



[Ruth Cutler and family papers.](#)

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~~WALNUT HILL SCHOOL~~
NATICK, MASS.

116 North

Nov. 8, 1908

Dear Alice and Nettie,

Although I have only a few minutes before dinner, I am going to start my letter to you, for this afternoon Tib and I are going out for a walk. I have just gotten back from chapel. One of the girls' uncle preached, and his sermon was simply splendid - and you could hear him too. Generally we in the back rows can't hear very much, but this morning we could hear perfectly.

Yesterday was first ball play, and they gave Shaver's "You Never Can Tell." The 1908 grads. were back and yesterday morning they had a hockey game between Varsity & 1908. It was a slow game to say the least, but there we had fun watching. There were a dozen or so 1905 people back, and they marched around with their banners. Some of the girls who had sisters in that class went over and spoke to them, but I couldn't go when they went. I probably saw some of Mary's but

friends and never knew it. In the afternoon the Sophmores and Freshmen went to the play. I didn't think it was particularly good, but the Cunningham twins who took the parts of Dolly and Philip Candon were great. In the evening the Juniors, Seniors & 1908 people went, and we Freshmen serenaded them between acts.

To-morrow afternoon we play the Juniors in hockey. Last Monday the Seniors beat us 10-1! but we were glad we scored at all, considering that 1908 held last year's championship. I hope we won't get quite so walked over to-morrow; and the 14th we play the Sophmores, and then we stand a more even show.

Tuesday evening I'm going to be very gay and go to hear or rather see, Eleanor Robson. I forget what it is she plays in, but they say it is very good.

Tell May that this year they have started archery & croquet!! There seems to be quite a craze over them just now, but it will probably die down before long. Imagine croquet teams! I can just imagine outsiders

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL
NATICK, MASS.

boating at sea.

Oh, and let me tell you a huge joke. I got a note the other day saying I had been elected into the Omega Chapter of Phi. and the joke is that I never even tried for Phi at all. They must have surmised my marvellous histrionic powers just from my appearances, & then they have got me mixed up with my double. To-morrow I shall find out.

Friday afternoon was Pay Day. That is another institution they have begun this year. When people come around canvassing they don't collect money - merely get your pledges - then Friday afternoon we went over to the gym to pay up. It was arranged most attractively. There were booths for all the different things as Christians, Japanese missions, Turkish Missions, College settlement, maids club house etc. And the booths were all flossed up, and the girls dressed in fancy costumes etc. Then they sold delicious candy which the girls made, and afterwards

the thing was a great success. From there I went on to Senior Pulo where Helen Leighton gave a tea for the Mandolin Club. The room is simply stunning this year. Dark ^{wood} panelling and pillars, and blue draperies and furnishings. The pictures were all simply great, and mahogany piano and Tiffany lamps weren't bad at all! As I remember it I like it better than last year, but then I only got a peek at it at Easter time.

I hope I can remember to send my cards to Dot Farrington's + Harriet's "coming outs." It seems to funny in a way to think that they are going to come out, and yet in another it doesn't — considering its Dot. That's regular boarding house talk, but never mind. I don't know which end my head's on. Maier went to the Dartmouth-Princeton foot ball game yesterday, and since then I have had it dashed up hot and cold, for breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon, until I am sick of the very word foot-ball, to say nothing of the men and my Dartmouth song which she knows, and which she sings without intermission. I threatened to spend the night in Raymond. Well, lots of love to you and all. Ever your loving daughter, Ruth.

116 North

Dec. 13, 1908.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

It is getting late, so I will have time for only a few lines. This evening at eight - instead of chapel - there was Christ mas song service in chapel and all the girls who are on the choir - either regular or sub-sang. They formed in the room outside chapel, then marched around the tower singing and then came in through the cloister door. The program was very good, and they really sang wonderfully. But as one of the girls said, she would have sat out in

the snow and sang "O Little Town
of Bethlehem" to herself, and she
would have gotten more of the
Christmas spirit than the singing
inspired in us. It was snowing
hard when we came out, so we
gathered some fir boughs & turps and
came here and had our own Christ-
mas tree and song service. We sang
all the Sunday School carols we ever
knew and all the Christmas hymns
besides, and we really got the true
Christmas spirit - and Christmas time
seems much nearer now. About
fourteen of us North girls are going
to have our stocking Wednesday even-
ing, and Thursday morning we will

open them.

I wonder if it has snowed as much
in St. Paul as it has here. For the last
two days it has snowed steadily, and
all the trees were as long to night,
and the ground is white and fresh.
There are quite a few inches of snow
and on the walks which the janitors
haven't swept, small boys drive up
and down on their "dog sleds".

I ordered my tickets early Thursday
morning so that I should have a
good berth reservation - and that
ticket man made a mistake, and
engaged them for the 18th & 19th instead
of 17th & 18th so that I can't get them
til Monday, and instead of having
a grand lower, I'll probably get an

old upper off somewhere by my
lonesome. But never mind, I'm
coming upper or lower, and expect
to slide into St. Paul Union Depot
on the morning of the 19th via the
C.M. & St.P.

So much love to everybody, and
especially a big share to you both
from your loving daughter
Beeth.

I Every little man has a soul all of its own
Striving up the scale of being to exist alone.
Somehow, I do not understand
Why captives should so resemble man
And yet, that is what they teach us in our
Jennion Philosophy.

II Bacon was the "wisest, highest, nearest of mankind",
Subtle and ambitious for development of mind.
Wright your Imagination
And avoid all exaggeration
For you know that is what they teach us in our
Jennion Philosophy.

III Is this world of ours just a moving picture show
With a little phonograph to add a word or so?
Or, worse than that must be infer
'Tis an auto, that's swallowed its chauffeur
For these are the things they ask us in our
Jennion Philosophy.

(over)

iv Can you tell me why that naughty, naughty little boy
Always takes the biggest apple with such greediness?
Is he a little self made cad.
Or were all his ancestors quite bad?
These are the things they ask us in our
Junior Philosophy.

v Every little moved has a soul all of its own
Steering up the scale of being to exist alone,
And every Junior moved here
Has risen in that scale this year
Thanks to Professor Riley and his Junior Philosophy
!

This is our Junior Philosophy song which we sang
to Prof. R. at the end of the last lecture. He is
a perfect champion who tries to make Philosophy Spelman
and uses all sorts of wild similes & expressions —
of which this song is no less than a taste off —
but he was pleased as Punch! The meter sounds better
when sung to the tune of "Every little ^{little} movement has a
movement all its own" or some such.

Dec 4

Dear A. & E.

Well of all nice people! If you knew
~~the~~ ~~few~~ I had in opening the box, and
how I raved over its contents! And if
you knew how it encouraged us for we
had few and not especially attractive
things handed in — and those — well
I thought 'it was a magic trick pitcher of
a box, and you don't know how I thank
you. Everybody is crazy about the things
and all of us think we will take to
wearing hats. Did Mother find the
sweater. If so please thank her loads, + it

is perfectly adorable. How did you ever have time to do so much? I thought it was asking a good deal for you to make anything for us — and these, well it fairly took my breath away.

I got it yesterday afternoon after a very busy day. In the morning the Alumnae Conference Committee was here & I was crowded with them in Student's room all that time. Semester exams await in it. They probed me concerning every question under the sun, and when I came through the ordeal I heaved a short sigh of relief — short because we only had a half hour's interview before we all said one or two

family apocryphs to the Club House for lunch. Can't you see a life-sized picture of me at one end of the table hobnobbing with faculty and alumni, and the rest of the committee waiting on table, and chuckling mischievously knowing the state of my inner feelings! That safely over I worked on Philosophy Expts. Then went to a hockey-basket ball supper for 1912 & 1914 in the gym. The freshmen were all dressed as men, with colored chefs and waiters. After chapel I worked on critical writing committee until 5.30, then went back to the gym & continued with the party in dancing till late.

I suppose you have heard of the strike
of the chaps here. So far north hasn't
struck, but we may hear of it at any
time.

I see invitation for Carolyn Peabody's dance & the
going by Mrs. Rice on the 12th I declined
as I don't get home until the 16th - unless
my tooth brings me home earlier. I have had
a steady and persistent toothache for the last
two days and the Dr. doesn't know what
the matter. She gives me a pill and faints it.
But the toothache doesn't pay much attention
to that - so I'm looking forward to seeing
dear Dr. Jones.

Lots of love to all - and again many
thanks
Ruth (Excuse haste)

116 North Hall
Vassar College.

November 22, 1908.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Everybody is counting off the days — until Thanksgiving, and we who stay here have planned for a fine time. There is what is called the "suite" opposite us — "four rooms and a private bath," and we are going to put five people in there, and three in our rooms — using our couches — and then won't be have a fine time? Sleep, sleep, sleep and read, and play hockey maybe. It will be the nicest kind of a vacation.

The snow was shovelled off the hockey field, and Friday we were able to play

on it. Yesterday was a match game between Seniors and Sophmores and the latter were beaten by the same score we were, so we feel cheered. So, now we play the Sophmores, and that game and the Junior-Senior game are always the big ones because they are the closest. We do hope we can make a good showing against them; we certainly have practised hard, and spent hours planning out passes and signals.

Friday night we went to a play given by the Maids in their club house. "Hansome Hal." It was really very good, and they gave four performances and charged five cents admission, so that they probably made quite a little towards the club's expenses. It was a one act play and the room was fixed up as a Tabard Inn room affect - very pretty and adapted to the style of the club house.

You asked about my eyes. They seem to be all right as far as I can tell and don't get that queer way they did this summer. - though you might think there was something the matter with them from the size of this writing. But the reason is that I put some stuff on my finger and bound it up, and it makes it rather stiff to write with. Nothing serious - just a few blisters and lumps.

I went over once to find out about Phil chapter, but the girl was out, so I am yet in the dark as to whether I really belong or not. I probably don't - and it must have been a mistake, though they couldn't have gotten me mixed up with Ruth Hayes for she's a Junior and didn't have to try for Phil.

Gym has begun - and of all slow things.

I have had hockey, so didn't have to go,
but I've seen ~~three~~ four mortals labouring
in there, and it reminds me of the
"Freshman's night mare" and the way it
was that night.

I think Ted & Lydia's "fairy apples"
idea was the most delicious ever. What
won't they think of next?

This morning we had an episcopal
minister from Philadelphia, and had the
regular episcopal service. The choir didn't
seem to sing as though they had ever
practised at all, and the chants were
quite hopeless. The minister was of
the ~~warring~~ variety too; so this afternoon
I settled myself comfy and read. A
novel from home!! Anne Froese, Ruth
Magneson and a Beth Barney (from Minneapolis)
& I are planning to come home to - gether.
Love to you and all, your lovingest Ruth.

116 North Hall

November 28, 1908.

Dear dear Father and Mother and all.

This is the first two seconds I've had to sit down and write you and thank you for the box and its contents. It didn't come until yesterday, but it was just as welcome then as any time. I had more fun opening the ~~packages~~ inside, and when I saw Snell's I nearly squealed! Each package I thought was the last, and then I'd find another. Well, I had the best sort of a time. I was ~~for~~ just wanting to sit right down and write you a nice long letter — something unusual for me!

You don't know how I appreciated it all, and how there were others who enjoyed it with me too. The coat was also welcome, but the sleeves were rather long - in fact below my finger tips. so to-day I took the coat down to the accommodation shop to have the sleeves shortened, and they have finished it by Tuesday.

I have had the finest sort of a vacation ever, and not spending time on the train has made it seem much longer. Wednesday afternoon after seeing our friends off we prepared to have fun. There were lots of ^{new} freshmen that I know pretty well, and among them Elmer Cadden who has lived and is living with me while Marion is away. She is a most beautiful and

her mother a friend of Mrs. H. Carter's. In the evening after dancing in J - et al - well sound natural to me - I am going to a Thanksgiving - box - from - home - spread, we came down here and saved! Imagine me! I had no fancy work myself, so I worked on someone else, and they did - it seem to mind. A third girl came in and spent the night with us so we could. It was rather late before we got to bed, but the next morning we slept till 9.30 and then got up and had a cup of chocolate. Thursday afternoon I went down town to Thanksgiving dinner and had a good time, but - I couldn't help comparing to a Thanksgiving dinner some fifteen hundred miles from there. I tried to get back in time to go over to dinner in train - not so much to eat as to hear the speeches, and see the sights, but we were

back just too late, so I stayed over beer
and read until evening. In the evening
we worked on dressing dolls! Did you
ever know your youngest was a
dressmaker? Tell you what. you ought
to have seen me. Yesterday we spent
in having a general good time, and last
evening a crowd of girls came in and
we sewed and made cheese dreams!
Another girl got locked out of Main, and
as we're the only people in this floor, she
wanted to sleep in our rooms and not
all alone in another room; So I went out
and got about twenty sofa pillows and
piled them on the floor by the couch
and slept there. You might think that
it would not be comfortable, but it
was late by that time and I didn't
much care what I slept on.

This morning we had to get up for
an 8.30 mandolin rehearsal. At 11
was the concert, and the song the
glee club sang were simply splendid.
It is sufficient to quote what one of
the gals in the mandolin club said:
"The only reason the mandolin club
plays is to make the glee club shine
by contrast." That was certainly the
case this morning. But perhaps if
the ^{mandolin} gals should have been fined \$5.00
if they missed the concert, the way
the glee clubbers were, we might have
had more there to make a better showing,
for a good many didn't turn up at the
last minute.

To night Chapel begins again, but we
are holding onto every minute of

vacation, and to night again we are going to have a sewing bee in here to finish up the dolls which have to be handed in on Monday.

Ticket time will soon be here, and could you send me a check for the tickets? There will be several St. Paul jobs coming the day I do — as we get a day extra and leave on Thurs. the 17th — so hadn't better come on the same train they do? It will probably be either the Lake Shore or Michigan Central to Chicago, and the C. M. & St. P. from there. Just think. I'll be home these weeks from today!!

Well, I have Latin to do — worse luck. Lots of the teachers didn't give out any lessons for Monday, but all

mine did unfortunately. So am serious until next time; and love to all, from your longest Ruth.

I can't this minute find your letter, Mother, to answer the questions about waists etc. But I will hunt for it and answer it then.

Sunday.

Dearest Father and Mother,

We have just been reading aloud, and the supper bell is going to ring any minute, but here's a beginning anyway.

The "pieces" came and thank you for sending them. They were what I wanted and dress and pieces are now at "Hickes" - she being the off-campus Mrs. LeVasseur on a humble scale.

I verily had the surprise of my life last evening as you 'll agree I think. I had come home from chapel and gotten ready to settle down to studying when the maid came in and said I had a

called and would I see him. I thought
of course she mistook me for Tiki! as
Tiki' friend the Episcopal minister down
town is after up, and ~~she~~ drops in to
see her. But the maid said she meant
me — and guess who it was. "Dick Weyman!"
Well, I nearly preped, but got ready and
went in to see him. He said his business
was now in N.Y. and that he had just
been there a short time. I asked him
when he came here, and he said in the
afternoon, but he didn't offer any
information as to when he came here to
see, and as far as I make out he didn't

come here on business! I shall have to
find out what Chicago girl here knows
him! He didn't stay very long, but he
was very nice, and we talked of St. P.
and Chatham.

" " " "

In the afternoon I went to a play in
Union Park called "How the Vote was
Taken". Some energetic girls got the thing
up and it was very funny, and quite a
nice finish to my Psych. topic which I
completed in the library from eleven to three
thirty. That seemed to be all the work
I was good for, and in the evening Paul

came over to spend the night. She and
Leta got mandarin. I stood it until twelve
then decided to leave them and wait to
bed - which was my half there, so to
speak, as bed clothes for the crew had to
be supplied for Fred and even when we
were in the work! Well, I was so sleepy
that their talking didn't disturb me, but
at 2 a.m. I heard terrific thumpings
and giggings in the study. I was dead
with sleep, but popped out of bed not
knowing what was going on. On opening

the study don, there were Tibs and Fred
with cat tipped sideways, carrying it into
Tibs' bedroom — which is the size of
a pocket handkerchief anyhow. The mattress
was on the study floor — pillow scattered
all over creation, sink chair sitting about
and many other odds and ends decorating
the remaining space. Well I closed the
don and went back to bed. This morning
they woke up maulin still and told me
there had been a mouse in the study.
Give me a mouse in preference to me small

bedroom, whose door can't be opened wider than six inches when there are two beds crowded into it, and such a mess!!

Debate comes in a week now - and such excitement. The three debaters are really picked, and the alternates of course - all I can say is they may like debating, but thank fortune I won't be in their shoes next Saturday evening.

About vacation. I can't think of anything I need to buy because my hat and suit ought to go for another year, but if you are willing I am going down to N.Y. to

spend the first Friday night with a girl - Helen Hufell - and then come back the next day. They live way down town somewhere, and Mr. Hufell, a minister, has something or other to do with settlement work there and is going to show us around. I'll come back Saturday and then Jack and I are going to room together in Maine for the rest of the time.

I shouldn't think E. would want to "big-sister" people if it's what it sounded like. Glad her lunch was such a success.

I can't realize that Mr. Ford has died. I
don't believe I had seen him, though, since
a year ago or thereabouts.

So glad to hear that C. B. was able to
write a few lines. It does seem as though
she were really once better. I was so very
very glad to hear what you wrote from Dr. M.
and how I hope it is true even tho' poor
L. is still going through a hard time. Of
course I am anxious to hear more.

So much love to 360, 993 & 737. Was
H.W. getting a position yet? I do hope so.
Good night from
Your loving daughter
Ruth.

you didn't know your daughter wrote for a
living did you? But the fact is that I
wrote up an article on the Chitouse and
sent it to the Post - and they have accepted
it. I'm now waiting to see how much
I'll draw! The reason I did it was
because the articles which had been sent
out by the press board here were very
unsatisfactory little snips, so I wrote a
longer and more true-to-facts article, trying
to stir up interest.

As I said, the week has been a busy

me. Tuesday evening we gave a Valentine
Party at the Club House and that took
all afternoon to get ready for as well as
all evening to spend at it. We had a sad
catastrophe when we put salt into the
lemonade. We had just squeezed the lemons
and decided that a good way to sugar
the juice was to make a syrup of the
sugar by adding hot water. The sugar however
had been brought me by one of the girls in
a bowl, but it was not until we had
dumped all the syrup in that we realized
there must have been salt mixed in with

the sugar. Of all awful tasting things! We
tried - like Mrs. Peterson - to add sugar
enough to drown out the taste, but of
course we didn't succeed. However we had
no more lemons and we had to give them
something to drink, Luckily we had
bought red coloring matter to put into the
lemonade to carry out the white & red
color scheme. That saved the day. The
maids - all but me - thought we were
treating them to a new kind of fruit
punch and they had glass after glass! One

old lady, however, after finishing the sixth
glassful smiled and said "Good, and
very healthful - salt, sugar & lemon !!!

By Friday, I was wishing I had never
thought of going to the dance, but I had
a wonderful time after all. This came
at about 12, and we shelled the corns
until 12.45 and then had lunch at the
Dinn. Such a jam you never saw, but
we had tickets for the first relay which was
a Keesing. I was having a spasm before
hand having to go alone with him since

Jibo had backed out, but it wasn't bad
and conversation flourished. At four we
went over to Main. They won't let the men
call for the girls, so we had to go over
and watch the black board, for the men
go up the Soap Palace steps and are met
by Jibo who demands their admission ticket.
Then they are met by a Sophomore who
~~extracts the name of their hostess~~, then a
Freshman runner goes to the blackboard
and writes down her name. In the mean-
while the poor man is meandering hopelessly
in the parlors until claimed. After we get

there. The receiving line the dancer began
and I had a corking time all evening. We
had seen her in the Raymond Reading ^{Room}, - the
nicest picture of all, and - well we
just had a great time. The dancing stopped
sharp at eleven and the men left at 11.30.
The decorations were very pretty indeed
and the dining room (where we danced) was
especially pretty. Besides smilies on the
walls & columns there was a border
of ~~box~~ ^{box} trees with electric lights hidden
among their branches. It was all very

pretty and the girls themselves looked unusually
well, as far as the majority of them were
pretty without being artificial looking.

Miss McCall has just called with a
Wahutt Hill girl who is coming here next
year. We had just swept and put the
study in order - but my bedroom was a
sight, and the mother had to take a look
at it - much to her disillusionment, no
doubt. - Now it is time to get dressed
for supper.

Lots of love to all, your loving
daughter Ruth. (over)

Monday

P.S. Thank you very much for sending the Callers'.

It has just come -

So glad the reports from the East continue good -

I can't think of the Duckets' name just this
minute but will send it soon. They both begin
with P and of course I can not think of the
former one's name -

In haste

L

116 Ketch

January 10, 1909.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I'm ashamed to say that I haven't written to you since I sent that fatal Wednesday morning telling you that I was back again in 116. Nothing exciting has happened since then, but somehow I have been too busy to write. They're trying to rush us through all the required work before midyear and in addition urge us to start

in reviewing, all of which, some-
how or rather takes time. Last
night too was the skating carnival
which you heard May and me
speak of. We had great fun, and
I never skated so much before at
a stretch. Both Thursday and
Friday afternoons too we skated,
and we had fun skating in long
lines behind each other and also
in cracking the whip. I am diligently
trying to do the outer edge, but
can only do it on the left side, and

not on the right. Last evening there
were hundreds of Japanese lanterns
around the lake and four big
bonfires. Everyone was dressed in
white with a scarf of their class
color across their shoulders. It was
really a wonderful sight - and I
~~think~~ there must have been over
two hundred couples skating in
the grand march.

Just a week ago now I was leaving
560. It seems perfect years - I
suppose the first week always
does.

I found your note, Mother, when

I opened my trunk Thursday morning -
I mean Wed. before going to Lab.
You don't know how nice it was to
find it there. Thank you. I was
awfully fortunate about my trunk.
It was among the first to come, and
some of the girls didn't get theirs for
several days later. I fully expected
it would be held for excess, but it
wasn't.

With more love than I can write
to you and all, from your loving
daughter
Peach.

116 North

January 30, 1909.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Wes's flunk note line has "come and went" and I didn't get any - thank fortune. But I did get a note from my beloved Latin teacher telling me my next month's piece must be better or by June I would have a one hour condition in that. ^(The Latin course is 3 hours + piece) But it isn't just ^(1/3) a condition, thank fortune, and although I thought I was doing my best in Latin piece, I guess I will have to make my best a little better. A poor girl across the hall is only taking four studies - supposed to have advance credits - and

she got a flunk note in everything. We rather expected it because she was warned not to come back at Christmas time, but the trouble is we don't know how to break the news to her, for although she has been tutoring in everything right along the idea of flunking out never occurred to her, and she is in New York having a good time.

It has been very quiet here since Friday morning. A great many have gone home and there were only two tables of people in our dining room to night. The chapel looked about empty. Yesterday morning after my English exam I went skating. They are cutting ice so we could only

skate at one end of the lake (!). I tried hockey skates for the first time and think they are a great deal easier than the rockers. They don't tire your ankles at all and you can go much further and faster with out so much effort. The time before when I skated my ankles hurt awfully, but yesterday I skated for almost two hours without resting much at all.

Where did you get the idea that I had changed rooms? I wrote once when I was in the room across the hall and probably headed my letter from there. It was only for the afternoon and I am still at 116. Sorry to have

caused confusion. But gay plans are
in the air for changing next year. If it
can be done, Tib, Eliza Padden & Mary
Herbert and I want the suite across
the hall. Mary's roommate is the one
that has flunked out, and the other
two in the suite will probably want to
go to Maine next year, so it seems as
though Mary could draw us in. But
it would be rather embarrassing (?) to
break away from Marion and then
have her still here, across the hall
from us. And, too, the break would
be a rather ticklish task for me
anyway, because Marion is so over-
sensitive. However we are going to try

to hash the matter over sometime this week, and see what is best. Then when we once decide, I suppose I'll have to face the music.

We had class elections last week and Elvin Presden was not elected president, for which I am very sorry - though the other girl is a pearl too & on the hockey team. Yours truly was elected secretary. Can you imagine me standing up on the platform in the assembly hall - the old chapel - and reading off the minutes to the assembled 330? Well I can't quite imagine it, but I suppose the dead hours will come. Then besides reading I will have to set up

there on that platform like a side show,
and take notes. I will have to see to it
that my shoes are blacked neatly!

From the springlike beginning of this
week there is now several inches of
snow on the ground. May, Elmer and I
took a long tramp through the snow,
and went goodness knows where. We
never keep to the road, so we never
know where we are, and when we
think it's about time to start back,
we make for the top of the nearest
hill, and from there we can spy
the "factory chimney" back of Main,
so we know in which direction we
have to go.

Since Friday noon we have been ladies
of leisure. I've straightened up the
room, looked at old "Lifes" in the
library, and done everything but study.
This afternoon Mrs. "I-hast" (Tillinghast)
the head of hotel, gave an informal
tea to which duty dragged me, as I
haven't been to the other three. It was
anything but exciting and we stayed
just as short a while as we dared to.

I will leave this open until to-morrow
as there may be something to add. Best
good night for now.

Sunday, January 31. No chapel this morning
so we slept late and then cooked our
breakfast. I have just come back from a

most loveliest walk all by my lonesome.
There is a fresh layer of snow on the ground,
and the air is crisp and the sun shining
brightly, so I put on my old "rags" after
dinner and started out. I went below "sunset"
and followed a most adorable foot path along
a little brook. There were lots of little rustic
bridges which I crossed, and jumped creeks
and through woods, Oh it was so pretty
and the air was wonderful. I took my
Kodak along, and ought to have some good
pictures. Now I am back in my comparatively
stuffy room again trying to get caught up
in my letter writing.

Lots and lots of love to all four
your loving daughter
Beth.

X

116 North

March 7, 1909.

Dear dear Mother,

A week ago to-day! and we were on our way to the Inn from chapel. It seems as though it were just yesterday that you were here, and leave, for my part, I wish you were here now too, though I know how glad you are to be at 302. And it has been a whole week and I haven't written to you. I feel very guilty, but you know how often I have thought of you.

Your dear letter came yesterday,

and thank you very much for the stamps.
I trust they will be a gentle reminder
that I must write to my family often
than I have been doing, but when some
days are so full that I sit up into the
night getting my work done, I feel that
a better home would only be a poor
rushed scrum.

I too, wish Easter vacation were right
this minute so that I could be in
West Newton the same time you are.
Isn't it provoking it comes just too late!

I am so sorry about the New York
station - that you had to walk so
far. From what I heard the girls say

I imagined it was only as far as one
track to another.

Poor Amelia. In Union's last letter she
said she was afraid she might take
cold the way she got so overheated, but
I hoped that a rheinitis pill, or something
of the sort would break it up right off.

I am so provoked with myself. The
1st of March I thought "Inauguration Day
is the 4th and I'll think of Teddy
& Billy on the day," but the day came
and went, and I forgot everything about
it until your letter came! Isn't that
shocking? News of the outside world

seems to travel slowly around the campus
and I never have time to read ~~the~~
papers every day.

I am sorry the weather has been so
disagreeable since you reached West
Newton. But perhaps for unpacking
it wasn't so bad. I thought - of you
this morning and wondered whether
you would go to church or not. It
is Town Sunday to-day, and no chapel
this morning, no more this evening
as there is to be some kind of a
college settlement lecture instead. So
glad you came last Sunday instead of

this — on that account. It has
been snowing some this morning; on
~~the 4th~~ we had quite a fall of
snow, so last night a large fell of
northerlies went for a sleigh ride. We
hitched two sleds on behind, and
as riding on them was the most
desirable place, we took turns. It
was dreadfully muddy in some
places, and two of the girls fell
off right in the mud, — but it didn't
hurt them any. When my turn
came I got generously bespattered
with mud, but managed to cling

on even though the sled rocked from side to side like a boat: and going around curves, we nearly got skewered(?) into next week. We had more fun than a goat and got back just in time to catch the last elevator for 9th where we had a spread. If we had missed the elevator we should have had to walk of 9 flights into the tower - which isn't much of a joke.

In the afternoon I went skating down Sunset with Isabel Dinkley. Sunset is a steep hill the other side of the brook where we toboggan & coast.

The snow was rather wet, so we didn't go as fast as we might, but even then we went down the hill at a pretty good pace. Speaking of fun! It was as good as flying, I'll wager.

(Going backwards-) yesterday morning I went to mandolin rehearsal with Rudy, and of all sad memes. I think the ^{necessary} qualification to get on the mandolin club is to own a mandolin - not necessarily be able to play it - so you can imagine how choice the music sounds.

I am going to write to Father too this
afternoon, so will end this epistle
now. Hope its length hasn't wearied
you long before this. Please give a
great deal of love to Jima. Aunt Mief.
and Cousin Blanche, and keep lots
and lots for your dear self, from
your loving daughter
Ruth.

P.S. Did Jima. relieved that it is not
Bryan who is holding the White House
down?²

Thank you too for sending Father's letter,
and the letter which went with it.

Get a large envelope!

116 North

March 14, 1909.
Evening.

Dear dear Mother,

Another week has gone by and the few days' rest is over with until another five days have come and gone; but that isn't the point of view in which you look at the matter is it? and I know how you hold on to every minute in West Newton.

Last night we had a rather
basket ball game, and in order to

got still more fun out of it we turned
it into a sort of party and announced
by posters that the Astors challenged
the Vanderbilts in basket ball for the
benefit of the Pet Rat hospital - referring
of course to the Obelisks which $9\frac{1}{10}$
of the girls wear in their hair. Mr & Mrs.
Q & V. came in and sat in their boxes
and Mrs. Newby-Wed, Mrs. Ketchikan
Longworth, Mrs. Social Climber and
all the rest were there. Our teams -
the Vs. had a French maid for each
member, and so between the halves
the maids powdered our faces and
brushed our hair - and perked us up.

The other team had two footmen
who would pass finger coats and
napkins around between halves. Any-
thing to be silly! There were a doctor
two red cross nurses, a reporter, photo-
grapher, announcer, policeman, soldier,
flower boy, Seller of the "winning colors"
and a cheerer - our team's mascot.
Then there were admirals and smart-
setters, and every sort of a costume
you can imagine. The game was
not a joke though, as that was
the real point of the whole performance.
After the game we danced, and

then ended with a grand march
in which all who wore costumes took
part. It was really quite a sight to
see over three hundred girls all in
gay costumes march 6 deep around
the gym and then doing the serpentine.
We had more fun than a goat, and
although the upper classmen tried to
get in and break it up, our policemen
kept them out until the very end, and
then they let them in to see the grand
march. This morning after chapel
we went over to clear up the gym.
We took over three hundred chairs from

gym ball to Phil ball, and cleared up
all the debris, and took down all
the decorations, yet we did it all in
fifteen minutes, by making a line
and passing the chain. I wish you
could have seen another girl and
myself coming back to North. We
had a great winter non-folding
steamer chair, on top off which were
piled ten or twelve sofa pillows, three
scrub baskets and a screen. It
certainly looked like moving day, and
not much of a Sunday job, but it
had to be done before classes commence

to, now.

I didn't know there was anything
the matter with my eyes. But I
suppose it would do no harm to see
him. ^{Dr. M.} I am so glad you have been
to him, and hope he will now give
you some glasses which will make
your eyes feel better and do them lots
more good. I love that about Paul & Peter!

Wasn't it funny how you met
Mrs. Birdie Carter? Speaking of
church I wish you could have
been here to go with me to chapel
this morning. Though you wouldn't
have missed much as far as the

person was concerned.

Elvin Pressen told me that her mother
had been asked to Mrs. H.H.'s to meet
you. I was so glad you could see her,
and that you liked her. I saw her when
she was up here one day in the fall
and thought she seemed a lot like Elvin.

Yes, I went with Elvin when she
went to see about having those
wool dresses made. I think she
(Miss Hicks) charges \$4.00 for a
wool dress or a duster - barring the
cost of the goods! I hear she is quite
good too, but I imagine you have
to furnish most of the ideas.

I don't know but what it would be
worth while to get a gingham made
there as I haven't one to my name
and they are nice for spring and summer
instead of having to wear a waist and
skirt always.

Thank you for sending Milt's letter. I
enjoyed it very much. You know I didn't
really mean what I said about the
stamps, don't you?? I think it was
dear of you to send them.

Am going to write to May about the
party now, so will stop. As always
please give a great to all at 312
with an especial share for yourself
from your loving daughter Ruth.

116 Words

Oct. 31, 1909.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Later in the afternoon I am going down-
town to call on my "nurse" and History
teacher. Mrs. Matthews, so, will have
this letter open until to-morrow - in
case I should get a letter then.

The last news I heard was splendid
and I hope it will continue good.

Thank you, Father, for your letter.
I am afraid I was stupid enough
not to mention Rize, though I had it
clearly in mind - but I sent a note
to the "Hills" and hope they will
be coming up.

Friday we played the first match
hockey game of the season. and
although it was a bad score against
us 10-0, yet it was a good game to
play and although we didn't hope
to beat the Seniors we did hope to
score, for last year, even, we scored no.
This Friday we play the Freshmen,
and we will be die gusted if we
don't walk over them, for their team
is nothing to boast of - at least
what we've seen of it in practice.

Last night was Junior - Freshmen
party. from which. of course, we were
excluded, as Feb 4 I got up a Halloween
Party here in North for the North

Sophomores, and we had quite a
time. The family came up in their
auto., so we went in that one to
the cider mill, and brought back
a twenty five gallon keg filled with
seven gallons of cider! Then we had
a bushel of apples, doughnuts,
peanuts etc. We had it in three
rooms down here on first - In the
suite they did stunts, and ate in
here. Then we went out in the
corridor & did the Virginia reel &
at last broke up to turn the
Juniors & Freshmen's beds.

This letter has been interrupted
frequently - as you may have
perceived, and now it is time to go

seem them, so will finish to. tomorrow

Mon.

Just got Vin's letter. Please thank her. Did you get hurt by broken glass or anything in the "Smash into" in Chicago?

If Henry has changed to you, think what he must change to me when I see him again.

I think that there were no questions to answer in the letter - so close in fact.

Love + so much to all
Ruth.

give so much love to A.E. + C.B.
as well as to yourself, from your
loving daughter Ruth.

Dear dear Mother.

April 29, 1910.
365 Hancock St.
Brooklyn

I got your letter just before I left. So sorry
to hear about C. B. having a poor turn, but
hope she will pick up again. My medicine
will be out by the time I get some more, so
will you please ask Dr. Dr. to send me
some. I suppose it is too soon to expect
any change, though I think my face is some
better. My arch supporters seem to be
working all right, so I am much more
comfortable with them than without.

We left college yesterday noon and got
here by 4.30 or so. Mrs. Alden is the
one I was telling you about - she is French

and perfectly sweet - so that my idea
of the French has gone up! Mr. Alden too
is awfully nice, so that I am having a very
nice visit. Mrs. Alden's maid left a few
days ago, so we all help about the house
as much as we can, which makes it
seem very informal - and anything but
"praiseworthy" as some of my visits have been.
This morning ten of us Sophomores who
live in North Hall went to Ellis Island to
see 1170 immigrants land. Mrs. Hadjis (?)
the commissary contractor took us, and
there wasn't a place we didn't see - even
where visitors are usually not allowed -
Such system! It was perfectly wonderful -

guard everywhere directing the immigrants
where to go. There is so much to
see about it that it is impossible to
put it down on paper - but it is one
of the most interesting things I have ever
done - and a Hungarian missionary whom
the mother of one of the girls knew - and
who went with us - would tell us so
many little inside track details that we
would never have known in any other way.
The thing that kept it from being depressing
was - besides the cheery faces on the
majority of immigrants - the good care the
government takes of them. The next

pathetic or touching part was where the immigrants met the friends who had come to meet them. First the women — who saw their friends or relatives at the other end of the room and were separated from them by wire cage effects — would jump up and down for joy, and then they'd weep for joy, and finally when they were let out to go to them, they would embrace and go off arm in arm weeping and not saying a single word.

Father wrote he had bought the cruises. I ~~was~~ am waiting expectantly to hear more details about it and the arrangements made with Gypsie Jones.

Love for Annie! We'll write more later. Please

May 8, 1910.

Dear dear Mother.

Well, the ceremonies are over and they were a most wonderful success. You won't be interested in all the details, but I don't know where to begin even to give you a general idea of it. Our line is almost opposite the south door of Drain, and by 8 the people had lined up by chapel holding down good seats. In the meantime we were collecting notes in the gym. and by 9 we were ready to rally forth. About 70 of us were dressed as Greek men, and 70 as women, and we

marched in front of the tree in groups,
in Greek step. There was an altar in
front of the tree and two priests kept a
fire burning on it. After the violins stopped
playing we sang an invocation song and
the "mae" spoke. In the meantime over
two hundred girls dressed as daisies hid
behind the Greeks, and then came out in
the horseshoe that they formed and danced.
Our class president was "Flora" goddess of
the flowers, and she was escorted to the
altar by dancing flowers. After the dance
was over, we all knelt around the altar

and heard her speech, then we disappeared.
A calcium light was thrown on us, and
the audience were quite a ways off, so
that we felt as though we were all
alone and everyone entered into the spirit of
it, and made it a very impressive ceremony.
After we had hurried back to get our caps
we came back and serpentine around the
tree and around campfires, as it was the
first time we were allowed to sing our
marching song on campfires. It was the night
of nights in our college career, as it is
the turning point between under and upper.

ladder - and soon now we get
new steps to sing on.

And incidentally, Field Day was yesterday
morning and $\frac{6}{2}$ records were broken!!
and in the afternoon was 1st Minor League
Day. Quite a busy week and - and
guests! Perfect quantities of them over -
running the place. I'm still so
-thruled over last night that I can't think
straight - much less write a sensible
letter, so I may as well stop just here
after sending my love to all, from
your loving daughter
Ruth

May 29, 1910.

Dear dear Father and Mother —

You don't know how good it seems, to be writing to you together again, and I know how glad the rest must be to have you home again, Mother.

Traves begin to-morrow and I have two of them, so my letter will be short as I must get to bed early. This morning there was no chapel, so six or seven seniors and four of us Sophomores started out at ten and walked out into the country

Then we lay around and slept between
spasms of fighting off mosquitos - and
then we ate and slept some more - and
forgot cramming and exams. Late in the
afternoon we came back hot and dusty
but much refreshed in spite of that.
I have Biology and Psych. exams to-morrow-
Lit. Tuesday and History Wednesday -
Oh you Wednesday noon!! then a whole
week here with no work!

My regular allowance June 1st will
be enough I think with what I have

left over this month to take me to Chatham
with all the stoppings on the way.

May 14th we set up till 4 a.m. to see
the comet and climbed up to 9th but
never saw it. The other night coming back
from the library we happened to look up
and there the old thing was! Wasn't
it delicious the way the astronomers
got fooled?

I must stop - but will write soon again.

So much love to all, from your
loving daughter
Ruth.

May. 5, 1910.

Dear dear Mother,

I just got your dear letter. Thank
you for enclosing P_E's - they are fine
to get as I can hear from both W.D. +
360 them.

We got back here Sunday evening, and
have since been very busy with rehearsing
for Sophomore tree ceremonies which come
off this Saturday - weather permitting.
We have trekked a mile off campus
each afternoon to a farm, where
we dance around a tree in the farmers
orchard, and sing, and then come

home again. Yesterday p.m. I went up
there with pots and kettles to paint
the "altar" - it being a wooden box
covered with ^{cambric} ~~cheese cloth~~ which had
to be dabbled to look like marble.
The former thought it was to be an
imitation of a soda water fountain - as
it must have looked something like marble
anyway! Then yesterday evening
six of us wended our way there in
pitch darkness. We have to cross a
brook on a 5 in. plank - which is
no joke in the dark. Three of us were

dressed in costume and went up there
to have the calcium lights tried on us.
It was quite windy upon the hill, and
as our costumes were made of cheese
cloth and sleeveless at that, we nearly
froze before they finished with us.

How glad I am that C. B. is "better
enough" to be brought down stairs
^{please,}
Don't send this letter to St. Paul as I
am going to write to him now and will
tell her much the same thing. But it
is a shame she is having such a mean time
with her fingers etc.

Can you see Mae planting at Chatham !!!!!
I wonder if she will have a day filled with
flowers this year in her front yard.

About visit this summer. I wanted to have
~~the Aders~~ come time if I could, but in
hinting around find they couldn't come
until July 5th or so. — not in June. Would
it be convenient to have them then so soon
after you come — or shall I give it up — they
go to the Adirondacks later in the summer.
Do write about it next time please.

Please give my love to Aunt Emily and
Cousin B.

and meed to yourself, from your
Loving Phil.

Feb. 25, 1910.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Well, Hall Play is over and you don't know how sorry Cast and Committee are. Everybody seemed to like it, and that is something, for they never make any bones about saying they don't when they don't. Last week was one big rush. Thursday evening we had a semi dress-rehearsal, and that was the beginning of the excitement. Friday ^{evening} ~~afternoon~~ was dress rehearsal, and Saturday — ! We went over to the gym at 9.30. The cast was made up and pictures taken. Then it was time for lunch which was "served" in the apparatus room. We got the arch just in time to put the finishing touches on before

the afternoon performance at 2. When that was over and we had shifted the scenery of the third act back to that for first, ready for the evening performance, we all went over to Freshman Pailor where we had supper. At 6 we went up to 2nd to see the procession march into the dining^{room}, for, better late than never, they were celebrating Washington's Birthday, and everyone came in costume. One table was arctic explorers - Peary at the head wearing a fur lined coat wrong side out - another table represented Hallam's Conquest etc. After we had seen them we went down stairs again and finished our supper.

March 1,

Then the evening performance went off even better than the afternoon one as there were more there, and the evening audience is anyway more enthusiastic than the afternoon one. After that was over, we went to Mrs. Kendrick's room for salad and coffee, and then home to discuss events well into the a.m. and then to bed! We slept late Sunday a.m. and after chapel went to Senior Pailor. I can't begin to tell you what fun it all was - we had a dog in one of the scenes^{in the play not Senior Pailor} - and our experiences in getting him - sleigh repelling etc. etc. would fill volumes. Then we borrowed Mrs. Seelinghast's magnifying glass - large size mounted in silver and with a silver handle.

It was lost the day after we borrowed it,
so yesterday p.m. we spent every minute in
receiving every note & currency of Phil Hall
and the stage. It was no where to be found
and must have been stolen as about ten
people looked - taking down scenery and
ripping the whole place up.

This has been a messy letter but I had to
do my Monday's work on Sunday and so
didn't get started writing till yesterday. Many
things interrupted, and to-day another me
for in a few minutes I am going over to train
to serve at a faculty tea. Wish me joy.
I am enclosing along with a program, a
receipted bill!

I cannot believe that Agnes Thuer is now
Mrs. Ober. Where are they going to live.

I'm afraid if they are having such
weather as this in West Newton, it will
not make John feel any better. It has
rained for the last two days, and fog!
You could cut it into a pair of scissors.
Some one said it seemed to be raining as
much up from the ground as down to the
ground. Poor John - and C.B. too. I had
hoped that both were feeling better and
were improving.

Mrs. Tibbitts has asked me to spend
from April 1-5 at her house - then come
back here to college with J.B. I should

think Dr. G. would be through with me
by then. If just a little trying will heal
these teeth, I suppose I shall have to let
him, but I don't want him to go and
make a brace and go into the business of
it all again. They are not very bad and
don't show, and I would rather let well enough
alone. Besides, he said when he took off
the brace, that keeping it on longer wouldn't
help — my teeth would either stay then or not,
and it seems to have turned out, not.

This is a wretched letter, but it has had
many more interruptions than you would
think possible. However now that Stale
Play is over, I shall try to be better and

write often —

Give lots of love to all please, from your
loving daughter Ruth.

Sunday.

Dear dear Father & Mother,

Well, Friday seems like a month ago
for so many things have happened in between.

We went down to N.Y. Friday p.m. and
just rested and read until 6. Then Mr.

Hickell took us through the Battery and
the East Side, and all over his church
which he has there at Chatham Square.

By 7.30 we went to Chinatown to one of
the restaurants where we had a four
course dinner with chop sticks! What we
didn't have would n't be worth talking, and
what we did have would be impossible to

tall. At any rate we survived it all, and some of the little extra dishes were really delicious. Then we went to one of the settlement missions for help as before. By this time Mrs. H. and some friends had joined us, and we all tramped into "Port Arthur" the store of the place. We stayed there some time, then Miss Price, one of the workers took us into a dive, and from there we went to the Midnight Mission and stayed for some time. It was all very interesting as well as depressing and pathetic, and we were ready to get to bed

when we got back. The next morning we were going to the Chieftona House, but we slept so late we didn't have time, and instead just took the Fifth Ave. bus for a ride, and stopped in to see St. Patrick's.

In the afternoon we went to the Metropolitan Museum and stayed there until 5. I was crossy to see the Piper, but it wasn't playing yesterday afternoon, and the Blue Bird the others had seen - and tho' I suggested going, the H's would have ~~insisted~~ insisted on having me go as their guest which I didn't want, so had to give it

up altogether. I took the 6 o'clock
up here and had a grand welcome
from our double alley in the form of
nut cake. We were all dead tired, so we
went to bed early - and I won't say
how late we slept this morning. We have
just finished washing the breakfast dishes -
and the others are at church, while Ruth
Crawford and I are sitting out of doors
writing letters and enjoying the spring.
We had fun in N.Y. but I'm thankful
to be back here again away from brick
& mortar. This noon we are going off on

a picnic. Our lunch baskets are packed
and when we get there we are going to
make coffee & broil the steak. Ask
A₂ & E if that doesn't sound natural.

I had made an appointment with Dr.
Palmer for tomorrow afternoon, but yester-
day C. Carroll who has had much experience
with him, told me of some of his doings
and strongly advised me not to go to him.
She says the N.Y. doctors she goes to
strongly recommend the other one, and that
she told me of all the trouble her sister
had with Dr. Palmer and how he did perfectly

stupid work. Just lately in pulling out a tooth he got the girl's jaw out of joint so she had had a terrible time, and she did some fishing which ruined another girl's tooth. I had my doubts about him before, but thought Dr. C. must know, but after all I have heard & seen I'm not going to risk it. C.'s dentist in N.Y. recommended the other, so I am going to him. He's much cheaper too - which is a comfort.

I have not been able to get any mail since the first of the week, but hope to

find some to-morrow. So sorry there is so much sickness there. So be so careful of yourselves & let me know how you are - you never write that.

I've tried to persuade me to spend Sunday with her, but between you & me & the bad part I could jump for joy to be back here "in the country." You'd never know it was the same place and living in Maine is queer. It's much colder there than in the States and I wish you could have seen the pile of bedclothes we slept under - 6 blankets

a puff. a steamer rug & a spread — and
none too warm!

Hurray for the Stark — so good bye
for to-day. and lots of love to all. Do
let me know if Dr. Dr. let you send a
message to L. for the 27th

Your loving daughter

Ruth.

I really apologize for the supplement
but don't know how else to get the inform-
ation which I must have by April 6th.

(excuse change of paper!)



here at all. When the next week
such a nice sound as you stated
over it. To-day they are still
skating all around, but I have
got to stay in to work — after I
finish this letter! Hall Play comes
off a week from to-day. This will be
the week of the next fair —
the desert, as it were. And when
it is over I shall feel lost — as

though I had nothing to do —
with four hours more than I
find I need. However I'm not
worrying seriously about them.

Yes, we read "Little Sister Susan"
one evening before I all sleep began,
and loved it too. As I remember
I like it better than the Lady of
the Decoration — though I can't
remember much about it now, except
that I liked it at the time.

I must stop and get to work.
Goodbye for to-day, & lots of love
to all, from your loving daughter Ruth.

Feb. 19, 1910.

Dear Father and Mother,

About vacation plans. I got your letter
Mother yesterday. You know I never was
much on visiting anyway, especially where
I don't know the people very well. The only
other plan I can think of is to go home!
but seeing you are so intent on having me
tamed and feathered in Boston, I suppose
I shall have to turn up there whether or no.
If it wasn't for that, what would be nicer
than a week in St. Paul? But to come
back to business. I suppose your plan is
the only one, though I must say I'm not
keen on the prospects ahead — two visits
and the dentist. If it wasn't for Dr. A. Inally

believe I'd rather stay here. Well, the long
and the short of it is, the only thing to do
is for you to come on to Boston! or if you
don't do that, for me to go to Brooklyn.

Sorry Mr. Tibbitts wasn't able to get out
to the house. From the letters Bib gets he
must be on one wild rush. Gets to places
at 3 a.m. and leaves at 12 m.

I grovel - Why didn't they throw that
picture away? I remember now that
my sole aim when cutting it, was to separate
every different color, and as some patches of
color were small, I suppose the result must
have been small and many pieces.

I got some Valentines from St. Paul, but
though I can usually tell handwritings, I

confess I couldn't exactly place these. However
I sent wirelesses back, and hope you
got them.

Poor Mr. Kirby. Did you ever hear of such
a mean trick? I should think he would be
boiling inside and out.

You generally get more Vassar news in
the paper than we get here ourselves, but
if you see anything about the "quadrangle
swarming with skaters" you can believe
it this time. Day before yesterday it
rained and yesterday there was a foggy
mist over everything, so that no could
skate anywhere on campus. We skated
to classes, and then skated in the quad -

range. In the afternoon we went to
sunset and slid down all over the
place on cleaving disk trays! You didn't
need snow shoes but could walk all
over the country on the crust. I never saw
the place look so pretty before. A very
brilliant light blue sky, lots of fleecy
white clouds, the trees cased in ice, and
brilliant coloring everywhere. It really
was wonderful. I could've coasted or skated
in the evening on account of rehearsals,
so hurried through dinner and skated
to chapel and on the space in front of
the chapel until it was time to go in.
It was moonlight then, and it just seemed
as though we flew - and my ankles didn't

December 5, 1909.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Don't be alarmed at my messy paper after the "Union Star" I have lately been writing on. Just thought you might like to see our class design.

I am perfectly ashamed of myself when I realize that you have probably been expecting a never-sent postal from me. I think the edition I'm

Apoko of at Porter's seemed very attractive.
If it wears better than Weyman I
think I would rather have it - as
Weyman leather is rather thin and
doesn't stand much wear.

Then too last Monday the express
package for me came. It seems as
though I had written since then and
thanked you for it - but I guess
I haven't. You know though I have
liked it - as well as all my
neighbors!

About vacation. I get to St. Paul
Dec. 19. and have to leave Sunday

evening - Jan. 2. Barely 2 weeks and
a day - it makes me sick that
they won't give us that extra day.
I begie so afraid we'll get rusty if
they let us off one day earlier that
we may lower U.C.'s standard! I
haven't decided about the trains yet
as I want to see what the others are
going to do - but we order them ^(the tickets)
Tuesday, and that makes vacation
seem near.

What do you think! The costume
dress you sent was, I think, the
first I have ever guessed! and I

guessed it the second time I read it
me. Now what do you know about
that? Of course I think it was
splendid, after guessing it, but I
would have anyway.

To tell Mary that when I was
in lab. the other day Miss
Holbrook said to me "Are you
Mary Butler's sister?" I told her
I was and she said she never
connected me with her until she
saw my address in the catalog.
She also said she knew Mary
very well and was at her tea

for Edith Mores! Isn't it funny I
should have her in lab.?

The brass work I spoke of
is not a lamp shade. Instead I
made some desk corners and
entirely stand - I do hope play
doesn't come off until next
Saturday - but we have finished
the scene painting. The last
three days I have been doing
flies - 6 of them, ^{each} about twenty

feet long - And all I did was to
paint leaves on them - in other
words - dots of paint. Well it
was the most monotonous task
I ever did - nothing but leaves,
leaves, leaves, and each fly took
almost an hour to do. I prefer
a little more exciting painting to
that!

This afternoon we are going to take
a long tramp - start right after
lunch and not get back till 5.
It is horribly muddy and slippery

but we are going to put on our
heaviest shoes and our oldest
skirts (my precious grey one!!)
and go it.

Lots of love to all - from
your loving daughter
Beth.

Burner

About dresses. I don't know
whether I need one to take the
place of the blue or not, for I have
that tan one which is still
perfectly good and only needs cleaning
around the bottom to make it

look like new! Then I have the
blue one of Hollander for harder
wear. It seems to me I need
a simple white lawn (?) dress
- something that you can wear
when you want to wear white
but don't want to be too dressy.
and that will wash.

^ That instead of a dainty would
be much more useful to me
I think. Yet as you say my
commencement dress is a little
old, and that - would leave
my tan dress my best dress.

So perhaps I do need something.

about the entertaining; it is
awfully nice of you to think
of it, but I wish you wouldn't
bother about it; for wouldn't a
small dinner effect at home
be a lot of work for you? If
not I think it would be very
nice with Bridge afterwards!

If there is anything in the line

of clothes you want me to bring
home for you ~~the~~ look over for
any reason. please be sure to
let me know.

Nov. 28, 1909.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Just a short letter to you to-day
as I told him practically all the news,
and being the 28th I want to write to
Howard & Mary.

Vacation is over and how long we
are - but as long as I couldn't be at
home, it was the next nicest - and we
had a better time even than last
year. Yesterday morning was Phil
concert, and after that seven of us
went down to the Collegewood and

saw Thomas Jefferson in Rip Van
Winkle. We had front row peanut
gallery seats - and had a wonderful
time, for the audience was mostly
children and the peanut gallery
practically empty - so it was very
ladylike! Thomas Jefferson was good
but the cast not so - melodramatic,
and Marie Alden and myself sat and
suppressed our laughter during the whole
thing, while the other five nipped
their eyes! It would have been sad
if Gretchen and the children had not

been so melodramatic, but in the saddest
places, we couldn't help howling at them.
Then we had another domestic evening
after having supper in Fred's room of
the box she got with a huge fat turkey.
We sewed until 12, and then talked,
so this morning as there was no
church we slept till eleven - and
had dinner again in Fred's room.

3 weeks from to-day I'll be home!

Many thanks for A's letter and for
the adorable peacock enclosed. It is
certainly a gem of beauty.

What a shame A. couldn't go to Mary's
tea, and how I hope both are over
your cold now. The construction of that
sentence is marvellous - but you know
what I mean J.

The "something" by mail or express
hasn't come yet - but I have not
lost hope, and rather expect it to turn
up to-morrow.

Lots of love to all as usual - from
your loving daughter
Ruth.

as though I had at last gotten free
from the burden of required courses —
or perhaps free from burden courses
themselves. English, with the splendid
teacher whom I was able to get this
semester, is a joy for ever — description
is splendid with Miss Buck. Biology is
fine and Psychology is the best of all —
With those courses you really enjoy
work, because you're not limited and
confined, and then there is so much
that is new. With History I'm afraid
I'm not so enthusiastic. I have the

best instructor to be sure, and for once
history is more than dates, but even
so it isn't horribly exciting.

The ice Carnival comes off to night
but I can't go as we have Stage Play
rehearsals. We have decided on the
whole cast now - although we had a
good deal of difficulty in choosing in
some cases. However Saturday night
we vowed we should ^{not} leave Phil Stage
until we had decided on the last person.
Everyone on the cast is working - the girls
themselves, and the committee is a fine

one too, so that we are looking forward
to two weeks of great fun mixed in
with two weeks of solid work. Wish
some of you could get the benefit of my
guest seat - as it is I gave it to Mrs.
Tibbitt.

Search hell - must stop. Love and lots
of it to each and all - from your
lovingest
Ruth.

Feb. 7, 1910.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I begin to believe the saying that a sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers some body who hasn't. Yesterday afternoon people "dropped in and stayed" so that we didn't have a chance even to put up an Engaged sign — and the consequence was I couldn't get a single letter written.

Perhaps, first of all, you would like me to explain the telegram which I sent Saturday. Let's told me that her father

was starting out on a business trip to
the coast, and would be in St. Paul,
Monday, Wednesday and Thursday - and
so I wanted to prepare you in case he
should suddenly descend upon you. I
wish the new hotel were done, for he won't
get a very happy impression of St. Paul
from the Ryan I'm afraid. Another thing
that Mr. Lillie reminds me of is Sister
vacation. We have from March 25 to
April 5 and Lib has asked me to
spend part of the time at least with her.
I hate to visit there so often, because they

have already done so much for me - But
as H wrote, I probably couldn't stay at
Jones. If I hear of some girls I know
particularly well staying here on vacation, I
would rather stay here and perhaps go to
Wallingford for a day or two if I had to. But
vacation comes so much before the 19th - 20th
21st that if H should be Lena's bridesmaid
we wouldn't see very much of each other
unless she came on early!

I am enclosing Sewanda's bill. I thought
it must have been paid long ago, but
evidently it wasn't. How sorry I was to

hear that John. had a poor term, but
I hope that she is better now. I am glad
that Cousin Blanche is feeling even a little
better.

He writes of seeing Dr. Ainsworth before
Easter vacation. That's not my idea at all.
I prefer to keep as far as possible from
his grasp - and I'll vouch for it, it's
a pretty mighty one when it comes to thirsting
wires around tender teeth!

You wrote about working hard. My
courses this semester aren't really so bad
chiefly because they're interesting. I feel

to slip back. i.e. the two each side of
my two front teeth are going backwards
and a little behind the front ones - pushing
them out. It's only slightly noticeable, but
it makes me sick after all I've been
through to have them do so, especially
when I told Dr. G. I'd wear his holding
apparatus five years rather than have
them slip back. However if they don't get
any worse they can stay as they are, and
even if they did get worse I'd think many
times before I'd let the man tie me up
again.

Wed. to-morrow I have Diphtheria Lit.

and Geology exams - Tuesday none,
Wednesday History and Thursday Physics.
When Thursday noon comes I can smile
again even if a flunk note appears the
next day.

We have had no Geology for the last two
weeks as Professor Skatnick was operated
on for appendicitis - that means I get
Biology in its place next semester. I would
take it anyway next year, so that I lose
nothing - just shift the order. Then as all
the practical courses in Physics have ended
for me, I have elected Psychology in its stead.
I have also had a flunk Lit. teacher,

but with my new schedule I had my
hours too irregular - lots on some days
and few on others - so that Miss McCall
said I could change my Lit. then I will
get Miss Fiske and she is the best Soph. Lit.
teacher in the department. Now I hope
Miss McCall hasn't changed her mind
since I saw her.

Good bye for to day, and lots of love to all
from your loving daughter
Puck.

116 North

January 23, 1910.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I haven't heard any more about Bessie
Blanche for two or three days now, so judge
that she is no worse. Poor thing, how she
must suffer. Please thank Elmer for writing to
me so often to let me know.

The goodkind houses are quite elaborate
aren't they? When will they be done? It seems
too bad to have imposing houses (if they
turn out to be such) down on Oakland
where they won't be seen from Summit Avenue
by visitors.

I never heard anything so amusing as
that about John and football! What is
Cassius William thinking about? I wonder
how John likes the idea of Yale. I thought
his heart was set on Harvard, and that
nothing could persuade him from going
anywhere else.

I am waiting expectantly to hear about
Mrs. Homer Clarke's wedding. From all accounts
I should rather think she has the best of it.
Where are they going to live? Mercy, I mean
to be a regular interrogation point.

Please thank him very much for the
package she sent. I started on it last evening.

I don't understand all about hemming it there
but I am getting advice from girls who have
made them, and so shall probably get along
all right. Though I shall need more
cotton — but not for some time — at the
rate I'm doing it now!

Friday we elected our new class president,
and although the one I wanted didn't get it,
I guess this one will make a good president.
Friday evening neither rain nor flesh could
dampen our "class spirit", so we put on
rain coats and galoshes, and at 9.30 we
waded over to Raymond. There we served
Sib out of office, and the new one into it.

Last evening was the Faculty Play to which only the Seniors go. Of course we were all crazy to go, for we heard it would be fine - but instead we came home to domesticate - for we couldn't study any more having studied solidly all day yesterday.

To-day, one of the girls at our table - Ruth Crawford asked all ten of us to go down to the Nelson House for dinner with her father who is here for the day! Of course we had a fine time as well as fine things to eat.

I made a discovery the other day which nearly made me sick. They teach me beginning

116 North

January 9, 1910.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I got A's letter the other day
and please thank her for it. You
probably got my telegram soon after
and my postal a little later. I didn't
leave until I got to P. to
telegraph, for I knew you expected
me to get here at 7. am. and if you
didn't get a telegram here late in the

evening. I thought you might be
worried and not realize the train
was only late. We really did have a
good many things happen to us on
the way. Tuesday night a train
ahead of us was stuck hard and
fast with its wheels in a snow drift,
so that all that night we spent
in the wilds somewhere, a blizzard
was raging outside and the wind
was blowing so as to rock the car

at a great rate. I pulled up my
curtain and looked out and couldn't
see anything but snow, and a
blackman's lantern. I sat up in bed
and speculated whether if the wind
blew the car over the women in the
opposite berth would come in and visit
me, or I would be the one to visit
her. But the lower berth, which Beth
Barnes so generously gave me, was
growing hotter and hotter and hotter.
All the extra steam that the engine

was it needing seemed to be crowding
its way into the stove pipes right
under me. I threw off the bed
clothes but was still nearly suffocating
so got up and stuffed the cracks
around the edge of the mattress
with bed clothes and pillows. Of
course the window wouldn't budge,
and really I missed the kitchen
set in the storm. The bench chest
opposite me was not made up, and

the porter was sitting there smoking,
but I didn't care. I opened my
curtains and tried to get a whiff
of little cooler air. Finally I was
cool enough to go to sleep and slept
till 9.30. We were afraid we
were too late for breakfast - but
not at all - the dinner hadn't been
put on, and what was more, we
were so late that we couldn't pick
one up and so had to get off at
Singapore and take a taxi twelve

o'clock breakfast of peppery soup,
tough beef, and brilliantly colored
ice cream! That was our one repast
during the day, but thanks to the
chocolate and candy we survived.
As I said it was very hot in the
night, and the candy in my dress
suit case in the lower berth had
all melted to - gelatin so that we
had to get a knife and cut it up
into squares like fudge!! The sweet
chocolate had melted into milk

chocolate but luckily was near anything
"livable" in my suit case.

Best here I am at last and all
packed down again - My trunk unpacked
and my new dress box under my bed.
Mrs. K. gave me my excuse from ^{the} three
classes I missed without a word, but
there were so many late this year
that I imagine there will be a new
rule next year requiring us to get
back the day before our first class.

It seems funny to think of your
having crisp weather there in St. Paul,

It rained hard all Thursday (they
even didn't make us go to chapel!)
and at noon it (the snow and ice)
is melting. (!) Last night we had fun
on a North Otago Sophomore sleigh ride.
We didn't think of leaving it until
breakfast time, but by noon we had
sold \$15.00 worth of tickets, and in
the evening forty of us went in two
large loads and had a good time. When
we got back they all came in here
for cocoa - or rather went to the suite

for in here we had six chafing
dishes going making cocoa!

"Mr. Hutchinson of Baltimore" gave
a Recital - lecture - concert effect
Friday night. Natives etc where
you "hear the baby cry." Well he
was perfectly killing with a "squeaky
door" voice, and it was agony to
sit there and not be able to laugh.
So we made a fleet of sailboats,
row boats and battle ships out of
our programmes and sailed them upon a

stuff.

The other night Charlotte Gail
asked me to be on her 3d Stage
Play Committee - so here's hoping I
won't do any flunking at semester
time. for Stage Play through lots of
work are lots of fun and you get to
know awfully nice people.

Calder now. must stop.

Love to all, in haste
Rich.

The first of the month. It was a very
 fine day. The sun was shining and the
 wind was blowing. The water was
 very calm. The birds were singing
 and the flowers were blooming.
 It was a very pleasant surprise.
 The weather was just what we
 needed. The sun was shining
 and the wind was blowing. The
 water was very calm. The birds
 were singing and the flowers were
 blooming. It was a very pleasant
 surprise. The weather was just
 what we needed.

The second of the month. It was a
 very fine day. The sun was shining
 and the wind was blowing. The
 water was very calm. The birds
 were singing and the flowers were
 blooming. It was a very pleasant
 surprise. The weather was just
 what we needed. The sun was
 shining and the wind was blowing.
 The water was very calm. The
 birds were singing and the flowers
 were blooming. It was a very
 pleasant surprise. The weather
 was just what we needed.

January 22, 1911.

Dear dear Father & Mother,

What between skating and studying for exams, another week has gone by. I really believe I shall learn to skate with the hockey skates, as they don't seem to tire half as much as the rockers. The other day I had progressed to trying fancy stunts with Fred, but it is almost impossible to make a clean jump on hockey, so we gave that stunt up. Exams begin a week from to-morrow. I can't realize another semester has gone by.

Friday evening Professor Gjeland of Harvard

was to have lectured on Shakespeare (the
hundredth anniversary of his birth in years)
but we was told before hand how erratic and
peculiar he was, and it finally turned out
that he didn't show up at all — either I
believe though very likely that was his excuse.

All day Saturday - yesterday - I worked in
the lab over Latin Resumes which is the
subject for our exam in "K". I got back about
five o'clock and was told to call Dr. in
on the telephone. I couldn't imagine what was
wanted, and all the message I could hear was
that Dr. Someone wanted to see me in Dr. in
parlor right away if convenient. So rain and

all. I got on my wheel and rode over, and
there was Dr. Lyman Powell - rector of
St. John's Church, Northampton Mass —! Of
course I thought there was some mistake and
that he wanted to see the other Cutler, but no,
he and I sat in Dr. in parlor and discussed
Chet House for an hour! It seems he has been
asked by a magazine to visit the four leading
colleges and see how far the articles, which
came out in one magazine saying that college
destroyed girls' religions, were true. So beside
investigating the religious side he was also
investigating the philanthropic side, and as the
Chet House at Vassar is the only thing of its

kind, he was much interested. He was awfully
nice too, so that I am anxious to hear him
speech this morning. Before I left, he asked
me to write him a letter on all that I had
told him, for he wanted the things down in
black and white so that there would be no
chance for errors in his articles - as he
said the articles written about us always
contain misstatements through carelessness
or desire to exaggerate. So all last evening I
spent in compiling statistics as to the history
of the thing, and to-day I must finish the
thing up to date and even give him specifications

on what we're aiming at in the future! A
most embassy time of year, too!

We are also having fun getting our dance
programs filled out, for we finally decided we
must have someone just for the bar, so Feb
invited two perfect youths from Wallingford -
I believe one of them is still in prep school, but
for that very reason we expect to have the time
of our lives - especially as we may have to have
six dances - including supper - with them.
At one time I wasn't keen about going, but
now we all seem to be in the spirit of it, and
wouldn't miss it for a good deal.

I should think Evelyn would wonder why in creation I haven't thanked her for her present. She mentioned, in her letter to me, that she was going to send something, but she must think it's lost, strayed or stolen - or else that I'm an ungrateful creature! However I shall try to explain. I can think of nothing else for the box unless it were a fever thermometer! How expensive are they? Yesterday we were tearing around to get one as the doctor in North was out, and we didn't want to call one over from Dr. M. We had one in our "family" once but they don't know where it has gone now.

How I hope you have heard from Dr. M.

by this time. Do let me know, please. Who is "Margaret Milbank"? I must be stupid, but I can't for the life of me think. Glad Mrs. Hayes is improving and able to walk a little. Am returning Uncle J's letter to Eliza. Please thank her for letting me see it. I should have sent mine from U. J. I wrote to her, but they got torn up. Poor Henry. Is he any better now, and what did the doctor say? I can't realize that Ted and Lydia go to dancing ^{school}. As I have remarked before it makes me feel aged to say the least - and that's a strange feeling for me, you know. I'm afraid I'll have to begin living up to it soon -

that's the worst of it.

Please tell Elsie that I enjoyed her description of the opera. The stage setting certainly sounded wonderfully pretty, and of course the music must have been fine too.

And now I must stop to have a bit of breakfast - it being ten o'clock, and the sugar rolls sitting on the table look quite appetizing. (Quite in the sense of entirely too!)

Lots and lots of love to each and all, from
your loving daughter
Ruth.

P.S. How such a disappointment as the minister was. Not even a 14th cousin to the one I talked to. Melodramatic is a mild name to apply, and tho' much to our shame, the sobs could be heard.

February 19, 1911.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

If it hadn't been such a busy week I would have written ages ago to thank for the fine Valentine that came by express! It was dear of you to send it and I wish you could have shared its contents with me. Sorry as I am to disappoint A, I must confess the one I sent 360 was partially copied. I also got another nice Valentine from Cecelia Ave. but I suppose it isn't possible to thank anyone for it, because, of

cause so many people live on that street
that it is most difficult to tell just which
one sent it!

In order to get the business items on
my list off my mind before telling about the
dance, I will begin by calling your attention
to the enclosed bill. Those wretched charges
for damages to room! I fail to fathom their
meaning, but it may be for sticking three
thumb tacks in the wall. There is there
any material left over of the blue check
(the dress)
silk, because it needs a little repairing.

I sent by express Friday the International
Studios - and hope they get there safely
and won't be lost en route!

The Shereau I spoke of was the "Excursions"
as I have the "Miscellanies."

About the shopping Easter time, what list
I needed could be gotten in a day's shopping
in New York I should think - the rest in
Poughkeepsie!

I can't get over Mrs. Beubank's making the
art class stand to recite - it seems so kiddish
and I should think they would all loathe
it. It seems to me she might let you get

poise or what - not, some other way or time.

I didn't sprain anything when I fell, but I am still lame enough to keep off that side when sleeping. I hope you will all be careful tho' and not hurt yourselves. Friday we had a light shower in the morning, and by afternoon all was glass ice. One girl fell and hurt herself quite badly.

Hurray for the downfall of the peacocks' tails - and I'm glad the paper is going to be spared. Is Dad you can't transfer it into my room as I would like it a lot.

March 28, 1911.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I have just finished another Psych. topic
and have a few spare minutes before lunch.
After I wrote to you Sunday about twenty of
us went way way back of college and
spread ourselves for a picnic. We made
fire places out of stones and mud and had
two good fires over which we made coffee
and steak — and I wish you could have
seen our hands after building the fire places!
We had many other things to eat besides and
we had a grand old time. Keep it dark,
but I was saying to myself all the time —

"I'm glad I'm not at Wallingford" - for
I'd had tried up to the time my train left
I make me spend Sunday with her. After
we had eaten up everything - to go back to
the picnic - we went on a long walk
following a nice meandering river, and
didn't get back until dark. In the evening
we read some, but were on the whole ready
for bed. Yesterday I worked both morning
and afternoon on Pough Topics, and then
our ally had a delicious supper in our
rooms. Today the others went to West
Point, but I have accomplished much
since then in the library as I want to get

my work out of the way and then enjoy a
good old bat. Jack comes back to-morrow
and if the weather is pleasant we are going
by train to Gaylordsville - 30 miles east -
where Mary Hurlburt is visiting her sister.
The three of us are going to coast back,
spending a night at a farm house half
way which Mary knows about and has
made arrangements with. In that way we
will do no more than if we were taking
a good half day's walk around here,
if there will be more novelty in it. We
may stop off another night at Morris Mills
where the girls often go over week ends, but

we probably won't decide that until the time comes.

I got your nice letter yesterday a.m. Mother, ~~but~~. You see I left Friday when the other girls did, so it wasn't for long, and coming back there were some of the girls I knew best here, so it was very nice, and we have had a fine time together. About seventy girls in all have stayed.

I don't think I need any more white waists at present but think the blue dress would be nice. It doesn't seem to me that either Le Vasseur or Q.A. could make it the way I want or make it fit properly. There is a dressmaker here who is good when

she isn't rushed. If I let her take her time
with it, she could probably do it all right,
though after Easter is always one of her
busiest times.

How disgusting about Maria's house. I
can't imagine Aunt Emily in it somehow.

I thought of L. so much yesterday
and it was nice to get your letter telling
what Dr. M. had written.

How busy F & E are with J. & A.
and Aunt Clara. Tell E the black board
may be bad, but it's not a circumstance
to giving a topic from the desk to a
roomful of 155 who rise before you in an

amplified fashion. In another class we have to take the desk and conduct the class for the hour, which means giving your topic and then guiding the discussion. It is anything but calming when you look down and see a lot of phi beta kappa'd seniors in front of you, who know ten times as much and have sort of a condescending look on their faces.

If you should come across an advertisement or any picture of a baseball player of the St. Paul nine, would you please send it to me! It seems rather wild, but Helen Whitell's small brother is making a collection

without having a representative from S.P.

While I'm writing I'm being entertained with music from a graphophone which is going at full tilt before us playing some ancient chestnuts

Times bell

If you hear of any novel ideas in room decorating or any good color schemes etc. please pass them on to me as I am one of the Senior Pairs committee and we are looking for some scheme of decoration at present.

Must get to work again. So good bye for to-day and a great deal of love to all.

April 4, 1911 -

no host again!

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I thought I would spare you a Sunday letter as I have bothered you with letters from me of late, and also because when we got back from our walk we were dead sleepy. We were going to start Thursday by train to Gaylordville where Mary Hurlburt is visiting her sister, and make the thirty mile trip back to college in two days, spending the night at the farm house of Mary's sister's cousin! but Mary had to go to Stamford on business at the last minute, and the place had to be given up.

But Jack and I weren't to be put off so easily, so we decided to go to Moore's Mills — eleven miles from here — a nice Quaker farm house where the gals often go over week ends. Friday it was snowing and cold and we thought it too cheerless a day to set out, so we took a short walk in the morning and in the afternoon got together enough to have a game of baseball in the circle. The next day, however, was great, and we were off on the road by here. Picture us two trudging along with Mackinaw and Satchel and

hathes — we certainly were ragabirds. The country was wonderful — rolling and wooded, and the bare boughs against the white clouds and blue sky was — well words won't express it. We walked on and on, inquiring from time to time at farm houses along the way to see if we were going right, and munching educators and chocolate between wheels. We weren't trying to make a speed record, so we took it easy and enjoyed it — getting to Mrs. Susan Moore's at about 2 o'clock. Such a

furny house, so full of brickknacks (?) and
cat and canaries. It was too cold to
read outdoors, so we read before the "glowing
acon" stove and got plenty warm enough.

The house is full of funny old ladies - all
"characters" - all there in search of health
and all talking of nothing but that. When
Vassar girls come they say they're glad for
they'll cheer them up - and there were
three other girls there beside ourselves who
amused the old ladies by playing the
melodion and singing!! The old ladies

(Hope you don't mind odd &
ends! →)

116 North 7th

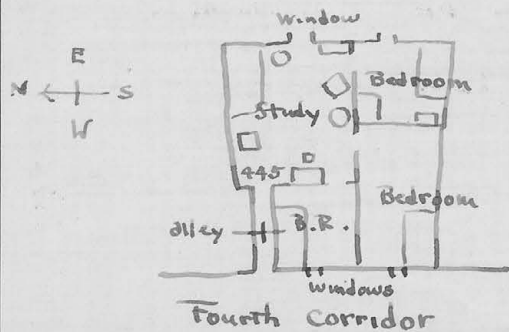
V. C.

4/23/11

Dear dear Father and Mother,

It seems ages ago that room drawing took place, and yet it was only last Monday. We drew on the 39 and as single alleys were in demand, seven were chosen before it came over here. So that we had to decide between the two last choices. One was a single alley ^{transverse} on third north, and the other a single alley on fourth south main. The first was much more convenient as to location, but they say it is ^{in winter} friendshly cold, and of course has

no sun, so we let up the haven in front
 which has the same exposure as our rooms
 now — East. So that we do get some sun
 even though it comes thro' an unusually
 small window — being on the fourth floor, ^{which has smaller windows than the other floors do.}
 A single alley is, by the way, a "suite"
 with one study and three bedrooms, which
 Fred & Deb and I rotate in — as of course
 the "outside" bedroom is the most preferable,



and there is a difference
 in size in the two
 inside bedrooms. We
 haven't tossed up
 yet but I'm hoping

my view at the outside bedroom comes from
 Easter to June as there is the time you long
 for it most. The room is unfortunately much
 darker than the one below it on third as it
 has a high casement window, but for that
 reason we want the room repapered in
 some light color — it is now dark brown —
 and I think it will be much more cheerful.

* * *

We have just been out for a walk with
 reading aloud afterwards. Spring I guess is
 really here for we had breakfast ^{this a.m.} out under
 some trees near and beyond.

Just like me to forget the most stirring
event of the week! There was a fire in
Miss Abbey Leach's new house the other
morning at about 6.30. The house was no
more than finished & "Abbey" had just moved
in. As the house was still in the contractor's
hands, and the fire was due to deficient
wiring, Miss Leach won't lose much as
she had insurance on her belongings. I wasn't
up for the excitement yet as nobody called me
and we're on the other side of town, but
they say it was a sight to see Billy Hill
with an old cutaway coat and derby hat, collar

and excited, jumping about moving out goods
like an "Italian grocer" - if you
know him by sight you'll appreciate the
simile. Mrs L's house is on Raymond
Ave alongside the other professor's houses,
but she was unable to get train by telephone
and so the fire department from Poughkeepsie
had time to come all the way out before
the college hose from Raymond was connected.
It then turned out that the hose was no good
and burst, so that the stream of water
which reached the house was of no account
and another hose from Davison had to be

attached. — and the two together were even
feebler. Of course this made everyone
set up and take notice, and now every
one realizes that fire equipment here is
inadequate. After discussion the plan
suggested was for twenty five of us or so
to ask our fathers to write to James M.
Taylor, chairman of the Executive Committee
suggesting the advisability of student
fire drills, inspection of hose and
water supply and better provisions in
regard to fire escapes. For although
the fire in Miss L's house ruined the

house — all but the four walls, it was
better than having a fire on 5th floor
north, ~~and~~ especially since the hose and
water pressure were so poor. Would you be
willing, Father, to write such a letter to
Pres. Taylor? Beside this side of the
fire, there were of course many incidents
connected with it, and poor "Abbey"
— the Greek instructor who makes it known
that she is the recipient of a gold cup
from the Empress of Japan — was fleeing
about, carrying one dish out at a time
and depositing it on Mrs. Hill's front steps.

By the time we arrived on the scene of action the same front steps were loaded with clothes and books, and when we looked to the top step and saw the plastic head of Dante sitting there, our first impression was that it was someone who had fainted - for the clothes piled all around looked as though they might have belonged to it! We caught on though before we went so far as to dash cold water in for Dante's face.

Well, you might know I would be surprised when Rhein casually mentioned

993's new Ford touring car ! not
having any idea that they were thinking
of getting another automobile . I remember
now Will's remark dropped about working
in his automobile house , but I merely
thought he was turning it into a tool
house for Ted - or the like .

So glad to hear that so many came
at church on Easter Sunday . I was of
course surprised to hear of Mrs. Richardson's
death and it seems strange not to think
of her and Mr. Richardson in their pew
at church .

Poor Gertrude Schurmeier. I should think she would never want to see another automobile, and as Elmer said it must be so hard for her, especially with people talking about it and that article in the paper.

I don't believe I can get a cook from the Club House as they are all waitresses and know how to cook only slightly - and I'm afraid those in the cooking classes are not quite skilled enough to "work outside" as cooks. Like A. & I. & myself, they would have to be engaged

in groups! The Club House has had quite a strenuous week - that is the committee has, trying to pacify the nations and hold our policy against theirs. All Wednesday and Friday afternoon I spent in interviewing people and listening to our Supervisor, Miss Paine, let off steam after some too personal home thrusts which were given her by the nations. Yesterday we had a long meeting from Chapel to bedtime after I had had two more interviews, and I hope things will clear up. Though Miss Paine's feelings were

so "injured" that at present she refuses
to stay if she has to have anything to do
with a certain person. Cheerful outlook
to try to find a new worker this late in the
spring! Could you send me the names
and addresses of the St. P. Vassarites &
I will try to send them a line — and
a circular! You sent the names once, but
I'm afraid that letter has gone.

Just Miss Golobed an excellent name,
would be applicable to myself too, I know!
Especially as I must say good night now.

Love to all, from your loving daughter
Ruth.

Read to yourself.

Sunday

Dear dear Father and Mother,

To wake up this morning and find snow
on the ground was feeling almost like after
the warm spring weather we have been having.
It remains to be seen whether, as in St. P., it
snows again this evening.

You wrote about Geraldine Ingersoll's engagement
some time ago, and E. said you were surprised.

I don't quite see why because I thought you
thought they might be when I was home
in Texas. I remember they were right in

front of us at the Yale Glee Club Concert, and

I thought we had them settled! Also 2.

spoke of Catharine Turner's success (?) at cooking.

I should think she have a time of it if she

is no more "domestic" than that.

I hope you'll like the way I'm having my dress made! but I shall let it burst upon you like the grey suit, and not tell you what it's to be like. Don't, please, pine away with anxiety. And speaking of dresses I should think Spet. was outrageous to keep you the whole morning. What is her trouble anyway, she seems to get fatter by the year.

30 pairs of curtains, picture puzzles, sacks of flour and mattress covers sounds busy and theatres and concerts too. It's hard here to settle down again after vacation, and with the warm weather, work has been difficult. I have been canvassing Davis for gifts for Union Park next year. I haven't yet made up my mind what to lend, and being on the Committee will probably wait awhile and see what is most needed within my range. I've given a spoon, and other gifts varying between that and a \$150.00 Tiffany lamp. Some lend pictures and some

rug — provided we like them — but I'm
sure I can't think of what I can give at
present. The painting in the Billiard Room
of course occurs to us first, but ——— !

The last name this year comes June 9th so
I will probably leave there on the 8th. I doubt
if I shall visit afterward tho' there is a
possibility of it in Boston. However I would
of course depend on your plans. Thank
goodness the Shattuck house is more or less
out of the way, but who do you suppose
will have Mai's house? If you want I

will inquire about a cook. I cannot get
that one no, since she doesn't cook, but
I might very likely get another. I can't
understand Annie's going to Chatham unless
it is to do her good. for I don't see how
she's strong enough for the work - or is she?
Frieda's upset seems familiar, and she'll
stay of course won't she?

This letter seems full of questions, but
has Howard got a position yet or only a job?

I should have like to have been there
for Billy's baby's christening, and the children must

have been dear. Also Billy Sargent the
Sunday he dressed up in his Indian suit.
I'd like to give E. a commission of
taking up-to-date pictures of all ^{of them}
for me, especially as I have none at all of
Henry.

Last night was Student meeting with
reduction to two of officers for next year.
As people were sleepy they didn't nominate
anyone else for Chat House Chairman, so I'm
it for another year. Tib was one of
the two up for Student president. W2

haven't just the person for that office in our
class, but I am rather sorry Tib ran
for I don't think she is suited for the position
even tho' she is so generally liked. Because
she is so very young in some ways. Also I
think a Student president needs to be so
A1 in lessons that she needn't have much
trouble from them.

I was sorry to hear about Aunt Hattie,
but glad for what you wrote about Lucia.
You know how constantly you have been in
my thoughts to-day. So very much love to
Sack and all, from your loving, dear ^{little} Ruth.

May 28, 1911.

Dear dear Father and Mother -

Since I wrote you last week I have had a change of mind which is that if it's all the same to Wend Newton I am going to stay here till Commencement - The 14th - then go home with Fels, Mary and Fred in T's auto - go up to Boston the 16th. You see Elvira has never written just what day she would come, so that it made my plans rather indefinite - but Fels wanted us to come home with her

very much, and removes the dentist here
who is very busy, has not finished with
me, and won't be able to give me time
until after college closes - that is from the
9th to 14th. He seems to be doing very well
all right, and as he puts in no gold fillings
I think he can do it as well as Dr. A.
and as he hurts about $\frac{1}{3}$ as much, I must
confess I have a decided leaning toward him
for it does seem as though that other $\frac{2}{3}$ of
agony were needless. So, unless Doc really

wants me I won't go there until the 16th —
unless their comes on before — and then of
course I could and would get there any
time after the 8th. Could you write me
something definite?

Your trips to Christmas Lake and the Oaks
(where I have never been!) sound very nice,
but even still the weeds on the back porch,
and how I would like to be there for them.
Yesterday we didn't have a bad time though,
for we took a picnic basket and books
and walked two or three miles from here.

to Wappinger Creek — a perfectly adorable

^{winding}
stream with woods and fields around and

an ideal place for spending the day. We

read some, then cooked our lunch and had

a good feast — after that we studied some

and paddled some, and were amused

by some small boys who were fishing.

We came near having no lunch at all as

we approached the creek from one side,

but decided the nicest spot was on the

opposite side — so we waded across, but

the creek was rather deep, and I who

was carrying the basket, forgot to hold it
out of the water, and the first thing I
knew, the bottom of the basket was settling
right in the water. Luckily, however, it
didn't have time to do any damage and
nothing was lost. At the same time
Shygo, who was carrying our sleds across,
dropped some of them, and the current
was for taking them down stream as quickly
as possible. I guess the vision of us
two was too much for Mary, and she
almost lost her balance laughing at us.

We had too nice a time to even think of coming back to civilization until half past five. and anyone meeting us on the way home might easily have taken us for tramps as instead of crossing the creek again and coming back the way we went, we followed bend after bend of the river expecting to strike the road — which we did after we had gone a mile and a half or so out of our way — through plowed fields and over fences until we looked like ragamuffins.

The Senior exams are half over now, and ours — well they're looming large on top of us. Just as part of the study for one course I spent all my time yesterday making out a chart which is the size of a big sheet of blotting paper. On it are places for 22 parts with cubby holes opposite each for the different contents of his lyric poems — versification — diction etc. Showing the development from Spenser to Whitman — all written in in very smallest handwriting, and all to be known for that exam! I tremble at the thought in fact.

But there's a week ahead for good solid
review, so here's hoping.

x

x

Feb is going to mail her letters at the
same time, so I may as well keep this as a
clue and give her the pleasure of taking
it down.

Lots of love to all, from your loving
daughter
Ruth.

V.C. Oct.29,1911.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I will begin my letter before chapel though I probably wont have time to get very far before the bell rings. It was so nice that it cleared up yesyerday and that the Seniors could go to Mohonk after all and have such a grand time.They said it was perfectly wonderful and just cool enough to make walking and climbing pleasant. I managed to sleep through the racket and got up for regular breakfast, then plodded over to the library with other compatriots and accomplished wonders in the line of getting ahead. After lunch the twenty or thirty of us left had a grand bat before settling down to work again, then at five thirty we walked down town a ways and met the barges coming back and hitched onto the steps behind so that we almost made ourselves think that we had been to Mohonk. Then of course the Sophomores were in the lodge waiting for us and we sang until it was time to go to chapel, and then we went to Main for supper and sang during most of the meal - having gotten the habit as it were. But I dote on Saturdays here at college and I was really not sorry that I did not go - especially since the place seemed rather depopulated and quiet.

Just after I had written to Amelia I got her letter - for which please thank her. Also Howard's letter. I judge he was trying to operate the kind of a typewriter that I just missed buying.

Surely the Heathen can work. I am thinking to-day of the dedication and wonder whether the snags got untangled in time. I hope so.

There goes the chapel bell now, so good bye till after chapel anyway.

Mercy! We must have gotten your cold wave for I haven't gotten warmed yet, and in chapel we nearly froze. The minister was a very earnest foreign accented gentlemen who couldn't talk fast enough to get all he had to say into the time he had to say it in. But even that didn't keep either him or ourselves warm, so I am trying to warm my hands now by pounding the keys. I don't believe it's too cold for a good walk this afternoon though, and we are going to hunt for some moss to plant some partridge berries in.

My senior picture is at last taken and I am debating whether to send the proofs to you to let you decide which looks most like me. They are quite good considering the fact that the photographer is such a flip, who wants to pose you in all sorts of outlandish positions - and I wish you could see some of the pictures of the girls he has taken. You would never recognize your best friend. I was determined I wouldn't be posed, however, in front of any peacock background, so when I went in I told him that I wanted a plain background and that I just wanted him to take my picture and that was all! It worked like a charm for he didn't even suggest posing me after that but merely snapped the bulb four times and that was all. I would have sworn that I had a broad beam on my face when they were being taken, but the result is as sad and thoughtful as ever and as usual, so I despair of ever taking a happy looking picture, and may as well resign myself to my sad fate and have one of these proofs finished up. When Prud saw them she raved about them and said "They look exactly like you Rufus, but it's too bad your mouth looks so crooked and your hair so blowy and your eyes so lifeless." I thanked her and told her I would give her one on the earliest opportunity. Too bad that 737 has so many colds. There seem to be any number of them around this year.

Good bye for to-day, much love to all
Your loving daughter R.C.

P.S. Father I don't need any more allowance this month as I haven't cashed Oct. 6 check yet.

Sorry for pencil, but Tibs has
borrowed pen -

June 6, 1911.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Well of course I wasnt excited when I got
the telegrams yesterday, and now I wonder
what his name will be. What is the objection
to the name "Howard" - two in the same
family? Catherine Ethel Sydney very nice.
How I would like to see whatever his name is
anyway.

At present I feel less cheerful than I
did yesterday at this time. Mother I had
just taken two remarkably easy exams, but

the Ec. one this morning was simply friendly.

They asked six long hard questions to be answered in two hours, and you felt

so rushed as to get muddled. Any one of

the questions I could have answered if I had

had time, but the Ec. department doesn't

believe in doing what you do well — but do

them all at any rate. Well I was

really prepared to hear I flunked it, and

if so will try for the re. on Monday. They

were mean enough to spring a problem on us,

which was tricky and made us make a
mass of the following questions because we
had to rush on them. Ugh! And

now I should be reviewing for my two

hours — as I thought before — get to

come.

Was surprised to hear of Auntie Hales's
visit as I thought your last letter said

she couldn't come to St. P. until after

you had left for Chatham.

The sample of skirt seems very nice.

My Lombards are pretty shabby but I am

going to get new trousers at the Phil. Navy

Yards. - They are much better - but same price.

Miss Le Bee's sale reminds me that I must
get material to work on at Chatham for
things for Lucas Chit House Sale, as the box
you all sent was such a help.

I will meet him at 10 at the S. Station &
together we will go to Alap's!

Thank Father please for check. I wouldn't
need so much except for dentist and clothes as I
said - My dress was \$7.25 for the making. Is
that expensive - it is simple?

Please excuse this wretched letter but you
know I am in a rush - and rather weak
at present now. Ec.!!

Lots of love to all, from your loving
Ruth,

V.C. NoV. 21, 1911.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

Well my weekly letter seems to have gotten some delayed this week. I hope however that you have gotten my postals and that you weren't alarmed. Friday afternoon we went down to New York and went right to "Uncle Mitchell's" for dinner. Then after that he had an engagement so we amused ourselves in his den playing on his aeolian - Prud picking out all the waltzes available, so that it sounded for all the world like a hurdy-gurdy to which I should think his neighbors above and ^{below} might object. Then when he came back, he showed us many lantern slides of his trips in Arizona and that region in search of ruins &c. and they were the most interesting things you ever saw. After that he showed us a few of the relics &c. though most of them he had given to the Museum - but there was one piece of the bottom of the Grand Canon which had little lumps on it, which he said were rain drops coated with dust as soon as they had fallen. These he said were computed to be three hundred thousand years old !'!'! I think they must have been the first that ever fell myself. Then he had numerous slabs showing glacier scratches etc. and what wasn't in that room wouldn't be worth having - and along beside it all were modern nick-knacks which evidently the young Pruddens had generously bestowed upon him in their youth. The next morning it was raining, and as we expected it to snow first, we had no umbrellas, so had to go to the station in a taxi, and took the nine o'clock for New Haven. Before lunch Mrs Prudden was scurrying around getting us old hats to wear, but by lunch time it had stopped raining so we got along all right. Of course you have heard how the game came out - but as we sat right opposite the goal where both Princeton and Yale scored, it was most exciting. In the evening we went to see Robert Edson in the

~~"Arabs~~ "ARABS" which might be regarded as either a light tragedy, or as a heavy comedy, but we were glad that we didn't happen to be at the play where they had the rough-house etc. The next morning we went to chapel in Wolsey Hall and after that walked around New Haven in general until dinner time, and then left on the 3.55. Mrs/Prudden and "Aunt Lillian" were awfully nice and we had a grand time- and probably Thoe feels now as though he were quits on the dance last year. But best of all when we got home I found that my tutee who had taken her exam Saturday morning had not only passed (which I was most doubtful of even) but had passed with the best paper, so you can imagine I was pleased even though the credit never belongs to the tutor. Well I've earned my first \$12.25 anyway and had good practise. The other piece of news which you will rejoice with me, is that the Club House Endowment fund is actually completed! Yes the whole \$26,000 - perhaps I told you about it before, but if I have please excuse me, for I haven't yet gotten quite used to the idea myself, and to think of my successors as not having to get up and harangue for money and employ their perfectly good summer vacation in writing all but useless letters - seems too good to be true. But never mind it was one of those summer letters which finally did the business and finished the thing up at one fell swoop when 1911 at their reunion this last week voted to give their gift to the Clubhouse. But it seems to me I've told you all this before and if so please excuse this ramble. It must be preliminary reaction to those three wretched bread and butter letters which I must write. One for each fraction of a day away is really quite excessive - especially when Prud has hers all written and stands around gloating over me. Another reason for all this verboseness is the fact that I have just come from "S" in which a girl read her play of 132 rhetoric pages and it was really more than I could stand after struggling for days

over an inadequate little thing of 14 of those same pages - which alone took me one hour to copy. Query, How long must it have taken her to copy hers?

But to get down to business, thank Elinor, please, for returning the proofs so soon. We all liked the dark one better because it was a little more awake and because it was not tippy, but then Tibs all of a sudden took a streak of thinking the other was the better, so to settle the matter you see I sent them on. I didn't notice the crevasse that E. pointed out, but probably that can be fixed.

We are having your weather all right and it is death on the hockey games. Just as it clears off enough to play it begins to snow again, and we don't know when we will be able to play.

The reason the supper party at Prexy's was cancelled was because his niece Helen Taylor of 1913 died just a few days before. You may have seen her when you were here as I think one of you spoke about how small she was. Anyway she has never been strong and they knew she could not live long. I believe she had a sister who died of the same thing when she was her age.

Tibs said if E. could wait she could bring back a catalog and find the number of her purse, but in case that is too late I will enclose a description of it, although there doesn't seem to be much more to describe than E. knows already.

MARY DAVIS COMING OUT?????

And speaking of St. P.

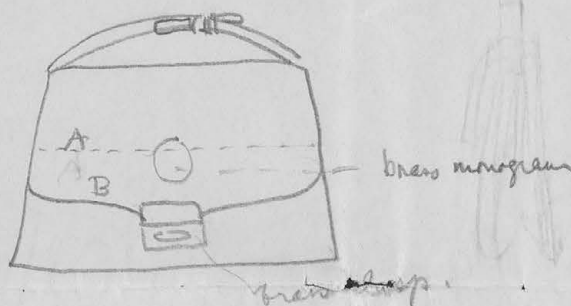
people, did you know that Charlie Bunn had blossomed into quite a genius at Yale? I thought his name was Bobbie, but they all spoke of him as Charlie and the description of him seemed to tally. Anyway he has been writing plays etc. and is quite a "literary genius" from all accounts. Is Springer Brooks in New Haven now? for I am almost ^{sure} ~~saw~~ I saw him at the game, but didn't think it could be he, for I thought he had graduated some time ago. Of course he might have been visiting.

I got a note from Miss Le Duc the other day so it's all right now, thank you. It was merely to keep track of receipts etc. Also please thank E. for sendin the program etc. and the clipping about the ice storm.

Goddness me how much I've written. Never mind I have to stop now to get ready for dinner. Foot the same. Good bye and love to all, from your loving daughter

Ruth

The purse was gotten probably two years ago - or at the latest a year ago last Xmas.



under flap A which is under flap B there are



Then

In the main part there are two pockets each side of the purse part + at the very back a place for a memorandum card + pencil. In the purse part there are two pockets each side of the change pocket. This is all lined with tan soft leather - while the outer pockets are lined with tan silk.

V.C. Feb. 5, 1912.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I feel as though I had been most negligent in the matter of writing lately, but I've been so busy battling after exams were over that the time just seemed to slip by without my writing again. I seem to have passed the exams as I have had no notices to the contrary, but it is really quite remarkable, for there was plenty of opportunity for flunking. Thursday evening we went on a grand barge sleigh ride which I think I wrote you about, then Friday we simply slept late and had a late breakfast, and the p.m. I got caught up with a lot of Club House work. Saturday was, however our day of real battling. Prud and Thyrza and Mary and I got a cutter and two sleds and started out for we didn't know where. We were bundled up within an inch of our lives with mackinaws and abominable wooly caps, and those of us on the sleds would sort of wrap up our feet in shawls or sweaters. We were truly handsome I can tell you. Well we drove on and on, and pretty soon we came to Wappingers, and decided to stop at a hotel for lunch. There were two hotels there, but somehow they were even a little more than we bargained for, but we were told that at Hughsonville, a mile and a half further on, there was a hotel which "kept summer boarders" and we decided to investigate and see if they were still keeping them, and incidentally some lunch too - for although we had taken beef tea in a thermos bottle, we wanted that in case we were late in getting

back. So we went on through the village of Wappingers on our way to Hughsonville - and as the streets were bare of snow there, those of us on the sleds got off and walked, and finally Thyrza got out of the cutter, and even Mary - who was driving - got out and drove walking along beside the cutter. That was bad enough, but when we got to the very centre of the town, the horse decided he wanted a drink, so he made for the trough, and we had to unhitch his check rein and give him a drink. The costumes we had on were perfectly wild, and the whole town simply gaped at us, but it was nothing to their amusement when we started on our way again - two of us bundled up on the sleds in the rear, looking like perfect infants. When we got to the summer hotel the man who came to the door said he was sorry but that the dinner was all over and everybody had gone out. But Mary was not to be so easily put down, and she said that we simply had to have something to eat - that we were all but starved and very cold and that even a crust of bread would be better than nothing. We think the man's wife was probably standing behind him and overheard our touching tale and so told him to ask us in, for he did, and after waiting about fifteen minutes - during which we admired the art calendars in the parlor - we sat down to a delicious meal of sausage, tomato, tea, two fried eggs apiece, piles of bread, and cold apple pie. We were scared to ask how much it was, for we thought they would put the price up on us for coming out of meal hours - but not at all - 30 cents apiece was all the woman ~~woman~~

would take for it. None of knew the roads, but of course we couldN't go back the very way we had come, so we started out on a different tack, and at last came to the river road, and so had a gorgeous ride all the way back to P. along the river with the sunset glow just beginning. So you see how I spent my time, and now I fell like a new woman, which is just as well for as I said before there is lots of hard work ahead this semester. In fact I should stop right this minute and begin to read "Bacon's Advancement of Learning." Then my seminar Ec. topic must be begun right away - which reminds me that I must consult my lawyer brother on the subject.

Thank you for the check (good land - I must have written a letter more recently than I imagined for it seems to me I thanked for that before - but perhaps not) I shouldn't have needed it at all if it hadn't been for new books and Evelyn's possible visit - just when I don't know yet. Then your nice letter came this morning, Mother. I'll find some place for the duds, as every day I am beginning to feel as though I had more and more room in this little place. In fact I would like to keep it the rest of the year, for I would feel lost in the big inside now, and Tibs couldN't get in here with any comfort at all; but I hesitate to even suggest it, for this room has better air than the large room as there is a direct draught through.

What a gay season you all have been having with the opera. I must say though that I sympathize with Dad, though not so

far as to do picture puzzles in place of it.

But now I really have to stop, so good bye for to-day
and much love to all, from your loving,

Ruth

V.C. 2/10/12.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I took a sleep-over this morning as I had to call Tibs at 5.30 for her to go to New York, and as I went to a Socialist lecture in town last night, which lasted rather late, I was pretty sleepy. The lecture was perfectly delicious. The hall was filled mostly with men except for about 20 V.C.s and chaperones and a few ^astray other women. All the good old socialists were down on the front benches, and would keep yelling "right you are" "bravo" etc. etc. with ^oloud cheers and clapping. The lecturer - a defeated candidate for governor of Illinois I believe - warmed up to his subject and waxed most eloquent. He was a regular Marxian Socialist and wanted the control of course through the ballot and not by force; and some of his criticism of the present system was fine, but he wasn't convincing when he urged you to vote the Socialist ticket. He said it was a conviction with him, and that's about what it seemed like. But it was interesting to watch the people and see how they took what he said, and the similes he used - which were very clever - to say the least. But it was remarkable to see the grim humor of the people when they could laugh at themselves and their own condition. Two weeks from last night "Comrade" Lewis is going to talk, and I

am going down if possible to hear what she id like.

Elinor and Howard must have had a fine walk Sunday. I'm looking forward to taking some long ones in a little while - although you never did believe I cared for them. But the country around here is just right for them, and much nicer than city streets or hot sandy roads. Did I write you that we had the ice carnival the other night? My memory as to what I write you and what I dont is "somethin' fierce", and perhaps it's because I dont write regularly. Anyway they did have it, and I looked on for a time, and as usual it was a grand sight with all the bonfires and lights. The glow of it from Main 4th was fine too, and after we got too cold to watch it from the lake, we came up here to see it.

This is just a note as I haven't much to say - except that I'd better fall to and work, for it is now 11 and I have to analyze the whole of the Constitution of the U.S. before lunch. I have also been having a grand time in going through the labor laws of Minnesota prior to 1892 so far, and it is perfectly fascinating.

Good bye for to-day, and as always much love to you and to all, from your loving daughter,

Luth

V.C. Feb. 15, 1912.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I haven't written for some time, but the only thing of non-academic interest, so to speak, which has happened since I last wrote, was the decoration of the dining room last night for Valentines Day. Then all the tables were lit with red candles, and all the girls wore white with red ribbons or floweres so that it was all very pretty.

Bacon wasn't so bad after all, if only we didn't have to write an essay on him so soon, and I'm afraid I gave you a wrong impression of Senior year, for although we do have to work its all on subjects we like - and that makes all the difference.

I forgot to speak of the W.H. commencement dress which came in the box - I thought that was delegated to Ch atham, but I see it has all been fixed over as to trimming and I wore it last night. The brown dress is still as much liked as when blue, and by others better liked, so the dying seemed not only to remedy the spots, but to give me a new dress of it.

Sorry to hear about E.'s eyes and the chicken pox at 993.

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Theexpress package has just come, and I nearly fell

over at the size of it ,but being three of me I have no doubt that it wont get stale before it's eaten. You dont know how much I thank you,even though I do say you shouldn't have done it. It was killing how I happened to get it. The bell had rung for end of class and as I didn't want to get to Rocky before ten minutes I was strolling around Main first,reading notices. Then I Went to the expressoffice to read the list to see if Prudy had a package,and lo and behold there was my name. Well I signed for it and hastened up stairs with it, and got to class just on time.

The skeeing must have been grand fun to watch,and I wish I could have seen it. How gay you are getting Sunday p.m.s.

One more thing - will you please have the paper sent to me until June. I dont want bothe the a. m. and eve. even though they come for the same price (if they do) but I would like the one which will give me more politics and general governmental rather than local affairs.

* 'Nother class now - must skip. Lots of love to all.

Ruth

V.C. Mar.10,1912.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

I realize that it has been ages since I wrote you last - in fact I don't believe I have written you since Evelyn was here. She went to see Hall Play, but aside from that her visit consisted in mainly walking around and that was about all. This week I have written to Mary, but not even a line to you as it has been about the busiest week possible. Besides Studies there have been very important Club House things which have come up and taken loads of time, and they are not by any means settled even now - in fact they've just begun.

I am enclosing my receipted college bill, and am sorry that I also have to enclose a bill from Dr. Pat. to date. He allowed nothing for my waist, and I think he didn't give me full time, but I see he has knocked off some, and I suppose that's all I can do. I hope I will have to go only two or three times more.

Never believe anything you see in the newspapers. Marie got honorable mention, but how they happened to bestow "an Honor" upon her - which doesn't mean a thing, is more than I know. Also there are six commencement speakers, and no The speaker.

About rooms at commencement time - I can't tell you definitely yet where they will be, but there will be room for four anyway, and unless more of you could come than that, and I could get some one's else ticket there would be no need engaging rooms - which are scarce at present. I don't suppose Aunt E. or C.B. could of course come, yet they have always talked about it - still they could not stand the accommodations and besides I'm not at all sure that I could get enough tickets for them as we are each limited to the number we can have. We can send announcements or complementary ones, but I hate the idea of them and would rather not send any. Yes, Maggie Culkin is very nice and will probably make the best speech as she is particularly gifted along literary lines and such but I think Marie's will be good too. Don't worry about voices - those poor creatures are rolling around on the floor now and doing voice

gymnastics without end, just so they may be heard! It's also exciting now^w as we are electing the girl - from 8 candidates - to hold the Borden scholarship, which means the opportunity to study abroad to fit herself so that she may be socially useful in the broadest sense of that term. We've got them reduced to four now, and in two more meetings will have the one. This is the first year so many have applied for it, and last year there was only one girl who did so.

Please tell Elinor that the package she sent me came all right, and thank her for ~~them~~^{it}. Elinor and A.D. are certainly spreading themselves on the rink, and what with all their fancy skating I won't dare be seen in their company before long, as I doubt if by next winter I won't have forgotten even how to stand up on skates.

Well I really must stop now and get busy writing some C.H. letters which I don't envy myself in doing a bit, so good bye for now and much love to all at the three houses. Your loving daughter,

Ruth.

P.S. I forgot to say that your friend Mr. Swearingen (?) from the House of Hope preached this morning. I must say he didn't take the college by storm, in fact I haven't heard anybody yet who could stand him or his voice, and his sermon was merely spinning out a text for half an hour.

V.C. 3/18/12.

Dear dear Father and Mother,

As I have a class soon, I'll just begin a letter and wait for a possible one from you before finishing. I have just been scurrying around getting breakfast for a girl who asked me to put in a meal order for her, and as I forgot all about it, I have had a chase getting rolls and oranges and chocolate for her.

The check for the dentist came the other day, thank you. It was stupid of me not to notice that there was no name attached to the bill, but stupider still of Dr. Patterson not to attach it himself I think. I didn't realize that I would have to go only three times more after that bill was made out or I would have waited, but still I think it hurried him up a bit and made him deduct something for those times when he practically did no more than putter. I won't have to go during Easter vacation now, so I may make a visit at Tibs and at 302 and be here for a part of the time - I haven't quite decided yet. I want to know whether I shall have my straw hat dyed black so that I can wear it with my new suit - as it doesn't match it now at all - It seems sort of foolish to get a new hat when I wear it so little, but if you think I need one I suppose I could hunt around. They all look homely as mud as far as I have seen them in the windows, and unless you disapprove I'll make my other one go, as you know I like it immensely - especially in comparison with those little bonnets. Well I'll wait to hear from you before I do anything.

Nothing exciting has happened of late that I can remember now. Mrs. Prudden is here over the week end, and last evening we went to a tea room for supper and nearly missed chapel as a result, but aside from that, and sweeping the room yesterday morning and washing all the dishes it hasn't altered the course of our lives very much.

I guess you've probably done as you pleased about giving for me

to the library, so I'll not have to answer that! Amelia spoke about the Mary Elizabeth candy - it may be pure but I don't think it's especially good do you? Poor Father, I think they're mean to give you such a puzzle.

Don't please be too strenuous in clearing out the attic till I get home as you never can tell what valuable historic material you may be throwing away. We have had that drummed into us in so many courses that we are all going to make a bee line for our attics and rummage for the things when we get a chance ----- class must finish later.

Well I don't seem to have any more time now than I did before, tho' I have in the mean time gotten a letter from you Mother to answer.

The girl who got the Borden scholarship at last was Dorothy Baldwin - a peach of a girl, but I was sorry Maggie Culkin didn't get it as I really think she has much more possibility, and a real genius as a writer.

Glad you have heard from Dr. M. at last.

Good night for now - your loving daughter,

Ruth