

Vassar College.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

,Feb. 21, 1897,

My own dear Father,--

My regular family letter will be addressed to you this week, in order to wish you a very happy birthday Friday, and many returns of them, and I wish I could drop in to help celebrate.

I suppose you will all have a holiday tomorrow and celebrate Washington's birthday. As for us, you know we have no holiday. We are going to have more or less celebration during the day, however, and the usual Martha Washington Ball in the evening. So you see that with regular lessons and extra celebrations too, it will be further than ever from being a holiday. I shall not go to the Ball in the evening. A committee has devised some means of protesting to the Faculty against our being deprived of the holiday, but those I shall be better able to describe next week.

There has been something going on every cterning this week-- (and consequently a rising early on my part every morning.). It began with Monday, when it was my turn to take charge of the meeting of Civitas - a small club which interests itself in matters of current interest. I took the Fabian Society for my subject, and spent three hours of Monday in reading it up. I am glad my turn is past; it won't come around again before I am graduated.

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Tuesday evening our class celebrated the anniversary of our Trig. Ceremonies, which we had in Sophomore year. We had a sort of burlesque of part of the Trig Ceremonies: and then we sat around and sang a few minutes, after refreshing ourselves with lemonade and popcorn.

Friday evening a Mr. Williams of the Philadelphia Press, lectured on "The First Presidential Campaign and the Last." I amused myself with Latin Prose, instead of going to the Lecture, but everybody who went said it was very interesting. Next Friday evening, by the way. Professor Warren of Adelbert College is going to lecture to us on "Victor Hugo as a Poet of the Household".

There have been a great lot of Alumnae up here yesterday and today; partly on account of their having a vacation for Washington's birthday, and partly on account of a meeting of the "Vassar College Historical Association"- This organization has just been started; its members are the Alumnae who have had elective courses in History in college. The Seniors who have History were invited to go to the meetings yesterday, so I went in for a little while. There were a good many '95 girls, and several of the Class of '90, among whom was Miss Delia Prentiss of Cleveland. I have often heard Miss Adams speak of her. I met her after church today in the Senior Parlor. She played the piano for us there. She is very musical.

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Last night I was invited over to Prexy's for supper. The Senior Class has been invited there on Saturday nights in batches of about twenty each. Last night was the last batch; there were sixteen there. We had a very nice time, indeed. Such a good supper, with oysters on the half-shell, sweetbread patties (which were delicious) squabs (or something like that - small bird) on toast, lobster salad, and ice.

There were three small tables in corners, with three or four girls at each, and a larger table in the center, with seven girls at it. Or. Patttson of Rochester Theological Seminary, who used to be our Bible Lecturer, but who is here today to preach for us, was there last night. He sat at our table at first, and Prexy at another table, and Mrs. Taylor at still another one. And then these three progressed from one table to another for different courses, so that we each had each of them at our tables.

After the supper we all went into the large sitting room where there was a fine wood fire. The house is beautiful; it is in selsniel style, and there is woodwork wainscoting reaching up high on the walls. Everything is beautifully arranged and finished off. Prexy showed us his study; his rare and interesting books -

The incoherency of this letter is due to the fact that there are
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numbers of people sitting around, all talking at once. I think I had better not try to write any more now.

I forwarded you my semester bill last week--- my last one-

The "medical attendance" is for the time that I sprained my ankle.

I want to thank Bess for writing me two letters in one week.

She is very good about writing. It is needless to say that I enjoyed Edie's and Lou's and Mamma's letters too.

Love to all, from your loving daughter Adelaide. (Claflin,
February 21. 1897.