



Private.

Diary - (Journal)

Eveline A. Thouson.

beginning July 1909 - Ending  
Dec. 20. 1909.



Journal. (alias diary.)

July 31. Saturday. I have not written my diary since the trouble in April + I feel a great need for beginning again. Besides I am very anxious to keep it up faithfully while I am in England; so this will give me a good start. I have changed its name of diary to the more aristocratic one of journal - which is more a book of things than one of historical events pure + simple. People will laugh at me for keeping one at all no doubt. but I do certainly enjoy it - + I am sure it helps me in many ways.

I must introduce myself to my journal a little to know where we stand in relation to each other. At present mother, Gladys + I are living in "Sunyside" on our town block so to speak. Aunt W. + Uncle M. have left for Switzerland + have allowed us to occupy their house as long as we

like. We have been here exactly a week to-day. We had hired the college first cook with us but he had a severe bilious attack, day before yesterday & since then we have been minus help. He was sent home to Scutari immediately as Mother did not want a sick man in the house. We have sent for Sultana to come & relieve us, but she has not turned up - in the meanwhile we are doing our own housework, which is not much to our taste. How spoiled we have become in this free & easy oriental life - we feel we must have servants to wait on his day & night.

We invited Elsie & Holly down to-day for the whole day. They came for a sea bath at 10. A.M. stayed for lunch, & then went to tennis afterwards. At 4:10 P.M. when all of us were in very debatable costumes two young men callers came, &

you please - There was no one to open the door. We were in great confusion & giggly excitement until Mother came to the rescue by calling down to them to come in by the back way & wait till we were visible - which they accordingly did. They were Cyril Pan & Mr. Valbert Hamelin. We enjoyed their visit - very much - I hope they can say the same. I don't know whether Elsie & Holly had a good time. I do hope they did.

I am trying to study a little this summer at French, elocution, & Educational History in preparation for Cambridge. I find it rather a fight against human laziness - the heat is so overpowering at times that I have absolutely no energy to do any thing. The bracing air of England will do me heaps of good. Mrs. M.M. says perhaps it will be too bracing. We are having a delightful summer

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in the way of dissipations - moonlight picnics, tennis teas, dances etc. The Hamelin family, Carrie's cousins are here & the two eldest boys are very good fun - There are many plans in the air for next week which I hope will come off successfully. A restful, quiet day, tomorrow. I hope to have - I feel tired with my strenuous day.

August 3. Tuesday.

We started off early at 6:30 for a picnic at Kilios which was got up at Gladys' instigation - The party was: Ada, Mr. Seylor, Marjorie Cyril Pan, Mr. Ferguson, two Miss Vinicurus, Mr. Binder, Harold, Miss Schorr, Mr. Ferdinand Wolfgang, Mr. Hamelin, Gladys. Aunt M & D. Aunt M. was the chaperon & the only married person among the giddy young crowd. We had a

hour and a half's journey on the steamer up to Bouysakdere' where we got out & took carriages to the beginning of Abraham Pasha's property. We had a horrible arabajie who made his horse race with another & scared me terribly. At one time Mr. Binder's glasses flew off & we had a search for them in the dust. The man would not listen to any of our orders but cussed the horse at a fearful pace. I was so upset, I ~~promised~~ <sup>promised</sup> I would rather walk than go any farther in it, so I got into another one that came along. We took one "tek" with us as far as Kilios to carry the luggage & the chaperon at times.

The day was very cool at first & walking, very pleasant. The beginning of the walk was through beautiful woods which we quite

enjoyed. especially the spring of  
beautiful cold water at the top. I  
had a very interesting conversation  
now & again with Mr. Haulin. He  
seems such a gentleman & a very  
good fun. The way seemed length-  
ening as we got further along -  
& our feet grew more tired. The last  
bit of the journey was very dusty  
& barren but oh! the glorious view  
of the Black Sea that we got when  
we arrived at the cape! - quite  
made up for any exhaustion.  
Half way there the carriage  
broke down - the front wheels &  
shafts came apart from the main  
part. The man was <sup>in</sup> utter  
dispair & cursed under his breath  
but the valiant Hissar gentle-  
man put it together again with  
various ropes & a leather belt  
belonging to Mr. Seylay and they  
pushed it over bad places. It

managed to stay together there & back.

We had lunch as soon as we  
got there - our appetites were pro-  
portional to the length of our walk.  
After lunch Glad, Mr. Ferguson, Mr.  
Haulin & I went out onto the  
rocks & had a small rest. After  
that we went along the beach for  
bathing, the ladies nearer the pier  
the men - far away in the distance.  
Oh! that bath! it was simply  
splendid. We sat with our backs  
to the waves & let them break over  
us - Sometimes we swam out &  
rose & fell with the breakers - and  
again we would lie in the sand  
till we were quite covered, then  
rush into the water for a regular  
clean. We could hardly tear our-  
selves away when the time came.

Sea at 4 & then we started home  
On the way back we (Glad & I)  
jumped a ditch & both twisted our

ankles. Night hurt just at first but  
no touch, but afterwards it was  
dreadful, at the end of the walk.  
We went to Messarbournow where  
we were to get the last steamer  
home. That was not deemed few  
enough however, so a *bozarciaga*  
was ordered & we sailed home.  
We attempted to sing, but it  
was more or less of a failure.  
We did not get home till 8:40  
pitch dark. I could hardly  
hobble home, my foot was  
hurting so much. It was swollen  
& I had to doctor it immediately.  
But oh! what a glorious picnic  
it had been. I was quite red  
from sun burn in fact the com-  
plexion of the whole company was  
much heightened. I slept like a  
log - & did not wake till 8 AM.

August 4, Wednesday.

Gladys & I were both involved  
& stayed most of the day with our  
ankles up on chairs. We were  
awfully cross at our helpless condi-  
tion. We could not go to the Hissar-  
ta, much to our sorrow. But what  
was worst of all, was that we had  
planned a beautiful moonlight  
picnic for the evening with Mr.  
Schorn & Mr. M. Hamlin in Mr. S's  
skiff. We had to put that quite  
out of our minds. Mr. Schorn was  
good enough however to come &  
visit us in the evening; he brought  
us a fine box of sweets by way  
of consolation, which was very good  
of him I think.

August 5 Thursday.

Early in the morning Gladys & I  
had recovered sufficiently from our  
sprained ankles to go up to Sophie's  
to try on our <sup>evening</sup> dresses. We were

enchanted with them. Mine is really very pretty. I shall feel happy wearing it at the next dance if Mother allows me; she seems to want me to keep it perfectly fresh for England. Spent a quiet afternoon with a French lesson from 3:30 - 4:30. I feel I am really getting something worth while from my lessons. But dear me! what a difficult language it is, to be sure.

August 6 Friday.  
 Cyril + Marston Hamlin came down in the P. M. to ask if we were going to the baseball game to-morrow. Having invited guests to tennis it was impossible, much to our regret. I had my elocution lesson at 3. Mrs. M-H. was most nice to me - she always is, the dear thing + I like her awfully, notwithstanding her many objectionable little eccentricities + affects -

tions which get on people's nerves. Got Luba's photo in the evening. Not much doing.

August 7 Saturday.  
 Mother + Gladys went off early to town leaving me alone to tidy the house which was in a most neglected state. I started immediately after breakfast (about 8 o'clock) to dust + tidy + did not stop once except to give the two Heijers music lessons until 12. Such energy + vigor I never knew I was capable of, when at last I viewed the work of my hands - I was filled with virtuous pride! It was a glorious sight - the specks + spawness of all things. Mother + Gladys arrived so exhausted from town, they could barely speak. They collapsed completely after lunch.

Mrs. Ferguson + Cyril Baker we had invited to tea + tennis



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afterwards. We had several good games - though I was playing so miserably I could hardly stay on the court. Spent the evening quietly in writing letters to friends.  
August 8. Sunday.

The heat was overpowering. We grumbled & perspired all day & longed for the evening cool. I didn't do much but read & sleep - it was too hot. In the late afternoon we went to see Aunt M. Greta had been quite ill - indigestion & so Aunt M. was rather anxious. However she seemed much better towards evening.

August 9. Monday.

Went up to Attreas to have a new everyday dress made for Cambridge - also a dull dress & blue silk blouse. It was piping hot & our energy what

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little we had was blown off in bad temper. I read a good deal of the History of Education & practised a little.

In the p. m. got a very nice letter from Miss Kennedy - also played tennis badly - on the court. Mother called on the Howlins in Hissar.  
August 10 Tuesday.

Went to bathe in the a. m. - oh what a delicious, cool time. Stayed at Aunt M's all day. As we are without a servant we had decided to still sleep here at Sunnyside by to take our meals over at Aunt M's. Studied a little on Compagnies also some French.

Am feeling depressed these days over my ignorance & laziness. I am so unpractical; everyone tells me I shall never get on in England; & I am beginning to think so myself. I have not prepared any of my clothes

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I feel muddled & unhappy. Mother is spending far too much on me. I won't do anything worth while in Cambridge but spend her money - She said the other day I didn't know anything my B.A. is as good as zero. it counts for nothing. I'd like to know what I am good for anyway!

August 11 Wednesday.

Went over early in the a.m. to help Aunt M. hang out clothes as she has an enormous six weeks wash on, & is practically engulfed in clothes of all descriptions. Sewed a little too.

At three o'clock after having read a little to Kenneth from Little Lord Fauntleroy I started up to the Baker's to give May a lesson & to go to their croquet tea also. I found the whole house in deep slumbers, Mr. Baker reclining on the porch sofa. I met Warden who has just returned from

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England for his holidays. Keys, his friend is a regular, shy English school-boy but very nice. Molly was sweet & kissed me a welcome - Elsie too was as nice as could be, tho' I am sure I awakened her out of a deep sleep. The lesson was not very interesting I am afraid May is not a very hard worker - she is lazy like the rest of us, I suppose. I can see marked progress in Evelyn but May does not seem to advance much.

The croquet was very nice - met all Misses & his wife. Only Mother Aunt M. Glad & I came from Bebek the rest had gone up to Phavar on a picnic. I had two sets of croquet once with Mr. J. Hanlin - the other with Mr. Serrett, one of the new American student dragoons.

Felt depressed in the evening. I wish I knew more or could do more. I want to do something worth

while.

We are going to Parliament tomorrow. Mr. Ferguson has offered to take us - I think he means to do it in style. We shall see.

August 12. Thursday.

Had a French lesson from 8-9:30 a big dose. Started for town immediately after with mother and Gladys. We arrived at Sir Bedjee station at 12.40 where the faithful Mr. Ferguson was waiting for us. We had a very nice lunch in an arbor place in the garden; it was very dusty being so near the trains. I saw the station for the first time. I wonder when I shall be going there!

Immediately after lunch we took a carriage & drove to parliament. It is situated near the church of Saint Sophia. It is a yellow building quite imposing. There are two sentinels standing on either side

with muskets over their shoulders. We presented our ticket & walked into the stone courtyard where we saw a whole row of Salomika troops. Parliament needs to be well guarded! We entered the building and ascended very broad stairs which led immediately into the lobby where there was a crowd of people constantly coming & going & keeping up an undertone of conversation. Mr. Ferguson ushered us in the diplomatic box if you please, & we felt distinctly stylish! From the box we could see the parliament room to its best advantage. It is more like a theatre in shape than a government place, but it seemed much more well furnished than I thought it would be. It was all in red. The curtains of the boxes & the cushions of the benches on which the deputies sat. In the tribune at a sort of desks sat Ahmet Riza

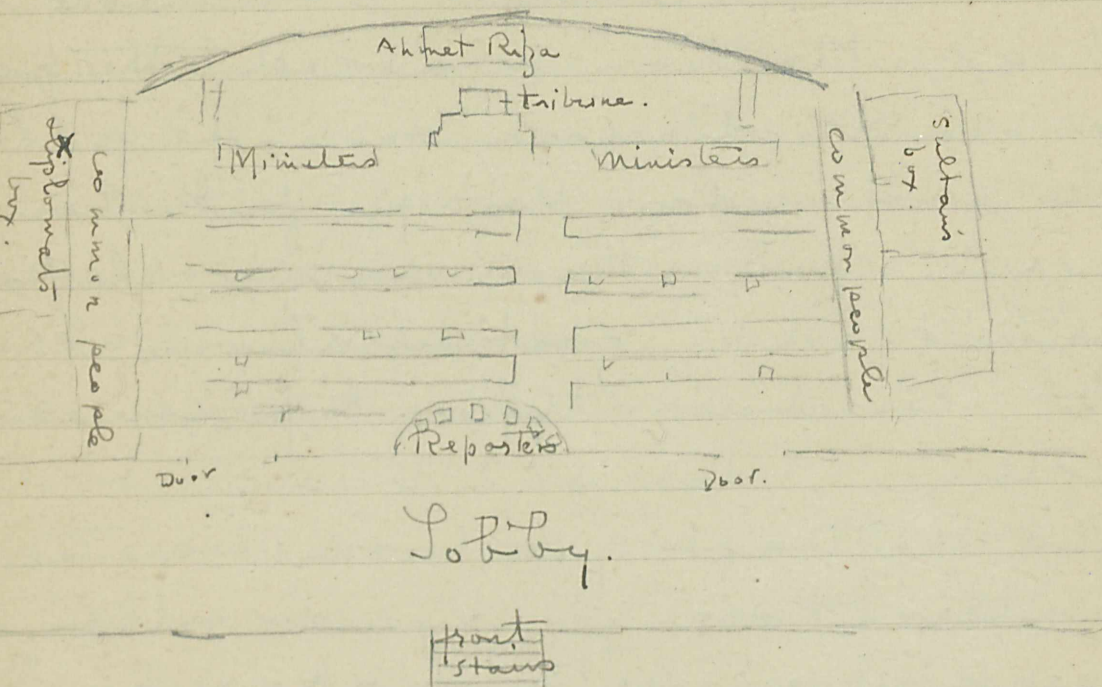
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The president (who corresponds to our Speaker of the House). He is a very fine looking man, with a short white beard. He seemed dignified & capable. A little in front of him there was another small table, lower down at which a speaker, if he had much to say, not only comments, stood to deliver his speech.

The room was three quarters full - some of the most interesting looking men. There were young ones, but only a few - heaps of venerable old bodys with their white turbans & long gray beards. Three deputies from Arabia fascinated me especially. They had long flowery silk robes and great yellow turbans, wound many times round their heads & floating out behind. Their faces looked black, small, with piercing eyes - they were indeed true sons of the

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desert. They sat with impenetrable countenances however & seemed to pay no attention whatever to the question under discussion. The order in the room was not perfect - now & again two or three men would speak together. Their gesticulations were most curious - trying to persuade & argue.

At the back of the room were the reporters - six young men sitting in a row - The Turks have no shorthand so every report must be taken down in full. As the man at the desk speaks some one behind these reporters touches one on the back with a stick; he then writes about two sentences & the man with the stick touches the next one & so on. After the meeting they have to piece these all together; which is a task to be sure. Mr. F. says very likely they haven't got one full, exact report

of a meeting.



Here is a very rough plan of what it looks like; we sat where the cross is. It was most interesting, watching the whole proceeding, & I shall never forget it. The great ambition now is to get into the English House of Commons. Mr. F. said they were not allowing women to enter at all because of the dreadful rows they have been making about Suffrage. However that is only temporary. I shall try

hard to get in for I am crazy to hear a debate, though when I do hear it, I shall not be able to make head nor tail of it no doubt. We left parliament in about an hour - after we had seen them vote & get quite a little excited.

- As Mr. F. wished to take us to the Persian Embassy to see some of the ambassador's collections of precious Persian antiques, we walked <sup>there</sup> from parliament. The Persian ambassador is a good friend of Mr. F.'s & he knows him quite well. The Embassy is a large ~~real~~ building a bit off the street. We entered a large marble hall & were shown by a silent black clad Persian servant, into the drawing room which was filled with all manner of gorgeous things. His Highness Prince Mirza Riza Khan came in shortly afterwards. He wore a frock coat, white waist

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coat & the usual persian fez made  
of astrakhan. He was very easy &  
gracious in his manner & made us  
feel at home at once. He spoke  
French, & I made a number of bold  
attempts to talk. Mr. F. did the great-  
est amount, I must say. We were  
served with Russian tea & grace-  
anous, by two silent persian  
servants again. There were enor-  
mous plates of bouabous on a  
table near by, which we were cordially  
invited to partake. After tea we  
cast our eyes about us, & the am-  
bassador showed us some of  
the treasures he had in the room we  
were in & in the three other rooms  
which led straight out of it, mak-  
ing a vista effect. The walls were  
hung with beautiful silk Persian  
rugs of soft colors & harmonious  
patterns. He had many cabinets  
full of the loveliest inlaid work

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some of it many years old. On  
the mantle piece were autographs  
photographs of some of the sovereigns  
of Europe - indeed this ambassador has  
been a big man in nearly all the Euro-  
pean capitals. He had bronzes & porce-  
lain ware, and exquisitely illuminated  
books with wise persian sayings  
on each page written in a different  
way, with different colors, tapestry  
worked by a Persian princess, silver &  
gold ornaments.

The ambassador, is a kind  
of a poet indeed I have heard much  
speak of him, as of considerable note.  
He told us of a book he had written  
about the beauty of English women,  
if you please & when we went he  
presented us each with a french trans-  
lation. It is absolute bosh as to  
literature or noble tho'ts, being  
an exaggerated, oriental eulogy,  
very different from anything

western. However I am quite glad to have it, especially as he wrote his name in it, at our request. We inscribed our names in his visitors books & our names shall go down to posterity!

We took our leave with many pretty speeches & a carriage came to the door to drive us away. When we had gone about 15 minutes Mr. F. stopped the carriage & took us into a ice-cream shop - a real Turkish "do-udurma" place where we had some delicious ice. We then drove on to the bridge where we got the 10 o'clock Turkish boat. We took leave of Mr. F. with many thanks; he had indeed given us a ripping good day. I shall remember the parliament experience long.

August 13. Friday.

Glad went to a cricket match Bebek v. Town. It was very ex-

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citing so they said, Bebek won much to our joy. I studied my French quite diligently & my educational history.

August 14. Saturday.

In the a.m. did little but housework & policies for Mother. Aunt. had the tennis tea in the p.m. We helped her get it ready. I had been deputed chief tea power, & Gladys, games mistress. There was a big crowd of people; indeed I don't believe any tennis tea this year has been so popular. A heap of Hussar people came & of course all Bebek. I had a very interesting conversation with Albert Hamlin, who I find is quite literary. He must have a very well developed taste for he dotes on Walter Pater, who is extremely difficult reading. Mauston was there too but I saw little of him. He played tennis a good deal. He is improving very much.

August 15 Sunday.

No service, as Bebek is taking a holiday. We did little work and much resting. In the late p. Mr. Mother & I went up the hill to the bioscope to see Uncle Walter & his large family. We found only Aunt E. & Marjorie. Uncle W. joined us later. It was quite pleasant & cool up on the terrace tho' I never enjoy that house & family, I know it - my own short coming & not theirs - but Uncle W. tho' I admire him seldom talks to such youngsters as Peggy & me. If he does, it is with a slightly condescending air, which I can't bear. However - I must not judge him. As I left he gave me a lovely book "Thro' the Magic Door" by A. Conson Doyle, which he had promised me three months ago almost, as a sort of commencement present. I started reading it, the

moment I got to Aunt M's. It was most interesting being a discourse on a library quietly critical information as to the merit of the respective books. I devoured it till bed time & even then I read it till my candle spluttered & burnt out.

August 16 Monday.

"Thro' the Magic <sup>Door</sup> ~~Door~~" I find one of the most fascinating <sup>books</sup> I have read for a long time. Tho' most of my day was filled with French - elocution & various other labors, I managed to finish it, after having enjoyed almost every word. The books it recommends reading I am looking out for & mean to peruse as soon as possible among them. The Cloister & the Hearth, The Pavilion in the Links, The Jesuits in Canada, & various others. Uncle W. gave me the book on condition I learned by heart one paragraph which he marked for me. It is a quotation Conson Doyle makes



from "The Bible in Spain" by George Borrow. Some of the sentiment I cannot agree with, but the style is splendid - the words roll out like thunder. If there are many such Englishmen, there is little chance of England's downfall for many long years to come.

"O England! long, long may it be ere the sun of thy glory sinks beneath the wave of darkness! Tho' gloomy & portentous clouds are now gathering rapidly around thee, still, still may it please the Almighty to disperse them & to grant thee a futurity longer & duration & still brighter in renown than thy past! Or, if thy doom be at hand, may that doom be a noble one, worthy of her who has been styled the Old Queen of the waters! May thou sink if thou dost sink amidst blood & flame, with a mighty noise, causing more than one nation to participate in thy down-

fall! Of all fates, may it please the Lord to preserve thee from a disgraceful & slow decay, becoming, ere extinct, a scorn and a mockery for those self-same foes who now, tho' they envy & abhor thee, still fear thee, may even against their will, honour & respect thee. . . . Remove from thee the false prophets, who have seen vanity & divined lies, who have daubed thy wall with untempered mortar, that it may fall; who see visions of peace where there is no peace; who have strengthened the hands of the wicked & made the heart of the righteous sad. Oh, do this, & fear not the result, for either shall thy end be a majestic & an enviable one; or God shall perpetuate thy reign upon the waters, thou Old Queen!"

Some of Hayley's own thoughts are worthy of being proverbs. It is a book I shall treasure & often open. Some of his ideas of 18th Cent. literature are interesting - many different from

my own. I shall however still hold to  
my own opinions especially about the  
women. I think I'll write to Miss  
Jenks about it.

August 18 Wednesday.

The day of the Bazaar. Glad & I  
only did a very little helping in the  
morning, except our own stalls of  
course. Glad had the Toy stall at  
the other end of the court, with Anna  
Dominian. I had the Plain Works stall  
situated just opposite the "Jen" - in a  
very choice spot. Kate Larsen & Miss  
D. Dominian were my colleagues. We  
had some very practical things & a  
few pretty ones. At 4 P. M. after  
a rest we repaired to the tennis court  
Lady Louther appeared at about  
4:15. She was beautifully dressed all  
in white & had her stunning gold be-  
decked cavass behind her. Her com-  
mittee was very nervous, I think but

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Aunt Lillian played the grand lady & showed  
off all the things. Lady S. went to every  
stall & bought something. Later in the  
afternoon an Egyptian princess came  
who left 8 lias behind her. The  
whole affair was very successful as  
far as finances went they realized about  
\$100 I believe.

The evening was as dull as dull -  
no one but the Fergusons came from  
Hissar - It was terribly slow. The  
lectures were not very interesting.

August 19. Thursday.

After going up to R. Hissar to give  
May a lesson, I went <sup>over</sup> to Scutari  
with Mother. Before we did a little  
shopping to town. Scutari was dusty  
& deserted but quite attractive with  
its good store of books & latest maga-  
zines.

August 23. Monday.

The bachelors are going to give a  
dance in The R.C. Gym. so we spinners

were asked to give a little artistic effect  
here & there to the hall. Cyril Pan asked  
Glad + me up to lunch. we went with  
much joy + had a very nice time in Mrs.  
Pan cozy home. After lunch we went  
up to the gym - where we found Marston  
working hard; we gave a few suggestions  
but did nothing else much. Afterward  
we repaired to the house for tea which  
was very nice - Cyril, Gladys, Marston  
& self. I officiated as lady of the  
house, Mrs. Pan having gone out to tea.  
We then went to the tennis court where  
we had a few good games + I played  
wretchedly. The Baker girls invited  
Glad + me to dinner. They offered to go  
without one course each that there  
might be enough to go round! Their  
table is such a merry one. Dolly  
keeps us in fits, the whole time - a  
little too much gossip there perhaps  
but interesting for a short while.

After dinner we all went over to

the gym - to ease the floor with French  
chalk and to give the last finishing  
touches. We had such a gay time with  
all the young people - The crowd consist-  
ed of Cyril Pan, Cyril B, Elsie, Dolly,  
Keys, Mr. Ferg. Marston, Mr. Seavitt &  
Glad + I. we danced a little + had  
heaps of fun. Marston is such a nice  
boy. In fact both the Howlands are  
such gentlemen - I am glad to know  
them. Came home late at 11:30 -  
August 24 Tuesday.

Mother had a very bad night +  
could not come to the dance as we  
had hoped. Glad + I had been asked  
up to Mrs. Eds. for lunch to help her  
with the refreshments. Glad went  
but I staid home with mother till  
after tea. I then left her much better  
& drove up in the taxi to Mrs. Eds.  
They were all in <sup>the</sup> gym where I went.  
Such a pretty place it looked, one  
would hardly have known it. Mrs. E.

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was bossing waters & was a bit  
irritable. I went to work & washed  
cups & saucers - while Key & Marston  
dried. Glad was very tired - so were  
the others, with the strenuous work  
they had done all day. Had rather  
a funeral dinner at Mrs. E's & got  
to the hall at about 9:10 - Well - the  
whole thing was fine! I enjoyed my-  
self immensely - I had as much dance  
up as I wanted though it was  
terribly hot. My partners were  
Cyril B., Mr. C. Sellar, Mr. Pcharr,  
Talbert, Marston, Mr. Edelmann,  
Mr. Seavitt, Cousin Jim, I sat  
out one dance with Mr. Edelmann.  
Liked him quite much - He seems  
very interested in the country; told  
him about Kutari girls. He wants  
to call, if you please! deary me!  
I wonder if he will. The refresh-  
ments were super fine - Mrs. Seavitt  
took me to supper & I ate only a

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little however - it was too stuffy!  
Towards one o'clock I danced with  
Talbert. Then we went out and sat  
on the steps of Washburn Hall with  
our backs up against the wall - We  
had such a good time there; he told  
me lots about his college life - he  
seems such a good kind, so straight.  
We had been there I suppose about  
20 minutes when we heard Cyril P.  
melodious voice calling "Miss  
Thompson - where are you?" I did  
not answer at first - but had to soon.  
We found out that the whole world  
had been looking for us - Aunt M.,  
Glad, Cyril, Uncle R. & were most  
perturbed - They dragged me off at  
said it was time to go! only 1:30  
I was quite cross - but I had had  
a very fine time notwithstanding.  
August 25 Wednesday.  
Had to get up fairly early to go  
to the dentist's - a pleasant distraction!

Mrs. Vinicombe, Dorothy & Genevieve did not appear. They only arrived just in time for the steamer. When we had all worked ourselves up to a fearful state of worry & anxiety. The ride home was lovely. We sat on the bow & let the cool wind blow in our faces. Got home at about 8:30 dead tired but so happy after our lovely day.

August 28 Saturday.

Had to go off early in the morning to the dentist's where I was tortured to put it rather strongly for an hour & a half. Mother met me there & we did a little shopping together; came up on the 7:5 boat. At 5 o'clock I had my elocution lesson. Mrs. M. encouraged me more than she has ever done. said there was much improvement. I am learning Stage Struck, a very second rate piece,

however Mrs. M. said I did it very well. Felt quite elated with so much praise all at once.

Aunt Lillian asked a whole crowd of young people up to her house after dinner - when we danced a little in the sitting room. Mr. Edelmann wanted to accompany us home but Gladys did not want it, so we both bolted. I hope he is <sup>not</sup> of fended. He seems rather a queer stick.

August 29. Sunday.

Spent the whole morning tidying up & writing letters. Felt so glad to have a day of rest after the strenuous life I have been leading lately. We all went up on the hill afterwards. Elsie, Marston & Cyril B. walked over the hills & we had a small chat. I never feel comfortable with the Babers. I am always afraid of some rude remark.

Our week is very full - I am looking forward to some treats. Monday a moonlight row, in Mr. Schorr's skiff with him & Marston - (I wish Dalbat could come in our boat too but I suppose that's impossible) Tuesday, a moonlight supper in the pine grove above the R.C. Wednesday, Hissar tennis tea, Thursday, Bate's dance - nothing on Friday - Saturday a cricket match. It quite overpowers me this strenuous existence - my giddy brain must soon steady itself. I'm thinking to prepare for serious work in Cambridge.

August 30 Monday.

More or less of a restful day. Slept in the p.m. After dinner we went out for a row - in Mr. Schorr's skiff - Gladys, Marston & I - we rowed over to Curfew where heaps

of other people met us in skiff - all the Hamhuis, Hissar & Bate's bachelors & a few others thrown in. Aunt M. & Uncle R. were chaperons but they only staid a short time. Our boat was between the Hamhuis & the Hissar bachelors. We sang everything we ever knew & got the *craigneeje* to sing us the "Vah-tan" Mr. Schorr also favored us with a Turkish song which was killing! I can't say the conversation was brilliant - but the moon was low & the air so still - Oh the Bosphorus at night - where is there a more enchanting spot? At about 12 we rowed over to Emirghian to see Miss Vinnicombe home - after which we tied together & drifted - the last part was the best. I wanted to stay there a long time but Gladys would not allow it - on account of Mr. S. so we got home about 1 a.m.!

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August 31. Tuesday.

Notwithstanding the late hour I went to bed the night previous, I was up for the 2:17 boat to town to the dentist. It was my third visit this month & my last. It was also the worst. He filled two cavities & he used that donkey engine till I felt I could do something desperate. Got home about 2:30 - prepared our dinner for a picnic on Hissar Hill.

We walked up to the Sheck's at 7:30 & there met all our Hissar friends. The dinner was lovely - all of us in a big ring on the side of the hill in the full, mellow moonlight. After dinner we sat round for a bit & then tried dancing to a hurdy-gurdy that had been ordered up there. We danced the Lancers - Sir Roger de Coverley, & Quadrilles waltzing & two step were rather failures.

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I was very tired - Talbot, George Baker & Louise kept way off by themselves. Just as we were seated comfortably by a tree - Talbot Cyril & I - Aunt M - said it was time to go! I hear me - I did feel cross, but it could not be helped so we bid good night - & walked home over the hills.

I have had such an offer about going to England! Mr. Willie Whittall has two boys he is sending to school. They are 9 & 10. He wants some responsible person to have an eye on them & offers to pay that person's passage right through. Uncle Ed. suggested me. I think it is a splendid idea. They are going by the conventional leaving on Sept 11. I think of £10 extra in my pocket. I wonder how Mother will take it.

Sept 1. Wednesday.

Went up to Hissar to give Mary Baker a music lesson. I don't be-

4  
believe she had practised more than once! It was simply shocking. I tried to impress upon her the necessity of practising every day but she is such a flighty little thing, I wonder if she took it all in. When I got back I found Mother at the house. She had come about my going to England with these boys. She seemed quite pleased - & was rather surprised at my being so ready to accept. Her Everyone seems surprised & thinks the responsibility is very great. Perhaps I do not realize it. I do hope it won't be difficult.

After a short rest in the P. M. Glad & I started up to Hissar tennis. Glad played & I watched. There were heaps of people there some of the "chits". I sat on the carpet with Talbot & Louise Hawlin & a few others now & then. I think Talbot is awfully nice.

41  
He seems by far the most attractive of the family, to me. He is very thoughtful & sometimes moody but he has such a sweet spirit - I like him tremendously. I hope I'll have a two step with him tomorrow evening.

Sept 2. Thursday.

Did nothing worth while in the A. M. but read "Lewis Rans" by Mary Johnston a very charming book dealing with the Reconstruction period in American history full of duels, colonial balls, powdered gentlemen & <sup>yellow</sup> mail coaches. The story seems very well written - the plot is so interesting that the descriptions cannot command enough attention <sup>for one</sup> to really appreciate them. This is the first novel I have read for a good while - I feel quite wicked while reading it; it seems as tho' I ought to be perusing something more solid & instructive.



43  
Mrs. Edwards had very kindly asked us up for dinner before the Baker's dance - we went there about 6 P.M. Mr. Norman Whittall was staying there the night - he is going to Pembroke College Cambridge, so I wanted to get to know him a little. He did not ask me to dance once, the mean thing! We were the first to arrive at the Baker's.

The dancing began at about 9:10. On the whole I enjoyed the dance very much tho' I liked the Gym one better. I had a nice "sit-out" & waltz with Talbert. I wanted to dance the Ladies dance with him, but hadnt courage to ask till he was taken by Miss Vincomb - worse luck!

I met Mr. Bullard, a student draughtsman, who was quite the sensible kind. He seemed most difficult to talk to at first, but finally we got on to books & he was very interested & quite enthusiastic. He was

also a Cambridge man - his college is Queens. He seemed to love the place very much & spoke of it with affection. My dancing was not extra super fine - tho' I had quite a number of partners. Mr. Sellar, Talbert, Marston, Douglas, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Bullard, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Western, Mr. Fowle, Warden Reggie - We came home at about 2 A.M. Got to bed dead-tired at 2:50.  
Sept 3. Friday

I slept & read nearly all day. In the p.m. played two fine singles with Mr. Heizer.

I am beginning to get really excited now about leaving. People wonder that I take the Whittall boys with so little feeling of responsibility. I am surprised at my own coolness at times. At others, I feel I am taking my life in my hands, & it is sheer recklessness that seems to quench any nervousness I am expected to have.

No doubt I shall be nervous enough when the time comes. If ever I prayed for an easy time, it is now on this journey to England.

The Howells are going to be in England this winter & very likely in Cambridge. Hip hip hooray! I shall surely see them if they come to Cambridge - It will be simply fine! I do hope they come.

Sept 4. Saturday

Had a refreshing sea bath in the m. an exhausting day! all the energy I ever had seems to be oozing away.

Invited Talbot Hamlin to tea. He came about 4:15 & stayed nearly all afternoon. We were very embarrassed, all of us, at first but got over it in a short while. I felt we didn't entertain him very well - Gladys was most aggravating. However I hope he wasn't fearfully bored. It is quite

certain the Howells are coming to Cambridge. Prof. Hamlin is going to lecture on architecture, there, so I will surely see them. I am so glad.

Mother came in the evening. She bro't two pieces of news - One was that perhaps this Whittall plan was going to fall thru as there was another cousin going with them, the other that Nancy Keatinge will be in England & probably in Cambridge this winter, so I will see her very likely.

I think I am most lucky as to this last. About my journey, - it is so uncertain that I have given up thinking about it & wait for events to work themselves out.

Sept 5. Sunday.

Service at Bebek by Dr. Barman, the first of the new year. Not especially edifying - poor old man - he can't really preach any more. Prof. Hamlin, Miss Marston, Dorothea, Marston & Talbot all turned up for

church.

In the afternoon Aunt M, Glad & I went to pay our party call to Mrs. Van Milligen - it was very nice - afterwards we went to the Speck's; walked down to Bebek with Cyril, Mr. Minor & Mrs. Laurie, two new tutors who have just appeared on the scene. They are very pleasant much better than the last batch.

Spent a quiet evening at home - very tired.

Sept 6 Monday.

Came to Scutari with Mother in a varca at 8:30. The sun was burning hot in fact it was an exhausting day altogether. We were fairly howled ashore by the usual Jewish crowd at Kourboundjouk. Arrived very hot at College. saw Misses Prime, Burns, Doss, Chase & Mr. Patrick the latter looking younger than ever

and just the same. There are two new ones Mr. Gregory, a terrible talker, for Biology - oh such a contrast to our dear Miss Robinson - I think she would tire me very much, if I had much to do with her. There is also a Mathematics teacher Miss Hathaway Miss Burns' great friend - a sweet lady like person. She has come for 3 years, so Mother says. She is occupying Miss R's old room & has brought a lovely lot of books with her - a beautiful edition of Dickens which rejoiced my heart to see.

Sept 7. Tuesday.

Am not going on Sat. the 11th with the Whittalls. Am rather glad - Had my head washed & cleaned my silver till it shone again. Did nothing else all day, worth while - except show for parents around dormitories which is not very interesting.

Sept 8. Wednesday.

Decided to come back to Bebek.  
 Started at four from College + went  
 straight- up to Arthur Bakers. Hoping to  
 meet Aunt M. + Gladys. They had  
 left before however. Had a very  
 nice tea - Dolly + Elsie are so cordial  
 + jolly. Everyone is surprised I am  
 not going on Saturday. Warden +  
 Keys have not yet decided how to go.  
 I shall have a ripping time if I go  
 with them which I hope I do. Dalbot  
 invited me to a row to peak Sow  
 to - morrow. Flouy haliluya!

Was much of a surprise to  
 people at home in Rowell villa.  
 Am glad to be back again.

Sept 9. Thursday.

Went bathing in the morning with  
 a great crowd from Hissar. Dalbot  
 bro't a letter to Gladys from Man-  
 ton asking her out rowing as we  
 two had got up a party - we were

to go in separate boats.

At 4. I met Dalbot with my  
 basket at the gardens + we rowed  
 right- to the top of the river in a sand-  
 al. There was considerable wind +  
 I got a bit splashed. Met Shuonig  
 walking along Hissar Quay if you  
 please. The river was lovely. So  
 still + unfrequented - We got out  
 at the top of the river + set the water  
 on to boil - then waited for the other two.  
 They arrived on the scene about 15 min.  
 later very swell in the solitary Bebek  
 siqne. We then had our tea under  
 the trees. It was very gay - just we  
 four - we enjoyed it extremely. We  
 started back again at 6. Manston  
 + Glad went home immediately  
 but Dalbot + I went up to Anfy  
 bay + down midstream. We  
 sailed part of the way. We talked of  
 every subject - under the sun from  
 the weather to philosophy. The sun

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set in a perfect glory of yellow, with  
a pink reflection on the clouds opp-  
osite, while we were on the water.  
The lights had begun to twinkle  
on the shores of the Bosphorus as we  
got near home. It was simply  
lovely. We had a perfectly ripping  
time - I enjoyed every bit of it. Val.  
but said he did too - & I think he  
meant it. He is so nice. I like him  
more & more as I get to know him  
better. It was quite dark when  
we got home.

Mrs. Deizer gave a party in  
the evening for dancing. Mr. Deek,  
& Edelmann were there - also Ethel  
who played. Was made to recite  
"The Romance of the Swans best" after  
much teasing. Mr. E. recited a rip-  
ping poem "Slumpar thin" - a power-  
ful thing - & very realistic. He  
said it quite well.

55  
In the night - it rained buckets full -  
The heavens seemed to positively empty  
themselves. I tho't of Mother & rejoiced  
to think her cisterns will now have  
water.

Got a dear letter from Miss G.  
She says she will take me to Cambridge  
I am too joyful for words! Uncle  
M. also wrote a nice letter.

Sept 10. Friday.

Rather a wet day. His policies most  
of the time. Are getting ready for Aunt W.  
& Uncle M. who arrive to-morrow.

Sept 11. Saturday

Aunt W. & Uncle M. arrived both  
looking beaming quite fat & happy!  
So nice to see them back again. Aunt  
W. bro't me a beautiful Venetian  
lace collar (bertha) which is very  
handsome & very valuable indeed.

There was a cricket match in  
the p. m. Tho' Gladys had been told

by Marston that he would come down to play tennis, she of course could not miss a cricket match, so off she went leaving me to do the honors. He arrived before five & we had a simple which was quite fun. Soon Mr. Western, Edelmana & Heck arrived so they had some good sets - but I sat out. What was my surprise to see Talbot appear on the court about 10 min. later! It was good to see him & we had a delightful conversation on the bench together while we watched their play. I wish I were going to be here longer to get to know him better - but then he's coming to Cambridge at Xmas, so that's alright. Mother remarked the other day when she heard of the friendship we had struck up that I had found a kindred spirit at last! I think I have.

Sept 12. Sunday: Prof. Hamlin

preached in the a.m. Talbot & Miss Marston accompanied him from Hessa. Had a word & chat with the former for a few moments. The sermon was very interesting - Prof. Hamlin seems earnest & forcible.

Have decided my route at last. Am leaving by conventional on Thursday. My crowd consists of Charlie Van M. Halook, son of Fibret Bey, and Marston, whom I have finally <sup>persuaded</sup> ~~decided~~ to come along. Went up in the p.m. to see Mrs. Van - to arrange finally - all fixed up - Had tea at Mrs. Paul's & walked home over the hills with Mr. Heck, Mr. Laurie & Cyril. Saw the Hamlins in the distance but did not get near them; was very sorry.

Sept 13. Monday.

Went early to town with Marston to go to Cook's & arrange about the hotels - he is very nice & I am glad

I am going to travel with him. We did not get the tickets; he will do so on Thursday morning. We also did some other shopping. Met Aunt W. at lunch time & had a very nice lunch at Yanni's - Aunt M. met us later & I did my last shopping. Marston left by 7. to Stamboul. Came home at 4:30 dead fagged. Have one more day of freedom than Wed. & half of Thurs. at Sentari - then - away & away!

Sept 14. Tuesday.

In the a. m. went for a swim in Bebek Bay with Warden & Marston. Slept in p. m. A horribly oppressive day - the heat fit to kill me.

In the evening was given "The Priory Council" by the Bebek Dramatic Club up in Uncle Watters' Hall. The place was crowded by nine o'clock. All Bebek was there - Hissar came

in late, much to some people's annoyance. Marston said he was to be the only representative of his family. Imagine my delight when I saw Dalbot come in too! The actors were Mr. & Mrs. M. M. Mrs. Burney, Mrs. Strahan, Majorie, Miss Norton, Cousin Grizzel. The time was that of Samuel Pepys - the costumes were awfully good - especially the men's. Mr. M. M. was Samuel Pepys. He acted perfectly. Cousin Grizzel looked the prettiest - Mrs. M. M. acted the best. At one part of the play there was rather an uproarious supper which I am sure some people must have objected to. I tho'k it was awfully funny the whole thing & enjoyed every bit of it.

After it was over - I had tea with Dalbot. & Mrs. M. M. recited "In the Laboratory" by R. Browning very well indeed - We sat round for a bit

40.  
people began clearing the hall for a dance. Talbot + I went out onto the terrace over looking the ~~terrace~~ <sup>Bosphorus</sup> - We neither of us wanted to dance so we stayed there the rest of the evening + talked long on all manner of interesting subjects. He is so thoughtful + has so many ideas it is such a pleasure to exchange opinions with him. We have promised to write to each other - I shall look forward to his letters - they are sure to be interesting.

Before I left I said goodbye to quite a few people, but was so bewildered that I went off without seeing half. I hate parting + saying goodbye; it is so hard. I don't know what I shall do on Thursday. There will be lots of people to see us off - a crowd of Hamliis, Milleupens + Behukles. I hoped

61.  
won't disgrace myself in any foolish way.

Sept 15 Wednesday.

Went back to Scutari in late morning. There I found everything in preparation for another school year. It seems so strange to be out of it all. Packed my trunk at least Mother + Gladys did. My last night in Conople - My feelings were very mixed - my heart divided between sorrow at parting + joy at the tho't of Cambridge.

Sept 16 Thursday.

The great day of my departure! Not much to do, but finished up my trunk. At 5 started to the scale with Mother, Glad + Hatch after a tender farewell at college to the girls + teachers. Went over in a double oared cique - the whole lot of us. I had one trunk, one big portmanteau, a lunch basket + my hand bag. Got to Sirkeci. The first of



the party to arrive; soon the rest came - Aunt W, Uncle M, Aunt M, Uncle R. Douglas, Marston, Prof. Hamlin, Charlie Mrs. Van, Hyllton, Hallock, we had dinner in the house opposite the station 9 of us sat down together - I at the head. We were all such a merry happy party. Dear Uncle M did everything for me - booked my trunk, saw to my passport. I don't know what we should have done without him. He gave me two pounds to buy <sup>sweets</sup> with, he said - Aunt W. gave me a box of chocolates & a bottle of Eau de Cologne - Douglas gave me books also Mr Sellar. Uncle Ed. just came as the train was leaving with an umbrella - as he saw I was going to a rainy country, where it would be useful! The parting with all the dear people was hard - with Mother & Glad especially - but it was soon over. I was moving before I knew it.

& we waved a last goodbye out of the train window as we shot into the darkness. The sensation of going - going far away - was delightful in a way & painful in another. I was in a compartment with one lady, a Belgian, who was most agreeable - she talked French very well of course & English tolerably so. I had the upper berth - to my sorrow but it wasn't as bad as I tho't it would be. tho' the dressing was a nuisance.

Sept 17. Friday.

A dreadfully hot stifling day. Past thro' Bulgaria. Philippopolis at noon. sent p. c. to Mother. Stopped at Sofia in the evening. Hafia, Aug- ele & Octavia were there much to my delight & surprise. Hafia bro't me a ginger cake, which was rather stogy but <sup>apart of</sup> which we managed to eat. The night was cooler - than the day. I slept better

than the first night.

Sept 18. Saturday.

Cloudy - got into Austria Hungary in the morning; much more interesting than before + cooler. Marston was such good company always ready with a joke + very unselfish + gentlemanly. He got thru' two whole books as we went along. I started three and did not get farther than the first two or three pages. Charles rather astrophorous. We got to Budapest at noon + went for lunch to the station restaurant. Marston did all the talking in German + the difficult-calculating in Hungarian money. We changed cars + went on to Vienna at 2. The carriage we had was most uncomfortable - dirty + stuffy. That run was horrid + I felt so tired. We arrived at

Vienna at about 7. There was quite a good deal of confusion getting off + finding a porter. In the rush + jumble we said goodbye hurriedly to Marston + went off, our porter bending under about 15 port-manteaus following us. We tried to find Cook's man who had been asked to meet us + as we were just giving him up, he appeared. I was glad to see him. He did everything for us. He put us into a carriage with our things + off we drove to the U. W. Bahnhof right across Vienna. The city was very bright - the shops looked dazzling. At the U. W. Bahnhof we had dinner - vegetable soup, chops + potatoes + water - this latter was much relished. The train started at 9:35. We had a compartment for three reserved for ourselves. It

was a very clean nice one but I was very sorry I couldn't get a sleeper. That was impossible as they were all full. <sup>When</sup> we got fairly started we settled for the night - oh dear me! what a night! We made ourselves as comfortable as we could by pulling our cushions onto the floor for seats & resting our heads on the seats themselves. But it was awful - & we were so dreadfully cramped. In the night the ticket man came three or four times, which did not add to our comfort or good temper.

Sept. 19 Sunday.

We woke up to find ourselves in most beautiful country. The morning was just a little misty & very fresh - we were passing in between fir covered hills dotted with picturesque

little chalets & having winding rivers around every other corner. The grass was so fresh & green & wet - it delighted one's heart to look at it. Got to Hersden at 8. Looked back at it for Aunt W's sake but saw very little but uninteresting railway stations & the church spires rising above the rows of houses. The afternoon was long & tiresome. Had dinner "table d'hôte" at 2. for 3 marks. Was not feeling hungry. The last bit of the journey seemed interminable so soon we went & did not get to Flushing till after midnight. Charlie went to sleep & could hardly be waked up in time to get off. He was as cross and as disagreeable as he could be. In fact I consider him very rude. He was most exasperating all the way - as glum as he could be & at other times so very annoyingly active.

A porter + conductor managed to get our baggage off for us - we walked onto the channel steamer. I had many fears as to what the weather would be like. I could procure no cabin so was obliged to stay up all night. I paced the deck + Halook + I sat on a bench at the stern with the rug over our feet + slept a little. There was considerable swell at first - which made me feel queer inside but later it was better + nothing disastrous happened. Everyone was on deck by 6:30 - It was a grey misty morning. The sun rose like a great fiery ball out of the water. We got to Flushing at 8. There was a pretence + luggage inspection but as I had nothing to declare they did not open my things.

Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> Monday The night + day

ran into each other - there was little distinction - I got fairly into the train marked Victoria - It was very full but a lady whom I had spoken to on the train from Vienna allowed us to get into her compartment, which was very kind of her as it was pretty full already of with her two boys, their governess + the baggage. A <sup>elderly</sup> gentleman also got in - who had evidently been off playing golf. He was very much put out at the crowd in the compartment + glared now + then at us - over his "Daily Mail". These journey seemed short; we soon arrived at Victoria. I was very nervous lest Fred would not be there to meet me, as he had promised but sure enough there he was looking anxiously at the carriages as they past. I waved energetically out of the window + he came up.

smiling a welcome. I could have hugged him, I was so glad to see a face I knew - I got my trunks out, left them in the left luggage office telegraphed "well" to Mother & then got into the district-railway to East Putney. The trains were coming and going every other minute. It took us about 20 min. I think to get there - We got into a hansom at the East Putney Sta. & drove to 45 West Hill Road. There was Rogers at the door to get my bag & Aunt Gillie welcomed me on the stairs. Fred left immediately, & I was taken up stairs to a delicious breakfast Bacon & English bread & butter! After that I unpacked & then wrote to Mother - a 14 pager - After dinner I had a most dreadful attack of homesickness.

I did not expect it so soon - However I went for a walk to post my letter with Rogers & felt much better afterwards. In the p.m. went for a walk to the sta. with Aunt G. The roads are splendid, such a joy to walk on smooth pavements. Putney is most pretty - rows of very covered cottages & houses all with some, & many with very decently sized gardens. Aunt G. has a dear little house on West Hill Road - She has a bed-room drawing room & bath room downstairs - The dining room, kitchen & Rogers' room up stairs. The house is bright & tastefully arranged. The drawing room is especially pretty room. I got a dear welcome letter from Miss G. She says she's going to take me to the theatre on Wednesday

Gloria Haleluja.

Sept 21. Tuesday.

In the morning Aunt G. took me to High Street, a little past East Putney station to buy some slippers - I had said I wanted some & no doubt she tho't I had better not wait as I had no other shoes but my street-boots. I bought some very nice house shoes for 6/11 - The Putney shops are really very nice some of them. One could do heaps of shopping without having to go into town. In the p.m. was very quiet. Miss J. did not come as I half expected she would. However in the evening a letter came from her with directions to where we should meet & when etc. I also got a note from Mr. Blair saying he wanted me to lunch on Friday & would take me round afterwards. Aunt Ethel wrote to Aunt G. asking me to lunch on Thursday, so I am

all engaged for the next three days - lucky mortal I!

I found a very interesting book called "Looking Backward" by Bellamy. I have often heard of it & so am reading it now - it is a book <sup>from</sup> which one could get delightful debate subjects from, I should think.

Sept 22. Wednesday.

I was to start for my day's outing at 9. Aunt G. saw me to East Putney sta. I got into the train for Westminster. I felt rather shaky in the knees as I walked out of the station but when I got there, I saw dear old Westminster Abbey across the way & it was like a good friend. I felt reassured. I hailed a hansom & told the man "Kingsley Hotel -"

He said "18 pence Miss?" Of course I said yes & popped in - Then followed a most delightful drive of about 15 min. past Trafalgar Square, the

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National Gallery, & St Martin's. At last  
I got to the Kingsley, & there was dear  
Miss Young in the vestibule to welcome  
me. I feel so happy!

We went shopping in the morning in  
Oxford street. I bought a hat, rain-  
cloak, gloves & belt. We had a most  
delightful time together. The shops are  
so full of all sorts of things that it  
quite bewilders one to look about. So  
many things they are to tempt one - the  
book shops especially. After our  
shopping we had just a few moments  
before lunch & as we were near the  
National Portrait Gallery Miss Y.  
suggested we should go in. Of course  
I was only too eager so we went just  
for a glimpse. I love to think I went  
to my very first gallery with her. We  
saw some perfectly beautiful por-  
traits - those which I like best were -  
Carlyle's, Darwin's & Huxley's -  
there were heaps & heaps of others

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that were fine & many we had no time for  
at all. Darwin's especially had lovely  
shadows on the coat & seemed to be living,  
it was so full of the fire & soul of the man.  
Huxley's rugged face reminded me of  
Kingsley's - Both of them great.

We went to the Criterion for lunch  
& there in the vestibule met Miss Y's Egypt,  
Mr. Munson & perfectly delightful man -  
with kind blue eyes, a quiet gentleman-  
ly manner & a twinkle of wit about  
his eyes - The Criterion is a very sweet  
place I think & we had an excellent  
meal "Table d'hôte." Almost immediately  
after lunch Miss Y. & Mr. Munson took  
me to the Garrick theatre where we saw  
the matinee "Making a Gentleman" by  
Alfred Sutro. We had very good seats  
in the stalls & the play was lovely. I  
enjoyed it immensely for it was splen-  
didly played. Arthur Brauchier taking  
principal part. He is supposed to  
be a first-rate actor of the present day,

At the end of it, we went for tea to a little place round the corner - then took a taxi for a long drive to Earl's Court. From there I said I could go to East P. alone but Miss Y. insisted on coming with me so we three came to E. P. & walked almost the whole way to West Hill Road. Miss Y. is nearly perfect I think; she was goodness itself to me. We arranged to meet on Sat. again for she has promised to see me to Cambridge. I feel so grateful, for everything she has done for me, & there seems no way in which I can show it, except perhaps doing my work well & efficiently this year at the Training College.

A good letter from Mother was awaiting me at Aunt G.'s.  
 Sept 23. Thursday.

Aunt Ethel lives in Chelsea & there was talk of my going there alone but Aunt G. was very good & said she tho't Rogers ought to come with me as

it was a good distance & a bit confusing. We started out on the bus at about 11:30 & arrived at Aunt E's flat in time for lunch. She has such a sweet little flat in Beaufort Mansions at the top - it is small but very comfortable. She is so prettier & animated - talks the whole time on all manner of subjects. Her dining room was very nice but the lunch was excellent & her company charming. After lunch we went out together & as I had asked her about Carlyle's house she took me up Cheyne walk & there I saw it tucked away in a quiet shady street - its plain front & ivy looking just as ordinary as any other uninteresting common mortal's - Carlyle's statue was in the green near by. He was seated with his noble head lowered a little & resting on his hands. He looked so solemn & earnest - almost as if he were thinking, in the tumult



8.  
+ rush of the great city around him.  
We went on from there to the Tate  
Gallery! the place I had hungered  
after for so long. + there I saw all  
my dear friends Watts, Rossetti,  
Burne Jones, Millais, Pettie, + scores  
of others. Some of the pictures were  
marvelous - We did not have time  
for more than 5 or 6 rooms - + even  
then we seemed to skim for it - takes  
just such a long time to take in all  
the beauties of shade, color + outline  
of a picture even tho' one knows  
practically nothing about art. I  
enjoyed every moment in the gallery +  
only wished we could have stayed long-  
er but I don't think Aunt E. was  
very keen so at 4. we went off to an  
A.B.C. place, for tea. She then put me  
onto the underground for E.P. + I went  
the rest of the way alone. It was very  
good of her to ask me out + I appre-  
ciated it - I did so enjoy the gallery.

79.  
In the evening we just read - both of us -  
Sept. 24 Friday. my birthday + I am  
twenty. It's rather different from other  
years. This was my day with Mr. Blair  
whom I was to meet at Victoria at 12:20.  
but I had to wait such an abominable  
time for my train that - it was one be-  
fore I got there. I scarcely hoped to find  
him still waiting, but he was. Poor  
man I am afraid he had a dreadfully  
long wait. However he was awfully  
nice + cordial - We drove in a taxi  
to the Ironcadero a more gorgeous  
place even than the interior, with  
electric lights, silver, fine china, swell  
waiters + music in the gallery. We  
had a wee table right at the back -  
they meal was ripping, + Mr. B. so  
good. After lunch we only walked  
about a bit in Bond Street + Co-  
ford Street. The furs + silvers + furs  
made one's mouth water. Mr. B.  
had to get home on time 3:30 so saw

80.  
me off at the Mansion House Sta. I hope he was not bored. I think it was awfully good of him to take me out anyway. In the evening Fred came to Aunt G's. He was very nice but I can't say the evening was very exciting nor thrilling in any way.

Sept. 25 Saturday.

A day of many strange adventures I started out with my luggage, bade a tender farewell to Aunt G. & Poppy & got off at Victoria at 11:30 where I was to meet Miss G. What was my surprise & dismay to see no sign of her when I got there. I got off however at stood by my luggage for ever so long & she didn't come. My train left at 12:40 & the time crept slowly round to 12 & past. I knew there was no time for my train, so at 12:30 I decided to go back to E. Pat. as I knew of no better move. So I had to bundle my things back into

81.  
a Wimbledon train & I was in rather a desperate frame of mind. I left my luggage at East Put. Sta. & started to walk home - It was raining rather heavily but I decided not to take a cab as I had had extra expenses, but no sooner was I on my way than a terrific London shower poured down upon me, & I waded thru it the best way I could but each moment my dress grew heavier & walking was more difficult. I was positively drenched & must have made a comical picture as I knuckled disconsolately at 45 West Hill Road. Poppy opened her eyes like saucers when she saw me - of course Aunt G. was surprised. I telephoned immediately to Knigsley Hotel but of course Miss G. was out. I was in a very "blue" condition & felt like the end of the world - or like a person bumping up unawares into a hard stone wall.

I waited, it seemed years but it was really only till four & then what I had hoped, happened. Missy drove up to the door - I saw her thro' the window & flew downstairs. Explanations were readily exchanged. She had been at Victoria St. from 11:30 - 11:50 we must have been there together. It is still a dark mystery as to how we missed each other.

We had no time for tea, so dashed off to King's Cross to catch the 6:18 train to Cambridge. As it was so late she couldn't come with me - It was my first real journey all alone - Miss G. saw me off, the dear, & said such nice things to me. I got into a compartment with the lady who was going as far as Cambridge too, so I felt secure. She was very nice to me indeed - letting me look at some magazines, & asking if she could help me at all, when I arrived.

It was 7:50 when I got to the station.

but everything was really very simple. I got out my luggage - it was hoisted on top of a cab, I got inside & I drove to the Training College. I could see none of the way, of course & the college, I could only see properly inside - It is even so much nicer than I imagined. There are three stories - with bedrooms - a lecture hall, library & dining room - on 1st & 2nd floors - I was shown to my room immediately. It contained 2 bureau desks, two washstands, a wardrobe, 4 chairs & a centre table, 2 mirrors, 2 electric lights, 2 book cases. My room mate's name is Laura Roberts a girl from Pwllheli, Wales - I can never pronounce that name. She is very amiable & nice but extremely plain & I fear not very brilliant - Latin is her special - that sounds learned, if you like.

After I had unpacked, a list we were invited Miss Roberts & I into Miss Bates' room who lives just across the way.

She is an A. + most attractive. Some other new girls were there too, Miss Leith, a girl from South Africa, Miss Lodge is Oliver Lodge's daughter who has taken her degree at Oxford + seems very attractive indeed. Relieved at about 10:30 feeling strange but not homesick.

Sept 26. Sunday.

Breakfast at 9 - great luxury - also rolls are a Sunday treat. The meals excellent. Bacon + meat in the morning a delicious English bread + butter toast + jam as well.

I went with 6 other girls to the Presbyterian Church - my very first walk in Cambridge - passed Emmanuel college - going there. The service was long + the sermon dull - but I enjoyed going. On our way back we went as far as King's as I was very keen on seeing it. There was that adorable chapel I had hungered for so

much - tho' I only saw it from outside. The courtyard has a beautiful green lawn + <sup>creepers</sup> wycovers the walls on all sides - The creepers are just turning red + they look like vines of fire, they are so brilliant. We just had a peep at the Cam - a sweet wee river - + then had to haste away to college for dinner. On my way there I was stopped by a lady in the middle of the street who asked for Mrs Thomson - when I stepped forward she said she was a friend of Mrs. Becher's + would I come to tea to her at 5:30 - + she would take me to an organ recital afterwards. Of course I was delighted at being adopted so soon. After lunch I wrote part of a letter to mother + then went off with Miss Roberts + Miss Lodge to find the house. I did so quite easily - a rather uninteresting house on a quite pretty street - I found by new friend's name was

Miss Bryan - She lives with her older sister Patty. They are two regular old maids but so kind. They said whenever I liked I would go there, that they would always be glad to see me - Such dear comfortable party. We swallowed our tea down rather at a rate & hurried off to the organ recital. Oh! dear me - how can I describe my feelings as I walked into King's Chapel - The high fan roof, the glorious stained windows - The carved doors - it thrilled me. The organ was beautiful & the organist played so well. There were heaps of people in the chapel but it wasn't half full. They all seemed more or less of the lower classes but they listened so reverently & attentively it was a joy to see them. King's Chapel was used one time as a stable for Cromwell so Miss Bryan was telling me. How I wished Mother & Glad could

have been there to enjoy it with me - And Aunt W. for the music!

Was rather tired in the evening. Did not go to chapel as I had to write several letters.

I find the dons awfully nice - There are 4. Miss Wood is a dear with red hair auburn rather, a a wonderfully interesting face - with eyes that sparkle. The girls are ever so much more learned than I am. I feel dreadfully small & ignorant. There are two Gorton girls 1 from Newham & 2 from Ox-ford.

Eva Gatheral arrived & looked most attractive but I know her very little as yet. I fear she is not my style though she is very nice indeed - & smiles at me quite affectionately, we shall see.  
Sept. 27. Monday.

Rather slack day. Difficult getting adjusted. Bought Stationary in the P. m. Had a lecture on teaching of arith. Also had slide by a per-

fectly splendid Swedish lady - with  
a lovely figure + commanding person.

Prayers is quite queer. Church of  
Europe of course. We all kneel at  
one period of the service - it seemed  
so funny the first time.

Sept 28. Tuesday.

My real lessons began to-day.  
I had a horrible French to give at  
a place called Lyndewode houses to  
horrible little restless boys. of about  
8-9. They didn't know any French +  
I don't think I taught them anything.  
I felt thoroughly disgusted.

After Lyndewode houses I had  
to find my way to St. Luke's fields which  
is way at the other side of Cambridge.  
I had been given a map but still that  
seemed of very little use. I was told  
to get into a tram as far as the P. O.  
at any rate. It was raining hard  
+ the day was misty. I got into a

tram + then fished out my map thinking  
it a good time to study it. A kind lady  
seeing my perplexity, offered to direct me  
which she did. I got out at the P. O. +  
by walking in the direction I presumed  
was the right one they asking as I went  
along I finally got to my school 20 min.  
late! However I consider myself  
very clever in having found it at all.  
Oct. 9. Saturday.

I have positively not had time to keep  
up with myself + so have skipped all  
the interesting first days.

I have seen such a heap of things. I  
shall try + summarize them in a rough  
sort of way. Last Saturday I went up  
the banks - which we perfectly lovely.  
We followed the river which wound  
up the banks of weeping willows -  
broken every now + then by picturesque  
bridges. I saw Drinili + St Johns  
for the first time - They are simply  
wonderful both of them. The towers

has some fine old turret gateway -  
one of Edward <sup>III</sup> & one of Queen Eliza-  
beth. Later in the week Miss Haes  
took Miss Skinnie & me to the library  
of Trinity college - It is a magnifi-  
cent long building planned by Sir  
Christopher Wren - & filled with the  
most interesting things, that are dear  
to book lovers - We saw the original  
MS. of Thackeray's Esmond, Fenimore  
Du Memoriam & Milton's Lycidas. It  
just thrilled me to see the very poems  
written first hand by the poets & authors  
themselves - There were shelves upon  
shelves of books - they fairly made  
you headache - such a ponderous  
collection of formidable tomes.  
At the very end of the hall, under  
a stained glass window, was a statue  
of Byron by Thorwaldsen - At its  
feet was a wreath of laurel bear-  
ing the name of a German - some  
enthusiastic admirer filled with the

sentimentality of his race! I ought to  
write & tell Mr. Larcen that. The  
bookcases each bore a bust of some  
man whom England honored - Milton  
Newton, Cowper, Pope, Shakespeare,  
B. Jonson & scores of others. Lower  
glass cases were interesting illu-  
minated manuscripts worked by patient  
labor loving monks, some as early as  
the 10th century. There was all a  
Book printed by the Kelmscott press -  
that glorious hobby of Morris? I  
shall not easily forget that library.  
I must go there again - for it provides  
food for the soul - one leaves it feeling  
satisfied & happy.

Nov. 3. Wednesday.

It is only occasionally that I have time  
for my diary - a whole month has elapsed  
(nearly) since I last wrote. Since then  
I have done & seen so much that it  
would be useless trying to recall them  
in chronological order!

Cambridge still holds in expressible delights for me. I shall not attempt to keep a full record in my diary for I am too busy I fear. I write home such detailed letters that a diary would merely be a vain repetition. However I shall try & keep some account, even tho' it may be only a small one.

Last night Evelyn & I went to the Union i.e. the Cam. Debating Society. The debate was on Women's Suffrage so naturally I was all eagerness for it. The Union Room is very attractive. It has seats arranged opposite each other in which the different sides sit. The Pres. has a seat at one end; the secretary just below him. The speakers on the Pro side were excellent - tho' the anti's I fear were rather feeble & weak.

V. H. Robertson was splendid. The whole atmosphere & spirit of the place was so wholesome & enthusiastic. The men were all very eager & cheered &

applauded at nearly every point. How & again a speaker got tangled up - English is such a dreadful language for making blunders & the whole house sat & roared at him. It must be very good training I should think - having to speak to so critical & merciless an audience. We left before it was half thro' as Evelyn had work. I do not know how the voting went but will look out for results with interest. It was all splendid - I cannot write its full impressions on me. These days I find how very incapable I am of explaining myself. One needs so much eloquence & variety of rhetoric to say what one really feels. Very dumpy in evening. Bad  
Nov. 4. Thurs. <sup>ails.</sup>

Much as usual. Good rest in the evening which made me feel better.

Also Shakespeare Society met in the evening. We were in rather a hilarious mood so that rather spoilt the effect. We are reading Cymbeline - & I have Cymbeline's



part. Miss Dobson the Coe da isical lauyish  
in Domopen.

Got a nice letter from Miss Brodie  
- also an invitation to the Debate to be  
held at Newnham on Saturday. with dancing  
afterwards. Am delighted.

Friday Nov. 5.

In early a.m. finished up all my notes.  
Got a letter from Glad - at which I was  
very rejoiced - also a p.c. from the Ples.  
At 11:15 started for a lecture to be  
given at Trinity by Dr. Verall on Brown-  
ing. There were heaps of people there  
wanting to go - but we had to wait at  
the bottom of the steps till those who  
had tickets went first. Finally got in.  
Splendid. Much enthusiasm - just the  
sort of thing I wanted.

In afternoon went from Bike side  
to Trumpington with Misses Pym &  
Roberts. Saw old church with 13th  
century brass - also quaint old village  
with thatched cottages. One house

born ~~went~~ date 1654. Beautiful day -  
clear blue sky + temperate weather.

Oct 5. Dr. Mc Toppert. on Apocryphism  
- very nice but difficult. Feeling head-  
ache.

Tuesday Nov. 16.

Have another few minutes for a line or so  
in my diary. The weather has turned much  
colder + we shiver about the corridors in  
the mornings. I went to town + made  
several purchases - a hot water bottle,  
woolen gloves, Eau de Cologne + 2 12 writing blocks.  
This is our 8th week - I cannot believe it -  
the time has flown - it has been so full of  
new things for me. 3 more weeks after this  
+ then holidays + Bradford.

No letters for 3 days - since last  
Saturday! Talbot is dreadful! He  
promised faithfully to write when it  
a whole month since my letter to him.  
+ no answer. Am getting pessimistic  
about my post + no wonder - Let us  
see what to-morrow brings forth.

Nov. 23. Tuesday.

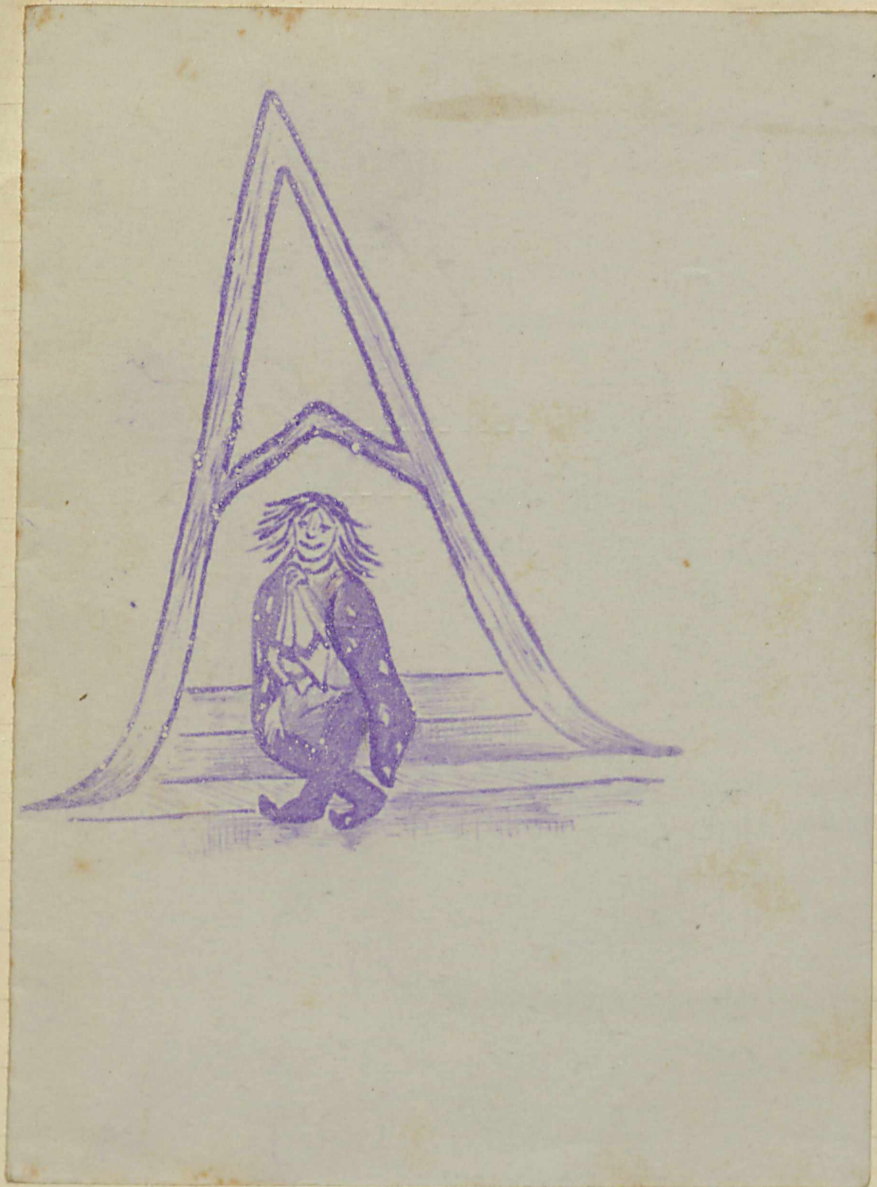
A day of many dissipation - considering it is nearly end of term. In the morning worked at trench - two lessons Sydenhede House Park St. Harobe has gone to London, so I was free of the severe & painful glaucoma of her eye. At 2 P.M. started for Newham to meet Miss Brodie with whom I was going sight-seeing. We met there at 2:20 & started off. We first went to Trinity Chapel to see the new Fenimore statue. Miss B. has never been in there & she has been here a year already! She considered me quite wonderful knowing my way all about. Trinity chapel was beautiful and the statue of Fenimore, splendid. It has just been unveiled. Its pure whiteness is somewhat startling but the whole effect is very beautiful indeed. After the chapel we went to the library <sup>with</sup> which Miss B. was enchanted as I had been the first-time I went there. I was glad to see it again. My impression

was made sounder & deeper. After the library we had a peep in at "Hall" which was very nice. We tried to get into John's but the door was locked. Then we went to St. Clements, St. Giles & The Round church. In this last we sat down & rested. The light was delightfully dim & religious -

We adjourned to tea at Matthews at 4. & sat in state eating tea cakes & vi gateaux. The tea was excellent. From there we went on to Dr. Verrall's lecture on the Wasps. No words can describe that. The room was packed.

Nov. 26. Friday.

Keyp at five - which rested my soul.  
Wrote to Talbot in evening.



First Performance of the As to Bs.



Cambridge Union Society.

OCTOBER TERM.

SUBJECT FOR THE FOURTH DEBATE,

**TUESDAY, November 9th, 1909,**

At 8 p.m.

**“That the Censorship of plays is perverse and harmful, and should be abolished.”**

Proposed by Mr. G. I. C. MARCHAND, St. John's College.

Opposed by the Rev. J. K. MOZLEY, Pembroke College, Ex-President.

Mr. H. GRANVILLE BARKER will speak third.

Mr. G. G. BUTLER, Trinity College, Secretary, will speak fourth.

GONVILLE & CAIUS COLLEGE  
NOVEMBER 3, 1909.

A. RAMSAY,  
PRESIDENT.

*This motion was carried by a majority of 50-60 votes.*

Cambridge Training College for Women,  
WOLLASTON ROAD.

A COURSE OF

## SIX LECTURES

.. ON ..

*“The Origins of  
Modern Education in England.”*

- I. The History of Educational Administration.
- II. The History of Teaching:  
(a) Curriculum (b) Method.
- III. The History of Teaching:  
(a) Moral and Disciplinary Training  
(b) Religious Teaching.
- IV. The History of State Intervention:  
(a) Religious Conformity  
(b) Administration and Curriculum.
- V. The Evolution of the Teacher.
- VI. The Practical Value of the History of Education.

THE COURSE WILL BE DELIVERED BY

*J. E. G. de Montmorency, M.A., LL.B.*  
*(Peterhouse), Author of “State Intervention in English Education,”*  
*The Board of Education Special Report on Open-Air Education, etc.*

ON NOVEMBER 6TH, 1909.

AND SUCCESSIVE SATURDAYS, AT 5 P.M.

*Tickets for the Course, 10/- Training College Students, 5/-*

Can be obtained from Miss WOOD, The Cambridge Training College;  
S. S. F. FLETCHER, Esq., Warkworth House, Cambridge; Messrs.  
JOHN HALL & SON, Booksellers, Trumpington Street; or Messrs.  
WM. HEFFER & SONS, Booksellers, Petty Cury.

Motion for debate:

"That the rapid extension  
of canvassing  
on all questions of importance  
is a very grave danger."

Proposer: Miss E. H. C. Moberley Bell.

Opposer: Miss D. H. Y. Radcliffe.

Motion Carries by majority of 30-40 votes

National Union of Women's Suffrage  
Societies.

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The Cambridge Association.

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The **ANNUAL MEETING** of the Cambridge Association will be held in the **VICTORIA ASSEMBLY ROOM**, on **MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd**, at **2.30 p.m.**

The **CHAIR** will be taken by **A. N. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Sc.D.**

The **BUSINESS MEETING** will be from 2.30 to 3 p.m.; and will be followed by a **GENERAL MEETING**, when an **ADDRESS** will be given by **Mr. CECIL CHAPMAN, J.P.**, the well-known Metropolitan Police Magistrate.

**Miss J. E. KENNEDY** and

**Miss ELLEN A. McARTHUR, Litt.D.** will also speak.

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As no public notice of this Meeting is being given, and admission will be by Ticket only, it is hoped that all our Members will come who can, and **WILL ALSO TRY TO BRING FRIENDS OF BOTH SEXES WITH THEM** to hear the weighty evidence in favour of Women's Suffrage that can be supplied by a man in Mr. Chapman's important position and with his far-reaching knowledge of the conditions of the lives of working women in our large towns.

[OVER].

E. A. Thourson Cambridge  
1907.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

## SYLLABUS OF SIX LECTURES

ON

### The Origins of Modern Education in England.

#### LECTURE I.

##### The History of Educational Administration.

1.—The continuous recognition of the importance of an educational system from the period of the Roman occupation. (a) The Roman Imperial System; (b) The British and Early Saxon Conventual System; (c) The Late Saxon Township or Parochial System; (d) The Episcopal System; (e) The Central Governmental System; (f) The Local Government System.

2.—In so far as there has been decay in, or discontinuity between, the various systems of Administration National Education has lost vigour. Some salient instances of the loss of vigour: (a) The Decay of the Conventual System in the 10th Century; (b) The Decay and Destruction of the Conventual System in the 15th and early 16th Centuries; (c) The Decay of the Episcopal and Parochial Systems in the 18th Century; (d) The Inefficiency of the Governmental Systems in the 19th Century.

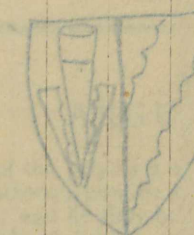
3.—i. The Roman Imperial System. (a) The Edict of Gratian, 376 A.D.; (b) The *Form* of Mediæval Education



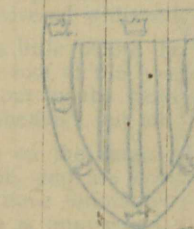
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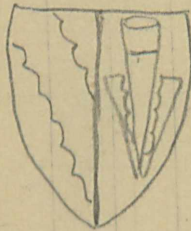
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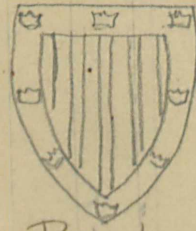
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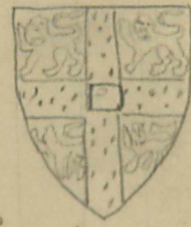
Trinity Hall



Sydney Sussex



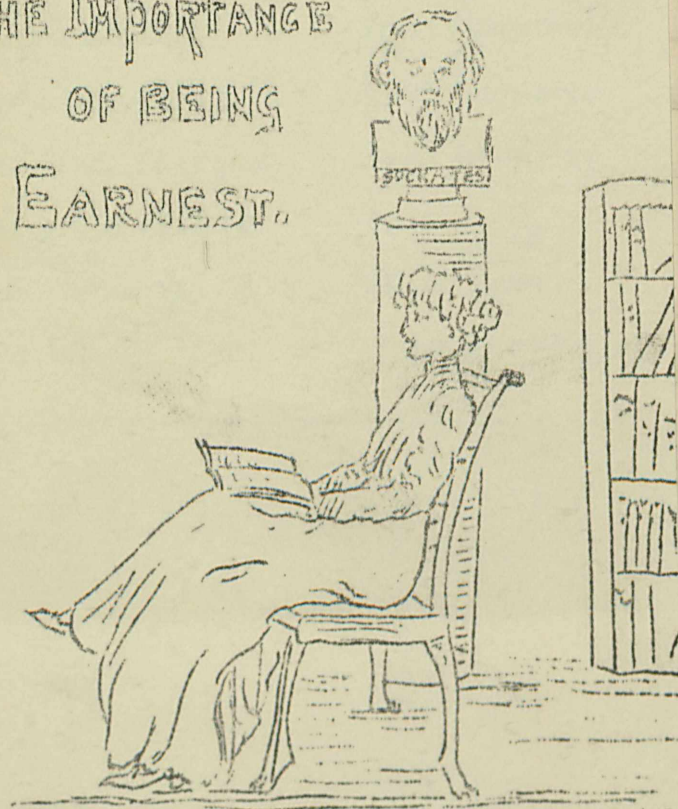
Peterhouse



Cam. University

# PROGRAMME

## THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.



December VIII, MCXIX.



Bradford Dec. 20. '09. Monday.

Here I am spending my Xmas holidays with Aunt Edith + family in swanky, black dirty Bradford. I have a few moments or rather a small inclination to write in my diary tho' I have almost given it up of late, being so disgusted with my own lack of the power to express myself adequately or interestingly.

I arrived here Sat. last Dec. 11. from Cambridge. Miss Dessin was my companion all the way, which I considered a great bit of luck for me. Norman + Aunt E. met me at the station. The house in Thornbury is small but quite comfortable. Things are somewhat rough. At first I was much disappointed but am getting over that now + I think I can truly say I am having an enjoyable vacation. Norman is rather an interesting cad but his manners! the lady preserve me from them. He blows his food, never passes anything at table, goes in front of you without the least hesitation + makes very rude re-

marks at times. I don't think I could ever form a very deep affection for him, tho' I enjoy an occasional chat. Aunt E. is kind herself but dear me - she is very slovenly - She comes down to breakfast in the sloppiest kind of a costume. Sometimes we have a meal in the kitchen, which I can't say I like very much. Uncle Arthur is a very good hearted man - At first I objected much to his humour but now I am getting to like him much - He + I have the most interesting conversations on politics + books etc. He has evidently tho't a great deal on some subjects. He is extremely pessimistic on affairs in the present generation + on the condition of the English nation. He prophesies a terrible war with Germany soon. He says Englishmen are corrupt, they live in a fool's paradise; it is the cull before the storm. He as much as suggested that England's day was over, her climax had been reached + now it was time for another nation to be top + take the lead in the world.

They are doing their best to give me a very good time. I have seen the Mikado which I enjoyed extremely - as it was most artistically + cleverly played. I have been to The Empire which was passable. On Sat. I went to a children's party at the Liberal Club - which I would have much enjoyed, if it had been of a tolerable duration; but I wearied fearfully before the end as we got there at 4:45 + stayed till 10:30!

I have met a good many of Aunt E's friends, all very nice but common rather. The two Miss Leaks I like best. They are sweet girls but a little uninteresting. Of course there is no one here whom I consider a really kindred spirit - in any sense. I never realized how much intellectual life I got at Cambridge, other than my work, till I came here, where there is practically none.

I was very homesick the first few days - more so than I have been at any time since I came. I think I am getting

over that now. My books + music furnish me with occupation. At Cam. I was so busy I had no time to be homesick - here I have hours to think about them all + their Xmas gaiety.

The snow lies thick around us - It is true Yorkshire weather. I pity the poor people out in it, all day. I do not feel it much - The house is kept very warm. The brightness of the snow tends to keep my spirits up; it was such unpeatably dreary, + melancholy weather before.

The New Year, 1910.

The restless wind brings loud and clear  
The sound of mirth & revelry;  
The clanging bells, how far, how near,  
Proclaim the day that is to be.  
Lord of all Time, for whom the years  
Swift as the driven snow-lake fly,  
List as we voice our hopes & fears,  
When the old year's last hour is nigh.

The Book is opened where is made  
The record of our deed & tho't,  
How every one his part has played —  
How one surrendered, how one fought.  
Great Judge, it may be thou shalt reach  
The page wherein my record is,  
And find all that which thou didst teach  
Still left undone or done amiss.

Yet of Thy mercy cleanse the sheet,  
Let me begin the year anew;  
Write not of shame, disgrace, defeat.

Write only what I hope to do.

What if I failed? I fight again.

What if I falter by the way?

I for the field once more am fair —  
So, look on me this New Year's Day.

Ridiculi mures.

(Four poets describe the same Incident)

Chaucer.

Within a hous, of mys ther dwellou three,  
And ech of hem was blynd & myghte not see,  
But it were with thilke eien of his mynde,  
With whiche mys seen, whan that they ben blynde.

They folwed chyrkyng a yemannes wyf,  
That sat and carf the bredi with hir knyft.

This wyf, at swiche a soun abhominable,  
Uprist and stretcht from the dormant table,  
And slit from ech the longe tayl at ones.

Quod our Hoste þe, by cokkis bones,  
Swiche tale of mys and of yemannes wyf  
I nevere have herd bi form in al my lyf.

(Elsewhere M.S. fol. 287b.)

Spenser.

Three mice that ever wandered on the earth  
Blind, for their eyes were darkend of their syght  
(But whether darkend from the day of birth  
Or in some stowre, me lists not to endyte)  
All starting forth together lowdly shrughte,

And followed faste a lowly farmer's wife.

Eftsoones the carline, rising in affright,  
She sheare their tayles off with sharpe carving <sup>knife</sup>.

Oy me, who ever herde such sorrows in his life?

(From an unpublished frag. of "The Faerie  
Queene" appearing to belong to the Legend of Fortitude)

Hilton.

Three rodents, from the busy ways of men  
Cut off, & for the book of nature fair

Presented with a universal blank,

Pursued succinct a farmer's buxom dame.

Straightway with blade for carnal uses framed,  
She shortened them entire their caudal length.

Theme unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,  
And of all mortal <sup>ears</sup> eyes as yet unlearn!

Trin. Coll. M.S.

Pope.

Three piquy rodents of the Sminthean kind,  
By Jove's <sup>mysterious</sup> ~~instruction~~ providence struck blind,  
Pursu'd with clam'rous din swirl'd alarm  
The portly mistress of the rustic farm.

The dame, with kitchen utensil prepared,

From each in turn the trail'd appendix shear'd.

St. John, awake, & unmerciful say,  
Hast thou such storey beads, until to-day?  
From Curl Papers

The Worker's Calendar.  
It is only by Labour, that tho't can be made  
healthier, & only by tho't that Labour can  
be made happy; & the two cannot be separ-  
ated. With impunity - Ruskin.

Example is a kind of Picture in which Virtue be-  
comes as it were an Object of Sight. Fielding.

My advice is, never do to-morrow what you  
can do to-day. Procrastination is the thief of  
time. Cobden him! Hitchens (miscellaneous)

† After all, to him who goes cheerfully among the  
appointed thorns, a thousand pretty blossoms  
spring up beneath his feet. Sir. W. Besant.

‡ I have done. What I have done I can do

again. What I can do again I can do better  
R. L. Stevenson.

The golden year - - - well I know  
That unto him who works & knows he works,  
This same proud year is ever at the doors.  
Tennyson.

+ It is a shame  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest beams, & live  
In idleness. Shakespeare.

‡ So long as we love we serve. R. L. Stevenson.

+ Be good at the depths of you, & you will  
discover that those who surround you will  
be good even to the same depths. Walter Linn.

+ Efforts are always successes. It is a greater  
thing, to try without succeeding, than to  
succeed without trying. Walsham How.

Savoir par coeur, n'est pas savoir. Pascal.

✓ And if any toil or pleasure or reputation or  
the loss of it, is laid upon thee, remember  
that now is the contest, here already are  
the Olympian games, & there is no deferring  
them any longer: & that in a simple day  
or in a simple trial, ground is to be lost or  
gained. Epictetus

✦ If there be good in that I wrought,  
Thy hand compelled it, master, Thine,  
Where I have failed to meet Thy 't  
I know, thro' thee, the blame is mine. Kipling.

✕ Every good which has become a fact was  
once a dream. James Hinton.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if  
you slight them on their first visit, you  
seldom see them again. Ruskin.

✕ It requires very little ability to find fault;  
that is why there are so many critics  
O. W. Holmes

✕ A good bit o' work lasts; if it's only laying  
a floor down, somebody's better for it being  
done well, besides the man as does it. Eliot.

✦ If in every particular action thou dost per-  
form what is fitting to the utmost of the power  
let it suffice thee. Marcus Aurelius.

This good example to his flock he gave;  
That first he wrought & afterwards he taught. Chaucer.

✕ Let us be content in work —  
To do the things we can & not presume  
To fret because it's little. E. B. Browning.

✦ Let each man do his best. Shakespeare.

✕ It is not even a question of how much we are  
to do, but of how it is to be done; not a  
question of doing more but of doing better. Ruskin.

✕ A man's reach should be beyond his grasp  
or what's a heaven for? Browning.

x The failures of some will be found eternities  
beyond the successes of others. G. MacDonald.

x Greatly begin! Tho' thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime  
Not failure but low aim is crime. Lowell.

x Every day that is born into the world comes  
like a burst of music & rings itself all  
the day thro'; & thou shalt make of it a  
dance, a dirge or a life march as thou wilt.  
Carlyle.

Feb 23.

x Hold up your heads! You were not made for  
failure, you were made for victory; go forward  
with a joyful confidence in that result  
sooner or later & the sooner or later depend  
mainly upon yourself. George Eliot

x Think well! Do well will follow tho' it.  
Tennyson.

x If I do what I may in earnest, I need not  
wonder if I work no great work on the  
Earth. George MacDonald.

x

To do little is bad, to do nothing is worse.  
Browning.

x Much of the ability to do good is the disposition  
to do it. The very breathing of a benevolent  
heart is a species of doing good. Hawley.

x

Every man feels instinctively that all the  
beautiful sentiments in the world weigh  
less than a single lovely action. Lowell.

x

It will never rain roses. . . if we want  
more roses, we must plant more trees. G. Eliot

y Fail I alone, in words & deeds?

Why, all men strive & who succeed. Browning.

v

There is nothing we may not hope to repair  
Dickens

x

O world as God hath made it

All is beauty

And knowing this is love,

And love is duty. Browning.

When the day returns, call us up with  
morning hearts - eager to labour - eager to  
be happy if happiness shall be our portion  
- & if the day be marked for sorrow,  
strong to endure it. R. L. S.

Live

In pulses stirred to generosity;  
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn  
For miserable aims that end in self.

q. Eliot

They say best men are moulded out of faults  
Shakespeare.

Mon. May 16.

From Rosemary Booklet.

The happiness of your life depends upon  
the quality of your tho'ts.

Marcus Aurelius

A great part of the happiness of life  
consists not in fighting battles but  
in avoiding them. A masterly retreat  
is in itself a victory.

H. W. Bouffellow

If one wished to be happy, it could  
readily be accomplished; but we wish  
to be happier than other people; & this  
is difficult, for we believe others to  
be happier than they are.

Montesquieu.

The happiness of life is made up of  
minute fractions - countless in-  
finitesimals of pleasurable tho't  
and genial feeling.

S. T. Coleridge.

Keep your face always toward  
the sunshine & the shadows will



fall behind you.

M. B. Whitman.

The man who cannot be strong, cheerful, creative in his own age, would find all other ages inhospitable + barren.

H. W. Mahie.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thro'ts + much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings <sup>so much</sup> pain with it that we can only tell it from the pain by its being what we would choose before everything else; because our soul sees it is good.

George Eliot

We communicate happiness to others not by great acts of devotion + self-sacrifice, but by the absence of fault.

guiding + censure + <sup>being</sup> ready to sympathise with their notions + feelings instead of forcing them to sympathise with ours.

J. F. Clarke.



Miss Incline Thomson -

Good of a cheque of five livres  
when she leaves for England in September.

Constantinople

13/6/09.

W. G. Middleton Edward

Scutari.  
13/6/09.

Dearest Eveline,

Fortune did not strew  
my path during my  
youth with those things  
by which I might, by  
diligence, have acquired  
the knack of putting on  
paper my thoughts in  
a way so as convey to the  
reader all I want to say.  
And now I am too old  
to learn & too busy picking  
up some things, & endeav-  
ouring, many times  
unsuccessfully, to avoid  
others which Dame  
Fortune still drops

about her as she goes,  
for those who walk to  
pick up, avoid or fall  
over, as they are wise  
or foolish.

You must forgive me  
therefore if all I have in  
my heart to tell you is  
left unsaid or is said  
badly. Dame Fortune is not  
always kind & she has  
treated you both well &  
unwell. But keep on,  
dear girl, in the way  
you have begun; bright,  
steadfast, doing well  
that which comes to  
your hand to do, loving  
your neighbour as  
yourself & Dame Fortune,

you will find, will smile  
& drop sweet things from  
her basket for you to pick  
up as you go forward.  
When there are stones on the  
road do not kick them  
aside but walk round  
them; kicking stones  
sometimes hurts the toes more  
than is worth while & in  
everything seek the line of  
least resistance, consistent  
with dignity & self-respect.

Well, I've moralized  
enough & others will be  
doing it these days pretty  
freely & much more ably  
than myself. I will  
therefore add what I set  
out to say in the first place;  
that if Dame Fortune should

frown at any time & you  
are in trouble come to your  
Uncle Ned & if he can do it  
he'll change the frown to  
a smile & dispel the  
gathering clouds. If he  
cannot why he'll try &  
help you along until  
such a time when Dame  
Fortune smiles again.

God's blessing on you,  
dear Girl, all the way  
through life is the wish  
of your affectionate  
Uncle Ned.

---

Miss Thomson.

Scutari.

**Boğaziçi Üniversitesi**

**Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi**

Kişisel Arşivlerle İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tanıtı

**Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu**



SCT ETS.03.003.02