

Vassar College.

March 3. 1895.

My dear Papa,*

I have just used up my last sheet of writing paper, so I will write on my pad for a while*

I must tell you the first thing that the money came all right, and on good time, Thursday * and I paid the bill immediately. I am very much obliged for the extra "change", too. It fills up my pocketbook quite nicely* It has been a beautiful day today* very sunshiny * a contrast to yesterday and the day before, when it snowed all day. But yet I was glad to see the snow, for the old snow had grown rather dirty and hard. The snow does not disappear entirely here, the way it does at home, before spring- From the first snowfall to the last the ground keeps covered all over.

Ray and Carrie and I went to town together to the Presbyterian Church* Belle stayed at home with a headache. Carrie is a Presbyterian, and so we usually go all together to that church- The minister Dr. Wheeler, has been the pastor of it for about fifty years, I think, and he is a very old

man. There is a young assistant, but Dr. Wheeler almost always preaches- Dr. Taylor is sick- has been for two or three days- there seems to be a good deal of the grippe about-

There are-were two sisters here named Hill, and a cousin by the same name. One of the sisters was sick in the Infirmary with the grippe, Mar. 31, 1895 - 2

and as she had been sick a great deal this year, her mother came here to take her home. But as soon as her mother reached here she caught the grippe, and was put in the Infirmary too. At the same time the cousin was in there with the grippe. The Infirmary only holds four, -(except the wing and the contagion room). The other Hill sister at the same time had a cold, and Mrs* Kendrick told her not to dare to let it develop into the grippe, for they could not afford to give the Infirmary up entirely to the Hills!"

Tomorrow night the President is going to announce the honors- given to the girls in the Senior class- so when I write next week who they are, you can find their names in the Catalogue which I mailed home yesterday- I had forgotten that I had not sent one home, till Lou mentioned it in her last letter. I am glad Clarence has a guitar - I shall expect him to play me some nice tunes when I come home. Lovingly Adelaide.

(Claflin,