

Vassar College. Poughkeepsie. N.Y.

(Feb. 7, 1897,

My dear Father,--

Mamma's letter came Friday, telling of your sad Journey this week. Dear papa, it was a hard week for you, and it was hard for Uncle Henry to come home from Toronto and start right off again to Albion.

I hope you have not been having such severe weather as you were a while ago; it is much milder here: in fact it has been raining all day today and yesterday, which has spoiled the skating. It has been dark and foggy today. I was out for a short walk this afternoon and we went into water up to the tops of our rubbers for a good deal of the way.

We are really into our work for the new semester now- We are plunged into work in no time. I had some trouble with my Electives, because my History and Biology were scheduled to meet at the same hour. I decided to let the Biology go, as the regular professor of Biology is not here, and the History professor is, of course, a good deal finer than the Biology assistant. I have not had Biology since last June, so that I had not a course to drop, as it would be if I had dropped history.

Our history is going to be the most interesting history course I have had, I think. It is a brief study of the Constitution of the United States, first,

and then a study of the history of American political parties. Bess and  
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I intended to learn the Constitution last summer; I wish now that I had done it, for it would be very convenient for me now, and I am afraid I can't spend the time now. We have to tell how many Congressmen there are from our state, and what is the ratio of representation, and who our senators are, and what are the powers of the President and of Congress and all such interesting things. We had to look up some things in the Eleventh Census report, and in the Senate Journal etc. I have only two hours of Greek this semester, instead of three, but I think it will be more interesting for we are reading Aeschylus' Agamemnon. Instead of the Biology which I had to drop, I elected a course in Theory of Art, which has a reputation of being very fine, and a one-hour course in Latin Prose, to recall my Latin to me. There was not any good three-hour course that I could begin now, so had to fill up with these two, I have kept on with my English and my German, both of which I find very interesting. When I come home next summer I want to talk German with Bess, and any body else in the family who is willing- I know she will be; for she wanted to last summer. Yesterday I went to a tea in the room of Fraulein Herholz, my German teacher, who is a motherly German woman. She had invited the girls in the Senior class who take German of her, and -- I ought to have put them first - President and Mrs. Taylor and a few members of the

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Faculty\* She had a friend from Germany there, who can speak only a few words of English. The girls who have had German for a number of years could converse with her without any trouble. The rest of us stood back and listened, or listened to Dr. Taylor talking in English. "VVe had a lecture Friday night by Prof. James of Harvard, on "Psychology and Relaxation". He is noted for mixing his psychology very decidedly with every-day life and language - even slang. His lecture was a plea for taking life more quietly and calmly, and not wasting nervous energy unnecessarily all the time, as Americans are said to do. He said that college girls wore themselves out by trying to wear a "bright and interested expression" all the time, and should cultivate more than they do, the "stolid expression and codfish eye" of their European sisters.

I mailed home yesterday the pictures which Mr. Capen took of our room, which I shall be glad to keep in my possession. It was very kind of him to give W inifred and me copies of them. Dr. Grace Kimball, was the chaperone, while he took them, so he took a picture of her. That is she sitting in the rocking-chair in the corner of our room. Ray is standing by her desk, and Winifred on the other side of Dr. K. I am standing in my bedroom door. The other door, right by it, leads into Winifred's bedroom. It is too bad that Ray's eye is spoiled, but I think it is a pretty good picture of Winifred.

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The pictures make our room look so much bigger than it is: X suppose because Mr. Capan pushed the furniture all over towards the opposite wall. The plaster cast of Hermes on the bookcase shows off finely; that belongs to Winifred.

One picture shows a desk in the foreground at the left: that is mine, which I bought from Katharine Durham. The light showing through the portiere is my bedroom window, which opens to the corridor. That is a picture of Ray's mother hanging over her desk, and a rattlesnake skin hanging beside the desk.

Carrie asked me to come to her home in Summit, N.J. for a few days of the Easter vacation; I have not given her a definite answer, as I had expected not to spend any more money in travelling, and I would not mind staying here.

Give my love to all the friends, and of course I send lots to the family-

Lovingly your daughter,

Adelaide. (C laflin,

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