

Vassar College. Jan. 20. 1896.

My dear Mother,--

I sit down at the dose of this day to write to you, and wish the day were longer, for the week has been very busy, and so the day term's

of rest is very welcome. Closing up the jLrn i '-n» work is no easy task - especially when we have two or three special topics to do. I have spent more than twelve hours during the past week working on my special topic in Greek, and I am not near through. I think Miss Leach expected us to spend five or six hours on it, but we always find that on special topics we have to spend about three times as much labor as the teacher expects. I also have a special topic in Latin to do, which I have not yet touched - that and my Greek topic must both be finished by the end of this week, in addition to getting the usual lessons of the week- You know our exam-

inations are the week after this - beginning a week from tomorrow. I have six to take and they extend through four days. This time my subjects are the kind that need "cramming"-, especially History, Art History, Astronomy and Biology - so you may be sure I will be thankful when a week from Thursday evening comes-

Today we have had the privilege of three fine services- This morning Dr. Samuel Elliott of Brooklyn, preached. He is a Unitarian, but he didn't seem to have very Unitarian views. He spoke about Christ and quoted his life and teachings in ^apparently the same spirit that an orthodox minister would. I thought his sermon was very good, and I liked Jaa. 20, 1896 -2

klm personally vary much because he was so earnest and enthusiastic and so anxious to help people.

This after Dr. Thomson, a New York physician, son of the Dr. Thomson who was a missionary to Syria and wrote "Ji4ie"Land and the Book\*- spoke to us about the Armenian question, to show how such cruelties could be perpetrated in this enlightened age. His talk was not very much about recent affairs, but chiefly historical, - a sketch of tha Mohammedans from their earliest history and their subsequent history, showing how all through they have been characterised by blood-thirstiness, how it has been born and bred and drilled into them, all through their history, to think that it is the greatest virtue to kill Christians. It was taught repeatedly by Mohammad himself in the Koran as well as in his own life, and it has been zealously lived up to by all his

followers. Dr. Thomson said that one day in Arabia he was going along a street with an Englishman, when some Mohammedan boys followed them shouting something. The Englishman thought the boys were saluting them and felt very much flattered, till Dr. Thomson, who understands Arabic very well, Informed him that they were saying this: "How sweet, how sweet it is to cut the throats of Christians, how sweet.\*" That was many years ago.

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Dr. Thomson was educated as a physician in order to be a missionary physician in Syria, but just as he was on the point of going, some terrible massacres broke out in Syria, and his father wrote to him that they might have to flee at any hour, and that he had better stay in New York- He was very much disappointed, as he had been born and brought up in Syria and did not know a soul in New York.

Dr. Thomson said that England, disappointed in her hopes of the cooperation of European powers in behalf of the Armenians, was just about to go ahead and do something with only the United States to back her,

when "like a bombshell came the President's message about the Venezuelan Commission," which diverted the attention of England to a war scare and withdrew the backing and sympathy of the United States for England.

Our next T. and M. debate is on the question "Should England interfere in behalf of the Armenians?" This comes next Saturday.

Prof. Lewis Dyer, formerly of Oxford, England, but now of Cornell, has been lecturing to us this week on Greek subjects. Friday night his talk was on the "Religion of Athena". This was not so interesting as his lectures on Saturday. Saturday morning he read a metrical translation of his own of Euripides' Medea, -ft-Just girls who take Greek could go to this, so of course it was in a smaller room. Prof. Dyer's

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voice is much better suited to a small room- it is low and beautifully modulated - one of the most beautiful readers he is, that I ever heard. We had Greek texts of the Medea to follow, so that we could see how well he translated it, especially in bringing the figures of speech over into the English- We all enjoyed it so much. Miss Franklin, one of the Latin teachers, who sat next to me, remarked that she had not been so happy for years.<sup>1</sup>

Saturday afternoon Prof. Dyer gave personal reminiscences of Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford- but I could not spare the time from my special topic to go to this. Every one said it was very interesting. After the lecture Friday night, Prof. Leach gave the Greek girls a reception in the Senior parlor, to meet Prof. Dyer. I think he is what you would call a "charming conversationalist." He talked so easily and pleasantly, and told interesting stories, for instance about the children

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of Prof. James - who teaches Psychology at Oxford One of Prof. James' little boys, when he came home from the circus, was asked by his grandmother what he saw there. He replied, "I saw a lion, and a giraffe, and a rhinoceros, but no conscious personality."

Saturday night our table had a "Waffle supper"- the first one we girls have been to since we have been in college. Immediately after chapel we went over to Mrs. Eidel's - who lives in one of the cottages near here,

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and there we had a supper of waffles, chocolate, chocolate cake, and buttered toast. After we had all the waffles we wanted, we played "It"- which is the most fun of any game I know- Dr. Blair and Miss Epler were the

ones who did not know the joke- Then we had short toasts, Miss Epler acting as toast-mistress, and all of us responding to a toast, in about two sentences. We walked to the cottage and back through "the pines" a dark and lonesome path- safe enough on account of our numbers, but rather spooky.

I have not time now to tell in detail about our "dissection".

Monday afternoon we had a "clinic", with Dr. Blair as the instructor, and a little mouse, which Carrie had caught in her mousetrap the night before, as the victim. It was in my room, where Ray and Carrie and two or three other girls had gathered, and here we watched Dr. Blair dissect the poor mouse, just for the sake of seeing how the organs of the mouse were put together. It was purely voluntary. Carrie asked Dr. Blair to do it for us. None of the girls showed any signs of the proverbial "faintness" except Ray, who began to feel queer and left the room very abruptly. After she came back she tried to be very brave and insisted on pinning down the rat's skin and holding its tail out of the way, or anything else necessary. We teased her about it very much.

I got the handkerchiefs all right the other day. I find I have one of Edith's, which I will send back next week after it is washed.

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I just received Lou's postal about the Horace notes. I forgot all about them, and was sorry she did not remind me sooner. I hope it will not be too late now. I will send them by the next mail. And I think I will put in with them, the napkins which I brought in September - now that I have the new ones.

You wrote about the death of Mrs. Prentiss. Papa wrote me in November about the death of Mrs. Prentiss on Russell Ave. Do you mean this time Mrs. Perry Prentiss?

You have all been so good about writing since Christmas. I have just revelled in letters.

Love to all,

Adelaide. jClaflin,