapped up in a portiere and a sign on it "Positively Engaged"- the sign wh. the girls always put out on their doors when they are very busy and cannot be seen. Of course this was done by some girl.

Friday evening we all went over to the gym. in colonial costume and had some fun- Some Southern girls were dressed as darkies and danced the darky dances, one of them dressed as a boy did the "breakdown". This was especially enjoyed by the lecturer Prof. H. Morse Stephens, who was there. He lectured twice on Saturday on the French Revolution, on which he is the authority now. We could not go to his lectures for Belle had a friend here from home and we had spent the day entertaining her. to

We took her over^the laundry, and were shown all through it - the first time I had been there - to go through it all. We saw how our clothes were washed and rinsed and dried and ironed and sorted - a good deal of it done by machinery- The people here are all very glad to show off their machinery-

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One day when we were in the Catacombs the man there showed us the engine which pumped all the water - 90 gallons per minute it pumps, fr. fourteen wells beyond Strong Hall, There is another engine beside it for use if that one gets out of order.

Give my love to all - and keep lots for yourself - Though this is a birthday letter, still of course it is for all the family to read- as usual-

Lovingly

Your daughter

Adelaide. (Claflin,