

Vassar College. Sept. 22/95.

My dear Mother,-

Here it is my first Saaday afternoon at college this year, and of course my first thought is to write to you. I am pretty well settled considering the short length of time I have been here. I think less fewer girls came on Saturday this year for almost everybody was here when I got here. We were so surprised to find our room changed, for Mrs. Kendrick had told us there was almost no likelihood of it, and we had not the least expectation of it. So we each, as we arrived, proceeded directly to the room we had chosen- Ray opened the door and yelled "Where's Ad? " and X looked around, when I walked in, and saw strange furniture, and yelled

"Who's in this room", like the Big Bear. Some Freshmen have it.

We are pleased about it now that we have gotten over being surprised, and think it will be very well for all concerned. When three of the same girls room together for three years they are not apt to make enough new friends, and that was one of the chief reasons why we tried last spring to get a single and a double, so that we would not be a Kathy and Minnie set. The rooms over here ^Strong Hall, are so very much pleasanter and more homelike, and the dining room here is lovely, and the things to eat are nicer

partly because they are cooked in smaller quantity. My windows - two together they are - look toward the East - the same view X have had ever since X have been here- The morning sun shines in to make the day begin Sept. 22, 1895 - 2

grayish drab, so that pictures are not so necessary as in the other building where many of the walls are glaring white.

We had enough curtains between us so that I can have a pair - and Carrie has a screen which they don't need, and I am to use it to put in front of my washstand.

The rugs here are always outlandish colors which swear with everything in a room - (I think they must buy them up cheap on that account)- and my rug unfortunately is no exception, so that I cannot expect anything to go well with it. You know my bureau ornaments are mostly yellow...

...lessons for tomorrow. X have no conflicts so that my course will not be changed at all. One thing is nice. I have no recitation the first hour, so that I will not have to rush right after breakfast, and I think I will have time enough to get up from New York Monday morning so that X can spend Sunday there some time.

It is so nice to see all the girls again, even nicer than I realized beforehand. I was particularly glad to see Mary Mac Coll. She is just as lovely as she can be. She has such an original way of saying things - I was messed at her account of her visit to Prof. Ely, whom she went to consult in regard to her course- Mary started to tell her name and situation.

Sept, 22, 1895 -3

but just as soon ss Miss Ely knew she was out part of last year she said in her short decisive way, "Well, where have you been? " "Home," Mary replied. "What have you been doing? " Miss Ely asked, and Mary said, "Well I have been waiting for curvature of the spine, but I got tired of waiting so I came back to college." Miss Ely asked hor what she was doing while she was waiting, and Mary told her she was keeping house- Mary and Belle room together in a double over in the main building. Mary Ifi^Vc real well-

I saw Katharine Dunham Saturday evening. She had been to town all afternoon and came home with her arms full of bundles. She has a cosy little room, and is making it very pretty.

Miss Macurdy is not coming for a week or so because her mother is very sick, not expected to live. A number of girls have dropped out of our class, so that I think it will be a small class by the time we come to graduate.

Dr. Taylor looks very well- I understand he is going to Europe just as soon as he gets things started here, in a week or so.

Carrie Abbot was the first girl I saw when I came- She and Louise fngeraoll and Miss Hamburger (one of Miss Mittelberger's boarders, and a very nice girl apparently) are rooming together on the first floor in the main building. They were very glad not to be over at the Windsor- It is Sept, 22, 1895 -4

now time for the mail, so goodbye- This letter is very rambling- I just wrote as each thing occurred to me. With lots of love to all - and remember me to the neighbors and other friends- Lovingly Adelaide. ^Clsflin,