

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Feb. 14, 1897,

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My dear Mother,--

Ed's letter that you forwarded came on the evening mail yesterday. I think that is the first time this year that I have gotten anything by that mail. There were some flowers in it, but I do not know what they are.

The paper that came yesterday had a good deal of news in it.

I am so sorry Dr. Upham has resigned; I liked him so much. There was a decided difference in the resignation letters of Dr. Upham and Dr. Ladd, wasn't there?

That was very sad about that boy dropping dead at High School.

Ray always reads the home papers that I get; they very seldom send her any.

We had a young Episcopalian minister this morning, from a little town three miles from Poughkeepsie: he preached the most halting sermon I have ever heard. I suppose he was embarrassed. He preached without notes, and in almost every sentence he would repeat part of it, or change the form of it, or begin with a verb in the active voice and then stop and begin over with it in the passive. Once he tried to quote one of the beatitudes and he got it all tangled up with other verses

and finally had to give it up, by saying "Oh, you know what beatitude I mean."

It was very painful; everybody was nervous for fear he would break down altogether.

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Yesterday we celebrated Valentine's Day: all the senior tables were decorated with red paper hearts suspended above them, and red candles on them. Then Prof. Moore's little girl, about five years old carried around to the various Senior tables a basket full of valentines, and left at each table the bundle that belonged there. Irene Lawrence, who was chairman of the committee guided her around. Irene is an awfully nice girl: the more I see of her the better I like her. I got six valentines -

some of them were very good. I wrote only two this year, I wanted to write more but I had too much else on hand. We had to write a German Essay for tomorrow, and that took a good deal more time than an ordinary lesson. Beside that, I have to take charge of Civitas Club tomorrow night, and for that I have to read up about the Fabian Society. We have a queer thing to do for History tomorrow: that is, to find out all the rigmarole which we would have to be gone through with in order to get ourselves appointed postmistress of the town in which we live. I can not find out much about it from any books that I have consulted yet. It takes so long to look for things when you don't know what to look for. That history course, though, is far the most interesting history course that I

have had- I am so glad I elected it. We are studying the Constitution now- Pretty soon we shall be having the history of political parties in the U.S. Then I shall learn why I am a Republican, or else perhaps I shall (Feb. 14, 1897, - 3

turn Democrat.* Miss Salmon is such a fine woman: She gave us the most interesting talk last Monday on the "Relation of the teacher to the Community"- X mean by "us" a pedagogical club which one of the girls in our class has just started up: its members consist of the girls who expect to teach next year, and the various professors are going to talk to us, about once a week, on subjects interesting and valuable to teachers. The substance of Miss Salmon's remarks was that the teacher should be intimately associated with the life of the community; that the community needed the teacher and the teacher needed the community. She believes that the very best place for a fresh college graduate to teach in is a very small town. She says that college graduates have usually had the best advantages all their lives, and have always been absorbing, like a sponge, all that is good- but that when they graduate it is time they began to give out, and, like a sponge, they will give out most when there is the most pressure. Therefore she thinks that a very small town, where will bring out all there is in a teacher, and make her establish independence of ideas and methods, because there will be the most need for decision and ingenuity, and most will be demanded of a teacher, in all directions in which she can help a community. Miss Salmon said that a teacher should be the most unselfish person on earth. She can well say it, for she practices what she preaches. So I suppose I had better be looking around for my small town!

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I must go to bed now, for it is time for the hell. So farewell

Love to all,

Adelaide. jClafLinj

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