

Diary.

Began on Journey home (Suyra)
August 11, 1910.

E. A. Thomson.

Ended at Sunnyside, Bebetz
June 21, 1911.

August 11. Thursday. After tra-
 velling all night, early in the
 morning we arrived at Suyma.
 Mrs de. S. was called for be-
 fore she was up, so there was
 much hurrying & hurry - she
 was very excited & quite lost
 her head - she did not rem-
 ember her trunks in the hold
 till the last moment when
 getting them out caused con-
 siderable delay. However
 after tender farewells to all
 she departed - poor thing
 I hope she does not come to
 grief, tho' Mr. Macn. shakes his
 head over her - a stranger in
 a strange land.

A beautiful piece of news
 awaited me in the morning.
 While it was still quite
 early 2 letters from brother
 were handed to me. In
 one she told me the good

tidings that a notice has come from the I.T.C. saying I have passed my exams Class II. Of course I am very glad & happy to think it wasn't III. but there is a hoind unsatisfactory feeling about it too for I should so have liked to have come out class I. That was my ambition all along & tho' I hardly expected it I can't but feel a little disappointed at not realizing it. I am all "ago" to know how the others fare. For brother's sake I am so glad to be there so satisfactorily. I must write to the Brotherhood with the news.

I did not go ashore to Smyrna as I was not much interested besides it was too hot to move! The heat all day was worse than anything we have had yet

Malta & Algiers weren't in it! 3. Most of the others went ashore for a brief space while I tried to kill time & not think about the heat.

In the evening Duncan, Miss B. & I were left alone on deck as the others had gone. We had a lot of fun - telling gruesome experiences. The harbour & city looked quite effective with their twinkling lights & pretty wee boats. Soon Miss B. left us & D. & I had a long "boozy" talk, which I enjoyed immensely. He is an interesting lad tho' immature in many ways & a little self-opinionated. However I like him very much especially when he is in a doubt case mood.

Smyrna is more like home than anywhere we have been & I feel we are really nearing my "air country". Cypress trees in the distance look lam-

4. Elias & occasional small
minarets put one in mind
of the tall slender ones of Stam-
boul. One hears more Greek
than Turkish but fees are
becoming more prominent
& the flag of the star & crescent
waves in the breeze.

The night was more
stifling than the day & made
me feel very cross - how
I long to be moving again
tho' I shall have to wait
for I don't believe we start
till tomorrow afternoon.

August 12. Friday. Lay in Smyrna
harbour nearly all day. We grew
very tired of it but it was
not very hot, as a breeze was
blowing. We watched boats
around us & the people passing
on the quay. Occasionally we
saw long strings of camels led
by a donkey go scurrying past.

In the p.m. a certain Mr.
Forest came for a chat on board.

He belongs to the Scotch mission in
Smyrna & Mr. Macn. knows his
brother in Edinburgh very well. He
was a very nice man & knew
heaps of people I did, so we had
quite an animated conversation.
Mr. Macn. told Mr. F. about Miss
de S. & asked him to keep a
weather eye open, so to speak.
Mr. Macn. has been so nice to Miss
de S. - given her his address & told
her to write him if ever she were in
trouble. He seems quite concerned
about her & I don't wonder. I
doubt whether she will be there a
year without coming to grief.

Began reading "Fortunes of
Nigil" by Scott & found it most
interesting. Duncan is studying it
for his exam & recommended it
to me. He is a very keen admirer
of Scott like all true Scotchmen.

In the evening after dinner
we started out of Smyrna harbour,
after some annoyance in getting
up the anchor. The city looked

6. most attractive with its twinkling lights - I felt very happy to be really starting for home seemed so much nearer now. Our last port. + Constant within 24 hrs! It seems incredible!

We played cards as usual - bridge first then the Capt. Mr. Voss, Ross + Macn. played whist while Duncan taught me enchre. It is quite good fun + we had some rare laughs over it. The night was much cooler - such a relief. I lay in bed reading "Kipling" till

11:30 when I put out my light.

August 13 Saturday. It was blowing a high wind all day long, so sitting on deck was not much fun. I was up at 8 just as we were passing thru the Dardanelles. It was certainly beautiful - verdant banks to the edge of the sea - a wonderful narrow strait with strong fortifications on both

sides. Read a lot of the "Fortunes of Nigel" + enjoyed it immensely. I cannot finish it on board but mean to do so when I get home. Felt impatient - as we slowed down, seeing we did not want to arrive before daybreak. How grateful I felt to think I had been here thus far so safely + happily. We had our last games of cards as usual but they were not such fun as they have been other times.

Went to bed at 11 with the blessed thought that the first glimpse of daylight would break upon my beloved city of the star + crescent. I woke two or three times during the night + saw thru my porthole the gorgeous twinkling stars + the lights on the shore of the harbours as we neared Constant.

August 14 Sunday. I was awake at 5 - poked my head out + there before my very eyes

8. rose the slender minaret of
Stamboul + close by were the
walls of the Seraglio palace walls.

I could have shouted for joy.
The day was cloudy + dull but
a sun rise, for a brief space
there was a beautiful silver
light on all the city that made
it look like fairyland. I could
not stay in bed but was up, +
dressed by quarter to six joining
the decks. By six we were
anchored, with our stern to the
Stamboul quay. I did not
expect anyone for sometime
of course but I hoped every
minute notwithstanding -
I wonder how they would
come + tried in vain to keep
down my excitement.

At about 7:30 I spied a
motor boat in the distance +
felt by instinct it must have
been Uncle Ned's - sure enough
handkerchiefs began waving
+ I recognized a whole boat.

was of fond relations. I waved +
back frantically + waited till
they reached the stairs. There was
my darling mother - for a moment
I saw only her. Glad looked
so sweet + tall + so prettily
dressed. They all came on
board + there was such a
meeting - it was almost worth
going away for. Aunt W. Aunt
W, Uncle Ned Uncle Edward,
Eddie, Glad + mother made up
the party. I introduced the men
to them. These former must
have been flabbergasted at the
formidable array of bond re-
lations I produced! The
capt. came out after we had
waited some time for him +
shook hands with them all.
He then said goodbye + off
we all went in great style in
the motor boat sped along
towards dear Bebek! It
was all so delightfully fami-
liar - I felt happy + tears!

10. We had breakfast at Aunt W's altogether. & spent the rest of the morning talking. I find Sunday is so much improved by the late alterations. The hall is quite imposing & all the wall paper are new & very pretty.

In the p.m. Aunt W. & Mother & I went over to Armonthery for a short time. The Yali & humurus Pasha are getting on splendidly. They are fine buildings & the school there is bound to be a success I think.

Supper we had altogether again. it was so lovely to be back & I feel almost as if I had always been here & just nudged for ages. I found a lot of letters awaiting me from Tip, Raf, Grace, Pertude & Philaden. Tip has just class & Daffy second - am much rejoiced. August 15 Monday. Mother has not been at all well lately & is very much run down. Aunt W. took her to Wachean & she has

insisted upon her going away. So she, Glas & Aunt W. are going off on Tuesday. It is hard to see them go off so soon but I am very glad Mother is able to do it. She will be a new being when she comes home. They are going to the Hobe Ruine or Kroustadt.

I had little time all day what with the general excitement of packing etc. I went to Arn. with Mother & stayed there all morning. The Murray's arrived I was sorry for them coming to such a bedraggled place & they seemed very tired. However it will be a great relief to Mother.

In the p.m. went to Aunt W's & discussed school books. Am getting quite excited about my wee school. I do so hope it will be a success. I stand in fear & trembling rather of the Committee. However I always have Aunt W. to back me up. Went to bed very tired.

12. August 16 Tuesday. Great un-
fusion excitement in a. m.
packing bags etc. Started
off to town - the five of us - to
catch Constanza boat. We
got there about an hour before
it left - This a fine boat, the
bigger of the two + I think they
will enjoy their sea trip very
much. There was great confu-
sion on the quay, thru which
we had to squeeze our way but
Aunt W. + I got the 7:40 boat
home. We waved to the three of
them as we passed by. I do hope
they have a good time.

In the evening we went up
to Mrs. Edwards. It was very
nice there tho' I can never
rave about it as Glad does.
Miss Edwards was sweet - I also
met a Mr. Turner - a very nice
gentleman, who is staying with
Mrs. E. Cuth + children came
in after dinner. We had some
delightful music, Miss E. sang

beautifully - I have been huge¹³
nig so for good music - all this
year in England + now I am
going to have my pie.

Wrote to Mrs. Macu. asking the
two of them up to tea on Thurs. 12.14.
Came back in a small boat
from Hissar. The row was lovely.
There was a brilliant moon
& the lights twinkled gayly on the
dark face of the waters. How
beautiful this part of the world
is to be sure!!

August 17. Wednesday. Went
off early, to town with Aunt W.
The general cry is that I have no
stylish clothes, so I am having
some made. I have heard
my trunk is to be here in about
a week. We bought heaps of
things in town. a whole
white linen dress that I am
having made by a stylish
dressmaker, a new silk
coat, a new ready made
blouse, new slippers & new

14. brown silk blouse to go with my brown skirt. I find that things in town have improved immensely. Everything is looking gay & more civilized. I think Turkey is really getting on.

In the p.m. went out to the tennis court - It is very nice indeed tho' the surroundings are by no means beautiful. I met a very nice American doctor, Mr. Morris, a friend of Glad's. Saw heaps of my relations again - all the Binnis crowd. They drew for the tournament while we were on the court - The great joke of the season is the Uncle Walter & I have again been chosen partners. I hope it is not a bad omen. Uncle W. can't stop laughing about it. Uncle Bob came to dinner. Had a nice quiet evening afterwards.

August 18 Thursday. Aunt W. went off in the morning to Therapie so I was left alone. & had some

spare time to write. Got off two letters to Pip & Taj. It was almost the first spare time I have had since I returned. At lunch time she came back, very tired & hot.

After a lie-down in the early p.m. I went to the Scala to meet the Macnaughtons on the 7.40 boat. They were both there looking very well & tourist-like. I bro't them up to the house - & we had tea together. Cousin Grizel came in a little later & we had a very good time together - Aunt W. seemed to like them very much. At 5 I took Mr. M. & Duncan out for a calique ride to Genk Sou. It was quite windy & the two of them were somewhat nervous at first but then soon got over that. I enjoyed the row immensely myself tho' it was something of a squash getting in and out.

16. I took them back to Caudilli
scale where I saw them safely
out to their boat for town. Then
I went back to Bebek in the
caique after waving them a fond
farewell! They are nice people
& I think I have made two very
good friends. I hope Duncan
writes to me - he has half pro-
mised as it is. The row home
was delightful. I have lost all
my nervousness in a small
boat. The Atlantic & the Bay of
Biscay cure one of such tri-
vialities!

I went up to Aunt L's for dinner
& there was a committee meeting
for the Bebek school afterwards.
The whole evening was rather
poker. Aunt Edith came down -
I'm afraid I don't understand
her - I never was very much in
love with her. The meeting I
was called into just for reference.
More arguments & disagree-
ments this year in various meet-

ings. I do so want to make
things successful - If only people
will keep sensible & not get
huffy when their own brilliant
offspring do not get just what
they want. I hope I am really
fitted for the work. Came home
about 11.

August 19 Friday. Free morning
more or less. The children came
over in p.m. Did post cards
a good deal. In the evening
came off the much worked over
concert at Therapia. A crowd
of us went in the motor boat
& more came down ⁱⁿ it. I can't
say I enjoyed the concert too
much. Miss E.'s singing
was beautiful but Mr. Heyja's
piano was very bad & so
his playing did not show off to
advantage. Mrs. Larson-Weyja's
reciting was fearful - she
used to do much better but I can
truthfully say, I did not enjoy
a single one of her pieces.

18. Poor thing, I wonder what is
the matter with her. I must go &
see her one of these days.

I saw Chrysanthy, Despina &
Phroso - the whole Elia tribe
in fact. Chryso is very common
I was appalled by her - she used
to be much more of a lady. But
tho' her exterior is so repellent
she has a wonderful mind & her
soul is by no means common -
so I love her still. & enjoy her
witty conversation & original
ideas. Dr. P. had a few words
with me but her conversational
powers with alumnae are always
somewhat limited! I hope to see
something of her this year at
college. The night on the
water was wonderful - a
full moon, still water and
the twinkling lights reflected in
the Bosphorus. Surely I had
forgotten how unspeakably
beautiful it all is. Hissar
towers as the rise up in the

moonlight above the shadows of
the expressed cemetery - look
so eerie & awful - I love them
now more than I ever did & my
eyes are more open to their
beauties. Coming back here
reminds me much of J. - last
summer. It was really he
who showed me how to see
beauty in the Bosphorus - Before
I was more or less blind to it
all. Will I ever hear from him
again?

August 20. Saturday. Aunt W.
& I were off to town early in
the a.m. We had a most com-
fortable day shopping & got the
4:30 home. My linen dress &
new silk coat are looking
most stylish & my new brown
trike is a great success.

In the evening Aunt W. & Uncle
M. went to dinner & a dance at
Therapia. I was invited to Rowell's
to dinner & had a very nice
cozy time there - afterwards

20. Uncle R. & I went down to the gardens. We were the first arrivals tho' others said they would come. Our first intention was to go to the Turkish Theatre as it seemed extremely attractive in the way of picturesque views: but the rest of the crowd demurred.

So Uncle W. & E. Mr. Weston Aunt L.

& I went out for a moonlight row as far as Eminlikian back.

It was an exquisite night & again the Nissar towers looked most glorious. We had a very quiet time - I rowed a little

so did Uncle R. We stopped for dondurma at the quay near the devil's current. It was very good.

We got home about 11:30 & I went right to bed by my lonesome. Got a nice letter from Patrice. Also photo of our folks.

August 21 Sunday. It was a piping hot day - We did not rise till late & were glad there was no need of exertion. The morning was spent in reading &

writing p.c.s. the afternoon little! It was extremely quiet but I enjoyed the rest. After tea we decided to go up to Nissar to Mrs. E's for supper. I was not at all keen - I never am for that house but I had to go. We walked to Nissar. The places we pass all remind me so much of last summer & the gay times we had then. I can't help but feel things are very stale this summer in comparison - If only Talbot were here! how different it would be. And I get no word. It is disappointing. We had a much nicer time at the Edwards than I tho't we would. Mr. Turner who is staying with them is great fun - full of humour & gay spirits. I enjoyed him - the rest of the company was it has but I felt out of it.

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22. The great excitement of the day was our tournament tie which came off at 5:30. Uncle W. & I played Miss Sellar & Mr. Weston. Our handicap was tremendous but after a hard fight we managed to win. The first set was 6-3 in our favor the second 8-6 in theirs - the third 6-3 in ours. There was considerable excitement on the court about it. Uncle W. was playing famously - I was extremely poor but we pulled thro' in the end which was fortunate. I do hope we win in the end. It will be such fun if we get justice after the row last year.

August 23 Tuesday. Went to town in the early boat 12:30 for a last try on. All our swell clothes are getting on famously & we shall be very swell indeed in a day or so. Got back in good time. I was feeling very

23 tired. We went to the tennis court & watched a tie between Ada & Hylton & Marjorie & Heck. I wanted the latter to win but it grew dark before the end. They played two sets & a half. 6-3 in favour of Heck 9-7 in favor of Hylton. 5-3 in favor of Hylton. They will have to finish their game tomorrow to start where they left off.

In the evening got a letter from Glas - such a dear, witty letter. also a p.c. written from Siraia where they have finally decided to go. They are having a good time, as far as I can make out but she says nothing about mother's health.

In the evening we went to a dance on the Risk given by Mr. & Mrs. Angus Swan. Cecil & his wife & Uncle R. were with us for dinner - after which we repaired to the Risk. I was not in a mood for a dance & in afraid I didn't enjoy it much. The

24. place looked most beautiful with dozens of small fairy lamps about. I felt lonely & out of it - tho' I got considerable dancing.

I suppose I must make up my mind to always being plain & uninteresting. The American dragonmen whom I had hoped to meet did not come near. There were other reasons to make me feel blue. If I had only been there we would have had such a gorgeous "sit-out" together. Aunt W. even said it was a very "poker" dance. I could at help comparing it with the rare times we had last summer at the Babers & in the gym. However this is no time to assume only a week after I get back. I really am happy tho' I sometimes wish things were a little different. I miss Glad's mother & hope that they will be able to come back soon. This is very

selfish of me - but it's only a mood I trust.

25.
August 24, Wednesday. Kenneth & Evelyn came over in the a.m. & stayed all day practically. It was nice having them with us. They are dears - I am getting to look upon them with more interest than formerly & I know they would hate me with curiosity not mingled with awe. I am going to enjoy my school this yr.

The day was hurried & uncomfortable for Aunt W & Uncle W. were invited by Mildred for the night & I was asked to go to Mrs. E's. We were none of us keen - I least of all but there was nothing for it but to go. We went to the tennis court first to see the end of yesterday's match - much to my joy Mr. Heck & Marjorie won. I am glad in a way that Ada has been knocked out for otherwise there would surely have been bad feeling when we met.

20. Aunt W + I drove to Hissar in
the tek + got there in time for
dinner. We went in to see Beryl.
before Hans - such a sweet child
but what an affected mother she
has - I simply can't stand but-
died - she still has that fearful
lackadaisical languish air
that drives me wild. The dinner
was nice but quiet - Miss Vivian
is a dear - + so nice to me. After
dinner we went to children's
+ I had a few games of bridge
- rather slow. Retires early -
The room I slept in has two
big windows - one looking
right over the Boophorn. It
was a glorious night + the
moonlight streamed into my
room. I sat by the window
for some time dreaming -
I could see first of all, the
dark tops of the trees in the gar-
den below me, then the still
water in the distance - the
further shore with its twinkling

lights + the hills in the back-
ground gradually disappearing.
It was beautiful - beautiful.
How I long to be able to put it
in words or paint it on can-
vass - but I have to be content
with just seeing it + loving
it for itself.

August 25 Thursday. Got up
at 8:30 + had breakfast with
Miss Vivian + Mr. Turner. Caught
a boat to Bebek almost immedi-
ately after. Aunt W. + Miss W.
stay up another day + night in
Hissar, so I had before me a long
free day. Mrs. Cecil came down
to Bebek for addresses. She
stayed some time + did 100 +
40 p.c.s. then went on home.

I had a working fit on +
wrote during the day 1000 p.c.s.
which is quite good work. I
had lunch, tea + dinner in
solitary state. Has much
time to dream + felt just a
wee bit mournful - went

28 down to the court & saw
an exciting tie - Mr. Heizer &
Hilda vs. Aunt L & Mr. Chesbrough
The former won after a hard
won fight. We have to play
them on Saturday. Felt kind
of solitary on the court some-
how. I am such an uninter-
esting specimen. I suppose
people are not keen to have
a chat with me - then I'm
so plain, but I am gradually
getting resigned to that! My
diary is as dry as dust these
days - wonder why.

wrote to Burnie, Miss W.
& Aunt C.

August 26 Friday. Aunt W. &
Uncle M. were here in the morn-
ing when I woke up. Uncle M.
had a holiday which was very
satisfactory. Got some 500 p.c.
done only. Not much doing.
Tennis court in the evening as
usual. Aunt W. & Mr. Sella were
beaten by Harold Shorch. He

had Mr. Turner to tea. He was 19.
Great fun - so full of wit. After dinner
had bridge - Uncle R. came in as
well.

Aug. 27 Saturday. Much scurry
& work all morning arranging
for Aunt W's masquet in the even-
ing. I wrote p.c.s. mostly in the
morning, while the children
helped hang lanterns etc.

In the afternoon we had a most
exciting tie - Uncle W. & I had to
play Mr. Heizer & Hilda. I never
thought we would win as the handi-
cap was much against us but
after fighting very hard we
managed to get it. 6-1 - 0-6
5-7. I was so glad we won.

Aunt W's musical evening
was a great success. Miss E
sang beautifully. I helped
to serve tea, did the pulling
of the strings behind the scenes.
There was a big crowd present
but none whom I was very
specially keen on. I met Mrs.

28 Dec 30. Kendall. The lady whom
an ex they say looks like me -
Hilda thinks she is much handsomer
The f + she certainly holds herself
won beautifully. The garden
them was very pretty, hung with
of so lanterns in amongst the
how trees. I met an interesting
entire Canadian prof - who has
peop traveled all over & knows
a ch heap about geology. he
so p is the genuine kind - beard
gettin spectacles, eccentric manner
dian & cotton umbrella! Mr. Ter-
days - greson who was in the

we crowd at the time continually
+ am made game of him under
Aug the impression that he was
much being extremely funny. It
ing made me rather cross.

had August 28 Sunday. Aunt
satin W's birthday. I am getting
done her "From a College Window"
I am hope she will like it as
was much as I do. Uncle W.
best gave her the painting of Edin-

burgh Castle that he bought -
the other day. It is a splendid
thing - the artist seems to
have caught the dull Scotch
mist effect - a regiment of
highlanders on the esplanade
give it a dash of color that
saves the whole from being
too sombre.

We spent a very quiet -
day - reading & writing.
After tea we three went for
a motor boat ride to Luffey.
It is the first time I have
been there since J. & I went
for that famous row there,
together. How it was all
bro't back to me - I could
think of nothing else.
Each topic of conversation
we discussed came vividly
back to me as we passed
the familiar places - why
can't I go out for rides
like that this summer
with him. I must say I am

32. missing him dreadfully. If only he would write - that would make up a little.
August 29 Tuesday. Busy all day with p. co. Went bathing in the Bosphorus for the first time I took Kenneth Evelyn under my wing - I find they are so much more interesting & companionable than they were a year ago. I know I shall enjoy them in school this year.

Kenneth, Evelyn & I went down to meet the Coustanza together as the three jolly travellers were returning to day. We went down on the 7:20 but it was very late & we didn't get to Uncle Robert's office till four. Then we went to tea to James's & after that boarded the other Con. boat by the side of the quay & awaited the arrival of the boat. It was nearly 6 when it was sighted off Ortakoy - the

children had grown dreadfully 33.
impatient; poor dears. We saw the three waving - for some long time before they cast anchor. It was good to see them again - Mother was looking much better. We drove home, which was rather a bore - & got there in time for supper - Mother had a headache of course - they had all been sea sick during the morning as there was a nasty swell on. After dinner Gladys came in & we had a nice family party. They have had a beautiful holiday in the mountains & all are much better for it. Only Aunt M. seems to have got very bad rheumatism in her arm - which gives her a good deal of pain. We hope however that the doctor will give her something to ease her. There were presents all round from the travellers - quite unexpected - sailing wax &

34. filling from Gladys, a new
Blouse & pair of gloves from
Mother. - such is the extra-
gance of these mortals.

Sept. 5. Monday. I have fallen
much behindhand with my diary
& have missed out a whole week
- a piece of negligence of which
I have not been culpable since
last Feb. That is the worst of
lazing at Sunnyside. Nothing
gets done - tho' there is time to
burn. The week has not been
extremely important. I have
been to Sautari - but got the
Blues there - so I felt a burden
to Mother & in the way. I can't
help her in her work & I only
seem to worry her - so I have
determined not to go there again
till college begins. Dr. P. was
there & has fired my ambition
again by suggesting all kinds
of further study for me. She is
an inspiration - if only I could
have half her influence.

35.
Played some good games of
tennis in the a. m. No letters in the
evening - In consequence was
rather melancholy. After the
others had retired, I sat & dreamed
on the Terrace - of things in gen-
eral but mostly of J. I do long
for a letter - I think it will
come eventually - it always
has till now, but the wait is
so long.

Am reading The Poet at the
Breakfast Table & enjoying
every word. I am a great ad-
mirer of Holmes - such a sane
minded, whole hearted, optimistic
writer - his nature is so
broad & sympathetic - it
makes one glow with responsive
sympathy. The style of the Poet
- a wandering kind of essay,
is just after my own heart.
How I wish I could write like
that! What would I give
to be an author? But the spark
of genius is not there alas!

36. Sept 6. Tuesday. After address-
ing a few vcs I went over to
Aunt M's & we had a long talk
on school matters. Enjoyed it
very much - I think I am going to
like my school immensely - It
will be a real pleasure to have
all those wee kiddies learning
wisdom from me. who really
am so ignorant & inexperienced.

After lunch I read the Post &
then like a lazy dog that I am,
indulged in an hour's sleep -
Mildred Burns came for tea rather
to my dismay. She boxes me fight-
fully! - It's my fault, I don't
see good in people enough - I
am far too critical.

The finals of the lawn tennis
tournament came off to-day. Uncle W.
& I played Mrs. Sellen & Uncle R.
It was a dreadfully hard long
game for we had to give them an
enormous handicap. - 40 one
came & 30 - 30 the other. The
first set they won 7-9 The

second we got 6-3 - the third ^{tho' 37.}
we tried very hard they won 8-10
We enjoyed the games - Uncle R.
is such a dear to play against. Of
course I was disappointed - I
always want to win but I tried
not to be very cross - People were
nice & sympathetic & cheered up
our play.

My trunk arrives
to my great joy. The family is
also happy to have it here. Glad
came to dinner & helped me unpack.
We had some fun - Mr. Heck
called in the evening - such a
nice man - I am getting
fearfully fond of Americans.

I think it is because I have
a special American friend whom
I care alot about - No letters!!

Sept 7. Wednesday. I started out
valiantly from the early morning
to unpack my trunk & get my room
tidy. I worked on end all morning
sewing, dusting, polishing silver
& generally being very industrious
& domestic. By 12:15 my room

38. was a work of art! Everything
in its place - pictures on the walls
dressing-table immaculate. The
whole would have rejoiced the
fastidious heart of a model house-
keeper. I could not sleep in the
b.m. for thinking. I felt worried
& restless for no reason at all.

At 4 Aunt W. Mrs. Q. & Evelyn
Greta & I started off for the tennis
in Hissar. We enjoyed it quite
much but I cannot say it was
exciting. I had 2 sets really
they were very nice - but I don't
seem to be in "keef" for Hissar
festivities this summer at all.

I was feeling extremely blue -
coming home just before dinner
I went onto the terrace, I had
many hard tho'ts about myself.
I longed so for word from J.
I felt as if I could wait no
longer. Just then Uncle kid
came in & said there was a letter
for me. I did not raise my hope
It was from Mother - I opened it

- a scrap from her - but he enclosed 39.
- I could not believe my eyes -
a postal from Talbot! He has not
quite forgotten my existence after all.
He sailed with the rest of them on
Sept 11 - & promises me word from
New York. I could have choked for
joy to see his hand writing again
How fearfully sentimental I
have become to be sure - it is
truly shocking - but I just can't
help it. I am very far gone I fear!
It has bucked me up immensely
& now I shall count the days
till I get his letter - telling me
about the good times he has
had this summer. It will be a
long time but I am learning
patience.

Sept 8. Thursday. I spent the
p.m. with Aunt kid. arranging
preparans for the school.
Then I went up with her to
the school. Things looked some-
what foreboding & dusty but I
see possibilities in it. I am

40. dreading the first few days -
Mr. Allen Smith came to dinner -
he is a very nice man & so
handsome. Played Bridge
afterwards.

Sept 9. Friday. A picnic to Kilibis
which was quite enjoyable.

Sept 18. Sunday. It is more than
a week since I wrote in my
diary. It has been gathering
dust on the shelf below my
table & I have been blaming
myself for neglecting it, but
have not till now, felt in any
sort of writing mood. These
last ten days have been very
full I wish I had kept a
record as the days went by
one by one. I find it so difficult
here. & I must be in a mood
for it. My school has begun.
- the wonderful Bebel's Uni-
versity as Dr P. calls it & I
am formally & safely installed
as the village schoolma'am at
last. What shall I say about

it? My mind seems so full of
thoughts about it. Impressions have
been made so fast - I cannot do
justice to them all - My views on
nearly all questions concerning
it will, no doubt undergo many
radical changes - It is just as
well to attempt - at least to put
them down as they exist now.

In the first place I think I
am going to enjoy my work
immensely! The thing that strikes
me most is the spirit that per-
vades the school - it is one of
earnestness & interest. Another
rules beautifully - Miss Aline
is very easy to work with &
the classes are all so small
that a great deal can be
accomplished. I have some
most attractive pupils - &
many are bright & enthusiastic
I want to hug them all some-
times when I see their heads
bending over their papers &
the pens laboriously tracing

42 out the letters over the paper.

I found the teaching interesting but - it will take me some time to learn the capacities of the classes & really get into the swing of the thing. I only hope I am giving them the right thing. Geography worries me somewhat but I am determined to work it up hard.

I have plenty to do - my time is full to the brim. I like it & I know I shall feel freer when we have got settled into regular routine. Aunt Lu. has helped me tremendously. I am so happy to be working under her. Every night my time goes to preparing lessons. Planning is the most difficult part. But that will soon be over. It is so encouraging to have a set work to accomplish. Even tho' one's part in the work of the world is infinitesimal, still it is refreshing to

to feel that at least that part is one's very own & should it be taken away it would be missed by others. I hope I may be a success & please everyone. Theories of education are good in their place but insight, love, patience & a thousand other ordinary virtues must go up to make that wonderful & rarely found individual - a good teacher. I should like to be a student all my days. I think rather than a teacher. But that is like me - wanting to shirk responsibility & have an easy time of it. If I only realized it however - & I think I do - I am studying how a most interesting & absorbing subject all the time - & that is none other than the human being. And the human being in its first stages of development which after all are the time when

44. all future characteristics are being trained. I pray for wisdom + patience. I do feel so inexperienced + young - new at this sort of thing.

I have been to court this week and saw little of people - I had a very nice time however + got inspiration from Dr P's service + the glorious singing of the choir in their dignified gowns.

My days are so full I have no time to think about anything but school - hardly. I want to do some good reading this winter however, if possible.

Sept. 20. Tuesday. I have started another week of school routine + am getting more into the work. It is very interesting + I love the children dearly. I have many high ambitions for them. + long to do all sorts of wonderful things! I have very little time - my evenings are taken up

with preparation + corrections - 45.
I will have more time later when routine gets firmly established.

It has turned quite cold - the autumn is coming with a vengeance last night - for the first time we have closed the terrace doors - it gave one a feeling of cozy winter evenings - + the ruddy glow of the firelight.

Mrs. E. came for dinner the night - she is a kind soul but I was bored - Have had no letters for a long time.

Sept 26. Monday. I have given up in despair - I simply cannot write my diary regularly so am resigned to being contented with merely scraps now + again. This has been quite an eventful week. On Friday night there was a ripping dance given by Bebe's bachelors at the Riosk I enjoyed it quite much - Mr. Edelmann was quite attentive I am getting dreadfully blasé

46 about dances - I hate the idea of women decking themselves out to please men - it repels me - I hate to feel I am in their power - A woman must be beautiful or dress well - or she has the half of the chances of life + a good time - However everyone was very nice and polite on Friday + I really had a good time. Of course I missed D. I always do at dances + gatherings now.

Saturday was my birthday. I was 21 - + have now downed the toga of manhood - I feel prodigiously old at times - + again so uncomfortably crude + undeveloped. Everyone was dear to me - Aunt W + Uncle L. started a banking account of \$100 for me - Mother gave me a beautiful lamp - Dad's present has not arrived yet + Aunt M. gave me a lovely new bag. The day was most quiet. M.

47. Came in the p. m. + stayed over night. There was a family dinner party in the evening. It was hateful - there is no other word for it. Aunt Edith with her childish petulance still keeps up a grudge against Aunt M. for some school quarrel last year. Uncle Ed lost his temper - there were uncomfortable discussions - + altogether I longed for it all to be over. Aunt W. was very upset + I felt unhappy. It was a great pity, as she had tried so hard to make everything pretty + attractive.

I was set thinking by my birthday coming round again. I long to make my coming years useful + happy to those around me - I want to do great things + yet I am filled with many strange disturbing
the 25.
I have just finished reading

48 *Cum Veronica* by H. G. Wells
a strange book but very power-
ful. Parts are repulsive but
there is so much that was
wonderfully strong & convincing
On the whole I considered it
fine - some of it - seemed rather
impossible - Aunt W. in can't
bear it. I shall have to think
about it further.

Sept 28 Wednesday. A hard day
at school. In the p.m. I was
in full charge with only
Mr L. there to take a little off
my hands. I found it a strain
but not too difficult.

I wrote a letter to Burnie.
Mr. Baker came for the
evening & told us many
interesting tales of his Macedo-
nia trip. In the course of his
conversation at table he said
that Warden had seen the
Hamlin boys in Switzerland &
had gone tramps with them!
How I wished I might have

49
been there too.

Aunt W. was away in Sautari
so I had much time to think - all
by myself - As I sat on the terrace
after tea, in the late p.m. - there
was a most gorgeous sunset
- a light yellowish pink
glowed all over the western sky
- the soft mellow colour one
sees on the inside of a bread
melon. Clouds overcast the
rest of the heavens - before I knew
it, it had begun to rain. Great
clumsy splashes fell on the
chestnut leaves with a delight-
ful autumn sound - it was
refreshing to hear it and to
smell the moist earth after-
wards.

Mother's lamp is a gem & I
use it every night. I long for the
time when my desk will arrive
- a long time yet I fear - for I
believe Uncle M. is going to have
it made.

50. Sept 30 Friday. My day at school was tolerably easy compared with some others - I am trying to train the little ones to raise their hands when they want to ask a question instead of calling out in the aggravating way they have been used to. It is slow work + I get impatient at times. On the whole I think I manage to keep my temper tho' at times I find it slipping - slipping -

I am still much in love with my work tho' it is strenuous at times. I only hope I am doing it successfully - There are so many things to think of - such a variety of subjects I feel I don't do justice to all of them. I must give them more tho' 'b.

We went to tea to Horah's - Aunt W. Aunt U + I. I enjoyed it quite much. Horah is a dear tho' uninteresting + phlegmatic - She has such a pretty home! - it made me feel, as

51. I remarked to Aunt Win - that I want to get married immediately!! Everything looks delightfully new yet - She is a charming young bride - + keeps her home beautiful. After having tea there I went on to Aunt W's as we could not go for a walk because of the threatening clouds - + the fact that we had no umbrellas -

Choir practice in the evening which was somewhat dull - but tolerable - The blessedness of Friday night! with a whole free day tomorrow. I am planning all sorts of domestic + other achievements in my spare time - I shall be glad if one or two of them are carried out.

The days are getting pitifully short - The sun's strength is fading - Autumn is upon us - Tho' as Bryant says "The melancholy days have come - the saddest of the year;" yet I love them and look forward

52. Autumn & winter with
been delight. No doubt I shall
be tired enough of the rain,
the cold winds & the bare boughs
before Spring comes round
again.

I am reading Black House
again. I never really read it
thru - I don't know now
what it was that stopped me.
Dickens is refreshing as ever.
My year in Surlaw has helped
me tremendously to appreciate
the minute details in his des-
criptions of English life, like
I never did before. I hope I
shall be able to go on steadily
with it. It is long & needs con-
tinual perusal. I wonder if
I shall have time for it, in
between my school hours.

I wish I could see Mother
Glad this week end but I fear
it is impossible - I must be
patient - for monthly holiday
which takes place in two weeks.

53
Oct 1. Saturday. I succeeded in
doing a good days work -
altho' it was a holiday. All
morning I was domestic - sewing
dusting, tidying in my room
as tho' my life depended upon it.
My bureau drawers are now
wonderful to look upon. My
clothes are all in order. My
beloved books are in tidy rows.
Greta & Evelyn were here all
day - as Aunt M. has a bad
cold & needed a rest.

In the p.m. went to school to
prepare lessons. I got thru
quite a lot of work there &
came back about a quarter
to 3. Lay down for forty
min. which was a rest but
made me feel very cross
when I had to get up. Went to
the tennis court for a bit.

Bridge in the evening.
Retired to my room - at 10:30.
As it was Sat. night I felt
I might indulge, so sat up.

54. Glad in my dressing gown -
in an easy chair till mid-
night reading 'Sleak House'. I
was most interested & the joy
of being able to read as late as I
liked was a most agreeable
liberty. School days I dare not
sit up too late for fear of being
dragged out next morning.

But Sat. night is different.

Oct 2. ~~Sunday~~ - ~~Saturday~~. A strenuous
day all told - but a very happy
one. - some of many tho'ts. In
the morning rose late & read
till church time - we were
misinformed by Uncle Bob as to
church, so Aunt Win & I trailed
up the hill only to find there was
no morning service. We used
our opportunity however of
visiting Aunt Fanny - her
flat is so comfortable & attract-
ive. I wish Mother Glad & I
could have just such a nice
shove together.

After I came home I wrote

letters to Minnie, Pat, a p.c. to 53.
Taff & a note to Glad thanking her
for a lovely evening cloak which
she gave me for my birthday &
which I rec'd last night. She
is a dear to spend so much of
her precious money on me. After
dinner Aunt M. called over
to say Mother had come up
from Sautau - I was only too
happy to go over & see her - It
was such a delightful surprise
what would I do without her -
It did me good to have a sight
of her again. I stayed for tea
at Aunt M's & then went to the
scale & saw Mother out her
boat. We talked about
Fergus 7. & saw him along
the quay at the identical mom-
ent.

Fergus is in love with Glad
- has been for several years
& we are all so afraid she
will fall in love with him.
He is a good man, but quite

56. soft, & laughed at by most people for his pompous warmth & strained compliments. Glad is ready to marry him - think of it! but he says she is by no means in love with him. I cannot understand her feelings; she is so different - Poor dear I feel very sorry for her - & I believe she will marry him eventually if no other man comes her way in the next year or two. It seems so strange & weird to imagine Glad married or engaged even - It sets one thinking. She is frightfully young, only nineteen & has seen nothing of the world. She is worth a hundred Ferragons. It makes me feel rather sick to think of her wanting to marry him - but just at present she says she holds back her word because Mr. does not approve. It is all very perplexing - & makes me long to be able to

57
long exhausting talk with T -
How much good it would do me!
School tomorrow & work again. I trust things will be going quite smoothly this week without a hitch. I am going to try my utmost.

We went to church in the evening. The Rev. Ch. Thomsou preached - his sermons set me thinking, they always do - & made me realize how far below my ideal I come - It does one good to go to church tho' it hurts sometimes.

Oct. 6 Thursday. A most melancholy thing has happened to me. I have lost my beloved fountain pen! I left it up at the chawl on Wednesday morning & when I went at 3:30 to gather up my belongings I could find it nowhere. I looked high and low but could find no trace of it. I hoped I had left it at home by mistake so had a good look when I came back,

600 only to be disappointed. I am dreadfully put out about it. I have by no means given up hope of seeing it again some day soon. In the meanwhile I keep making inquiries at every turn.

The day was not very strenuous on the whole, for Aunt M. had a brilliant idea for the p.m. We all went up onto the top of the hill, for a blow and a run from 1:30 - 3:30. - It was perfectly beautiful on the hill. I feasted my eyes on the blue water, the clear sky and the verdant hills encircling us round. It was wonderful - wonderful. Where in all this wide world is there such another spot for pure beauty!

These last autumn days have been splendid. cool temperate breezes blow the wh-wets away, while the great round sun shines still upon

us - & if it were not for the falling leaves & chilliness of the evenings we should hardly know that autumn is really upon us.

The children enjoyed every minute of their out-of-doors. The bigger boys played cricket, the others, played ball with the girls & some adventurous few climbed the trees round about. I was most vigorous & ran races with the best of them till my hair was one great tangle all over my face! At last Aunt M. told the assembled crowd a fairy tale as they sat in a circle round her. It was the story of the "Tinder Box" most dramatically told. The audience gave a cheer. They were so delighted. We walked back in a crocodile to school-tidied desks and repaired home at 3:30.

62. Aunt Win was away in Scutari all day so I dined & had tea in very solitary fashion. At such times I take Bleak House by my side & have a most glorious read. It is proving very interesting & delightfully long - it goes on forever - I must say the romantic bits are very "soft" at times, tho' thy no means wish to disparage my beloved Dickens. He is "inimitable" & still a tremendous favorite of mine.

Aunt W. has given me her "style" pen to replace my other. It is very good of her - tho' the pen is somewhat "blotchy" & thick. She has just bo't a new one for herself. Aunt W. & Uncle W. went to Norfolk's for bridge after dinner. I was left alone to do what I like. I prepared Geog I on Egypt. I hope I have made an interesting lesson. (This writing

63. does look rather awful.)

Oct 15. Saturday. Nearly two weeks since I wrote in my diary - the neglect is mostly due to my loss of my fountain pen. I have bo't a new one - a terrible bit of extravagance on my part - so using it gives me a spurt to writing my diary again.

The last two weeks of school have been strenuous. This last week I felt very tired but I think I am comprehending things as a whole better - I do so trust - I am doing the best for them. I find the afternoon very trying at times. It certainly is a strain, tho' Aunt W. has been awfully good lately & often comes up.

Miss J. has been up for the week end. She has been such a joy to us. What a wonderful person she is, to be sure. How

64 I wish I might have half her charm + cleverness - I think I have never met anyone quite as admirable, in my life. I grow fonder of her everyday.

There was a very big thunderstorm in the night + tho' I had planned to go to town early in morning with Aunt W. but it was raining so hard that she called over to say she would not go. I staid at home all morning - first prepared lessons then had a long talk with Miss J. on many things. Amy (this is what we are going to call her now) did not want to stay at home all day only to watch the rain fall, so we three decided to go to town immediately after lunch - which we did.

It was very brave of us to venture out, for the rain had only abated for a short time,

Oct. 16. Tuesday. I woke up⁶⁷ early in the morning only to hear the rain pouring down in sheets. The view outside was disheartening - rivers of water ran down the steps - the air was quite cold + altogether we felt somewhat melancholy. But the delight of staying in bed late on Sunday, was in no way impaired + I lay till 9:30 thinking of many things. Breakfast on a dainty tray was bro't in by neat little Hannah + I felt dreadfully lazy + spoiled.

I did not go to church - instead Miss J. Lucile and I sat in the sitting room till Aunt W. who was the only virtuous member of the family returned from church. I wrote to Burnie, who by the way has been very neglectful of me lately - also a note to Ned.

We did so enjoy Miss J. She is a darling - I think her

68 face is perfectly beautiful
- how I long to be like her -
show far off I am yet -
She left about 3:45 - &
Mrs. Baker came in for a few
moments.

A little later Aunt Win & I
went for a brisk walk along
the Quay, which sent the blood
coursing thru our veins &
make us feel good for a day's
work. It was just what I
wanted. We had to walk back
with Uncle Lawrence, which was
rather a pity, as I do so love
Aunt Win by herself to talk
to. She is such a dear. I don't
believe any of my family really
appreciates her like I do. We
get on famously together.

I am reading "The Story of
My Heart" by Rich. Jeffries.
It is a wonderful book - I
am only at chap 3 so far. but
I think I am going to like it
all very much. Aunt W of

course says it is very senti- 69
mental. Perhaps it is - but
I like sentimental people. If
they are sensible too, they are
always nice. I wonder how I
would like this book. I should
be so interested to know. When
will I get a letter? Went to
bed early 9:30 - a hot bath
in bed was a great comfort but
so watery. School + work to-
morrow

Oct 17. Monday. The day at school
was most successful. I did not
feel tired & cross at the end of it -
as I sometimes do. Somehow each
week holds some new interest; I
find out some unknown character-
istic of the children each day.

Right after school I came home
& put on my best bib + tucker -
Aunt Win & I then proceeded up the
hill towards P. College because
we knew Mrs. Gates had a reception
on + we wanted to catch a glimpse
of mother + glad thing for me

20 had heard they were coming to it. The wind was blowing quite chill but we walked briskly. We were very happy - I love to go out alone with Aunt W. She is such a delightful companion. After waiting about some time we spied Mother & Glad & walked down with them, also with Amy is Miss Miller. It was good to get even that fleeting glance of the dear people. Cyril walked home with us - Mrs. Cecil who came to dinner caught us up along the way.

We had a most interesting dinner party - Cecil & his wife, and Dr. Rıza Dewfik M. P. for Adrianople and his wife came. He is a most interesting man. He & I quite hit it off together for he has been staying some time in Cambridge & has quite fallen in love with the place. I like to meet people who know anything about it. Dr.

Rıza told us all his impressions of England - he has quite a gift of eloquence. His language varied between Turkish, English & French - & everything he said had a point. We kept on talking till 11 o'clock. I hope to know more of him. He has most kindly promised to present me with some books from Central. He is really much too generous. His wife is a sweet weak little thing, that knows nothing but Turkish.

Oct 18. Tuesday. A very successful day altogether. Sch. went off well. I felt I gave some really very good lessons, ones that I should not mind performing again before Miss Wood or some formidable don. The day was quite raw - it has suddenly turned very cold & we are beginning to take out our winter apparel & to wonder ^{about} shivering. Aunt W. had such nice people

72 to tea. It was her day at home
& lots come. Mr. Ester, Watson,
Huntington, G. Baker. Mr. & Mrs.
Pau & Miss Anderson. I enjoyed
them very much indeed. What
a lovely house this is - with in-
teresting people always visiting
it. I am fortunate to be living
here. It feels just like home to
me. I almost feel as tho' I never
want to leave it at all. Unless
to go to a home of my own with
the right man -

Uncle has had to stay in town
the night, so we felt solemn at
dinner & afterwards. Aunt W
played & I just basked in the
glory of her music. It often
makes me feel sad - very often
but I love it - & her.

Oct 19 Wednesday. My darling
mother's birthday. How I wish
I could have seen her to give
her my very best wishes - May
every conceivable blessing be

23
poured upon her. She is the
noblest, finest, best in all the
world for me - I love her more
than I can ever say. She is 45 yrs
old to-day. very young yet -
I hate to think of the accumu-
lating years - I can't bear to think
of her getting old - but I suppose
it must come to us all sometime.

Aunt W in went to town. She
met M. & Amy & Glad in town. I
wish I might have seen them, too.
She came home with a bad head-
ache & looked white & drawn all
the evening.

Sch. passed off quite pleasantly
Mr. Lassen came in the p.m. & I
had a terrific. confab with him.
What a fine man he is - I ad-
mire him tremendously. I only
wish I had half his intellect.
I went to Aunt W's for tea & when
I came back here, & had just
started to work, Mrs. M. M. called.
I had a long talk with her &
many subjects. She seems very

74 lonely, poor dear & I feel very
sorry for her. She must be used
to a very gay time & here she is
shut off from such a lot. & there
are so few whom she has made
friends of. She is an interesting
woman & I enjoyed her visit
very much.

We were glad to see Uncle Lind
again. But he bro't me no letters
I am growing despairing! No
one has written for ages & ages -
Bernie seems entirely to have
forgotten me, so has Alf, & of
Pat, Carrie & as for J. it is
really dreadful. What am I to
do? How can I make them write
if they only knew how I hunger
yearn for letters - that - it's no
use - it has been the same
story for 2 weeks now.

Oct 20 Thursday. Work at school
is always very hard on Thursdays
& I never enjoy it. I did not have
one single hour free; every morn-
ent was occupied - nine periods

which is really a great deal - Eng I & 15
Eng III, Eng IV, Eng II, Geog III, Science II,
Conversation, Writing & Geo I.
By the end of the afternoon I was
feeling dead fagged. I came home
& had tea with both my aunts. -
a very cozy time. After tea I
washed my head - & went about
the rest of the evening with it down
my back in most puerile fashion.
Aunt W. was feeling tired all day
& lounged about. The evening
was very quiet.

I had a
sore throat - hope it won't be bad
for I am so looking forward to an
enjoyable week end in Scutari.

To-morrow is my last day at
school - a great relief. I am
always rather glad when the week
end comes in the near future.

Uncle Lind bro't me no letters
or any kind.

Oct 21. Friday. I am always glad
when the end of the week comes &
especially am I this time for I am
going to Scutari this week end.

76. I always feel very tired when Friday comes. If Sat. were not in prospect the next day, I should not be able to go on. However two days makes a most pleasant respite.

I came home + had tea alone as Aunt Win was in Scutari. I just heard in the p.m. that Miss Vogl's mother is dead - died yesterday morning. She was buried this afternoon. Aunt W. Amy M. + Miss Prine went to the funeral. Poor, poor Miss Vogl my heart aches for her. She has given up all her life for her mother + now this is the end of everything - she will be heart-broken. It seems too cruel - after all these years of patient waiting + a month or so ago they were so happy together.

I did some of my lessons after tea + read Herbert's most interesting articles they are - I do so enjoy them. I had to go

to the dentist's tomorrow which 77.
I do not anticipate with any joy. I wonder if he will hurt me very much - How I hate going, but I suppose it is the wisest course!
Two letters again. It seems hopeless.

Oct 22. Saturday. Early in the morning a whole troop of us went to town Aunt M. Greta, Evelyn, Kenneth + Bronsiek. We were bound for the dentist's + all trooped in, in a long row. I had my teeth examined - there is one cavity to be filled; we made an appointment for next Sat. at 10.

After the dentist visit we did a lot of chopping - Each of the children had 5 pias to spend. Rich debating + changing of blades, as there was, before each one was satisfied. Finally Greta got a chain + Evelyn a dissected picture - + Ken an album. At about 2:30 we

7.8 bundled Arousiak & the children
into a carriage & Aunt W. & I
went off to the Womanis Club meet-
ing. There we met Glad & Aunt Win
Miss Prime & heaps of other people.

It was a very nice afternoon.
There was a paper by Prof Watson
on "Shakespeare as a writer of
Comedy". He read to us from
The Taming of the Shrew, Twelfth
Night & Midsummer nights
dream by way of illustration.
It was splendidly done.

We started for Sautain Glad
Aunt Win, Miss Prime & I at
5.30 & got up there a little past
six - Joy of joys! what should I
find on my arrival there, but a
glorious long letter from Talbot
telling me all about his sum-
mer & his present doings. I was
so happy to get a letter at last.
It was a 16 pager & made up for
lost time. There is one thing
I must criticise in his letters -
he writes about places & things

but not about himself or everyday
common details that I want to
know - but no doubt he will
get different - he is just like Carrie
in that.

The P. U. initiation came off in
the evening. The room was most
artistically decorated - & the
whole evening very enjoyable.
Stefca looked sweet & made a
very pretty little speech.
Helen & Madam sang, Shuwig
played & I recited (very badly)
the "Lady of Shalott". Refreshments
were served in the library & every-
body was extremely gay & social.
I think it was a successful
evening tho' I must say that
the set of new girls looked rather
"frumpy".

Oct 23 Sunday. Had a lovely
morning with Mother, Amy & Glad.
While the others were in church
I stayed up in Mother's room.
As I was looking in her desk
I found a h.c. from Talbot

so that had come for me on Sep. 17
I had never been given me -
was so glad to get it - Last
night Uncle had bro't heaps of
letters for me all of a rush so
to speak one from Burnie, Jeff,
Chrysanthe & Mother - Burnie
seems a little melancholy in
her new life - it is her highland
friend - she hungers for his
love & he doesn't even write to
her. poor darling - what can
I hope for her - it seems so utter-
ly hopeless.

We left right after dinner,
drove down to Tentari & there
found the motor boat awaiting
us. There was a strong south
wind & we had quite a tossing
over to Botakery - there we
had rather a dreadful time, got
mixed up with two Chirket
Steamers but managed to
moor finally. Mr. Urquhart
& Mr. Smith were waiting for us
& came in - Aunt W & I

got out at Bebek while the others &
went on to Beicos to make ~~some~~
& such like uninteresting things.
We had tea at Aunt's - such
a cozy one upstairs - Right after-
wards we went home - The par-
writing letters I wouldn't stop
all evening - The fever was upon
me - I could no more control
my movements than fly. I should
have looked over lessons for
the morn - but I didn't. In-
stead I wrote, first to dear wee
Burnie - then a long epistle to
Falbot. saying only half (&
that badly) of the things I
wanted to say, to Carrie,
Miss Bryan & Co. to Pat & Luke.
- a very good day's work.
At 9 I retired & employed some
time before I went to bed, reading
I have got into rather a bad habit
of reading in bed - but what
a misery it is! I feel I must
indulge. My tho'ts were
very happy to day - most of them

82. were far away, across the seas.
Oct 24 Monday. The day passed
off very uneventfully at school.
In the p. m. it was so beautiful
outside that I wanted to go for
some kind of a walk. I persuad-
ed Aunt M. to come to the Scala
with me, to meet Glad whom
we expected to spend the night
with us. She did not appear
however.

I dined at Aunt
M's as the other two had gone
up to Mission for dinner. After-
wards we all went up to Mr.
Estes Studio in Washburn Hall
to hear his new victrola - a
wonderful machine - an
improved gramophone. As
I went up Washburn Hall steps
associations came crowding
into my memory. I had it been
there since the night of the
Badelors dance last August
when I went with Dalbot -
That was the first time I really
got to know him - the lights

83.
trinkled on the Bosphorus in
pink the same way. The night was
beautiful - cool & still. If he
had only been there too - how I
longed for the impossible.

We had a most enjoyable even-
ing. Quite a crowd of us from
Bebek were there - Mrs. Hus-
kansen, Aunt M., Uncle R., Olive,
Hans, H. Dwight, Marjorie,
Aunt W., Uncle M. & I. a gay
crowd. We heard all sort of
fine things - from Parsefal,
die Valkuris - Faust, Samson
& Delilah & many other things.
We came home about 11.

It was a glorious night - the
stars sparkled in the clear atmos-
phere overhead - the water
swirled darkly as we walked
along the quay. These evening
outing are always wondrous &
wonderful to me. The darkness
has a bewitching power & sets
me meditating & philosophiz-
ing!

84. Oct 27. Thursday. I have neglected my diary for several days. There are many reasons - I was not in the mood, for one & besides I was in the midst of a most exciting novel that has taken all my time & that's for the last 36 hrs. It is "Simon the Jester" by W. J. Locke. It is a splendid story - not only so, but there lies behind it so much that is human & noble - such subtlety of thought - such refined feeling. I enjoyed every bit of it. Of course it sounds improbable - but Simon is a dear. I do not think becomes up to Septimus in "adorableness" - quite but the Septimus is entirely improbable. & would no doubt have been rather exasperating in real life.

It has been a tempestuous autumn day. In the morning the rain came down to torrents. A stream of water a foot wide

85. rushed down Bebek's hill as we came home for lunch. Aunt Win was away in Sautai. I ate my lunch in solitary state - with "Simon the Jester" propped up in front of me - a most congenial companion! When I came home in the p. m. Aunt Win was there to meet me - having come home early - It was raining so hard all afternoon & evening that we did not budge from the house. Instead Aunt Win has a long practice while I finished my story in the fast guttering twilight & then lay day dreaming in front of the ruddy fire which had been lighted in the sitting room for the first time this winter. Uncle W. had to go out in the evening so we had a quiet evening. Retired at ten - Tomorrow Friday & Freedom. God be praised for the blessed weekends!

86. Oct 28. Friday. The day was rather strenuous at school. The weather was hardly favourable - pelting, damp, monotonous rain & the children could therefore not play outside. Aunt W. had a domestic day at home. She changed the sitting room around entirely; now it looks quite distinguished. After tea we went for a walk along the canal in the clear fresh air. It was delightful. We all expected Mother up but she did not appear to my disappointment.

Choir practice in the evening. Everything more or less humdrum & "village like" in its tranquillity. Uncle had bro't home a letter from Jim & a p.c. from Pat both most welcome to yours truly. Have written 3 letters to Burnie, Jeffy & Huba - most outrageous of me.

87. 97
Oct 29. Saturday. Not a very happy day, all taken into consideration tho' the reason lay wholly in myself - circumstances were not to blame. Aunt M. Welby & I started by the 8:41 to town bound for the dentist's. We went almost directly there. I had dreaded it - of course - ; but as is often the case, my anticipations were far worse than the reality. There was only one small filling or gold & my time with him is at an end. After the dentist's we did shopping, met Aunt Win & had lunch at the Double D. It was after lunch that things grew more strenuous. We went up & down in the tunnel 5 times each time it was more crowded than the last. Men were rude & sneering & I hated it. Finally to crown all, we drove down Bechtel's hill. The drive always worries me.

88 I am a fool to be nervous
but I can't help it! I despise
myself for being a coward &
yet there is that dreadful
feeling of danger that will
take possession of me. I was
a worry to the family - & gen-
erally made myself disagree-
able. Mother came up to Bebek
for the week end to my extreme
joy. I feel so mean to have
been cross on the way home.
The rain was drizzling down
in a most aggravating way -
our shoes & shirts were wet
& we were very tired when we
arrived home about 4:30.

I had tea at Aunt's &
stayed chatting till nearly
6:30. It was very nice there.
Mother is a darling - I love
her more than I can ever say.
I only wish I could see more of
her. She is always so busy.
After dinner we went round to
the L. Binns' for bridge. Being

91
one of the younger ones I was
boosted over to the uninterest-
ing table which consisted of
Hilda, Wally & Angus! It
was excruciating. The play &
the childish way in which
they carried on. After that
I went to a table where Aunt
was playing; I felt that was
hardly better. She is still
petty & sulky. She scarcely
recognises me for no conceiv-
able reason. Ever since I came
from England she seems to take
a keen pleasure in ignoring me.
I only wish I knew where in I
offend her sensitive being!
Well, after several rather
bad games, we ended the even-
ing with some short talk &
we were off at 12.

The week end has not been very
satisfactory. Ben is away all
Sat. throws everything back.
I seem to have no time to get
my breath.

90th Nov. 1. Tuesday. I have felt moody
the last few days so have neg-
lected my diary. Uncle W. & Aunt W
have gone out to a bridge party &
I am left alone tonight - so find
it a good time to write up my
long suffering journal.

The day has been windy & oppre-
ssive. A strong south wind has
been blowing incessantly - it
has been very exasperating &
extremely enervating. I have not
felt at all up to the mark & the
children at school seemed
very troublesome & difficult. Mrs
Heizer noticed their lassitude
& general carelessness, so I
have laid the blame on the wea-
ther, a very convenient victim
when things go differently
from what one likes. It was
Aunt W's day at home. We had
only 2 guests - both of them
extremely uninteresting, Miss
Anastasiades, & Miss Klovaidow.
They stayed quite a long time.

I felt as if I had nothing to say
to them & was altogether rather
bored. After they left however I
had a beautiful 1½ hrs. play on
the piano, which did my soul
good & seemed to relieve me
mightily - Since dinner I have
been left alone - It is a queer
some night - Windows & doors
seem to bang about in quite
an annoying manner. The
leaves of the trees rustle out-
side, the doors creak & the
lights in the passages flare
up at an especially boisterous
gust sends its blast thru an
open window.

To-day has been one of the
"down" days - one must have
one's ups & downs - It is the
kind of day when I feel like
saying with the wee boy -
"Nobody loves me - I'm going
into the garden to eat worms"
The 'goodness knows, I am
surrounded by love - I live in

92 a 9th results are. How true is the
old saying, that has been rather
less more to shreds, what ever you
be give the world, the world will
give back to you.

After school Ken, Basil & I
went sea-weed hunting. I am
going to give a lesson on sea-
weeds next week & was anxious
to get the various kinds found
on the shores of the Bosphorus. We
went armed with pail & knife
& got a goodly quantity. The boys
seemed to enjoy it immensely -
they are both such dears - I
know hopelessly little about
sea weeds - but hope to pick out
some few things before next week.
Aunt Win was away in Senta
all day. She returned late
we had a quiet evening at home
with Uncle Bob's utterings to
keep us awake! I prepared
to all my lessons for tomorrow -
a strenuous day with no
& free hour!

Nov. 3. Thursday - A dreadful 9th
day at school - The atmosphere
was heavy, the south wind blew
& aggravatingly and I had nine
lessons to give with no free hour.
I was tired, tired - tired at the
end of the school time - I went up
for a solitary tea, as Aunt Win
had gone to town - At 4:30
Muriel Howson came & I was
asked to take her lesson - in music
It was twenty mins long - That
was the tenth lesson I had given
since 8:30 in the morning -

After Muriel's lesson I packed a
bag & went over to Aunt Win's as
both my adopted parents were
staying in town with the G. Baker's
I was not at all keen on going
out after my strenuous day but
Uncle R. had arranged to go to
Horsah's. We forthwith went
much against my desire - But
Aunt Win practically made me
come. In the end I was glad we
went as I had some rare good

16. Games of bridge. About the middle of the evening we were startled by distant thunder. Suddenly a great storm arose the lightning flashed - one most dazzlingly - the thunder crashed in a weird & appalling manner. The rain came down in torrents - pouring, rushing, washing down - we could hear it dropping in small waterfalls from the roof. Aunt M., Uncle R. & I had all come over with us wrapped whatsoeuer. Getting home was a problem. We waited till 11:30 but the rain seemed as persistent as when it first began. Finally wrapped in borrowed cloaks, Uncle R. decking himself out in a bournous much to the amusement of the company, we braved the elements. Of course we got very wet. I could feel the

water under my soles as I 97
splashed along - petticoats
skirt & dress were quite damp -
It continued raining after we
had retired -

Nov. + Friday My dear wee
Bernie's birthday! May every
blessing attend her path - how
I pray she may be happy &
content. She has such hard
work, poor dear - & then there
is always that heavy disappoint-
ment, weighing on her mind al-
ways, ready to spoil her happi-
est days.

I woke up at 6:30 & from
my window had a splendid view
of a most wonderful sunrise.
Silvery grey clouds lay on
a light blue sky & from behind
them peered & peeped the glorious
dazzling yellow light of the sun.
What a sight - to gladden the
day with! It was enough to set
one up for a week. The morn-
ing was back after the storm.

98. A refreshing north wind was blowing, the sky was clear & blue; all the world seemed to have been washed to smiling purity.

School was better than yesterday. Aunt M. was there the whole afternoon, which was a comfort to me, tho' I think I can manage things better in the two rooms when I am quite alone. After school Aunt M. & I went on the water, just for a short "yess" to rest our nerves & minds - It was lovely on the water we enjoyed the sea air & cool breezes so much.

Aunt M. & Uncle M. returned. We are once more a happy united family. It is good to have them back again. They were both in good moods after their short jaunt. The boy of Friday night a whole free day tomorrow. Think of the bliss of it!

Nov. 9. Wednesday. A long time⁹⁹ since I wrote here. I have been busy - a little down in the dumps too - reasons for my neglect. Now Uncle M. & Aunt W. have left for Bessa till Monday so I have taken up my abode with Aunt M. My beautiful new desk has arrived & I am in love with it. My room looks very nice indeed - it seems the irony of fate that keeps me away from it.

My day was very trying because I got up tired this morning & the whole day was a strain. They have all gone to town to the theatre so I am quite alone with the children. They wanted me to go but I could not. Tomorrow is my hardest day - & I am not feeling up to the mark in any case.

Mrs E. is giving a dance next Friday night which makes me glad tho' how I wish I were

100 here too - then I would really enjoy it, now it's only a chance - Thursday - my hard day at school - however I was not overtired with it, & managed to be quite cheerful at tea. I am enjoying my stay at Aunt M's so much - it is a dear family - how happy I am to be here. Living with Aunt M is a continual blessing - it makes you want to be good in spite of yourself!

I have just finished reading a ghostly tale called 'At the Villa Rose' by G. S. W. Mason. It is the story of a murder & the interest lies in the cleverness of the detective who discovers the culprits. It is certainly clever & I enjoyed reading it more so, no doubt than if I had been a great reader of Sherlock Holmes. The story is improbable - the

characters were puppets but the plot is very ingeniously worked out tho' some of the details are rather horrible. Of course there are threadbare escapes etc.

I rec'd a letter from Ros to-day written from New York - she a nice letter - she seems to have grown into a woman in 6 months - I had not heard for ages & tho' she had completely forgotten me. She is a dear to write. I have many letters to answer now. I miss Aunt W. & Uncle M. tho' I love my two others - Aunt M. & Uncle R. but the other two are really my dearest adopted -!

Tomorrow school & then a merry dance - what joy! I wonder if my wee sister will be there too - I fear the presence of that irrepresable Ferguson - well we'll see. Aunt M. is to chaperon me which is a comfort for she's a dear chaperon.

Nov. 11. Friday. I was glad when school was over & I was able to have a rest. Then the thought of the dance was a consolation.

At four o'clock on my way from Aunt Win's where I had called for my dress, much to my joy I met Glad. She had come up to Aunt Win's for the dance. She looked so pretty - I could have hugged her where she stood. We had lots of fun dressing. She wore a pretty new black chiffon dress (one Miss Y. gave her) over white silk. She looked lovely. I wore my usual white net & looked a fearful barrel. I always do. —

I was in excellent spirits for the dance, but they gradually cooled down. It was a very poker affair. The rooms were overheated & the 'interestingness' of the

crowd shone by its absence. I suppose the Janet lay in me really, but I must say the pauses between the dances were very long. The tapewas poor. I felt unhappy & bored for two whole dances. Not a soul asked me to dance. How I envied all the pretty, slender attractive girls, who got partners immediately - I must resign myself to my fate. This I find it dreadfully hard. A girl has no chance if she is not pretty - No wonder the men did not want to dance with a great, fat, plain, lunk like me. Then I was bored in talking. I find it such an effort to talk to people - & I say the most meaningless things - I feel dreadfully sorry for my partners always. The supper was good - excellent. Cecil took me in. I was quite attentive, for him! There was

04 really not a single person there whom I could talk to with any pleasure - How I longed for J.

Then too I was worried about Glad. She + Fergus disappeared for fully half an hour in the garden (the night was quite mild) and they were away so long, I am sure people remarked upon it. I suppose he referred to the same old subject he always does - she seemed excited when she came in - but she can't be engaged. Aunt M. played bridge all evening, & had a very good time. We left at about 1:15 A.M. & went to bed at 2. dead jugged.

Nov. 12. Saturday. Glad + I came over to S. Lantieri

Nov. 17. Thursday. There is no hope of my being regular in writing my diary so I have given up trying. This

105
has been a very good week at school notwithstanding the fact that I had practically no time at the beginning of the week to prepare my lessons but have had to do them day by day. I feel I am getting nearer to the children's selves - It is wonderful how experience in teaching helps to overcome difficulties & gives one assurance. To-day my classes all went well -

I fear I get impatient too often & do not really give my whole heart to the work. But I do try nearly always.

I had such a nice chat with Aunt Winnie at the lunch hour. She is such a darling - I love her more every day. She was invited with Uncle kid to dinner at Y. K. Athans with her.

Hopper - so I came back from school to an empty

106 house so to speak. I had tea all by my lonesome - & afterwards went down-stairs & had more than an hour's practice which was most refreshing. Aunt W. & I are studying a Bach concerto for 2 pianos & I find it fascinating. I am really very interested in music & am getting a lot this winter. Aunt Winnie has her musical tomorrow afternoon - I am looking forward to it much.

After my practice I sat down to letter writing & did wonders in that line! I wrote to Mother, Miss Dodd, Ros, Miss Kennedy & Mademoiselle. In between came dinner - another solitary meal with much time for meditation. I do not mind being left alone occasionally. es-

107
pecially after a busy day at school - It makes one have some time to think about one's sins. It is a fearful temptation to dreaming idle dreams - which I must guard against.

After dinner I sent Aunt-Elizabeth & went so far as to read all D's letters over - He certainly does write well - & even tho' I am prejudiced, I must confess I think he has talent in writing his tho'ts. I wish he were here so that I might get to really know him better. I have not yet begun to long for letters, tho' it is nearly four weeks since I wrote. New York is such a desperately long way off. (Only God knows whether I am a foolish, deluded creature to dream the way I do!

It is a bad night. The

¹⁰⁸ rain is pouring down &
I think of those poor dears
driving home thru the wet
slippy streets. I'm glad I am
not in their place.

I have to go to the Babers this
week end - I hate to con-
template the tho't. I hope it
won't be as bad as I imagine
Why am I such an unassociable
being? I'm sure the fault
lies with me.

Have finished "Bleak
House" - What can I say
about it? Has that deplor-
able state arrived when
I weary in reading my
well beloved Dickens.

The Yates forbid! But
Bleak House in parts
was decidedly wearisome
I say what you will the
characters that look
the principal parts were
soft & "backbone-less."

¹⁰⁷ I am getting old & bleazie -
The simple stories that please
me 2 yrs ago have lost their
savor alas & alack!

Nov. 26. Saturday. Another pause
This has been an especially event-
ful week for since Tues. we have
had holidays. On that day the
Municipal authorities ordered
all day schools to be shut. I have
had a beautiful time - & have
grown so lazy - that I hate
to think of Monday, when
lessons must begin again.

Every day has been full of
delightful things - reading,
writing, shopping, gossiping
skating - anything you please.

Mr. Allen Smith is staying
with us for a week. He is
such a handsome man - I
love to watch his face. I
think he is an awfully good
sort & yet he doesn't really
appeal to me in the least.
He seems to have no hobbies.

10 or interests outside his work. I wish one could talk to him but it seems impossible. He is typical of an English public school boy - polite, good hearted, chivalrous, wholesome-minded, & splendid to look upon but uninteresting. Occasionally he gives us a good laugh. He is really very witty - I do not wish to imply that I am the least bit bored by his visit - I am enjoying it very much - but this is the criticism I should make of him as a whole.

Nearly every evening lately we have been to the Anastasiades skating rink. Mr Smith skates very well & I like to go round with him. Sad to say he only asks me once every evening - out of mere duty I am sure - & the rest of the time he goes with the

more attractive ones: I am foolish & silly and unreasonable but how I wish I had a man all to myself who enjoyed my company thoroughly & I - his - This must be a truthful diary - & my mind is so full of such a number of things that I can't write half - & stop for words to express all the ideas that simmer in my brain. I am not ashamed of louping for attention. It is natural to a woman - especially a woman who is the product of this present civilization - A girl is taught & trained to be charming, & attractive. There is a great deal of 18th century sentiment still left in this modern age - about matters of "virginity - but puerisque". I am rebellious & melancholy by turns, excited & bilious at times. I wish I could always be my natural me-

114 Now Rand, Evelyn & Greta are
down with it. The consequence
is that Mrs. Heizer & family
are isolated as well as Aunt
Mild. This latter is most inconven-
ient as the brunt of the whole
school falls on the shoulders
of Miss Almie & myself. There
were 13 children to school
to-day, a most disheartening
state of affairs. The afternoon
was difficult - as Mr. Larsen
did not appear. The children
rather enjoy anything irregular
& I found it difficult to keep
them in. Halise's is a nuisance
to society & ought to be put on
a desert island.

Dec. 5. Monday. I have been
having a very interesting
time lately. Mr. Smith stayed
with us a week & I enjoyed
him very much & was really
sorry when he had to leave.
He is a nice man.

Maop came up for a night

115
& that was a great pleasure.
She was dressed in her net
dress in the evening. She sat
before dinner at the corner of
the couch bending over some
knitting - with the soft shades
light of the lamp falling on
her brown hair. She looked
a perfect picture & my heart
was glad to behold her - I
longed to be an artist to paint
her as she sat there.

To-day Aunt M. Aunt Win
& I have been Xmas shopping.
Because of chicksex we only
have morning school - We
started at 1:19 & came back on
the 5 boat. We went to
Stamboul to do our principal
shopping. I got a lot of things
I saw for many friends.
When we came home we had
a grand packing up party &
I tied & addressed various pre-
sents.

After dinner Mr. Smith

¹⁶ Came in for a lesson in dancing which Aunt Winnie has promised to give him. We asked Ethel in to help us in the arduous task. He knows nothing about it but did remarkably well for the first time. He and I really got on quite famously. He was very nice about it tho' of course it must have been awkward & embarrassing for him.

Dec. 7. Wednesday. We have had a full day. School in the morning - rather uninteresting what with only 11 there & every thing dull & irregular.

In the p. m. a crowd of us went to the skating rink in town. We had rare fun. There were Aunt Win, Hil, Ethel Ada, Mr. Smith, Douglas & self. At first I was very nervous but grad-

¹⁷ ually gained confidence & by the end was enjoying every stroke. He whole was rather spoiled by representations given on a centre platform - Mr. S. did not skate with me once - that made me unhappy - tho' I don't know why it should - the fact remains it did! Aunt Win had two bad falls - yesterday she sprained her thumb so that she can't play the piano & I have just hurt that Bellea almost broke her wrist. Skating looks dangerous. Mr. S. had to leave early - we had practically 3 hrs. on the rink - of course were very tired by 7. We proceeded to Tokat's where we had a very good dinner - drove down to Bechtelbae & took the 8:15 boat home.

As if that were not enough

18 dissipation for one day -
on coming to the village we
went to Aunt's & stayed
till eleven playing bridge.
I was dead when finally
we arrived at Sunnyside
after our long & exhausting
day.

I am reading Richard
Fevrel by George Meredith
I have only got ^{thru} a hundred
pages or so yet - but it is
a wonderful book - I am
enjoying all of it. The
delineation of character is
marvellous - what intricate,
profound, puzzling
things human beings are -
Is it a wonder that happi-
ness is difficult to find
for some? I can pass no
val judgment on the
book yet, as I have not
gone far enough. I want
to know Meredith better.
He is a great man.

Dec. 11. Saturday.

19.

Dec. 16. Friday. School this last
week has been dull & boring
lessons have been cut short,
many left out & there have only
been two or three children
here - it dwindled down to 8
this morning - a most discour-
aging state of affairs. Mother
is with us - for a week's visit
& she rejoices my heart - she's
a wonderful mother - I find
some new qualities to admire
in her every day.

Aunt Win. went to down
in the P.M. so I was left quite
alone from lunch till tea time
& had many tho'ts & much
time for meditating. I dusted
a little - sorted out my letters
& read - besides putting fin-
ishing touches to Xmas pres-
ents. At four - there came
in time had a lovely, cozy tea

120 together. I have just finished
ed a good book by Palsworth
called Villa Rubem. cleverly
written - a pretty story - but
of course very light compared
with his plays which are truly
great. One traces his socialist
ideas even in this novel
however.

In the evening we went to
choir & had a stupid time as
usual. When I came home
I went into mother's room for
a small chat before retiring
she told me a home-truth
about myself which I must
meditate upon. She says that
I am so un congenial & un-
sociable & that I shake hands
as if I were afraid of people -
& give them the cold shoulder -
It makes me very unhappy
to think I appear so for as
I assured her, I feel most
kindly & warmly towards
everyone. The reason why

121 I appear cold is because I
am shy - & then too I must be
epitaphical - I am always
thinking about myself &
wondering if I am very ugly
& fat - or whether perhaps I am
a little presentable - They
tho't is always worrying me -
I ought not to think about my-
self - I ought to fight against
self consciousness. I am
going to try to be more cordial
in my manners - It is so
hard when you feel you are
not beautiful - But I am
going to do my best - This is
an excellent time to begin -
Xmas - the time of all good
things & warm feelings. I
am so anxious to improve
to be better than I am - I
am so grateful to mother &
Aunt Winnie for their hints tho'
they hint me dreadfully some
times. If I were only like Mary!
But I'm not - and I must make

2² my mind bit - sooner or
later - the sooner the better. So
I am beginning my new year
resolutions from now.

Talbot hasn't written. I
just can't bear it any longer -
I hope every day + tonight -
as he has come in my
soul nearly cried out for
a letter - there was absolutely
nothing. I must hear soon -
I feel miserable at times
about his long, long silences
I can't believe I am in love -
Sometimes I think he merely
represents a type - the type
I make an ideal - it is the
ideal I love - I can't make it
out - I am woefully puzzled
no one knows about it. I
simply can't tell mother - yet
anyhow. I know I ideal-
ize him - I suppose I am
perfect fool altogether -
but why, why, why doesn't
he write. It is a mouth and

a half since his last letter. 123.
I am patient + always expect -
to have long to wait but my
hopes + patience are coming to
my end + I fall into despair.
If he only knew but he doesn't -
he has his many other interests
+ friends - how can he be expected
to remember an ordinary girl
in far off Tumber. Perhaps I do
expect too much of him - God
help me to be patient still.

It is beautiful moonlight
tonight - A clear shining orb
in ^{the} sky - that is spangled
with thin stars - I could read
by the light of the moon - It
shines across the water in
a glowing streak - + casts
great lanky shadows of the
leafless tree branches across
the white stone road - a won-
derful night - beautiful
beyond words -

Dec. 17 Saturday. We spent
nearly the whole day in town

12th shopping. Aunt W. Mother & I started on the 8:40 & stayed till the 3 o'clock home. We accomplished a great deal & now I think I have wt- presents for the whole family & all my friends. I wish I could give better ones. It is dreadful not having heaps to spend on people but I suppose that will come with an accumulated salary! We got home in time for a wood tea - Uncle his was very late. He drove up & got home at 8:30 - But he bro't me a dear letter from Burnie - also the Teddy Bear I ordered for Glad. It is a dear thing tho' not perhaps as distinguished as mine. However it will look quite best on the breakfast table on Xmas morning.

Mother is such a darling - & puts us all into such a merry mood - I love her so dearly - she has to go back to morrow

much to my disgust - however ¹²⁰ she will be coming up on Saturday - so that will be happy to us all again.

I think a list of the things I am giving this year for Xmas presents will be useful to keep - for future reference so I put it down here -

Mother - white suede gloves & leather top.

Gladys - "The Chant of the Stone Wall" by H. Keller - leather top.

Aunt Win - earrings with Glad -

Aunt Hil. - silver thimble

Aunt Lil. - mecca stone brooch with Glad.

Uncle M -

P. M. T. - "poudre de riz"

Burnie - persian print & calendar.

Taffy - prayer beads

Tip - prayer beads

Pat - prayer beads -

Gertrude - scarf.

Miss Bayan - Turkish bag.

Carrie - silver bag.

126 Grace - mecca stone hat pin.
Mladen - calendar.
Aunt Ed. (Sr.) - bag -
Helen - letter.
Miss Knowles - p.c.
Mrs. Becker - h.c.
J. H. - p.e.
Rosalind - h.c.
Tuba - p.c.
Dafrika - h.c.
Jack - photo of self -
Mrs Jenkins - h.c.
Evelyn
Kenneth
Prela -

Dec. 19. Monday. We were much ¹²⁷
more numerous at school, count-
ing 13 in all. The work in con-
sequence is more strenuous
& Basil's return has made it
rather complicated. However
I am glad things are somewhat
more exciting.

In the p.m. I went for a wee
walk to Hissar point with
Aunt W. who was going up to
R. C. to practise with Mr. Isles.
I came home alone to a solitary
house. It was good to have
it all for myself just for a
short time, tho' I must say
as I came along the way &
up the steps I longed very
much for a friend - I thinking
it over in my mind I found
that I haven't a single friend
of my own age in this whole
city. It is quite appalling! I
have to live on letters in conse-
quence. When I got in I

128 first played for a time & growing sentimental looked over a lot of Uncle Luid's soup. Then I went for a wee promenade on the terrace. It was a beautiful evening - The hills were edged with pink - where the sun had left his traces - The leafless trees stood out against the sky like some delicate lace work. The Bosphorus flowed slowly & sluggishly - compared with its usual rapid sparkling pace. All of a sudden the chimes from across the village rang out the hour or two. It was all beautiful & still & peaceful.

I lighted the lamp when I came in & sat down to an hour's solid reading. I am at present much interested in Chaucer. I managed to finish the prologue. I am taking a few notes as it is an

excellent plan for fixing things in your mind. The language is delightfully quaint. After two or three pages of it I could read it with ease - I am anxious to get on. I think it the doing of me not to have read the Canterbury Tales before this & I supposed to be or rather aspiring to be literary!

But Aunt Wm came home accompanied by Mr. Ester & Watson. They were full of fun as usual & one of the few things they do was to tie bills round themselves when Aunt W. offered them 'liquor scale'. They are very nice men - I admire them much but feel it so hard to get to know them. Perhaps I will some day I keep on trying.

In the evening Aunt W., Uncle L. & I played double demon - a perfect mania

130 has seized us & we play every evening without fail. It is quite ridiculous to see Uncle M. get up from dinner & bolt up stairs with "Let's have a game of D.D. Evelyn!"

Began reading "Henry VIII" - I have never read the whole play before. I am intensely interested. What a wonderful man Shakespeare was! His genius is unfathomable. How proud of him Englishmen have right to be!

Dec. 20. Tuesday. School in a.m. much the same as usual. Aunt W. went to town so I had lunch alone - Afterwards went to Courthouse with Miss Abbie & little Evelyn - I had to go to the dyer for mother - so took the chance for a long walk. It was south wind & rather sultry. It made me feel listless &

not up to much.

131.
Aunt W. in was at home but no one came - for which I was very sorry. In the evening choir practice of new hymn Carol - it is very sweet. Almost had a fit of the blues as Uncle M. bro't me no letters. but I am trying to be patient.

Dec. 21. Wednesday. Fifteen children at school today & therefore things were decidedly more interesting - the morning passed quite quickly.

Aunt W. was in Canton so I had lunch alone - Afterwards I went up to my own wee room lighted the stove lamp & sat down with darning cotton & star to be domestic! As I sewed I tho't of many things - I build fair castles in Spain as I usually do. The south wind has been getting on my nerves for some days - & after a time I felt so

132. tired & lackadaisical that I actually lay down & went to sleep for a full hour & a half. It was quite shocking & I despised myself for so giving in to my lazy tendencies. I got up & dressed at 3:30 when much to my delight Aunt W. came home in time for tea. The dear - how glad I was to see her back again.

Mrs. E. came for the night. How she tries poor Aunt W. in & get this latter strives her utmost to appear pleasant & agreeable. Mrs. E. hasn't the an inkling of how she bores people - I don't mind her once in a way - tho' if she were my mother-in-law I might feel differently. Kate & Mr. L. came in to practise trios - I went down to listen & enjoyed even their imperfect rendering of Mozart - they had

none of them practised but it was enjoyable just the same - 133

The weather has broken - The rain pours down thru the black night - Now we will have to pay for our long stretch of fine weather - I see already muddy streets - dirty boots - running dervies - & the sight does not please me.

Christmas tide approaches - I am looking forward to it. Amy is coming up on Sunday - we are to have a select party - no family affair.

Christmas always stirs me wonderfully, & tho' sometimes I am often frightened by my lack of faith in the wonderful Bible story - yet Christmas is a time of peace & good will - forgiveness for past wrongs, resolutions for future achievements - such should be our constant tho'ts these days.

34. Dec. 23. Friday. A very full day all told & one in which I accomplished a lot. The morning passed quickly at school. It was the last day before the holidays. We are having them now instead of at the peak Xmas. I am not sorry, in the interests of the school tho' perhaps I should have preferred it otherwise myself.

As soon as I came home there was much to be done. The whole house had been turned topsy turvy & I did considerable dusting. After that I donned a long big apron & went to the pantry where I made fudge. It was good fun & a change to make the fudge turned out a great success. I could not have wished it better. That took me till tea time. Uncle hid has not been

well & so did not go to town today. He was better to night & we hope that he will be able to go to town to morrow. It is dreadful to think of his being laid up for Xmas - but I think he would be. A dear Xmas letter came from Pat enclosing a wee edelweiss pin - what a dear she is to remember - me such a nice letter it was, too.

I am reading De Toute Son Ame par René Bazin. I got it really to read aloud with Miss Aline but was so interested, after glancing thru the first pages that I have continued. I read French with much ease & enjoy it immensely. This book seems rich in interest & gives detail of description. So far the characters are not overwell drawn - but I have not reached the middle yet. There was choir practice

136 in the church after dinner
The anthems we are singing
are beautiful - Thrills go
up my back when we reach
the chimes - One is a
carol, a sweet old sixteenth
century carol that takes one
back to the days of simple
music, ye choir boys, &
Xmas wails. What a won-
derfully stirring time this is -
how it opens one's heart to
all kinds of unnoticed
influences.

It has been simply pouring
all day without a break - &
yet I rather like the rain &
the wet, wet leaves - It has
been cold too which is so
much better than the ever-
wasting south wind we have
been having.

Dec. 27, Tuesday. Christmas &
its many festivities are over -
I can hardly believe it, the

137
Last few days have been full
to the brim of all kinds of nice
things.

Saturday evening wash
w. 's tree just of all.

1911

Jan 1. Sunday. I have left
out the whole record of Xmas
week. It has been a won-
derful week - so full of bless-
ings, good times & festivities
that I feel more like a
princess in a fairy tale than
an ordinary mortal. I
stayed 2 days in Surtani
& had long talks with Mother.
She told many of many of
the experiences in America
that I never dreamed were
true, tho' I suspected. She
has been thru tragedy has
our beloved Mother - her
whole life from the begin-
ning has been brimful
of sorrow & trouble - Paddy
& I have no conception of it.
We have never known real
want - we have been
grawed & loved, cared for &

2.
nides ever since we were
born. I can think of no
person whom I admire more
than Mother - Aunt W. is a
saint - Aunt W. is a wonder-
ful woman but they
have neither of them been
thru the fire - if they had
I doubt whether they would
have proved pure gold as
she has done. I have
enjoyed seeing Mad in Surtani
I miss her society so much.
She is often depressed & I fear
that the thro't of Fergus
often mars her happiness.
I long to see more of her.
She has some fine qualities
& there is so much I may
learn from her.

I find my diary is such
a fragmentary record of
my real existence. I long
to make it more inclusive,
more real - I want to

3. get a great deal of practice in expressing myself & I am afraid I hardly take enough pains with my diary. It is my joy to write - yet I never write anything worth while. Perhaps one of my New Year resolutions will be to be more energetic in that line.

I have had a wonderful year - full of all kinds of blessings - I am so grateful for them all - As I review all that has happened to me since last year at this time, I am fairly astounded by the number of good things that have come my way. In Jan. I saw J. & healy got to know him a little. In June I passed my exams that meant so

much to me - In July I saw Scotland for the first time - In August I came back to my homeland & saw my ain folk once more - I wonder what this next year has in store for me - If I were wishing but no - it's no use writing down things that perhaps later will only rouse an indulgent smile from me! Next year D. V. I shall refer to this again, if I can & see if any of my wishes (which I can read between the lines) have come true.

This morning we had a sermon by Mr. Gibbons of Pissar. His text was the 71st Psalm - I am pouring shockingly allous & heather. But to tell the truth - I could not understand any of the tho' to be expressed - It

5. was all old fashiones. The phraseology meant nothing to me. I yearn for long talks with people on Morality, Theology & big questions like that. Last night to welcome in the new year was the Rowell's annual party. It was great fun, & I enjoyed myself immensely. Mother came up for it, but we could not persuade Glad to budge - we were all requested to come in some kind of headgear. There was a great assortment. I dressed as a Dutch girl in a white cap & two pig tails. Mother looked beautiful in Japanese coiffure. Aunt W. spoiled her handsome face by appearing as a Babjeiblee much to everyone's disgust. Mr. Mason Meyer got the prize for the best man - in a lamp shade - Aunt Hil

6. for the best lady - a Spanish costume. We played musical chairs, pato utu wace, the winking game - I distinguished myself in none. There was a Chabade put up by Douglas Aylton, Hans & Mr. Martin which was weak to say the least. Mr. Larsen was in the best of spirits & I had a good time with him. I met Mr. Scholckmann, the new German teacher. I have met him before - he seems a wise youth - I should say interesting, but tremendously in earnest & without much lightness of mind or body. I hope to get to know him better. Aunt W. & I got onto one chair & jumped into the new year in the proper fashion with our hot punch in our hands. Supper & dancing heralded in the new year. We got home

7. tried shot at 7:30 A. M. but
it was a pay party -

Mother stayed over but left
this p.m. I began reading
a book by Max Hordau on
Interpretation of History that
Uncle had gave me for Xmas.
It is a splendid book & I
am enjoying it already tho'
it is heavy.

New Year brings many
the 'ts. I want to be nobler
& better. try to create higher
ideals of life & conduct & to
live up to them heroically.
I want to do great things
& with God's help I will. I
have no list of resolutions
but I have made one that
I must write down:

I am going to try this year
to be cordial & genial -
& to avoid criticism. "Judge
not that ye be not judged"
must be my motto. & so

here's for a lucky new year to 8.
all I love - including J -
who has forgotten me quite.

Jan 2. Mon. To-day was the
last day of the holidays so Aunt
M. & I went up to the school to tidy
up for work. The schoolrooms
were in a fearful condition -
dust lay thick on everything!
We tidied the upboards, tidaway
with the scrubber & generally
had a "clearing up". It was
hard work - & after two hours
of it I was dead fagged.

Uncle had was at home so
our day was much enlivened
by his delightful society.

In the p.m. - immediately after
lunch I prepared lessons for
school & then settled down to
some solid reading. The rain the
Interpretation of History by
Hordau. It is a wonderful
book but so radical! It
hits on the head all orthodox

9. principles that have seemed sacred for many years. His reasoning is excellent. I am enjoying it immensely, agreeing with a great deal of it - & of course not liking much.

At 3 o'clock who should call but Mr. Smith. He has come back from Athens & is looking as handsome as ever. I could all help thinking however this afternoon that he is really not very interesting but what a beautiful face he has! He stayed for tea & long after till dark.

Mum had rejoiced my heart by bringing me a veritable budget of mail. No less the "five letters" & a p.c. I was more than delighted - letters from Miss B. Burnie, Effie, Luba, & Tip a letter or all a p.c. from D. He hasn't forgotten after all &

promises to write soon. It is great!

In the evening we had a most successful rehearsal of Mrs. Formige's *Blousin Finis*. Mr. S. who was David was perfect. He looked beautiful - one felt like hugging him! - I know where all the sympathies of the audience will be placed - Douglas was disappointing in the extreme. The rest were good. We hope the rehearsals will continue to be as successful.

Jan 3. Tues. The first day of school - not very enjoyable. Rather a mix up & the p.m. was somewhat rushed as Mr. W. did not come for gym. Came home had tea & took the 6:30 boat down to town to a Progressive Whist party at Mrs. R. Baker's. We arrived in good time for dinner. The party was very nice indeed - tho'

13. most interesting. I could hardly imagine buildings up there however - our dear Alma Mater. How proud Dr. P. must feel to have accomplished all this! It is a wonderful life work, but how very hard it must be for her to know she is growing old & will not see the completion of it - in the distant future.

We trudged home rather tired as we had walked far & were standing the whole time. I had tea at Aunt M's.

In the evening there was a rehearsal of the play. It went very well. Mr. S. was more beautiful than ever - I can't help watching him the whole time - he has a wonderful fascination. He does his part splendidly.

I was surprised & delighted to get a letter from Duncan

Macnaughton - of all people this evening! He says he is sending photos of the journey - I look forward to them with much impatience. I tho't they had quite forgotten my existence. How nice of him to write. He is a dear boy - & has a wonderful mind I wish I could know him better.

Jan 8. Sunday. Dolly has been up spending the week end & we have enjoyed her visit extremely. She is such a dear - full of all kinds of wit & humor - her conversation positively sparkles. And she is so polite - she often puts me to shame.

We went to church in the am. Mr. Frew preached a New Year sermon. At one part I felt very moved - when he remarked that most people aimed at nothing in particular - just jugged along.

15 He tried to show us how
necessary it was to have an
ideal - & a goal or perfection at
which to aim. I think that is
what has been the matter with
me lately. I do not have a fixed
ideal. I do not strive towards
higher things, in any definite
decided way - without that
unsatisfied feeling of having
fallen short of one's standards,
perfect progress is impossible.
It is all very well to appear
wise & display contempt for
old fashioned theological views
but one must have ideals -
standards - goals - some
kind of creed. None at all is
worse than a poor one -

But Mr. F. is apt to wail.
Parts of his sermon were mere
lamentations - in their essence.
He puts appropriate notes &
catches into his voice which
is decidedly dramatic & of fear

16 done on purpose with a view
to effect - but let me not judge
the man. - for he's a far better one
than I am.

I read in intervals "Attention to be"
I am reading it - might there a
second time. I am more struck
than ever with its power & mighti-
ness. Sandy's message has won
my heart & allegiance for all
time. I hardly know of any more
breathable, human character in
all fiction. The book is so fair.
The fact it is written to gain sym-
pathy for the working man,
the point of view, the rich man
is clearly stated & approved
too. The failing of the lower
classes to live up to their
ideals is given - The mighty
truth of the short comings &
misunderstandings on both sides
makes the book so real & living.
It is because the circumstances
are so irremediable & hopeless

It that the story is such a heart-
rending tragedy. Alton of course
is lovable - tho' his faults are
bro't out at every turn - How
sad - it all is - A lump
came into my throat as I
read the death scene of dear
old Sandy Mackaye - a
meritable saint - who only
needed to perfect him - a
halo + wings -

I wrote
a letter in the p.m. before tea -
to Mr. Landis - I wonder if I
shall ever get an answer -

I hardly dare to hope for one.

Miss Brooks, Mrs. E. Childs
dres + Beryl came for tea - It
was quite fun - but not much -
Miss B. is merry but I am
always afraid of Childs - I
know she criticizes me - I see
it in her eye.

Mr + Mrs W.K. came in
after supper - They are wise
people - but so peculiar!

Monday tomorrow + work again!¹⁵
Dear, dear - it never ends does it?
but I like it - paradoxical
as it sounds.

Jan 13. Friday. This has been
such a dissipated week that I
have felt considerably demoral-
ized + am inwardly rejoicing
at the prospect of some respite
tomorrow + Sunday. It has
been one continual rush from
beginning to end - School in
between has been difficult -
I feel I have not done it justice

Monday was uneventful.
Tuesday + Thursday evenings
there were rehearsals - Wednes-
day was a party at Childs +
to night we went to a
literary evening at Aunt Edith's
This last was somewhat
dull, tho' I must say Aunt E.
herself was a most charm-
ing + gracious hostess -
People were heavy that was

19. what was really wrong.
But then when & where can
you find a Bebe's audience
that is not, American wit
& gaiety are needed to dispel
the heaviness of English
solidity. We had to dress
as books, & read something
referring to women. I went
as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage
Patch with the picture of
a cabbage pinned on my
dress & a patch on my skirt.
I read the Theatre Party
but it fell quite flat, I fear.
Aunt Winnie was Penny
son's killer's Daughter &
Aunt M. Hypatia. At first
we were asked to guess -
Aunt M. got 1st prize. Tony
utter amazement. I got 2nd
- a bottle of Jaismin
perfume (which by the
way smells the house out
in thinking) The read-

wigs were dull - as follows 20.
Guzel. - Mrs. Samp (eternal!)
Mrs. Heizer - Maud Miller
Aunt M. - The Miller's daughter
Aunt Edith. Three dramas by
Oliver Shriver.

Marjorie - The Lady with the Lamp
Mrs. M. M. - The Woman from
Proverbs

M. Szlog - a french rhyme.
M. Plummer - original.
Hilda - A Pearl & a Girl.

We left about 11:30 - &
zigged all the way down the
hill - Aunt W., Uncle M. & I.

Grady came up on Wed-
nesday. She has told me
about Ferguson. I never tho't
she would as she has never
confided in me before.
She asked my advice (for info) &
& opinion on the subject.
Poor wee Julie - she is
so dreadfully perplexed.

H. She can't bring herself to accept him & yet she confesses admiration & respect for him. She is afraid of people's opinions - others laugh at him - his pompous ways & objectionable manner. It all weighs on her mind & makes her feel unhappy. The remarks pathetically that proposals are not at all like those in books - they are not half so interesting & are extremely upsetting & bewildering. Tho' she asks my opinion she looks upon me as one without experience - a complete greenhorn. Once, she says she had theories about these things but that day is past & they have been scattered to the four winds I wonder - I wonder - I

wonder - what is going to happen to both of us. In my case I fear, it will be nothing - no one can ever love me enough - I am not good beautiful, attractive, noble enough - No one can ever love me as much - as much as all that. I can easily see how everyone could love Gladys - if only it were someone else but Fergus. Tho' as we keep saying to ourselves, by way of comfort, his faults are entirely external & have nothing to do with the inner man.

I am sornier than I can say - for Glad. I wish I could do something to set it write. Sitting still & allowing things to happen, is very trying - and difficult. It must come to something.

23. Jan 14. Saturday. A most
delightful day - one after
my own heart. The morn-
ing I spent in my own
room among my own
belongings & treasures - I
tidied my drawers & desk -
polished my silver - dusted
& cleaned my beloved books.
I darned stockings with
vigour & altogether had a
beautiful quiet time.

At 2. Harolds called to
take me for a walk. I had
asked him the week before
we had a good brisk walk
along the quay as far as
Courouchesme & back. The
day was just like the one for
a walk - a cold breeze -
that made one catch his
breath & put colour into
his cheeks - an occasion-
al burst of bright sunshine
to light up the Bosphorus -

24.
- and who grey go clouds
in to North borewind one of
snow & wintertime. Skating
was in full swing when we
got back - it was fresh
New Year so all the men were
at home - A barrel organ
was hired & the rink took on
a most festive air. I could
not skate as I had no skates
all "borrow-able" ones
were booked - However I
didn't mind much but
watched the fun.

I went to tea at the Schori
It was so nice. We were
7 at tea - Mrs. Hus. Hans,
Miss Jaunache - Mrs. Hus. Haus
& Mr. Ferdinand. We talked
of many things - Philosophy
Operas - novels - many things
I came away with a wild
desire to study - read - learn
to study German. so that
I could read its wonderful

25. Literature.

After dinner we went to Aunt's for bridge. We had a great time. I had one round & then we went off together - Ethel, Helen Mr. Smith & I to a table alone where we played "Up Jenkins" & graph - both highly noisy & exciting. We did not get home till after midnight.

Jan. 15. Sunday. Exactly a year ago today Falbet came to see me in Cambridge. It seems centuries since then. I wonder if he remembers - How can he? His letter has come this tomorrow it will be two weeks since his p.c. where he said he was writing soon. I wonder how much further I shall have to stretch my patience. I wonder if I am in love.

I don't know. I can't say - ^{26.}
I would know if I saw him I think. Gaby said the other day during our confidential talk - "You have a secret - too - haven't you - You must tell me" - Can she guess - possibly? I don't think so. Of course I bluffed & put her off.

I am of such a horribly analytical turn of mind that I am forever questioning my motives - trying to look into my soul - Perhaps I don't care two pence about him - who knows - If he would only write soon! I can't bear to wait so long.

We did not go to church. It rained heavily all day. A short while after lunch we actually saw a little snow which continued at intervals all the afternoon.

21. Jan 18. Wednesday. It has been freezing for several days. I have plodded my way up the hill schoolwards in varying degrees of mud, slush & snow.

After school I went round to Aunt W's on school business. I was very tired with my day's work. I often get despondent about things. I feel I am losing my interest in school & not teaching well. I so frequently get bored & long with such tediousness for 3:30 to arrive.

Aunt W. was away in the evening so I dined alone with Uncle Bob. It was a decidedly nice meal. Afterwards we went to the L. Binns for a lecture given by the Rev. Charles on "Oxlow Humour." It was good. It consisted mostly of readings on topical Oxlow subjects. I enjoyed it very much.

Sunday Jan 22. I have spent the week end at Lentan & had a very happy time there with Gladys & Mother tho' a very quiet one. On Saturday M. & I tried a small walk for air but the roads proved so unspeakably muddy that we were driven in at the end of half an hour. M. is wonderful. When I go over there I have long talks with her of many things. We talk of Gladys & Ferpus - of my future career - of our holidays - many, many things.

I have fallen in love with Miss McAfee. She is a beautiful person - with auburn hair & kind steadfast fearless blue eyes that look straight "into" one. On Sat. night we had a long discussion on Emotions & whether it were best to know them

29. or conceal them. She has an enormous amount of pet theories which she sticks to, I turn thick & thin. I want to know her better - I think I could love her very much if we could see more of each other. She has delightful ideas on books & people - & her fearlessness is so admirable - I envy her so. She keeps up in all kinds of subjects while I am so terribly lazy about reading things that are worth while.

I hated to leave my dear adopted to go away - but it is good coming back to them. When I am in (Bebe's) I never want to go to Scutan or when I do go there, I am always glad. I took two pictures of Gladys in her Crawford costume. She looks positively sweet & I long to

30
ing her - (I can't say I disagree with Fergus' taste. It is certainly good.) I hope they will turn out successful.

Mother talks of all kinds of wild schemes for the summer. She wants to go away & learn French - that is the latest. I feel, much as I should love to go, that it is Glad's turn to have a good time. I ought to stay here this summer. The other two should go off. However it is all wild talk yet nothing whatever has been decided.

I wrote to Burnie, Aunt Susie, Miss K. Rao & a p.c. to T. He promised a letter 3 weeks ago & still it has not come. It is difficult to be patient when I want to hear so badly. However happily there is

31. always a day to morrow
therefore hope.

I had a beautiful
journey home from Sautai.
The day was lovely - a clear
blue sky, with fluffy piled
up clouds being blown
about in the sky - The
sun shone out every now
& then quite warmly, & again
it would hide behind a
small cloud for an instant
thus causing all kinds
of irides, cold & colours
to flit over the sea & shores.
There is just a little snow
left on the roofs of the houses.
They look like powdered
birthday cakes, & glisten in
the sun. I had a brisk
walk from Amasuthey
home, as the boat did
not call at Behek. The
north wind blew full in
my face - It was a joy

to be living & walking along ^{32.}
against breeze - & blue sky.
School to morrow & another
week of work. I do not
anticipate much joy - I am
afraid. Am I losing interest?
Yes & no.

Kipling is the latest. I
have been re-reading some
of his stories & reading new
ones too. They are marvels
of art. How I envy that
"master mind"! "Thrown Away"
from "Tales From the Hills"
is one of the most heart-
breaking stories I have ever
read. I wish he were not
so cynical & could app-
reciate the strength & beauties
of women's characters.
Women are fine - some of
them? Why be continually
cynical & skeptical about
them? I am sure we want
to be wiser & try to - too.

33. Tuesday Jan 24. It has been a tiresome day & I felt dead lagged long before the end of it.

I woke up in the morning to find a wonderful white world spread out before my eyes. Snow snow - on everything - thick dry, snow that clung to branches a stray leaves & made every tree seem loaded with purity - It was a beautiful picture to set things straight for the day. Somehow I was wrong & out of sorts. The morning passes well enough - But the afternoon was most dreadful.

Mr. Weisenbach did not come - another miss of his - (I think he is extremely careless not to say wide in regards to our school) so there was $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour over for prep. The children were restless - snow always has that effect; Dony & Rand were actually

naughty. I felt so tired & weary³⁴ that it was an effort to get up the steps. When I had just settled down to the anticipation of a quiet p.m. Aunt W. appeared with Dolly & Elsie. At the moment I could have wept with vexation & weariness - to think of having to talk to them on end. But I was sorry afterwards for my hard thro' to - for they were both dears & made us up into shrieks of laughter that did us both a great deal of good.

There was a church meeting in the evening but I begged off. Uncle M. came home early. He handed me an American letter & for one wild minute my thro' flew to N.Y. but alas! it was only that everlasting spare Cheesnut. I tore open the envelope almost viciously. If I had been a man, I should have

35. Given vent to a big swear.

Being a woman I swallowed my disappointment & prayed for more patience!

I read in betweenwhiles today Maeterlinck's play Pelleas & Melisanda - such a weird production. I like it. It is strange and decidedly out of the ordinary. I can hardly imagine it being acted, however.

The world has looked very blue today - right from the start & I have felt like a washed-out rag. I trust I will be better tomorrow. Why is it that I am not content in my beautiful home? What is it that I always seek after & cannot find? Perhaps someday, I can answer these questions. I could make a wild guess at them even now. Who knows?

Jan. 27. Friday. A day of dust & mud - with a little snow mixed in to make the roads slippery as well as unspeakably wet & muddy. Things look much sayer for me now somehow. The blues have evaporated.

Uncle W. was in bed with a bad cold - Aunt W. had to go to Sultan so I dined in solitude & read to a fellow between the courses - Things at school were fair. The new Ravudal family that has just come to Belek is a distinct acquisition to the school - tho' I fear the discipline will be more difficult therefore. There is one child I cannot stand at school & that is Doug Drake - He is a silly, common, foolish child - eternally trying to draw people's attention & always imagining he is saying something startling & original. I know it is wrong of me to

37. feel as I do - until I love him, I can never hope to really reach him anything worthwhile. It's very hard to like him - there seems so little to get whols of that is at all attractive except perhaps his occasional sensitiveness, if he is sharply spoken to. It was raining hard, so I came straight home & stayed there the whole afternoon. I had that wonderful jubilant feeling that invariably accompanies Friday nights.

As I was dressing for dinner the mail arrived - I heard it coming & prayed for letters - the letter - and it came! Thomas bro't in two & Talbot's was one. To say I was glad would be to put it mildly. It was a dear letter - I was happy - happy to get it after my long wait. He does not forget, tho. he writes

seldom. I feel sure his feeling for me is nothing more than friendship - I hardly know myself whether I would have it - any more. I want to see him again - so badly. I am going to write soon - in a day or two. I can't wait - & I am not going to copy his bad example - He's a dear to write at all - & his letters are a joy!

There was supposed to be choir practice in the evening but it ended in a fizzle - only ~~four~~ ^{three} turned up - Olive, Kate, Ethel - they had a cup of tea & went home - It was decidedly ludicrous - but if we had had to go out to it - we should have felt like swearing. Retired at 9:45 - i.e. went to my room for a delightful "read" & "think" by myself. I also got a dear letter

39. from Burnie. - so breezy
& merry - what a darling she
is! She wants to meet in
Grenoble or some French
town this summer - I wonder
if the Fates will favor it. I
do not hope or anticipate
too much.

Mother is coming up to-
morrow - I rejoice at the
tho't - I seem to have much
to talk to her about.

Jan 29. Sunday. I have had
a beautiful day - just after
my own heart. Mother has
been here once have had such
a lovely time together. I had
breakfast in bed & did not
get up till nearly 11 - which
was very lazy of me. I
went into Mother's room
for an hour before & curled
myself up on her bed for a
long talk - She talked
about plans for next year.

She thinks my staying here
would be a good plan - He says
I have found such a happy home
here with my adopters that it
seems a pity I ever should leave.
Of course I feel that way, too. At
any rate I feel I will stay on
in Bebek for one more year if
they will have me for certain
conditions - I always can go away
somewhere to study, if I like.
However it is all much in the air.

In the a.m. I got my writing
things together in the sitting
room. & in solitary bliss, I
wrote letters. To-day I ac-
complished a good deal as far
as correspondence was. I wrote
to Talbot - a 11 paper -
- a long one to Burnie, Pat
& Grace - Rather a feast altogether
I am still reading Bazin's
De Toute Son Ame & find it
most interesting. I want to
read more French.

#1 After tea Aunt W. & I went
for a constitutional about the
quay. It was blowing hard -
strong south-wind but
I did enjoy the walk. It
has been a bleak day altogether.
In the evening we had^a neat
time discussing all manner
of interesting subjects with
Mother. We talked on till
nearly 10:30 & aired our opinions
till we were tired.

I have felt rested, refreshed
& happy this week's end. Fi's
letter has helped much - &
M's of visit here - & every-
thing generally. I am
ready for work to-morrow
I hope.

Jan 30 Monday. The weather
is freezing; I have never
known it so cold here before.

The day was amazingly
successful. In the a.m.
Miss White came in for tea

we read de Toute Son Ame #2
together. It is a very interesting
story - but I fear the end is
somewhat "soft". That is
the worst of decent French
novels. They have such a
dreary tendency to become
paddy goody & insipid.

After our read - I called on
Mrs. Drake - as Tony sprained
his ankle & is atn unable
to come to school. I could not
bear to go, but Aunt W. said
I ought to; & I felt it was the
right thing for me to do. I
had fearful palpms before
the ordeal but it went off
quite well considering.

A quiet evening - with
work at my desk.

Feb 2. Thursday. I have
fallen completely in love with
Christian Ravndal. I wonder
how long it will last - He is
such a dear interesting boy.

43. full of quaint ideas & so very youthful in that. He enthuses the first-class tremendously. His strong American accent reminds me so of my Portland school days when I went to school with American boys & girls. The day, tho' it was hard at school. I enjoyed & came home in a happy frame of mind.

I finished a most intensely interesting book called From Capetown to Ladysmith by P. W. Stevens - I admire the style enormously - strong & yet so very graphic. I was held spell bound by his description of the siege of Ladysmith & the Boer manoeuvres. The pitiful end to his life adds to the interest - of the book. I must read - with Kitchener &

Khartoum, another of his books. 44.

After dinner Aunt & uncle & I with a party of other enthusiasts went up to an organ recital by Mr. Estes at R. C. It was a wonderful night. Bright star light, sharp frost, & slippery snow underfoot & the lights on the water twinkling clear crystal. The walk was as good as the music. The programme was rather nice - but not solid nor classic enough - It was all very modern - rather light. I saw my dear Mrs. Ormiston & she has invited me to go there on Sunday next for the day I am looking forward to it very much. Coming home was a lark - the hill was one sheet of frozen snow - we could hardly recognise the road - a mass of shimmering snow - all up the banks.

45. We kept slipping & sliding -
no spot was secure. All
at once we heard a scream
from Ethel - away flew her
muff & down she slid in
a disconsolate heap. Hardly
had I recovered from laughing
at her fall than down I
went with a bang & a splash,
& my husky stick went
speeding several yards down
the hill in front of me.

How we laughed! None
of us could help falling &
slipping about - we fairly
shooked.

Feb. 5. Sunday. I have had
a very interesting day.
Gladys came up after
Cranford yesterday (which
by the way was most
enjoyable) so we had her
company at dinner last
night. At 8:30 when
breakfast was served I

46.
went into Glad's bed & we
had it together & enjoyed our-
selves hugely. We talked of
many things. What a perfect
dear she is - I simply love
her to distraction. We do
keep each other's society so
much, I see very little of
her - not nearly enough.

I wanted to stay the whole
day & have a long talk &
gossip but Mrs. Ormiston
had asked me to go up to her
house to spend the day. So
I had to leave at 10:30. Hiram
hill was dusky & disagreeable.
I met Mrs. O. & went into
church with her. Mr. Hunting-
ton preached & said to relate
I had heard the sermon before
several Sunday ago, in Belek.
However it was good enough
to be heard a second time.
Mr. Watson. Mrs. Dawson
were at dinner - which

41. was very excellent. The
Prof. enlivened the talk
with his funny stories of
which he always keeps a
prodigious store, & the tip of
his tongue. We talked &
laughed & chatted the whole
afternoon. Mrs. B. told me
a lot of Carrie's news. What
a dear she is to put herself
off for me - to that extent.
I wish I were better company.
I am sure both those men
were bored to tears by my
dull conversation.

How I long to be myself con-
scious & attractive! How
many, many things there are
that I long for by the way.
No thing seems satisfactory
or as it should be. I
must try still harder to
change myself - to be
more natural, genial
& self forgetful.

45.
Tea was with only the
Prof. & Mrs. - a nice quiet
time. I saw an ancient photo-
graph of the Howlands - Talbot
was in it. - a shaggy
headed, dear wee boy -
with the same keen, sensitive
face - when, when can I
see him again? If only he
could come out this summer
but it's quite hopeless &
foolish even to think of
such a thing - perhaps I
won't ever see him again.

It is thawing fast - much
to my joy tho' the process is
not pleasant. The roofs
drop large drops onto one's
hat & the mud grows
fearful - positively in the
street. But we are all glad
of warmer weather. I am
sure.

44. Feb. 10. Friday. It has been fearfully cold again. I have never known it to be so bitter for such a long time. Today is an impossible day altogether. It has been snowing, blowing, drifting since 6 in the morning. This was to have been the night of the play - luckily we put it off, postponing a cold storm.

Notwithstanding the blizzard, I started off to school with my usual dauntlessness!

The snow was blown in my face on all sides - I could hardly draw my breath when facing the wind, but still on I plodded, tho' I rather tho't there would not be much of a school. As it happened Aunt M. sent me a note to say school was off. Five children appeared. As I was there I staid

about an hour & a half getting⁵⁰ ready for next week - I heard three lessons & then started home again. The snow was deeper, the wind fiercer & it took all my strength to battle against them both & grip up our steps.

It was glorious having a holiday. We sat down with a view to enjoying ourselves - Uncle his was at home - to our joy. As Aunt W. remarked it was just the day for a house party - windows & doors were banked up with snow, we piled coal onto all the fires - & had the happiest of times.

After lunch Uncle his developed a sudden burst of energy. He said he was going over to Aunt his so off he started. At 3, when ^{we} were cozily settled at books he

St. sent over to my Aunt Lu.
was having a "Bridge Tea"
so would be come. The outside
world did not look inviting
but, grumblingly, we put
on our things & out we went.
We had a delightful time.

There were 2 tables - Uncle
his & Robert, Aunt Lu's &
Mildred - & Douglas & Ethel -
& self. We had some great
games, very good tea &
several ~~for~~ refreshing jokes.
We came home at six to a
cozy dinner in the sitting
room, as we do not like to
venture down stairs.

I have just finished "Pro
Vadis" - Sim Kiewisz. It is
certainly a marvellous book.
The tension begins with the
first page & is not over
till the last. I could hardly
tear myself away from it
- it was so exciting!

The characters are well pro-
trayed, especially, the hero - I
enjoyed the psychology of
his conversion. The whole
book has as its object - the
praise & extol^{ling}ation of Christ-
ianity. Its effect on Rome
as depicted in "Pro Vadis" was
certainly marvellous - & the
martys - surely it was a fine
religion that have prompted
such utter self abandonment.
What I regret above all things
is that we no longer have that
simple, all powerful faith.
It seems so difficult for me
to believe in anything as
absolutely infallible. We
can all be wrong; we
may all be wrong - Life
is so many sided, so
infinitely complex - It
doesn't matter where one
turns one's the 45 - every
channel produces some

453. obstacle or other - some-
thing that is inexplicable
unfathomable. Why should
Christianity be the religion - Is it
purer than all others?
Surely it is - Xian nations
seem to be the greatest; their
individuals are the kindest -
the most unselfish - What's
one to believe? How can one
answer all these questions &
doubts?

I wish the author of Quo
Vadis were not so realistic
at times. Certainly in places
he seems to revel, as Phelps
says "in the physically horrible."
Then, I think that all this
his language is extravagant.
That however, I find is often
characteristic of foreign
writers. They talk in such
an exaggerated manner over
common things that when
great crises arise they

have spent their store of words 54
- have none left. Besides
eternal effusions bore one.
But Quo Vadis is anything but
boring - It is wonderful - so
living & intense - a strong book.

The second Hibbert - Journal
has arrived full of all kinds
of interesting articles. What
a fine magazine it is - It
satisfies my soul - Just like
dear Amy to give it me.

Our last rehearsals have
been at the hall. I have en-
joyed them much - Mr. Smith
has been to dinner with us
every rehearsal evening.
We have got to know him
quite well - He is as beauti-
ful, as polite, as chivalrous
& bright as ever - but we
seem to get no further - Why
isn't he more interesting.
He is so polite that one
never knows whether he

55. is bored, amused or really interested. You can never tell what is going on in his mind about things - she never by any chance lets you see anything but - his surface, social self. It is a pity. He doesn't do his part as well as he did. I hope he will come up to scratch on the night.

Feb. 11. Saturday. Being a much spoiled child, I had breakfast in bed & did not get up till after nine. In the a.m.

I pottered about; in the intervals I read "The Hufolo-
nip of Personality" by Thistle-
ton - a most interesting book.

Mr. Smith called in the course of the morning. He bro't in a poor starved bird that he had found just outside the door - nearly frozen to death. We tried our best

to revive it. Mr. Smith gave⁵⁶ it brandy & milk in a fountain pen dropper - but it was no good. Aunt Win laid it on a soft cloth & put it by the fire but the poor wee thing gasped once or twice & then fell limp on its side - dead. It really was quite pathetic. It looked so solemn & starved!

In the p.m. we madeudge which was a great success. In the process of stirring I spilt - two great "sploches" onto the carpet, which I hope Aunt Win did not take too much to heart! After tea I went for a moment round to Aunt Mil's then on to the scales on the off chance of meeting Mother & Benny who said they were coming up for the week end perhaps. To my joy they appeared! It was good to have them with us.

59 - things - we discussed my school at length. He visited Mildred & Mrs. E. The latter had several guests already - Cuth - Elsie, Miss MacAfee + Clara - They were a nice crowd + I really enjoyed their society. I think Amy liked them too.

The walk home was the best part. What a darling our Amy is! I wish I were like her - how far below, I come. She talked about Miss MacAfee. How she admired her - I have quite idealized the lady with the auburn hair. She is at present "my lady of the pedestal." I hope she will be there long. I yearn to know her better. I must go to Soutain soon again. We came home by moonlight which was positively wonder-

ful as it shed its whole glory⁶⁰ over the hills with their patches of snow, & turn the bare trees into the gruesome paves tones on the slopes of Missar! (How I would have loved to see it -) We arrived in time for supper, had a quiet time & retired extremely early - many anticipations of a long, happy, restful night - with work & joy ahead of me tomorrow.

I have had no time for letters but must see what I can do tomorrow.

Feb 14. Tuesday. St Valentine's day, but tho' we remembered the fact at school in the morning there was no other sign to mark it different from other days.

There was a rehearsal in the evening at the Hall - a very good one indeed. Mr. S. came to dinner. He was in a

U. better mood than usual
I did his part rather well.
Ethel came to see the play -
outsiders were invited to give
a small criticism. She seem-
ed to like it very much.

I sometimes wonder if
Ethel cares for Mr. S. She's
a very pretty girl & I am
sure I should fall in love
with her, were I a man.
I don't think I should like
it if anything really happen-
ed. I like Mr. S. too much &
Ethel too little. However
it is somewhat early to
decide things.

We had a long talk with
Aunt M. about school for
next year. She advises my
staying on - taking more
responsibility. I am con-
templating the idea - but
am much perplexed just at
present. M. seems anxious

for me to stay on - but I hate ⁶²
to think of always teaching in
the Behek school. I want to go
higher. We shall see - meanwhile
I must think about it.

Feb. 18. Saturday. The play is
a thing of the past! I don't know
whether to be glad or sorry. I am
glad to have the responsibility of
my part off my mind & very
sorry to think that there will
be no more enjoyable rehearsals
to attend. Last night it went
off beautifully. The stage, ar-
ranged as a library looked fine -
all the actors were put up in
grand style in costumes of very
"comme il faut" stamp. Aunt
Winnie looked perfectly sweet.
David was a dear - tho' he
got stage fright at first & I
tho't he was going to make a
mess of it. But he recovered
himself later - His p. m.
he did much better - my

63 sympathies still lie with the weak, cowardly pair - I feel dreadfully sorry for him.

The hall was crowded last night. This afternoon there were fewer people - & the audience was much heavier & more difficult to play to - Everyone congratulated us hugely & said all kinds of kind things - That it was the best thing they had ever given in Bebek - that it was the finest amateur performance ever given in Constantinople etc. etc. We felt very proud -

After the afternoon performance, came the process of dismantling. The floor stage looked dreadfully solemn & bare after we had been at it - a short while. Mr. S. looked like a Trojan - He is a nice man.

In the evening we had

another dancing lesson. Aunt 64
Lilian, Mr. S., Douglas, Ethel, Uncle Rob & Aunt Hil came in. We had a mad time. I danced heaps of times with Uncle Rob & a great deal with Mr. S. - This latter is getting on famously. Altho' he has had so few lessons he dances quite well & it is a pleasure to go round with him. I hope he asks me to dance on Monday -

Wrote a letter to Bessie which I ought to have written ages ago; also notes to - Joseph & Deming. - 'duties epistles'.

Mother came up to the performance & seemed to enjoy it exceedingly. No others came from Scutari. Several got down to the scale. Then turned back because of the south wind. I was sorry - especially for Amy's absence.

65. Feb. 19. Sunday. I was very lazy & had a long lie in bed in the morning - with breakfast in my room. I did not even go to church. but stayed at home to tidy & arrange my room. My things had got into a hopeless muddle during the rush & excitement of this last week, so I was glad of an opportunity to put things straight. I dusted my books, arranged my desk & generally made my dwelling place regain its self-respect.

I had a lovely quiet day with my two dear adopted uncle and aunt sent for a most interesting book for me, from The Times Book Club called The Pursuit of Reason by C. F. Keary. a Cambridge man. It was dear of him to think of me. The book is

most interesting - deals with all kinds of burning questions that I often feel I want to know about. I don't know whether I shall be able to read it - all thin aspects of it are very stiff, but I am going to try to do my best.

After tea Aunt Win & I went across the village to wish Greta many happy returns - She is 5 today. She got some very nice presents - & seemed so happy - She is a darling child & seems to grow more beautiful every time I see her. Aunt Win & I had a walk up Hissar hill to find out about a practice tomorrow. On the way we met Ferguson. He stopped us to congratulate us on the way - His flow of words & choice of language was so absolutely startling & flowing that poor Aunt Win

67. grew quite irritated. When
he turned away she exclaimed
"Oh he would get on my
nerves!" - Dear, dear
me I simply can't bear
to think of Glad's marrying
him especially when she
says she doesn't really care
for him very, very much.
Oh - how I wish someone
else would fall in love
with her - Then she would
know other men as well
as Ferguson - Why are men
such fools - Can't they see
what a lovely girl she is -
far, far too good for
Ferguson!

Gladys is going to America
for the summer! Miss. Jui-
son has asked her & she
hopes to leave the first of
June. It sounds a wild
plan but I am sure she
will have a lovely time &

68. she seems very enthusiastic.
She is putting her whole year's
expenses into the 3 months
but I think she is wise. She
has promised to stay another year
at Scutari & her salary has
been raised. I am so afraid
tho' that when she comes back
from America she will get en-
gaged to Ferguson immediately.
Of course I thought to go to America
with her but I know it is
her turn & I must not let
myself want to go. Think
if I could go to New York this
summer & see Tallot! - Glad
will see him no doubt -
However we shall have to
await developments.

Feb. 26. Sunday.

I have neglected my diary
for a week. - No chance to
me. It has been a busy week -
I have been to town no less
than 4 times. On Monday

69. we decided in a great
hurry that my blue dress
that I got from Swan &
Edgars was impossible &
that I should have a black
net instead. So we rushed
about, went to the dress-
makers had a fit - all in
one day. Tues. Mves. I
had to go down as well -
I was never very enthu-
siastic about the thing
& that is a large piece of
extra expense. Last
night it came home -
I looked such a fright in
it that I could have wept
with disappointment &
vexation. Why am I
not normal & slender like
other girls. I hate, hate, hate
my figure - I am so large
& unbearable - that's why
things look so awful
on me. If I were only

beautiful - that might be some
compensation - but even
that has been denied me -
I am not only doomed to
"fatness" (I can call it -
nothing else) but as well ^{to} a
plain face. It is hard, say
what you will & tho' I
try to be patient, I must
rebel at times. Well,
Aunt Win was disturbed
about the dress too &
we put our heads together
this morning & undid a
lot of it so that it looks
"passable" but not in
the least pretty. It is
dull, dull black, the skirt
hangs badly - there is
nothing light on it to relieve
the monotony. But
I must not complain. If
I have a good time at the
dance I shall feel happy.
We spent nearly the

" whole time at the ~~whole~~
hall today. It was prodigious the amount of work that had to be done. We worked like Trojans until when we left it - it really looked most artistic & comfortable. Oh I do hope we have a good time. I never allow my expectations to rise much - I have so often been so hopelessly disappointed. Mr. S. came to help in the hall indeed lots of people were most friendly & nice. There were about 10 helpers there at different times during the day.

Aunt Win has with her for the week end an old Pasadena friend called Essie Robertson who is passing thru on a Mediterranean trip. He is a dear old man

with a soft voice, a beautiful face & pretty little curls all round her head. She talks interestingly of many things & is a dear altogether. Aunt Winnie who seem to be reliving their student days & it is lovely to hear them reminiscing together. It makes me think of the brotherhood in 15 yrs! - I wonder if we will all be staid old maids like that - finicky & demure - Oh I hope not - I hope not.

In the evening I went to my room at 9 to write I wrote to Berne, Pat & Miss Bryan. This latter sent me the Jovansman the other day. Wasn't it sweet & tho'tful of her. She is always doing things for other people - what a blessing it is to be so unselfish & kindly in ones tho'ts. I don't do

73 - half enough for other people. I am quite incorruptible.

I am looking forward to the dance. I have got my ladies' waltz settled - Mr. S. has promised to give me it. I reminded him to-night & he said he had it forgotten. I hope he asks me for another - I wish he liked me more - Oh

I wish I were beautiful & attractive & lovely to look upon!

Another tuesday gone - a day of dreams & quietness busy wondray ahead & much work - May I do it faithfully & well.

Monday Feb. 27. The great day of the dance - the day which we have been looking forward to for weeks! It arrived safely as neat days unexpectedly

74 have a habit of doing. School was scurried thru anyhow - At times it seemed eternal & 3:30 like some distant promised land. I went straight from school to the hall & found a lot of helpers there. Mother had & the Baker girls had all arrived. Mr. S. was helping put things into order. The rooms looked lovely - especially the buffet room. The hostesses were not overmuch tired. I did some helping - we mopped the floor Mr. S. & Dollie Elsie & self. Went to tea at the Rowells & then on home.

We repaired to the hall at 8:45. People were already arriving. Aunt Winnie looked beautiful in pale blue satin while Aunt Lill was a dear in black crêpe de chine. What shall I say of the whole dance? I think I can

15. Honestly say on the whole it was ripping. There were programmes. I filled mine all but the dances. There were innumerable epitas & favour dances. I had a rare good time. In the beginning I tho't it was going to be awful - but things cleared up. I danced the ladies' ^{favour} dance with Mr. Smith. It was his first waltz. He really did splendidly - infinitely better than Mr. Larsen or Mr. Scholckmann. He is going to be a first rate dancer some day. I had 2 other dances with him - the gentleman's favour, & a waltz. He looked a dear, as always my partners altogether were; Mr. Schorr, Mr. Edelmann, Mr. Larsen, Mr. Scholckmann, Mr. Sellar, Uncle Rob, Uncle Ed. Jim, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Er.

76.
Thomson, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Watson, Mr. Weston, Hyllon Douglas, Mr. Martin & Mr. Smith.

I got three favours, from Mr. Schorr, Mr. Larsen, & Mr. Smith. The ladies favours were very pretty bouquets, while the men were varied, pollwags, ribbons & butterflies. There was no flag during the whole evening. We danced till we were ready to drop - on son. We did not leave till 3:30 & as I put my light out the convent bell struck 4! The supper was most excellent - & my two dear aunts - were perfect hostesses. Glad had on a pretty white & silver dress, while Mother was the most beautiful dowager in the room with her new grey satin on & wearing a lot of lovely pink carnations at her bodice.

77. My dress might have been worse - that is the highest praise I can give it. But I managed to enjoy myself & after all that was the main point. Most of the girls looked very nice indeed - only Ethel, Hilda & Miss Sage were all in pink which was rather a pity.

Feb. 28 Monday. Up at 7!

Oh the weariness & dreariness of it. I felt peevish, & yawning & desperately tired but there was nothing for it - but to go up to school. No one was up when I left the house - I had my breakfast in quiet solitude. Outside there was a steady drizzle which of course did not help to raise my spirits. The morning seemed very long. When I came home at 12 what was my joy to find a

merry luncheon party awaiting me. Dollie, Elsie & Mr. Smith were there - They had been working hard with Aunt Win all the morning, dismantling the rooms - Mr. Bennett arrived in five minutes. He is a jovial young man. I have not decided yet whether I like him or not. We had a most gay lunch - Everyone was in the best of moods. We ate up remains of last night's festivities & discussed the good points of the whole performance. Of course I had to leave early. It was hard - especially as I knew they were going to have a good time after I left - School in the m. was awful - There is no other word for it. I could have cried - I felt so tired & old & shaky by 3.30.

Aunt Win went up with

79. The musical branch of the W. Club. to Mr. Estes of studio She wanted me to come too but I couldn't go - so I went home & lolled the whole evening.

Bo came to dinner - we all retired at 8:30 - lapped.

Mar. 1. Wednesday. The first day of March has arrived I hail it with great joy. First of all it is a messenger of Spring - secondly summer is not far off. I long to see the leaves on the trees again - everything looks dear & bare just now. School was not strenuous in the p.m. was my free time. How I revelled in it. In the early afternoon Aunt Will came over to talk over the dance - I read in my room as well as tidied up a bit.

After tea Aunt Win & I

went for a constitutional along the quay. Who should we meet coming down the hill by Basil & Mr. Smith running full pelt. They were off to the hose-makers - we saw Currier there - what was our surprise to have them catch us up - running again - five minutes later. It was a splendid walk - the air was clean & fresh after last night's deluge. The roads of course were bad but with short skirts we managed it famously. Mr. S. was in a good mood we threw stones into the Bosphorus - & tried stunts along the quay. After that we went up to J. Rowson to look at the central beating on which Mr. Smith & Aunt Win have a bet. The place would be ready for years! I'm afraid Aunt Win has lost! It made

81. The walk so much pleasanter
to have Mr. S. along. I wish he
would let us get to know him
better - but he shuts up like a
clam -

Uncle Bob came for dinner.
Mr. Weston called afterwards
to bring Uncle Bud's mail &
at the same time to make his
party call. He is a good
fellow - but terribly shy.
I have misjudged him a long
time. Of course he can't be
mentioned in the same breath
as Mr. Smith.

I have been reading Brow-
ning & found him fine. Tra
hippo hippo - a wonderful
poem - I read today. I must
read it over again tomorrow.
Some of the passages are quite
perfect.

Mar. 2. Thursday. There was
no excitement whatsoever
at school - except that we

are all feeling somewhat relieved⁸²
at the milder weather. When I
came into lunch at noon whom
should I meet in the drawing
room than Essie Robertson. Her
steamer which was to have left
on Tues. never did - & she has
been practically stranded in
Constant. She was exceedingly
disappointed to hear Aunt Win
had gone to Sautari (as she
called it.) However she was
not as perturbed about herself
as I tho't she would have
been. She said she wanted
to go up to Robert College as
she was interested in it -
so I gave her minute directions
as to how to get there. We
lunched together - what a
funny, interesting, talkative
body she is. very do main-
ish. She cut really a
rather pathetic figure, I tho't
- with her sweet face

83 diffident manner & soft
pey hair - There ought to have
been some one to protect &
take care of her. And yet she
is quite, quite alone in the
world. It's pitiful -

There was a dance in the
village school in benefit of
the same - at 9:30. & all of
us had determined to go. Dollie
& Elsie came up all the way
from town for it. They
arrived for tea - Aunt Win
came in for a moment but
had to go up to Missar to a
duty dinner party. In conse-
quence we three girls were
left alone for dinner. We
had a ripping time together.
First of all we sat in the
dark in the sitting room
till dinner time & talked
of everything under heaven.
Our dinner was all con-
versation - unceasing.

Dollie is a perfect dear - I love &
her very much. Elsie has
many fine qualities - its brain
& quickness of perception that
she lacks, I think. We dress-
ed after dinner as the thing
began so late. When we
arrived, after nearly breaking
our necks down Aunt Win's
impossible steps, we found
that there was a whole bevy
of fair Bebebles already
assembled there. There were
heaps of wiles.

The ballroom looked
quite fetching, decorated with
flap & evergreens. Of course
fair damsels of the village
were there attended by im-
possible behals - But it
was a great lark. I had
a lot of dancing - as much
as ever I wanted. There
was rather a scarcity of
men. Messrs. Snow,

85. Weston, Smith, Jim, Robert
Ampes, Alfred, Douglas,
There were simply scores
of girls. We danced together.
a good bit.

I had two dances with
Mr. S. He looked splendid -
I do admire him - He is so
tall & fine - I wish I could get
to know him better. Mr.
Schour flatters me consider-
ably about my dancing.
We had no fewer than 3
waltzes together. We seem
just to hit it off.

We came away early;
about 1:30 - we were in
bed - There was horrid
confetti flying about before
we left however - which
was rather a pity. Mr. S.
could not stand it. He chucked
a lot that had been given him,
behind a chair - out of sight.

But we did have a good time on

86.
the whole -
Mar. 3. Friday - a dull day al-
together except for some of my
lessons at school - I am teaching
"The Lady of The Lake to the first
class. As I read the part about
the chase tried my best to give
them an idea of the varying of the
hounds, the clatter of the horses
hoofs & the echoes among the
hills - it was a joy to watch
their faces. Christian & Ken-
neth especially were eager -
intent. Christian drank it
all in & when the stag finally
bounded into the den & escaped
he gave a little gasp of pure
joy. It is a delight teaching
a class like that. Basil &
Helen are inclined to be in-
beres - tho' I do move them a
little occasionally. But
Ken & Christian quite make up
for any lack of feeling. Christian
is a fascinating boy - he loves

87. The real things - the things that are worth while. I am lucky to have such dear kiddies to teach.

Mr. Baker - (George) who has come from England was up for the night. We played bridge after dinner but I was so desperately sleepy that I shutt up stairs in the first convenient pause.

Mr. B. is a nice man - rather uninteresting. I am reading Tom Burgoy by H. G. Wells - & am enjoying it immensely. Tho' I have really only just begun. Wells is so human - that is where his special charm lies.

March 7. Tuesday. I have missed out three days, rather eventful ones - for no reason whatever except sheer laziness & negligence. Saturday was

88.
a full day. I was in the a.m. 10:25 boat with Aunt Mil - a boresome woman's club meeting in the p.m. at 2 & after that 3 hours skating at the rink which was splendid. I had been invited by the Baker girls - Aunt Win was there and then the party was completed by Ethel Weston, Aunt Mil, Mr. Heizer & Mr. Smith. Mr. Hogland also joined us. I had a lovely time there were lots of men to skate with - I did not sit-out for more than five minutes altogether. Mr. Smith went round two separate times with me. If he paid me the least little bit of attention I'm sure I could fall over head ears in love with him. As it is I often catch myself sentimentalizing. How unpleasant it is to have an imagination!

89. Aunt Win says she thinks
he quite enjoys my society
but I feel he can only just
tolerate me. But he is
infinite attractive to me -
tho' I see at times he is
apt to be boring and perhaps
a little uninteresting. Some-
times I imagine he rather en-
joys Ethel's society. That, for
some inexplicable reason
makes my blood boil. It
is a hateful confession but
I suppose it is the cursed
feminine of me! I want
him to like me enormously.
Isn't it silly & foolish &
incomprehensible?

After the skating Mr. S. &
I were invited to dinner at
the Bahers after which
Aunt Win & Uncle M. were to
call for us on their way
from Tokat where they were
dining in state with Mrs. S.

90.
leas. I can't say the Baker
evening was a success. We
were at a loss what to do.
We tried double deuce & when
that failed attempted fortune
telling. The conversation was
tremendously frivolous on the
part of Dollie & Elsie. Mr. S.
looked tired & bored long
before the evening was half
over. I felt very sorry for
him & tried to make conver-
sation pleasant but what
can poor me accomplish?
We expected Uncle M. & Aunt W.
at about 10:30 & it wasn't
till 12:10 that we heard their
ring. By that time we were
nearly asleep - & had gone
to the window several des-
pairing times, to see if we
could catch a glimpse of them.
We bundled into the taxi
the four of us & bumped
& whizzed home. The company

71. was soothing after the high pitched voices we had heard all evening. He got home tired - shook hands with Mr. S. at the bottom of our steps & each went on weary way to bed.

On Sunday I was not up till 12 - & lolled nearly all day with the exception of a half an hour's skate towards sunset.

Yesterday & today have been hard - I have felt tired with school - and rushed. We had no less than 13 callers today - After the dance. I enjoyed them on the whole - tho' I felt quite weary after they had all gone I was proud to hear Mr. Watson read Othello but was disinclined after dinner - besides Uncle H. was late & Aunt Win did it want to go

72. out.

I have finished Don Quixote. In many ways it is a fine book. The philosophizing is peerless - so absolutely candid, unaffected & natural. The ending of the story is incomprehensible - I can't make head nor tail of it. It seems to end wrong on purpose - I can't explain the why or wherefore? But Wells is good - I want to read more of him.

I feel these days that my diary is only a sham record of myself. There is so much that I never write down. I am posing - that's what is wrong. Every moment shows my mind teeming with all sorts of quaint & wild ideas. They frighten me sometimes. I wonder if I shall ever have the

93. courage to be quite truth-
ful. Perhaps someday in
the remote future I shall
come to that.

We are having dull grey
heavy March weather. The
"leadiness" weighs on
one's soul & makes things
look blue & melancholy.

I want something some-
where to satisfy me - I can't
put my hand on - what -
Perhaps it's a letter from D -
or a talk with Mother or
perhaps it is love - pure,
real, overpowering love -

Enough trash for tonight!
March 9. Friday. Thursday.
A hard day at school rather.
Aunt Winnie was at home
all day. There was Dorcas
to come home to at 3:30.
I am always dreadfully bored
at Dorcas. The ladies seem

to be so deadly dull - I suppose
I should not expect brilliant
conversation! I helped with
the tea & chatted with Aline &
then could stand it no longer so
went upstairs.

After Dorcas Aunt Win & I
went out to the skating rink.
There was a whole crowd there
mostly skating. Mr. Smith was
among them, not skating. He
came right up to me & we had
quite a long conversation together.
It made me feel glad that he
really likes to talk to me. I'm
sure there is a lot in him - If
I could only make him expand
and say things - the more I
see of him the less I seem
to know him - if that is com-
prehensible.

After dinner in the evening
Aunt Win went out to a meeting
with him & I were left alone.
I prepared lessons in the sitting

95. Room + had a most delightful time. I am reading the lady of the lake for the first time, as I am teaching it to the children. In preparation I only had to read the first book but I was so fascinated by the story that I read two + was tempted to go on further. The verses have a magic charm - they positively carry one away. Scott is wonderful. Tho' one expects little poetry in a story like this, still there are any number of most delicate, subtle passages that come upon one as a delightful surprise. Ellen of course is a conventional heroine. The men are finer - especially the fine old minister Allan-bane + Roderick + Ihu. I went to bed at ten + read the lady after I got to bed.

March 10. Friday. I am tired out with the week's work + hail Friday with delight. We have two new Turkish girls at school - two funny wee nites with beady black eyes - glorying in the names of Belkis + Melihat. They speak English with a pretty accent + have quaint oriental ways. The others consider them something of a joke.

Aunt Win left on the 2:46 boat for calls in town so I was left to my own devices after tea. I was just going to pack for tomorrow's trip to Sultān, when I had a caller - no other than my old adorer Behire'. I had the merriest $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hr with her. She has grown into a great, stout person but is as wild in her ideas as ever. We recalled old times + I tried to get her to talk of

77. herself. She seems to be having rather a slow time at home & long for me to visit her. I must pluck up courage to go on many calls. 'Behie' of course is not all that might be desired. Her voice is low, her manners rather common & her ideas silly - but I think her heart is sound & good withal.

Mr. Lighthart was to have come to dine but Uncle Mr. was so tired that he did not ask him. Mr. Smith had been invited too & he came. Looking fine in his swallowtail. We had a nice dinner & a great after-dinner fun & Sigel came in, & Mr. Plummer came to call. There was bridge going but three of us sat out all the time. Mr. Smith, Aunt Win & I most of the time. There was

really nothing to do & time hung so heavy. I felt like waltzing or playing cricket or doing something desperate. Mr. S. looked bored. Finally tho' it's a brilliant idea. I asked him to draw me a rhinoceros for my kiddies Conversation class; which he did & quite enjoyed I think. He draws rather well. I do like him enormously tho' he is not interesting sometimes. I am off to Sautari tomorrow & am looking forward to it with many pleasant anticipations. Dollie is to meet me at Bechtelache. I hope to have long talks with Mother again. Got a nice letter from Miss Bryan - she is a dear. - I do so appreciate her attentions.

March 13. Monday.

I have just come home from spending the week end in

99. Scutari. I had a beautiful time & came back full of ideals & resolutions. Amy inspires me enormously. I forget how wonderful she is, when I am in Behak. I have to go & visit in Scutari to get re-acquainted & to realize that she really is my lady of the pedestal. I came home only this morning. The reason was that I had a dreadful bilious headache yesterday afternoon & could not make up my mind to leave then. Of course I was late for school & the day felt somewhat hazy - hazey in consequence. Aunt M. the dear was not in the least put out. I was unhappy at inconveniencing her. Was there by nine - went puffing up the hill at such a rate that I was in a state of breathlessness & redness

which was rather distressing.¹⁰⁰

The girls gave a play on Sat. night which I enjoyed immensely by called "The Keeping Car" by Howells. It br'it back days in America - & was really quite laughable. Cornelia was the star. Dollie was invited by Dad to spend the week end at college. Her company is always enjoyable & I think she had a very good time. Gladys is very excited about her jaunt - she sails on the Lusitania - the lucky child!

March 16. Thursday.

Another gap of several days. Not very eventful ones - but full of many tho'ts -

On Tuesday we had a lot of nice people to call. Mrs. MacLean & Mrs. Scott came to dinner, & afterwards Mrs. Baker & the girls came

¹⁰¹ to pay their party call.
About five Mr. Smith arrived
saying he had come to call
- as if he did not inform us
we might not know of the
fact. He looked a dear
as always - & talked quite
interestingly. We don't see
very much of him these days.

Wednesday was Charter
Day. Aunt Hil & I were unable
to go over early for the Alumnae
meeting but we went on the
1:19 boat. What a crowd of
memories & associations
came flocking to my mind
as I witnessed the exercises
for the first time as an
alumna. It was dreadful
feeling so "out of it" -
such a strange, weird
feeling. All my life at
college comes back in sudden
strong flashes & I long
for the intensity about

things that I had then. When I ¹⁰²
was a student every moment
was alive & bubbling over
with sensation - such plans,
& ideals & glories crowded to
my mind on occasions like
Charter Day - I tho't then
that that was the whole of life
- that without the college I
should feel lost, adrift so
to speak - & here I stood
to-day with my mind &
heart full of all kinds of
other tho'ts & feelings -
my whole life changed &
modified - How strange &
wonderful is our power -
what to me now is essential
in years to come will be a
memory like the dreams at
Scuttun college on the hill.
There were crowds there.
We escaped to Mother's office
for an unmolested cup of tea.
The address by Prof. Clark

103 of Columbia on Political Economy of the 20th century was most excellent. It was the manifestation of a most scholarly mind & much deep study of the subject in law. Some did not like it - I tho't it was beyond the files & alumni but still it was splendid. Dr. Patrick was beaming.

I have just finished reading "The Country House" by Galsworthy. It is a wonderful description of English country life & gives one a feeling of incompleteness & "going-on-ness" - which is actually consistent with the subject-matter. The best character in the book is the Squire's wife - one's heart aches for her. The Rector - I loathe. I can hardly bear to read of him - he so

104 makes my blood boil - He had eleven children - a delicate wife - lived on the fat of the land, believed in keeping down the people in the matter of education, preached on the subjection of the passions to which human flesh is heir to - and then called himself a Christian. Bah! That kind of man makes me feel positively ill.

Miss Kennedy came to tea & we had a lovely time afterwards playing over some Recitations & music. I am doing two at Aunt Winnie's social. I love doing them.

In the evening Aunt Mildred & I went to a lecture in town by a Russian on Tolstoi - which was splendid. The Russian lectured in English, without a single note, which I tho't was mar-

105 yellow - He gave a brief outline of Tolstov's life with just a glimpse at his phil-osophical & socialistic teachings. Mr. Hus. Sella also were there - we all drove home in a taxi. Bella & Elza were a bit nervous but I prefer taxis to cabs. It seems to me a machine is more controllable than a horrible animal, with a will of its own. We got home by eleven.
March 17. Friday.

I remembered it was St. Patrick's day & we remarked the fact at school. A depress-ive day - heavy clouds & a sultry atmosphere with occasional annoying little showers - Auntie came to tea, which was most pleasant of course.

Amy came up for the week end. It is exhilarating & re-

freshing to have her with us. She brings new life always -

106
I got a dear, dear letter from Burnie - full of all kinds of interesting details of her life & tho'ts. She is a true kindred spirit - how much her letters mean to me - her friendship I value more than I can say. Tif - dear faithful Tif - also sent me a welcome epistle.

I am beginning to long for news from J. again. I don't want him to forget me quite - but I feel he won't - he will write sometime - I must just be patient & have faith.

I can't write - Tho'ts won't flow to night.

March 18. Saturday. I did not get up till late & layed nearly all day. Miss J. & Aunt Win went off to town early & I was left alone with luck &

107 I had rather a stupid time
of it - tho' restful - with
lots of time to think. The day
itself was depressing. Clouds
hung low all day - & every
now & then there was a horrid
drizzly shower. The air was
heavy - with "south wind yess".

It is the kind of day one
often has, just on the threshold
between winter & Spring. The
buds on the Chestnut trees
are ready to shoot - & burst -

Aunt Win picked a big bunch
of beautiful fragrant violets
Spring is coming; it really is.

Miss Kennedy came at 3
to practice recitations. She
was most interesting. Talked
on end about India & I
listened all a day. We nearly
forgot to practice we were
so engrossed in discussing
the Far East & its problems.
Miss K. is interesting; & she

has a great deal of enthusiasm¹⁰⁸
on a good many subjects. I
admit her manner is offensive
at times & she hasn't perhaps
all the attributes of a very cultured
lady - but then she has many
fine tastes & appreciative abilities
I think her besetting sin is
bumpiness - what I so
dislike - but then we all have
our besetting sin - let us not
throw stones.

The evening passed off very
uneventfully & we retired early,
March 19 Sunday. Up at 10
& did a lot of clean up in
my room before lunch. It
poured in the p. m. We
had a lot of callers - a merry
crew we were in the sitting
room all on top of each other.
Mr. Peckham & Mr. Haylaw
came besides Mr. Morgan on
business. His then called
from Sutar to Harry & I

109 was glad just of that short glimpse of her. I enjoyed her - Peckham very much - He is a nice little man - full of humour & good fun - I would like to know him better. Aunt Win may invite him up for the night some time soon.

After our visitors had departed Aunt W in & I went for a walk along the way. It wasn't exciting but did us good no doubt - We looked in at Aunt W in's & talked school before we came home. A quiet evening at home afterwards very much en famille. I wrote to Burnie, Jeff & Meladen - I want letters again. I must not be in too great a hurry.

Perhaps the skating rink tomorrow - who knows?

I have heard rumours to that effect.

110
March 20 Monday. A calm day at school with no reactions. Eric was a darling & cuddled up to me in the sweetest manner, in the p.m. when he had nothing to do - & was getting fearfully bored - & gave me his reading book to examine. I could not help reading him one of the stories; he was such a wee dear.

There was a skating rink party in the late p.m. I did not want to go very much but I could hardly get out of it as I gave my word. Aunt W in went calling in town; from the first I knew I would not enjoy it under the chaperonage of Aunt Wilma & it turned out just as I expected. We came

"down in the boat - Aunt Win
Aunt Hilian, Betsy Hegelesen
Mr. Smith - Mr. S. was
bored I know. Miss Betsy
& Aunt Hil were staid offish
& secretive. When we
got to the rink Dolie & Elsie
were there to my joy. I was
glad to see them - we had
several skates together &
enjoyed them hugely. Douglas
appeared, of course & carried
on frantically with Betsy,
finally at the last moment
they went off & came home in
a motor car together. Mr. Wes-
ton was waiting at the rink
I went round twice with Mr.
Weston, once with Mr. Smith
twice with Douglas. The
party had no swiftness or spirit
Aunt Hilian monopolized
the men, rather stalked in
undertones as is her wont.
We scrambled into a taxi

172
I came home in 25 min -
Mr. Smith, Weston, Aunt Hil & I.
I don't like Mr. Smith when he
is with that crowd. I feel they
are always laughing at me
behind my back - a cad's trick.
I came home to my dearest
adopted & told them the whole
story from beginning to end.
One thing is certain. I shall
not go again to the rink with-
out Aunt Win - also, I
shall avoid Betsy - in future
too I've nothing against the
girl.

A letter from Posalins awaited
me - quite interesting - miles
long. I want a letter from Albot
- I love his serious mindedness
he is in dead earnest & does
not laugh at me.
March 22. Wednesday.
My free afternoon. Played the
first part - smoked two
cigarettes, felt dissipated &

113 times to learn The Raven at intervals. At 3:15 Aunt Mil & I started for calls in Hiosar.

On the way Aunt Mil told me all about the school committee - the trouble she had last year before I came - how they tho't spiteful tho'ts about her - & said mean things. It made my blood boil & I felt I would never stay on here permanently. We called on Mrs. E. & had a very pleasant afternoon -

The walk home was wonderful. We have been having a strong northeast wind that blows bitter & bleak right thru one - As the old fisherman remarked, 'It brings neither rain nor snow but it freezes one's soul' - The walk was fine - along the way, with the wind at our backs - Great grey

114 clouds swept across the sky - the sunlight rested on the hills on the other side, in a glorious light. Sails - full & swelling spun down the Bosphorus - the choppy white waves danced & the spray leapt up onto the way - It made one feel glad to be alive. How I would have enjoyed it!

Mother came up for the night to Aunt Fanny's but came to dinner with us. It was a delight - to see her - Mabel & I spent the night with us. We were invited to the Lawrence Binns' for bridge. It was very, very, very slow & I was bored to tears.

The first few games were good I played at a table with Aunt Mil & Miss & Uncle Lawrence. Aunt Lillian acted in an affected manner with Betty

11 15 Majelssen. Mr. Weston.
was rather rude. Mr. Smith
was bored & did not play
till about five minutes
before the end. He sat loosely
on a sofa for hours. I would
like to have gone up to him
& talked but it was his
place to come to me. Besides
what could I talk about?

I felt tired & it always is
rather an effort picking up things
to say, especially when he
is with "The Pines crowd".
I like him here - alone -
But he is very difficult. He
is an enormous puzzle to me,
& I can't make him out.

His character seems to
baffle one at every turn.

I want to write a story.
I come across some
such interesting characters
This village teems with
characters worthy of being

described by the immortal
Dickens himself. 116

I want to write poetry -
lots & lots of it. I wonder
if I ever will be able to
put on paper what is in my
head. I haven't the courage
enough to try.

March 24. Friday. Yesterday
was Dr. Founder's Day at R.C.
& also the hundredth anniver-
sary of Dr. Hamlin's birth.

We went up to the exercises
which on the whole we enjoyed
immensely. We were able to see
a little of the indoor meet
which certainly was splendid.

There was a great crowd
assembled in Science Hall
for the service. There was
a terrible graduate from
Bulgaria who talked on
Dr. Hamlin - & who made
us want to hide our heads.
His speech was too unpre-

117
pared & badly given. Mr. Sales read a fine letter from Dr. Van Kullipen - which said in a few very well chosen words, all that we felt about the great genius of the founder of R. C. I tho't much of it all afternoon - & wondered how he would have felt if he had been there - He must be very proud of his grandfather. I think I have some of the genius Dr. Hamlin had; he has the same passionate likes, & dislikes - the same enormous enthusiasms & the same dreamy ideals. But I. is not practical with it - He is more a poet & dreamer than a doer - perhaps the more lovable for that very reason.

To-day I went to Ar-

118
hewoutkey to practice the Raven with Miss Kennedy. It is the first time I have been since the school was in working order. What a splendid place they have! I thought to be a most flourishing institution. I feel very queer about my recitation of prayer for courage to get thru with it. Miss K. was very nice & practised it for $1\frac{3}{4}$ hr. on end. Her room is a wee box of a place but very attractive - full of quaint-Indian things.

Paad came for the evening & is staying on till Sunday to my joy. We had rather a dull evening for her. Aunt hill came over & all the people who are taking part in the dances tomorrow - Mr. Smith & Weston came too. We had bridge upstairs but it wasn't very exciting.

119. Last Tuesday Norah's
baby came - a boy. The
whole family of course was
very rejoiced about it, as
it was the very first
grand child & now we hear
dreadful news about it.
It was not quite right
from the beginning & Dr.
McCleau who was called
today says there is no
hope for it. That its
spine is wrong - & it
will die. Poor - poor
Norah - after all she
has been thru, after the
hopes & joys of her first
- born - after the pre-
parations, months before-
hand - to have her
arms empty & her heart
aching, seems too dread-
ful for words to express -
we fear the baby will not
survive the night. People

120
say it is better that it
should die than that it should
live to be a cripple or perhaps
weak minded. Why do things
happen thus? It makes my
heart ache to think of that
poor wee suffering baby
- not more than 3 days
old - where is its soul?
What will happen to its
soul when it dies? Oh if
we could only believe that
the baby soul ^{goes} went back
to the home of the angels in
the beautiful blue sky!
Why must babies suffer -
Is it the fault of some
wicked ancestor? If so,
how unjust - it all is!
March 26. Sunday. Yesterday
afternoon was held Aunt Win's
social of the Women's Club at
Armadale. It was a
tremendous success.

All morning we were very

1. busy. That is Aunt Win & Glad went to Armaoutbery. I stayed at home, tickled mended a little & rehearsed the Raven at intervals. I could settle down to nothing with the thro't of the recitation on my mind.

We repaired to the hall at 11:30. in the tek which was full to overflowing. Aunt Win, Glad, Haway & I to say nothing of a big basket, tray, semivan & plates. I am surprised the horse did not die of apoplexy. However we arrived there safely. I practised beforehand. rather under difficulties & felt extremely nervous.

The hall was most artistic. It was darkened slightly by 90 candles. The people came in hordes - Aunt Win looking a most

charming & gracious hostess. The dances were perfectly lovely. There were three illustrated - the minuet, gavotte & pavan. When the dancers first came in, dressed in their costumes of white & silver, with their powdered hair & ruffles the effect was bewitching. The dances were beautifully done - so solemn dignified & slow. When at one of the minuet figures the men drew out their slender swords & swung them over the heads of their partners, little shivers went up & down my spine. The surroundings were admirable. They danced under the glittering old chandelier - to the slow grand music. It thro't to my memory, the dear romantic day I longed to be a shy & simple maiden of long ago

12⁵ with a dashing handsome
cavalier at my side ready
to draw his sword for
me at any moment. The
present is always prosaic
I suppose - tho' I scarcely
see how life would have
helped being romantic
when men fought duels,
kashed swords, bowed
deeply + kissed ladies'
hands. I suppose there
is romance in the world
always + everywhere, if one
has only the eyes to see it
with.

My recitations went off
fairly well - people were kind
in their congratulations.
Aunt hid prompted me +
tho' I nearly lost control
once, it was passed over
happily. We came home
tired but happy on the whole.

This morning had had +

124
tically made us go to church.
Mr. Barum preached - un-
convincingly, illogically -
horrorsomely. I went to hear
him in a critical frame of
mind. I was bored by the
whole thing. I dislike
church tremendously - I
am a confirmed heretic.

Mr. Scrimshure + Mrs.
Bennett called - They are
nice men but we had very
little chance for real
conversation. Mr. Smith
came for tea - as nice as
ever - but so difficult
to talk to. His range of
interests must be very
narrow, I think - that
must be it. He ought to be
interesting + he isn't.

I have just read Mr. Polkij
by Wells. I was very much
interested in it - tho' it very
pathetic in many ways.

125 Talbot - in his last
letter says he thinks Wells
has given a better view of
English life in Mr. Polly
than he has in Kipps. I
do not agree. I must
save it up for my next
letter. Kipps seems to me
an infinitely superior
story, artistically & psychol-
ogically. There is not one
really attractive character
in Mr. Polly. whereas Kipps
& Ann are both lovable
Mr. Polly is so very, very
common - his friends so
overpoweringly vulgar,

by adopted & I have
formed a resolution to read
Toussaint's Napoleon aloud
every night. We started
tonight. I had first shot.
It is fair to be very inter-
esting, I think. I wonder
if we will be able to keep

it up.

26
I wrote to Bernie this. I have
not heard from her this week.

Mar. 28. Monday.

A hard day at school. The child-
ren seemed exceptionally
noisy & restless. I lost my
temper all the time with them -
which was bad. Eric is the
only one I love - a darling
nice boy - whom I feel like
hugging.

I came home to Mrs. Belant
& Aunt Win playing duos
which were lovely. They play-
ed Brahms - & made my
soul feel satisfied. Mr. Estes
& minor came for tea & I
felt bored & spoke awkwardly
& like a school girl.

Felt blue & dumpy for no
reason whatever. Wanted a
letter & there weren't any for
me. I wish I could write
make something - create. I

12) I am so utterly helpless
- no earthly use to anyone -
There is Gladys - a joy to
anyone with whom she lives
- practical & sweet. I can't
even light a fire or dust a
room - I'm good for nothing
but lolting, sleeping - &
being a burden generally -
"Nobody love me - I want
beat worms - woolly
ones - tonight."

March 29 Tuesday. Tues-
is always my hardest day at
school & yet there is always
the thrill of my first Wednes-
afternoon which throws
considerable radiance before
safety. The children were
naughty, a little (we all need
a holiday) & I sadly lost
my temper. Aunt Mil came
to tea which of course was
a joy. Aunt Win is having
a new killed at the dentist's.

Poor dear, she has a good bit ¹²⁸
of toothache with it. I can
fully sympathize with her.

Moral's baby is better & to
everyone's astonishment may
survive after all. The whole
village is excited about it
& wait for news of its progress
with bated breath. It is call-
ed "The Babe's baby" & will
be loved by all of us doubly
after its stormy first days.
The only thing is - I do
hope it is not going to grow
up deficient either in mind
or body. If that were the
outlook, better let it die,
say I - rather than grow to
be a continual sorrow
to its parents all its days.

We stick to our reading
& hapokow & are quite inter-
ested. I read tonight of his
youthful days - what an
insufferable prig he must

129 have been.

I am reading Penderais. I started it in Cambridge but never got far - my other work was too pressing - but I hope to finish it this time. Thackeray is a giant among writers. His style is so simple & yet so powerful. It grips hold of one.

Mar. 31. Friday.

Exciting things are happening now - a days. My career hangs in the balance i.e. if I may call my small business in life a career. The Bebek School Com. are thinking of putting the school on an entirely new basis next year with Miss Sage as head. In that case Aunt M. & I have to withdraw. They are merely awaiting Miss S's decision & I think it will very likely

130
be in the affirmative. Then the question is what is to happen to yours truly! Naturally it worries me a little. I am not very disappointed but I must make money. Plans are beginning to settle in my mind already. But there is no use planning till Miss Sage has given a definite reply.

Bessie wrote me a dear letter. She is expecting inspectors to the Upburth School so is brimful of work & apprehension. I am going to hold my thumbs for her hand! I did think J. would write today. Now I must wait another whole week. It is hard - I am beginning to want a letter badly.

I spent the night with my adopted at Mildred's on Wed. Mrs. E. kindly put me up - I am thinking of staying in Hissar with Mrs. E.

131 This summer as best I can
God, Aunt's twin & I will
all be away. Behek would
be intolerable without any
of them. I think I should
like Hissar. Mrs. E.'s house
is a joy to my soul - a
big garden - lots of books -
plenty of room - & then
there are the lots of nice
people in Hissar too. It
sounds most attractive.
But now if I am not
wanted in the school next
year, my plans may be so
radically changed that I
don't know what I will
do in the summer. I am
afraid M. will worry -
I hope not.

Ada has broken off
her engagement with M.
Seylog. A boy that
greeted me this morning
at school! I was never

more astounded & have not
yet adjusted my mind to it.
He always prophesied a break-
ing off - but now the engage-
ment has been going on for
2 yrs. It seems such an
extraordinary move. I am
sorry for the man. I hope the
parting was mutual & not
onesided - but it must have
been a shock to both. How
careful one must be!
(But then I shall never have
the chance - no one will
ever be engaged to me - in
the first instance. I feel almost
assured!)

I have read in the last 2
days Barrie's little minister.
I always love Barrie tho' this
story is weird & impossible
in many ways. Sentimental
Tommy beats them all.
April 3. Monday.

There is much to say. I always

133. begin to write my diary late at night (it is now 11) so I feel I hardly ought to spend time on it yet I love to linger over the sentences, to mould them well, so that I will have pleasure in reading over the record of my past experiences.

On Sat. I went to the Bakers for the night. I was feeling dead tugged anyhow. We went to the skating rink. I was bored rather & by 7 o'clock the crowd was getting slightly vulgar so we departed. Dollie & I had a solitary tête à tête as Elsie & Mrs. B. had to go out to dinner while Mrs. B. was in bed with bad neuralgia. After dinner we retired to the drawing room, Dollie & I where we sat till nearly 12 & talked

134. solidly for all that time. D. is a dear girl when she is serious. At times I think there is a vulgar strain in both those girls - tho' it is horrid of me to mention it, seeing they have done so many nice things for me. D. wants to do things in the summer. - read serious books for instance & have some aim in reading. I think it is an excellent idea. If I live with Mrs. E. in the summer as I am planning to, I may have lots of chances of doing things with D.

On Sunday Elsie & I went to San Stefano for lunch. Mrs. Stocks had invited us to lunch. Strange to relate I had never been there before & I found the outing delightful. A train journey always excites me. I enjoy seeing

13^o Crowds of people together -
each so individual & distinct
& yet the mass, so unmis-
takable. My thro' to flew back
to long gone times as we
sped along in the train. At
first we went thru the
old seraglio, looked up at
the palaces built on the
cliffs, where dwelt long ago
the fair damsels of the
harem, who perhaps looked
out upon the sea, with
longing & wistfulness.

Past the old walls, &
Seven Towers we went -
In amongst the ruins nestled
tumbled down houses
patched with delapidated
gas. This that had seen
better & shinier days.

Over fields of corn &
newly planted wheat -
we passed - with the
sea at our sides all the

way.

136
The sea was wonderful -
so calm, so wide, so absolute-
ly still. The islands in the
distance started out, the
mist as tho' but lately
created by some fairy's
touch. To the south gleamed
faintly the snowy range of
mts. on the opposite shore -
reminding us of a Chile
winter, only just past.

The villages we passed
thru varied immensely.
At first they were all Turkish.
We got scattered glimpses
up side streets narrow
& forbidding, peeps into
stuffy, breezy cafés,
glances into overhanging
balconies. The houses were
for the most part extremely
rickety. Washing hung
out in fantastic rows
from narrow ledge to narrow

137 edge. Dirty babies & dirtier women stopped in & out between the houses. Further on we came to really elegant suburbs. Macribery has the air of a prosperous European town & by the time you were in San Stefano it seemed another world. All the houses were well built & well kept - each with a fairly sized garden.

Mrs Stock has a beautiful house & garden. She is a perfect hostess. The other guests were a Miss Ismarides, a fascinating Greek girl & Mr. Williams a friend who boards with her family. This latter is an English youth who has just come out. He is shy to an appalling degree. He was mum the whole afternoon. Not once, I look-

ed for it - diligently. did he volunteer a remark. Now - syllables were all one could extract from him & those only be a most painful process. He blushed at the least provocation & made himself a positive mill stone round the neck of the company.

He sat next to me at table. I never realized silence could be so intense on the part of one person!

We went for a walk after lunch. - along the beach & to the famous light house. We caught the 4:50 ^{train} boat & I came home in the boat from town. Found M. here when I arrived - to my infinite joy. We talked the whole evening & I could not get our fill. Retires late.

Aunt Win says - why don't

139. Write? How I wish
I could! I may try - how
someone has confessed a
possibility (shadowy, but
existent) of my success.
My greatest ambition
always has been to write
but who wants to hear
my twaddle. Only, I fear
my fond relations who
do to on anything in their
loving simplicity & prejudice.

The day has been warm.

I have spring fever & feel
new life awakening in me.
I must write - God helping,
I want to hear from Talbot.

Apr. 7. Friday. Such im-
portant things have been
happening in the village
that I have hardly had the
heart or the time to write.

The fact is the Bebek
Sch. Committee have
practically 'sacked' Aunt

140.
Miel & me from the school &
appointed Miss Sage as head.
It is not absolutely decided
but nearly so. There have
been many committee
meetings lately in which
people have been horrid.
They have said spiteful
things about Aunt Miel
- complained about the
school, when not one
has visited it, to inspect
the methods. It is all
Aunt Edith, who is eaten up
by mad jealousy. Tho'
Aunt Miel has been hurt
dreadfully by the mean
remarks they have made,
she has risen above it
all. My love & admiration
of her knows no bounds.
I am absolutely dumb-
founded by her greatness
of heart! She is taking
- it - so sweetly - when of

40. course she minds their criticisms tremendously. We will neither of us teach there next year - at least I am glad we both go off together - comrade in distress. Now the thing is, I must find something for next year. I simply must have something to do. I am going to look out for things immediately. I sincerely hope I can find a congenial post - for I can't bear to take another cent of his money. But I am surrounded by so much love - my dis-appointment can harbour no bitterness.

There is not a single individual in this whole community who can touch the hem of Aunt Mil's dress - not one!

Someday they will know it! The night is bound to triumph. How I wish I could always believe that fully. It is so hard not to be bitter & sour at life's upturns.

Douglas is engaged to Betsey Hagelssen. The way he has been carrying on with her, has been "the talk of the town." She seems nice! but I don't know her. I hear many things. How Douglas could have possibly bro't himself to marry a foreigner I don't know. She is only 18½ - tremendously young - & rather empty headed I should judge. But I suppose he knows what he's about - I am no judge. The girls were here for choir practice - they are very cool about it. I am afraid they are not

142
never-pleased - more
would he if he were my
brother.

Peudennis progresses
a pace. But how back-
cray's women aggravate
me! Tien's mother is the
softest, silliest, most
jolly woman one could
possibly imagine. What
Pen wanted was severity
& justice from his mother
instead he got nothing but
indulgence & forgiveness
for every mortal offense.
No wonder he turned out
a rake. Her resolute
characters would not have
stood the spoiling he got.

No letter from J. again
today. I weary of waiting.
Why should I mind so
much. but I can't help
confessing I do mind.
I think I'll write on Sunday.

143
April 13. Sunday. It has
been a very strenuous day -
& our emotions have been very
much racked. To begin with
as I was dressing I got a note
from Mrs. Heizer saying that
my services at the Belek
school were dispensed with
for next year. Tho' I knew it
was coming, I felt distinctly
mad. Mr. & Miss J. came for
lunch & of course we had to go
over the whole affair again -
talking about it, till we
were very much worked up. Aunt
Win - poor darling actually
wept. I felt so sorry for her -
what a heart Aunt Edith is
(for she is really at the bottom
of all this bitterness) to make
so many people suffer. Naturally
I feel indignant, not so much
at the attitude toward me -
but at the despicable way in
which the community has acted

143- towards Aunt Will. I am
glad however that she will
no longer cast her pearls
before a — — for it cer-
tainly amounts to that.

We talked everything over
with Mr. Shuny. They say I
must try for a lucrative
post here. If I can't find one
then it must be Columbia
next year. The idea rather
frightens me - but I should
really love to go. Talbot is
studying in Columbia -
miss Jenks as well - Besides
I might see Carrie & perhaps
come out with her. But I
don't think it will come off.
We talk & hope & plan - I
must try & find something
soon.

I wrote several letters
to Burnie, Carrie, Chrys &
Talbot. I wrote this last
about Dad's visit this

summer - I wanted to wait
for a letter from him first but
it was so long in coming
that I gave up in despair. I
have only sent a wee note but
hope he will reply soon.

Last night we went to
a nice Faculty reception at
R. C. I saw George Baker
for quite a little time. He
came up & spoke to me. I find
him so interesting; I am
getting to like him immense-
ly. I remember how Talbot
admired & always said I
did not know him well
so was therefore no judge
of his character - I used to
think he was conceited &
ill-tempered but I am
really getting to like him now.
He is extremely interesting.
Perhaps I shall see more of
him this summer.

Pendennis progresses slowly,

145. What an eternal book.
I want to write something &
I can't. A small treatise was
all I could extract, I think as
near as I like.

We are having very short
Easter holidays this year - another
heavily trick of the Committee's
I think on the whole, I am glad
to be rid of their tyranny.

April 12. Wednesday. Again
I am guilty of neglect. Yester-
day Aunt Win was away
all day. I dined with Aunt Lind
& afterwards a crowd of us
went up to R. C. to hear Mr.
Watson read Hamlet. The
night was wet - but
any discomfort was doubly
recompensed. It was thrill-
ing! Mr. W. never reads so
well. Those marvellous
speeches of Hamlet he
rolled out, with all the
vehemence & passion they

needed. People leaned forward ^{1/6} &
intent, absolutely oblivious for
2 solid hrs (8-10) to anything
or anyone but - the wonderful
play being spoken before them. &
Any objects to Mr. W. reading a
Shakespeare. Here is a point
in which I must differ. I think
he is fine - his attempted
acting is not at all out of
place. To me he has to make
the play ten times more real.
At the end of his reading, he
made a small talk to the
boys, telling them his
motive in giving these readings.
He spoke strongly & eloquently,
pointing out Shakespeare's
morality & purity - & ⁱⁿ ~~then~~
his words one could see
the beauty of his own soul
shining thru. The place
was crowded - hardly a
single person more could
have been added to the

147. Room-ful. I saw Elie
Dollie & Mrs. E. Mother has
interviewed this last & I am
going to live with her in the
Summer. He seemed quite
happy about it; which
made me glad of course.

I am much stirred these
days. My Bookman &
Hibbert have given me
much food for tho't &
of course Haulet last
night went down to the
depths. I have just read
Manfred - a beautiful poem
I should say - but rather
incomprehensible. The
hero seems to be rather
blindly rebellious towards
life. No definite cause of
his unhappiness & sorrow
is given to explain his
attitude. It has a faint
resemblance to Faust
in that the hero has made

148.
himself master of the spirits.
I re-read parts of Cain.
So that I must always give
my whole & entire admiration
Its greatness is overpowering
I read it some yrs. ago when
I was at Sautai. Now it
only seems to have become
more wonderful. To my
mind, it is the finest thing
Byron ever wrote. It is
positively terrifying in its
greatness.

There was much in The
Bookman on Thackeray this
month. I am much interested
to find that Panderinis'
experiences at the University
& in Lincoln Inn were much
the same as Thackeray's own.

The weather is truly a
child of changeable April.
Dark threatening clouds
dispute with matchless
patches of blue to supremacy

144 in the sky. We are continually having rain.

But the budding buds of the chestnut tree in the garden are a marvel to behold. I have been watching them very closely the last few days. I examined one closely & was astonished to see the tiny leaf folded up in the softest manner inside the protective bud. To-day - the tender green young leaves are out - some of them - The marvel of the Spring never grows old.

April 18 Tuesday. I have been so busy enjoying my Easter holidays that I have had positively no time for writing in my diary. They are going all too fast - School work seems yet so comfortably distant.

150
I do not like to think of it - work seems to me irksome. I am pouring lagg forsooth! To-day Aunt's bill sh¹ went up to a baseball match at R. C.; the college against the embassy. I can't say the same was highly exciting - but I enjoyed seeing the nice Americans & the assembled people. I wrote 3 letters today to Miss Bryan, Jif & Rosalind. Susan called & I have ordered a lot of summer clothes. I pray that they will be nice - I await them in fear & trembling! Tomorrow I go to Sautan for a nice visit with Dad & M. I must really talk over my affairs for next year with them. I hope to see Dr. P. & Miss Miller about Columbia. I am not in the mood for writing tonight. I have had no letters for years.

151. Burnie seems to have forgotten me quite & as for J. he is utterly in corrigible. I am growing desperate & cynical.

I have not yet finished Thackeray tho' I love it more, as I proceed. I wonder if I shall ever have courage enough to go thru some others of his.

Yesterday we had our first picnic to Jer-Jer Son. The valley was beautifully warm & my heart overflowed at the joy of Spring & new life - It was good to be alive & feel the awakening of the life around one.

April 20 Thursday. Here I am at college spending 3 days with Dad & M. At present I can think of no other subject than Columbia!

I have had a long talk with Miss Miller & she has told me all kinds of interesting things about the place & the work. If it were not for the distance & expense how I would rush for it. I cannot bear to think of Mr. bearing the expense of my staying there. But all tho' it of it - for this year is passed. What I want to do is to make money this following year & at the same time study a little in prep. for a literature at Columbia which Miss Miller has mapped out for me.

At times I feel very depressed. I am the duckling of the family on whom are pinned their hopes. They think I may have a career that will be a great credit to them & me. They are willing to make innumerable

153. sacrifices to help me
over many rough places
→ for what? What am I
worth now after all that
has been expended on my
education? My own in-
competence tiles me &
makes me feel ashamed.
If I could only write!
If I could only create
something - do something
that would bring not only
joy & happiness into the
family, but actual pec-
uniary help. I will try
this summer - I will! and
yet - with a knowledge of
my own insufficiencies I
am prone to be discouraged
at the outset.

God help me to write - to
do - to be - something
worthwhile.

I have finished *Pendennis*
- Its length is a slight

drawback. Otherwise it is ¹⁵⁴
wonderful.
April 23 Sunday. I came back
from Sutan yesterday - &
was so glad to be once more
at Sunnyside. Aunt Win &
I are closer friends than
ever before. We fit-into
each other - She & she are
my dearest dears - She
said she had missed me so
these few days I have been
away. It made me feel
grateful, & humble minded to
think I had been missed -
This certainly is my home -
I shall always consider it so.
The joy of my own room - my
own things - is quite refresh-
ing after having been visiting.
Paap came up to Aunt Will's
Early in the morning we
started to Amasoutbeny on
business - I went to the
school for music & then we

155. Both went to Chrysanthe's
to ask for a curtain - for the
P. h. She was so sweet &
welcomed us so warmly.
There is something very attra-
ctive in her ways & manners -
We stayed there a short time &
then came home - I did not
go to church tho' Gladys did.

I was surprised all day in
a wonderful book which I
finished by 9. It was Hardy's
"Jess of the D'Urbevilles" -
I don't think I have ever read
a book that was stronger &
that moved me more. It is
positively heart breaking!
& yet the truth of his state-
ments are so manifest - that
one begins to puzzle over
the injustices & grotesqueness
of life. The book shows
up the despicable attitude
of the world, to the offenses
of men & of women. He shows

156.
how a man's sin may be the
same exactly as that of a woman
& yet - the woman is scorned
despised & punished; the man
is forgiven, his crime forgotten.
It is the woman who pays -
The fact is unjust, atrocious
to the last degree
Why should the woman
suffer & not the man? Why?
Why? why? It makes one's
blood boil - It tends to
make one a pessimist
firstly - secondly an atheist.
I wonder if the book is
dangerous. In comparing
it to the only other I know of
Hardy's "Jude the Obscure"
I find "Jess" much finer -
stronger, more convincing.
"Jude" is written in a rebell-
ious spirit, the author enjoys
making things wrong - but
in "Jess" he merely sets
forth the inevitable truth.

157. This latter perhaps is therefore more dangerous as one is almost forced to believe what is made so possible.

Hardy has a wonderful genius for giving one pictures - clear indelible pictures that remain prominent in the mind when the story is submerged in the background - His descriptions are perfect - he seems to touch a few insignificant objects with his magic wand - & the whole flashes across the perception, as if illuminated by lightning.

I am an admirer of Hardy's & am going to read more -

I wrote to Burnie tho' I have not heard for weeks & am growing anxious - There have been no letters of any interest this week.

April 28 Friday. To-day¹⁵⁸ bro't a dear letter from Burnie which warmed my heart & made me feel happy - but none from J. I am desolate at the tho't. It's dreadful -

I have just finished another of Hardy's books "A Pair of Blue Eyes" - It is also, I think a fine piece of ~~true art~~ tho' not so stirring nor heart reading as Tess. The end is tragedy - which of Hardy's are not? - & there is a great deal of his usual misunderstanding thro'out the story. The realistic touches are inimitable. I wish I had one tenth of such a genius.

After dinner we were invited up to Mrs. Heizer's to hear one of her delegates (they were both Finnish) play. We had a most

159 interesting time. One of
her friends was a professor
fair haired & clear-eyed
a true horseman. The
other, the musician was
a student, not more than
21 or so, I should say -
sparkling with a thou-
sands ideas. His English
however was somewhat
halting so the process
of getting out his thro' to
of which he had such a
surplus, by means of so
poor an instrument was
a little painful. However
I enjoyed him immensely.
His playing was masterly.
He played Chopin, Liszt
& Martini - a Finnish
Composer - all with a
fineness of touch & feeling
which it was a joy to
hear. Aunt Win played
a little too - she did well

as she always does - another⁶⁰
thing to be envied by your
humble servant.

The days grow warmer
& the whole world is green
& soft with new life. I saw
the first glow worm this
evening, on my way home.
Glow worms & fireflies seem
so human to me - with
their tiny lanterns - making
radiant every spot they touch.
So should a good life be
in a bad world. I
have been writing a ~~few~~ very
little lately & have made
2 small effusions which
I want to believe are good
& cannot. Judging with
as impartial an eye as I
can maintain, they seem
poor & weak. If I could
only publish something.
On Thursday Aunt's bird
Win & I went to the Dutch.

161. Chapel to hear Prof. Bosworth of Oberlin & Prof. Sadler speak. They are both delegates of the Student Federation. As Sadler walked up the aisle & I saw his fine face again - my Cantab dog came back in a rush & I was reminded of the evening Burnie & I went arm in arm to hear him at the Archaeological Museum. How we loved his noble face & earnest-tho't.

This time his speech was soul thinking. Every word which was spoken clearly & slowly seemed the perfect one for his meaning. His subject was the educating of people's recognition that science & religion were co-operate - that intellect & emotion should go hand

in hand. We seemed to walk on the clouds as we came out & the clear tone of his voice. The intensity of his expression stayed with us long. I shall live on that speech for some time to come.

April 30 Sunday. I have had a fit of the blues - a very bad fit & poor Aunt Win has been much disturbed thereat. There was scarcely any tangible cause - yet the world seemed wrong & out of joint. I think I am better now.

We went to hear Prof. Cairns of Aberdeen University at the Dutch Chapel. He was splendid - a most sympathetic scholarly preacher.

Mother came in the p.m. & it was good to see her again. She seemed only able to stay a very short time. Wrote to

103. Burnie. Felt very
tired & sober at night.
longed for unattainable things
— The fulfillment of dreams
— The realization of ideals.
In no writing mood —

May 7. Sunday. This has been
a very full week. On Wed-
nesday night - at about mid-
night - old Mr. Rowell died.

Of course we had been expect-
ing it for years but when
it really came it was a
great shock, as it always is.

Thursday morning Mrs. Heizer
took Aunt Nell's place at school.
There was a solemnity about
the atmosphere. Poor little
Evelyn broke down completely
in the morning hymn but
Kenneth bravely stayed the
morning out.

The funeral took place
on Friday morning at nine.
It is the first funeral I have

attended since father's in far 1822
away Prescott. The ceremony
was very moving - The awe
& stillness of the house was
strange & unfamiliar. Crowds
of people came - from town
from Hissar & from Bebek -
It went without a hitch -
so smoothly & reverently.
I walked to the gardens but
did not go on to Haedar Pasha
Mr. Aunt Win Uncle W. went
of course. I could not

but feel that death to
Mr. Rowell was a welcome
guest. He was tired with
life, weary of struggling on
in feeble health. He rebelled
against old age. I said bitter
things about the hurrying
years. Now at least he
is quiet & at rest. All
day Friday we felt restless
& upset - we could settle
to nothing. The presence.

165. of death brings one's thoughts to solemn things. I cannot help pondering on man's feeble explanations of life & death. How futile they are! The mystery is inexplicable. I do not want to dwell on it. Far better is it to ~~do~~ think on life - its possibilities, its joys - & try to make the best of it.

Friday had in store for me a great good fortune. Mrs. Ripps met me & asked me to come up to talk to her & Mrs. Post in the p. m. about my taking over the Hissar school next year. I went up at 4 & they were as sweet as they could be to me. They have offered me the school for next year & I am delighted - it is 3 hrs. only in the morning - that leaves the afternoon

free for giving private lessons¹⁶⁶ if I can get them, which I think most likely I can.

The salary is £1 a head with a probability of 8 pupils which means £72 a year (for 9 mos) If I can bring the thing up to a hundred, by private tutoring, I should be delighted. If I could get more next year than this notwithstanding the fact that I have practically been fired from this establishment - my soul would be refreshed!! I must never get less as the th year go by - always a little more - I feel I want to make that my principle.

Mr. has been staying with us since Wednesday - & it has been perfectly charming her here. I have enjoyed every moment of her society. Yes -

107. Today p. m. we went-
out to the water for an hour's
row. I was more than ever
impressed with the beauty &
purity of my adopted
country. We hugged the
shore to Hissar scala -
under the ivy grown tower,
past the picturesque seme-
tery, with its tottering
tombstones, along the cobbled
quay where faced white
turbaned mians, or gaily
attired Turkish dames -
on our way we stopped
at the Mahalibee shop
by the scala. There were ask-
ed for mahalibee. A small
Macedonian, with clumping
boots, white cap, & many
stripes upon his
mahalibee - covered with
sugar & rose water - In each
was a three cornered spoon
ornamented with the ~~last~~

Crescent, which we used to eat.
This easy going, luxury loving
country of the east. It
takes your heart in its hands
& holds it there with an iron
grip of affection. People
talk dubiously about politics
when I look out onto the
shimmering Bosphorus &
many colored hillsides
- I cannot conceive how
danger & misery can be
hanging over it. And yet
the terrible Turk has proved
himself capable of horrors
in the years past.

To-day is Nady's birth-
day & she is twenty. It makes
me feel my own accumulating
years. May every blessing
& good thing attend her
always! She came up for
lunch & stayed till the 4:39.

After tea in the evening
I had an hour's prep. for

159. School & then wrote a
nice note to Burnie. She has
forgotten me again this week
at which I am right sad!

May 10. Wednesday. Today
we went to Armaoutkey to see
the famous P. U. play, that I
have been looking forward to
for such a long time. Gladys
has worked herself to a shred
over it. I was an usher
so appeared early upon the
scenes. Dollie & Elsie were
also ushers - they both
looked so sweet - & did so
well!

The play was an enormous
success. It was Stephen
Philips "Herod", a play which
I tho' very ambitious. Their
hearts however had been set
from the beginning on tragedy
- & this play was done so
admirably that I take back
all I said about their being

foolish in attempting so big '20
a work. The costumes were
perfect - & the staging of course
could not have been better -
there was the raised platform
for the actors. The marble pillars
& imposing staircase. The
acting was magnificent -
we went there to see a
little perhaps - instead we
were thrilled! Herod, Ber-
pahi was of course the best
- the heroine, Marianna
(Alexandra Doucheva) did
beautifully & the completeness
of the whole - was a thing
to delight one's soul. I was
very proud of my society -
especially as they have had
practically no help from
the teachers. Gladys has done
all the dirty work - she is a
perfect brick - I admire her
enormously.

Who should I meet in the

171. audience while ushering out
my old flame, Darius Arditi!!
I was most astonished to find him
in Constant - I had only time
for a word + a hand shake -
I wish I could have spoken to him
for I would like to know what
he has been doing since his
senior year. Perhaps I shall
have other chances of meeting
him.

There were crowds
at the play - all the world +
his wife. We came home very
tired + I retired to the sanct-
uary of my own chamber before
9:30.

My diary has suffered con-
siderably lately. I can't say
why, but mean to turn over a
new leaf. I read a splendid
essay on Edinburgh by R.L.S.
the other day. I am going to
read a lot of him - I am
only just finding him out
so to speak. There have been

no letters at all since Friday¹⁷²
last. Everyone has forgotten me.
The days are cool + sunny -
+ occasionally cloudy. School
work is heavy + I grow very
tired at times - but there is
always sunnyside + its charms
to return to - always Aunt Wm
+ her big heart - to come back
to - I am very rich.

May 11. Thursday. I felt
rather tired all day - it seemed
very hard getting up in the
morning. Perhaps it is the
spring in the air that makes
me feel languid + lazy - I don't
like the feeling + it is certainly
not congenial with school
work. Things at school
often annoy me - but I
will not write about them.
It only makes the days bitter
to dwell on annoyances -
To my delight - when I
arrived home - he was there

17. To meet me & have tea with me. Aunt Win has gone to Dorcas, so we were alone for a wee couple. M. gives me great insight into the complexities of personality. She is, in her institutional life constantly coming in contact with opposing personalities & their different manifestations interest her immensely. They puzzle me & give me much to think of, after one of her talks. We walked to Amaboutkey & took the 5 boat back to Bebek. It was a wonderful Spring evening - The fading light, brightened the sombre hills, with their touches of purple where the Judas trees burst thru.

I had a headache in the evening so stayed at home when Uncle M. & Aunt Win went across to the Rowells.

17. Mr. Smith called to see Uncle M. & I was alone to entertain him. I rather dreaded it of course. But we really got on very well & I managed not to let the conversation lag for a full hour. I wish he were interesting - as I have so often said before - He looks so fine & yet we talked of nothing but trivialities - at least so it seemed to me. Finally he went before Uncle M. came home, as they were so late.

May 14. Sunday. Great excitement at the beginning of the day. The news is a-broad that Elsie is engaged to Mr. Leavitt. The rumor naturally threw the family into a flutter & we determined to go up to Hissar & confirm it.

We all went to church in

75. The a. m. My soul was
harrowed from beginning
to end. Mr. Frew made ref-
erence to Mr. Rowell's death
& the sermon was dreadfully
lugubrious. The Swan
baby was christened. Horah
came in with it looking
very happy. The Lawrence
Brimms were so proud
of the first grandchild that
they could hardly contain
their importance. The two
maiden Aunts, Douglas &
Belser, fluttered around
the dear, after the ceremony,
in the usual solicitous
manner. Aunt Billie
was beaming - prouder
than the parents. Poor
wee mite - I wonder whether
it will live to be a healthy
normal mortal. It has
been called Bertram after
Mr. Post who practically

expressive - All afternoon '82
I stayed at home, absorbed in
Oederick Hudson. I want to
discuss it with someone. I
have no inkling as to the
real developments & I am
eager in the second vol.
or a dear hurried note
from Bernie - with many
polities. Will he
write dad than ever in the
rest of this week end.

May 21. Sunday.

Yesterday evening after the
ports at college I sat dis-
consolate on the terrace
wishing frantically that
uncle W. would bring me
letter from Talbot but
when I heard his step on
the stair I dared not hope.
I tried to comfort myself with
Stephenson - & then
uncle hid bro't me the
long looked for letter. It

183 made me want to take
back all the hard things I
have said during the last
two weeks about him. It
was a dear letter all his are-
He will probably see Rad
this summer. Oh dear, dear
dear why am I not
going too? But one can't
have all the sugar plums
& I certainly have had my
share.

I played all day more or
less. Had Miss Jenison come
to dinner. I wrote to Berne
Talbot & Taffy. I am in
no mood for writing - I
am very happy - He has not
quite forgotten all about me.
May 25. Thursday. All my
resolutions about turning
over a new leaf seem to have
been futile. We are in the
thives of getting the house
ready for the tenant - we

takes possession on June 1st¹⁸⁸²
when Aunt Win leaves & Aunt
Mie receives me into the
bosom of her family. Uncle
Mie left on Tues. & things
have been horribly dull
without him. When he
goes away Aunt Win & I
feel lost & completely. I never
realize till he goes away
how much I love him -
He is the dearest uncle that
ever was born! I can
never leave Turnpike without
a great soreach at my
heart strings! He has gone
to England via Athens where
he has business first. My
family are deserting in
drifts - It will be very
hard to see Aunt Win go
& then Glad & he. dear dear
I shall have to be interest-
ed in a quantity of things
this summer to make

125. we bear their absence
with any kind of equani-
mity.

It has poured all day
from early morning - The
air has feeling of march
about it - A regular winter
storm that evidently missed
us out in January has
decided to favor us on its
return journey. The main
street is a river of muddy
water - The steps fairly
remind one of the hard
Rapids! It is doleful to
have to stay inside & look
up only to dull grey skies
with feathery white clouds
being chased across it by
a tempestuous wind.

May 27. Saturday. The clouds
still hung grey and heavy over-
head & made us feel melancholy
- it is so unusual for the end
of May - we cannot make it

188
out. The house was in
a very upset-condition as
we were either packing or
cleaning. I spent my morning
getting things clear in my
room & thinking out clothes
books etc for the holidays.

In the afternoon Aunt Win
had her wee musical for the
children & they did so nicely!
Many fond parents attended;
the rooms were crowded.
Strawberries & cream were
served afterwards, which were
delicious - the first of the
season for many of us.
Glady's came up in the even-
ing. She is happy & excited
about going - this has been
last week here - next
Sunday she leaves - dear me
how we shall miss her!
Mother told me good news
about her. She has broken
off all communication

187 with Terps told him
that he can never marry
him - so all our trepidation
is at an end. At least so I
hope. M. says he fears this
is not the end - At any
rate this trip to America
will surely prove whether
she gets on happily without
him or not. As for me, I
am glad - he was not
nearly good enough for her
& he did not really care for
him enough. We have been
worried & perturbed - now
I hope everything is settled.
But Dad must get married
some day - she is very young
yet. She will find - a kind-
red spirit - more sympathetic
than Terps.

In the evening Auntie
& I went over to Aunt Mili's.
We had a game of bridge.
A very quiet tea party we

were with both Uncle Ned ¹⁸⁸
& Uncle Robert away. How-
ever we had a good confab
before we left, in which Dad
& I did a good deal of giggling.
It cleared towards midnight
& I truly hope for a bright-
morning -

I feel unsettled - This morning
& cleaning is not to my taste
then everyone is preparing to
go away. It makes me feel
just a wee bit - jealous -
If only they wrote me often in
the summer - Why can't J.
come out here? Then I
should not mind staying on
here - in the very slightest
degree.

I have read nothing worth
while lately - & reproach
myself therefore - Bessie
did not write this weekend
- she is memorable - after
all my faithfulness too!

189. May 28 Sunday. Not with-
standing the downpour of rain
all day M. braved it all &
came for lunch as she had
promised. It was good to see
her. She arrived dripping,
as we just had finished
tidying up - I had packed
my trunk ready for my
various journeys & Aunt Win
had got her room clear.
We had M. to ourselves all
afternoon - so delightful
it was!

When she left for her boat
at 4. Aunt Win & I went
down to the cala. Then we
went on to Hrisa to see
Cuthbert about business.
We had no ploshes & the
roads were horrible - my
skirts clung round my
ankles - my pretty brown
shoes sank deep into the
sticky clay - it was all

most uncomfortable. We
had a short visit - at the Ed-
wards' & then walked home,
thru it all.

I wrote to Bunnie, & Aunt Ed.
It was a melancholy rain
but I loved to hear it - rushing
thru the broad upturned chest-
nut-leaves - The smell of
the earth is fresh & sweet -
But oh! the dark, grey, angry
clouds - how unhappy
they make one feel - so
blue & depressed. I don't
want school tomorrow -
I am lazy - I want holidays.
Tho' - or I - wished to see
him again desperately.
June 5. Monday. Alas
I have neglected writing shame-
fully. Much has happened -
lately. Aunt Win, amidst the
usual nerve wrecking flurry
left on Thursday night last
night - we went to Sidy's to

19th see Glad off to America.
Guzel + the two children as
well as Miss Vogt all left
the same night. Glad looked
very happy - indeed really
much happier than I ex-
pected. M. looked longingly
at her. It was very hard
to see her go - I love her
so tremendously - she does
not know how much.

May God keep her safe on
this long journey + bring
her back to us soon - It is
dreadful to have her away
for long. We had to scurry
off as soon as the train left
because we had to catch the
8:45 boat. Aunt Lill hated
the journey home - it was
a horrid boat.

I have played loads of
tennis today. I feel tired
of school + am in no mood
for writing. The weather is

getting on my nerves - I long^{192.}
for holidays.

June 6. Tuesday. A day of
great decisions! Mother came
up unexpectedly for tea -
+ all of a sudden out of the
air it has been decided that
I go along with her + Aunt Lill
to Munich this summer. It
has really quite taken my
breath away! On Sunday
when we went to see Glad
off - there was a rumour
to this effect - but I tho't
the scheme was very wild.
I had no hopes that it would
be realized at all. I am
very glad - it will be pro-
gious in Germany + I hope
not to have to stay the whole
time in Munich but to be
able to go about a little to
various places. I hardly
know what to say to Mrs.
Edwards - the decision has

193. been so sudden. One very important reason for taking this step is that there is fear of a bad cholera epidemic here this summer. There are several cases already - & it would be horrid being here alone besides he would not be satisfied to be away from me - well - the die is cast - I hope I have done the best possible - I know I shall like Munich Aunt Win will call there on her way back. We may be able to go to an opera together. Think of the bliss of it! I have started learning more German already.

June 20. Two weeks since I last wrote in my diary. Summer weather brings the usual languidness. I have had many experiences

since last I wrote. Frid¹⁹⁴ or all school is over. I do not like to dwell on it. Our closing exercises on June 14 went off as well as could be expected seeing our hearts were not in it - & we hated our audience. Aunt Hil was tremendously upset at having finally to give it up. To say I am disgusted would be putting it mildly. It poisons my heart & spoils my life to think on the unspeakable injustice, the desperate, underhand machinations of the Com-mittee - So I have resolved as far as possible to discuss the subject once for all. It does no good to discuss it - & I will not have my days so marred by bitter tho'ts or hard & angry feelings against people

1915 So there's an end to my
nitpick against the mis-
management of education
in Bebek.

The school picnic was
on Thursday of last week.
It was a morning affair.
We went to Fentz Sou in
boats of 8 each & played
games, ate strawberries &
caught tadpoles at inter-
vals. The children enjoyed
it immensely & were no
trouble at all. I love many
of them dearly - it is hard
to think I shall never
teach them again but on
the whole I'm more than
grateful to have severed
my connection with the
school.

I am taking a walking
tour thru the Bavarian Tyrol
with Miss McAfee. She meets
me at Salzburg & we go to

Dunstruck, then walk ¹⁹¹⁶
from there to Munich! The
idea is splendid, I think &
I am very excited about it.
I am going to keep a diary,
tho' friends may scoff. I
know it will be interesting
to me always to have a
record of my summer.

Dr. P. has given me much
encouragement about my
going to Columbia & has
as good as promised me a
post when I return with an
M.A. So I have given 1914 as
a possible date for beginning
teaching there. I may go
after all - to far off America
for my degree. If it were not
that I leave Mother so far
behind, I would contemplate
the journey with unalloyed
hiss! The distance frightens
me - but others have done it
& I must take my own way in

197 both my hands & go
valiantly forward, with
never a fear - It is the only
way to win in the end - &
I must be higher than I am
now - I cannot remain
a simple B. A. It is so
ordinary - besides I hunger
for more study.

June 21. Wednesday. I have
been working like a Trojan
over my clothes for the journey
- mending & arranging
- with the labour of a
truly domestic individual -
till now I have but to
await my clean clothes
from Sutarai when I can
really begin to pack for
the final day. It was
fiping hot all day & we
scorched & fizzled under it.

The Baker girls had
asked me to go rowing
with them. They called for

me at the Bebek ponds ¹⁹⁸
at 5:30 in their beautiful
doubled oared caique. It
was lovely - so easy & com-
fortable. We went over to
Jank Son where we each
had a delicious ice cream
then up to Unfy bay &
so home. They were very
nice - tho' I think I fell
into their ways, the moment
I got with them - of
criticizing & picking to
pieces the characters of
our mutual acquaintances.
They seem to live on that.
They have been sweet to
me & I have absolutely
no right to say nasty
things about them.

Then I went to dinner.
I can't dwell on that; it
was horrible. Mr B. came
in late & prumbled at
everything - Mrs. B. retorted

199 & there was a regular family quarrel. I felt so miserable. As Auntie said when I told her about it - "Those people need a little real poverty to make them harmonious" - I think that is perfectly true.

Elsie is much in love with her dear "Arthur" & can really talk of nothing else which I suppose is quite natural. I only hope he won't be disappointed in her -

I came home at 10 - in the caique again. How can I describe the marvellous charm of that row on the dark still water?

The lights on the shore twinkled merrily - I could hear the paddle of a steamer on the other side thrashing the water - the

men in their ^{picturesque} ~~picturesque~~ ^{mythically} ~~mythically~~ ^{mythically} attires swung ~~mythically~~ back & forth - & every now & then made some low remark in their soft-musical language. There was no moon but the sky was studded with myriads of stars - occasionally one shot down - losing itself in space.

I could give myself up to the beauty of the scene & tho' it was so enjoyable how I longed for a companion, someone with whom I was in perfect sympathy who could enjoy it with me.

When I got home a perfectly dear letter from Bernie awaited me - about Glad - He was charmed - has fallen straightway in love with my nice sister.

701. We leave on Saturday.
I can hardly wait for the day.

Boğaziçi Üniversitesi

Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi

Kişisel Arşivlerle İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tanıtı

Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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