

Diary  
begun June 27<sup>1911</sup> on Summer  
Holiday at Berchtesgarden  
Bavaria.

ended Nov. 22. 1912.

BOĞAZIÇI  
ÜNİVERSİTESİ  
KÜTÜPHANESİ



404103



Diary.

June 1911.

June 27, Tuesday -



The journey from Constant to Vienna was positively unspeakable. We left on Saturday (June 24) evening amidst much jubilation by the whole family, Aunt and Ken, Evelyn, Greta. M. & I - a formidable crew of us. The first day was frantically hot we lay & gasped in our close compartments & lounged for the cool of the evening. The children few weary of the train & found the whole journey very tiresome indeed. The second day was even worse than the first - the journey from Budapest to Vienna was almost unbearable. M. & I were in one crowded place while the others were farther along - we could not speak & smiling was out of the question.

As we neared Vienna a cool breeze met us & we survived enough to talk a little. At Vienna we had 3 hrs to wait as we were catching the 10:10 train on for Munich. During that time we had dinner in a garden near the station & then waited, it seemed eternally for our train. Julia was very tired - about 1000 - more so - we were all dirty & cross & felt extremely woe before. By a wonderful manipulation we managed to get 5 sleepers for the crowd of us - so we had quite a decent night's rest.

At 6:45 - we puffed into Salzburg & there at the Sta. was Miss McAfee waiting for me. It was good to see her - she looked beaming. We all got out as we had to

change at Salzburg for Munich<sup>3</sup>. Our baggage was examined and then Miss McAfee left the crowd with me - & the rest went on to Munich.

We wound our way thru Salzburg to the Pities Hotel for breakfast & a wash. The town is surrounded by mountains - & a river runs thru it. It is a very pretty place - with two or three interesting buildings - churches & monasteries etc. as well as a Mozart monument. Salzburg was Mozart's home. I got an umbrella - a very cheap one it was - and not guaranteed - but still very good for all purposes. We then went to the train that was to carry us to Berchtesgaden where Miss McAfee was staying. She had entirely changed our

plans. Instead of going from  
Dunstruck to Munich she  
decided that as Berchtesgaden  
was such a beautiful spot &  
had so many wonderful  
walks around it - that  
we should stay there - &  
make day trips to the neigh-  
boring mountains & valleys.  
The train went thro' beauti-  
ful country till after  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs  
we arrived at Berchtesgaden.  
It is a small village of some  
3000 inhabitants. The hotel  
Vierjahreszeiten where we  
are staying is on the side  
of a wooded hill. Mountains  
surround us everywhere.  
They are for the most part  
covered with fir trees which  
now often by open patches of  
bright-green. Picturesque  
chalets nestle in scattered  
clusters of firs.

When we arrived I was shown<sup>5</sup>  
my room which really has  
a very good view - & I had a  
great wash - & clean - How  
good it was to have plenty of  
water once more - a firm  
floor to stand upon. My bed  
stead is covered with an  
enormous feather bed arrange-  
ment which I have found  
is most beautifully snug & warm.  
After dinner which was served  
on an open terrace we both  
lay down for about 2 hours.  
I had quite a good sleep.  
All this time it had been  
raining & altho' I could see  
the beauty of the surrounding  
hills, I could get no good view  
of the highest mts as they  
were hidden in clinging  
low hanging mists. At 3:30  
we braved the elements & with  
raincoats, umbrellas, & tubes

up shirts & brave hearts out  
we stepped. We only went thru  
the town - which I at least  
found most interesting. There  
were paint little houses  
on the sides of the streets  
which were also hill sides  
Some of them had old German  
verses painted on their  
outside. We looked into  
the church - not especially  
beautiful. It was full of  
various shrines & images -  
One old man, in a corner I  
observed mumbling his prayers  
under his breath. We then  
went to the Leschhalle where  
all kinds of German maga-  
zines were to be found. The  
building is very nice indeed -  
beautifully fitted up - we  
read there for some time -  
& strange to relate I under-  
stood nearly everything I read.

I find I am learning quite a bit -  
just reading the signposts is  
an education. They are certainly  
by most elaborate - there is  
absolutely no possibility of  
one's going wrong, anywhere.  
We plodded home thru the  
rain. I had supper at 6:30.  
Afterwards Miss McAfee & I  
studied plans up in my room  
till it was time to retire, i.e.  
about 9:30 or ten. We made  
all kinds of schemes for loop  
walks. I hope they mature -  
I fear they were somewhat  
ambitious.

Miss McA. is a dear -  
a very charming companion -  
tho' I think difficult to get to  
know really well - at any  
rate it is always difficult  
for me to make friends - it takes  
a long time. We have heaps  
of time together, of course &

8  
will have more. — so we will  
have every chance of getting  
to know each other thoroughly.  
I had a good night under my  
featherbed + slept like a top.

June 28 Wednesday.

We did not breakfast till  
10 as Miss Mc. G. says she  
objects to getting up early +  
I was only too happy to go  
on + have a good long rest.  
After breakfast till noon  
we wrote letters. I managed  
to get 2 long ones off to M.  
+ Glad.

After a short rest, when  
lunch was over we started  
out on our first walk.  
It was to the Königssee a  
wonderful lake out about  
1½ hrs walking. The sky  
at starting was overcast  
but as we came back it  
brightened considerably.

9  
We followed a wooded  
footpath going which wound  
along near a rushing,  
raging stream called the  
Königssee, that roared  
as it leaped over the stones.  
A thundering waterfall is  
situated about midway.  
The Königssee itself was  
perfectly marvellous — a  
deep dark green — with the  
hills descending there to the  
edge. There were several  
snowpeaked mts right  
near by — with newly fallen  
snow far down — they looked  
like cakes sugared for the  
occasion. Picturesque boats  
plied up + down the lake.  
Motor boats crossed it  
with eager tourists anxious  
to see the other side of it.  
We walked for quite a way  
along a foot path where

10 we got a wonderful view  
of the whole lake - I have  
never seen anything so im-  
pressive.

On our way  
we met heaps of nice

Bavarians - out in couples  
all looking staid & serious-  
minded. Tho' they were all  
poor natures, there were  
no flighty ones. They all  
seemed much in earnest  
about everything. We

came back by the high road  
instead of the footpath - it  
is splendid & smooth - auto-  
mobiles rush past occasion-  
ally. We got in by 6:30

had supper at 7, then went  
for a small walk in  
the streets until 8:30  
when we each retired to our  
bed rooms for the night.

The sky looks promising  
& the porter who seems a

wise man on the subject pro-  
phesies a good day tomorrow.  
Let us hope it will be so.

Total h.c. from M. this morning.  
June 29. Thursday.

We woke up to a wonderful  
clear sky & hot air seemed  
to surround us. The bright  
weather had a most reviving  
effect on our spirits & felt  
happier than I have been  
since I came.

Breakfast at 9:30 & a  
letter from M. to cheer me  
for the day. We sat out  
under the trees on the lower  
terrace at tables - reading  
all the rest of the morning.  
I read Nietzsche which Miss  
McD. lent me & which I found  
I could understand beauti-  
fully. That is the German  
of it was not over difficult  
but of course the ideas have



12  
to be much too over to  
be properly appreciated.

We started out for our  
walk at 2:30 armed with  
rucksack & walking stick -  
The day was hot - & we soon  
got very warm walking -  
At first we went for about  
20 mins. on a straight  
road - but soon we began  
to go up - & then after that  
it was one steady climb  
with never a flat piece for  
rest. Our goal was Vor-  
derhand - a high mt. 3400  
ft. overlooking the Königssee  
& across to the Watzmann  
which is the highest snow peak  
around here. The path was  
sunny in parts but for the  
most part it went thru beauti-  
ful woods where the smell  
of the damp moss & the pine  
needles reminded me of Oregon

13  
& the woods I loved to roam  
in when I was a little girl.  
Every now & again we came  
upon mt. streams - sometimes  
no more than a foot wide;  
at other times as wide as  
Genk Son river - the water  
tumbling headlong over the  
stones at a tremendous pace.  
There were pretty chalets  
along the route - & gaily  
dressed peasants, we met  
continually. They never part  
us by without a Guten Tag  
or Gutes Gott or some such  
genial greeting. I am in love  
with the Bavarians - nice  
warm hearted people that they  
are! It took us a full  
hour & a half to gain the top  
of our mt. i.e. the Cape which  
was not quite the top. We  
had rested several times on  
the way up but only for a

14. moment or so - It is mar-  
vellous the way the air  
revives one in no time. At  
the café we sat down for  
coffee & had served with us  
the richest creamy butter  
& good white bread. We  
stayed there about half an  
hour till we felt quite  
new again. The sun fell  
on our backs - the breeze  
blew refreshingly & every  
breath was like wine.

We went all the way  
to the summit - 15 min. from  
the café & when we got  
there the view fairly took  
our breaths away. In  
front of us lay the watz-  
mann & several other towering  
ranges - We looked down  
on green valleys - & yet  
higher ridges were all around  
us - Deep - deep down

15.  
Amongst the cliffs we saw  
the dark green of the Königsee  
The shadows on the hills made  
it look deeper & greener than  
ever. We stayed there a long  
time. There were several  
benches, from which we  
could command excellent  
outlooks - (The Germans will  
be comfortable wherever they go)  
& we talked of many things  
as the light faded. We  
discussed Roderick Hudson  
& got many new ideas about  
it. Miss M. A. is a wonder-  
ful person altogether. She  
has such an active mind  
& thinks so much more than  
I do. At 6:30 we had to leave  
tho' we hated to go - We came  
down at a swiftness pace  
keeping five times - & reach-  
ed the hotel in a hour from  
the top - which was really

16 very good. We hastened  
to supper so that we  
should miss none of the  
rosy glow on the mts -  
which we could see from  
our table on the terrace.  
After dinner I went to  
Miss Mcb.'s room & we  
had a long confab about  
American colleges & educa-  
tion. We talked of Smith  
Columbia & New York. She  
likes N.Y. but thinks it  
would do me much good to  
go there. I wish she & I  
could have an argument  
about it. We  
retired at 7.

June 30 Friday.

Another beautiful sky to greet  
us in the morning. The moun-  
tains looked then best - &  
as we get more familiar with  
them - we get to love them

more. They seem like faith-  
ful friends whose faces you  
can always depend on seeing  
when you get up in the morn-  
ing - outside your bedroom  
window. We sat outside  
& I wrote a long 10 page  
letter to her telling her our  
various trips so far. Miss  
Mcb. I found is writing a  
story - she does it merely  
for mental exercise - (so  
wonderfully energetic she is!)  
I asked her if she meant to  
publish it. She said with a  
smile that she would wait  
till she saw how it turned  
out. I wonder if I shall be  
allowed to read it.

After lunch at 3:30 we  
started for our III walk -  
our destination being the  
Kastenstein a mt. lower  
than our last - only 2,200 ft

18 but still quite a respectable height. It lay in an altogether new direction thru wonderful woods. We followed foot-paths mostly & they were so numerous that we had quite an exciting time finding out the direction we should take. We came to a waterfall that gurgled & splashed over a steep rock. The view at last after a steep ascent - from the Kastenstein was beautiful not so awe inspiring perhaps as that from the Vorderbrann but beautiful in quite another way.

We looked directly down on rows & rows of neat fields - where peasants raked the hay like so many dolls - we could see the train run along the river

19 bank sit looked for all the world, like a toy machine worked by a key. The whole fertile - green - valley lay basking under the afternoon sun at our very feet. On the other side were the everlasting hills - also dotted by open peasants & beyond were the snowcapped peaks of the Watzmann & the Jever Brett. The walk home was the finest we have had yet along a perfect road. Such nice peasants <sup>we</sup> met - & dear children - One frail little humpbacked boy in Tyroler costume took off his hat so sweetly - it almost made tears come to my eyes. An appreciative smile was the small recompense I gave him.

20 In the late afternoon  
clouds gathered fast. Our  
porter, an infallible prophet  
altogether our wiseman  
predicted a thunder storm  
in the night it came  
sure enough. tho' it was  
exceedingly mild.

After supper I went to Miss Mch's  
room & we each smoked  
a cigarette. M. tho' Miss  
Mch. would highly  
disapprove. Nothing of the  
kind. She says she doesn't  
do it at home - but occ-  
asionally abroad.

I find Miss Mch. a  
very interesting person -  
to study. I don't know whether  
I will ever be enormously  
friendly. I fear she would  
not let me be intimate.  
She looks at things quite  
differently from me - is

21  
unimaginative, fearless  
& independent - quite my  
opposite. I admire her ex-  
tremely & I am getting a  
great deal of good inspira-  
tion for all kinds of things  
by being with her yet I am  
half afraid of her all the time.

I find that a great deal of  
our enjoyment here is  
studying the people who  
inhabit the place per-  
manently & otherwise. As Miss  
Mch. says - it is a constant  
theater.

July 1. Saturday.

In the morning after break-  
fast I went to the baseball  
where I stayed about an  
hour & a half & read one  
German story in a magazine  
which I understood quite  
well to my astonishment.

After lunch altho' things

22  
did not look tempting  
we marched forth for Ober  
Salzburg a small town  
high up in the hills. We  
walked up a steep grade  
for some time - about an  
hour thru beautiful woods  
but soon alas we felt  
drops of rain & quite a  
shower came down. We  
took shelter under a  
shrine that was by the  
roadside. & there we sat  
on the kneeling bench  
under the trees. We must  
have made a very funny  
picture - I wish Mother  
could have seen us. We  
tried to go on at the end of  
the first shower but the  
rain came on again so we  
were obliged to turn back.  
We had our coffee at  
the "Alpenhütte" - a very

23  
nice cafe' half way down the  
hill. As we were sitting  
there we saw near by two  
comical figures having  
tea. One was a huge fat  
dame, with plastered hair  
fat face, spectacles & a  
stick to help her along.  
The other looked like a  
man - her hair was  
done tightly back from her  
face & on her head she  
wore a strange maid  
straw hat, with a coarse  
band around the crown.  
She had a hard looking face  
& an impossible mouth  
like a trap - that snapped  
crossly. We both noticed  
these two & were beginning  
to giggle about them.  
Soon they got up to go -  
& they looked even funnier  
standing than sitting! Our

24  
surprise was enormous  
when the Hopwit came up  
bons said that one of those  
dames was the Princessin  
of something or other & the  
snaf jawed one - the Her-  
zogin of Altenberg. It was  
funny & Miss McJee said  
she would write to her  
sister just to let her about  
our rencontre.

In the evening we had  
great fun. We went to see  
the performance of the Bauern  
theater - a peasant troupe  
that acts in the hotel Theater.

The actors were wandering  
about before the play &  
we got into conversation  
with them & found that  
they had been to America  
just lately. The man who  
sold us our tickets was  
most friendly tho' shy.

25  
His name was Sepp Host  
& she was really most engaging  
Our seats were in the gallery  
& we could see everything  
beautifully. The play was  
positively wonderful - there  
was no single actor who  
could be called poor - Sepp  
Host was the best, I think;  
in one part we were carried  
away by his fine acting  
of a most emotional part.  
The name of the play was "Linerl  
von Oberamannau." - & tho'  
the plot was most simple we  
were quite earnest moved by  
the earnest peasants. The best  
feature of the whole thing  
was the unaffected genuine  
way the peasants acted; &  
they seemed to be enjoying  
everything so much themselves  
- it was truly gratifying.  
I did not go to sleep for ayes

26  
after I got to bed.

July 2. Sunday.

Soon after breakfast we met our friend Sepp Host - he gave a most beaming smile. took off his hat & said "good morning". A letter from him in the morning enclosing one from Aunt Win. both most welcome.

We walked down to the Markt in the morning to see all the peasants in their Sunday garb. The day was hot & sultry & we feared a storm. I wrote letters to Mr. & Mrs. Amy.

At about 2 we decided to go to the Hintersee. This too far for a walk so we took the auto bus there & meant to ride back. The ride there was thru pretty country but it was very uncomfortable

27.  
so I was glad when we finally arrived. The Hintersee is a beautiful little lake in amongst high hills - It was shimmering in the dull sunlight & had on its surface every shade of green imaginable - a wonderful thing the colors were. I have never seen anything like it before.

We started home along the road, almost immediately. After about 20 mins we happened to turn round & were amazed to see a terrible black cloud gathering in the west. We knew it meant a thunderstorm but went on nevertheless. Soon the trees began moaning in the wind & we saw the cloud grow bigger & blacker. As the first roll of thunder came, we were near a peasant's cottage & determined to find shelter there.



28 A man his sister were having  
there afternoon coffee + they  
were so nice hospitable - they  
asked us in schiss hoch. quite  
used up all her German  
talking to them. Then down  
came the storm - a perfect  
sheet of rain, no had that the  
other side of the road was  
invisible + the mountain tops  
were quite hidden. The lightening  
flashed + we could see  
great forks of it across the  
sky. It lasted about 15 min  
+ then things began to look  
a little clearer. We could  
not walk home so went  
only to the next station,  
Ramsau - just met a bus  
+ came pounding home in  
no time.

We went to the Bauern-  
theater again in the evening  
- this time it was just a

screaming farce - not as  
refined as the play last night  
but nothing objectionable in  
it at all. How we laughed!  
It was most excellently done  
- we enjoyed it immensely.

July 3 Monday.

It was dull + gray all day  
- we felt melancholy. I went  
to the Keschalle + read 3  
stories - on the "Kerlorneue  
erzogen" - quite funny + exciting  
After lunch we went for a  
short walk to Geru - a  
mt about 2,000 ft high but  
only an 1 1/2 h distant. There  
was an old church up there  
very quaint picturesque -  
beautifully situated. We  
could not go in, as the inner  
door was locked - again  
we repaired to the Keschalle  
which seems our great refuge  
+ then home.

28 ( We had to have our  
dinner inside which was  
a pity - it is rather unenjoyable  
there. Then we went to  
the theater again. We  
cannot resist it absolutely.  
The play was good as usual.  
They took off an English  
lord & lady to perfection. We  
appreciated all the funny  
bits - it really was most  
amusing.

July 4. Tuesday.

In the morning as it was  
the glorious fourth Miss Mich.  
& I went searching the  
town over for an American  
flag. but no where was  
it to be found. In some of  
the shops they looked dumb.  
founded & some asked what  
the colours were! Finally  
she could get none so went  
to a flower shop she 'l' in

31  
but a whole of red, white &  
blue mountain flowers & felt  
quite patriotic, I suppose.  
In coming back from  
our shopping we met the  
heroine of the Bauern theater  
her friend out in front of  
the hotel & we took two  
pictures of them. We stood  
talking to them for some time  
& found that one of them was  
going out to Chicago to get  
married next year. Poor  
dear - won't she often long  
for the beautiful hills &  
simple life of Berthespäden!  
She little knows what kind  
of a place she is going to.  
After lunch, as it was a  
beautiful afternoon we  
started out for the Ober Salz-  
berg climb, as we were not  
able to finish it last time.  
It was a splendid walk  
- & quite high - about 2,000 ft

At one point on our route  
we had a fine glimpse of  
Salzburg then a gap in the  
hills - It lay way off - in  
the distance like a fairy city  
on a promised land. The walk  
was short however - we  
came home quite early. After  
supper we went for a sunset-  
walk - above the hotel sat  
there looking down into valleys  
on all sides - until the sun  
lighter faded entirely - & as we  
came in - the moon lit up  
like a lantern in the sky. We  
retired quite early - after I  
had written a letter to M.  
I am worried about my  
money. I seem to have spent  
nothing & yet it is all going  
so fast - it scares me. I  
don't know whether I shall  
be able to stay till Monday or  
not. I may have to go before -  
I wrote to M. about my troubles.

July 5. Wednesday.

Miss Uca. was anxious for  
me to go to the Königsee this  
morning alone if you please  
on the tram. First of all I  
should not have enjoyed it  
by myself at all & secondly  
I have no desire to spend extra  
pennings on superfluous rides.  
Miska. has no idea of money.  
She has had all she wanted  
for yrs. & doesn't know what  
it is to want the pennies. I  
am finding out all kinds  
of things about her - I think  
she is the most passionless  
person I know. She seems to  
have no deep emotions -  
& yet she is always talking  
about them. Then I think  
she absolutely lacks in-  
tention. I should never trust  
her judgment of a person  
for she is slow & comprehen-  
sive people has no ready

23<sup>rd</sup> sympathy to respond. I  
would call her coldblooded  
yet she seems to have such  
nice sensitive feelings &  
such a highly cultured mind.  
She is a mystery! For  
myself I like simple people  
who have yet to learn many  
things - she knows it all.  
I don't think she knows  
anything really about me.  
She has no conception of  
what my true tho'ts are or  
how I think. She is an  
egotist - not one to be  
blamed but born to develop  
the ego - & to be unable  
to project herself into any-  
one else's consciousness.  
I shall love talking to her  
about her.

Miss Koch. got a letter from  
Munich in the morning  
which has made her finally  
decide to say on here indefinitely.

35  
at least for another week or  
so - that has decided me to go  
to Munich on Friday. There is  
no use staying any longer - for  
we have had lots of walks &  
this certainly has been a very  
expensive holiday so far. Of  
course I shall mind not being  
here - & the hills & walks I  
shall miss enormously but  
I will be glad to see M. & the  
rest & to be in Munich for the  
galleries etc. I shall mind  
the journey but I must try  
to be a man not have these  
silly qualms about traveling  
alone.

In the p. m. we had our  
"tip-top" walk. We took the  
tram out to the Almbachklamm  
No. 20 pf. & then walked  
up thru the Klamm - round  
the Kniefelspitze via Fern  
see home. It was the most  
strenuous walk we have done

27 yet + still I did not mind  
it in the least. The Almbach  
klamm is a narrow, narrow  
ravine - where one has to  
go on bridges from one side  
to the other - to progress at all.  
- or a long precipitous path.

The scenery was "prachtvoll":  
we saw below us a  
thundering stream that rushes  
over the rocks in rapids +  
waterfalls into deep bottom-  
less pits or a wonderful  
sea green. The water was as  
clear as crystal - we could  
see many feet down -

After we left the ravine we  
went up a dreadfully steep  
hill. Then over long winding  
meadow paths to Gern. That  
took us 2½ hours without  
stopping. There we had our  
Poffee under the shadow  
of the Mairerbänke. It was  
beautifully cool + clear there.

The journey back was quick 37.  
- all down hill. We went to  
the photographer to see some  
photos we had taken of our  
Bauerntheater heroines. They  
were not very good alas -  
Returned very early.

July 10. Tuesday.

For some quite unaccountable  
reason these last 4 days I  
have completely neglected to  
write up. I have had heaps of  
time + an average supply of  
energy - but somehow my  
diary has suffered. I must  
sum up in brief our doings  
here now.

I bid adieu to Missbach  
at 11:30 last Friday July 7.  
+ started toward Munich  
on a thru train from Brettes-  
gaden, the discovery of which  
had much lessened my fore-  
bodings about the journey.  
Up to the very last I could not

make out - Miss M. She remained as much of an inexplicable puzzle as she did the first days of our acquaintance. I felt I had got to know her no better - I am afraid I have not fallen in love with her at all. I admire her a good deal for possessing qualities which I lack entirely - but she does not seem human enough nor sympathetic enough to really love. She is a born "egoist" - I say it with no motive of disparagement - she likes to develop the ego - & it is a physical impossibility for her to feel any true interest or deep sympathy for any other person. I have never met anyone with less intuition, less rapid comprehension of people & circumstances. She takes ages

to understand anything & then<sup>39</sup> I think her conclusions are all wrong. I wonder if I shall ever understand her better. I hope that my present judgment of her is not the true one. That she is much more human than I suppose.

The journey to Munich was hot & rather tedious - but the scenery thru which I passed was very beautiful especially at first. It was dreadful to see the mountains appear & come into flatter & flatter country. I did mind leaving the lovely Tirol & its charming peasants. If I had only been there with real friends or many acquaintances I don't think I should have had any desire to come to the city. I arrived at 3:50 p.m. Mr. & Aunt Hil were at the Sta. to meet me. It was

2<sup>o</sup> \*<sup>o</sup> I had to see them again  
+ to have two new people  
to talk to after I had been  
confined to one for so long.  
We had coffee + a shampoo  
+ went to our pension.

I found the place more civilized  
than I had expected but  
also much more comfortable.  
The Swans are nice people  
+ the whole family seems to  
have settled down in a wonder-  
ful way. The children are  
quite at home.

M. + Aunt Wil went to  
the theater in the evening. As  
the piece "Offenbach's  
Die Schöne Helene" was  
very popular they could get  
no tickets for me so I am  
going some other time with  
Berta.

On Saturday we went  
to the Lingerer baths -  
a fine open air arrangement

at the end of the town. We <sup>41</sup>  
had a splendid bath + swim  
which did us a lot of good. After  
that M. took me to the Schack  
galerie - what a store of  
riches in the way of pictures I  
am coming in for - There  
were a great many pictures of  
Schwinn's + Tenenbach's -  
modern German painters - +  
tho' some of them were not  
good, to my opinion, many  
were most pleasing. In the  
p.m. we were invited by the  
Manning Thess Steen to  
an expedition to Hymphenburg  
- the King's place out of the  
city. The ponds were perfectly  
beautiful - artificial lakes  
waterfalls - long shady walks  
+ deep woods - on the sides.  
We had not exactly a thrill.  
The time but it was passable.  
The coffee near by was  
wretched - so were the cakes.

But we partook of both & said never a word!

Sunday morning Auntie & the kiddies & I went to the Ludwig's church to see the blessing of a new banner belonging to one of the Bavarian regiments in Munich. A great procession of men came in with banners to the music of a military band. Girls got up in somewhat cheap fashion carried the new flag, still wrapped up to the altar. The ceremony was inexplicable somewhat - Catholic services usually are quite incomprehensible. The only thing the uninitiated can understand is that a bell is tinkled when one must cross himself! After church we sent the children home & visited the old Pinakothek.

It was most tremendously interesting - It is a wonderful collection of old masters - Rubens Van Dyck, Diirer - Holbein Raphael - Rembrandt - etc. & many others - I feasted my eyes on the beauty of them but could not take in the half.

July 18 Tuesday.

My indolence is insufferable! At no other time more than this do I want a more detailed account of my doings & impressions - there I let a previous week go by with never a word about the things I have seen & enjoyed & learnt about. I am absolutely out of patience with myself. Besides I have been afflicted with a bad attack of the dumps. My sins have been oppressing me - My cowardice moral & physical - my indecision



my helplessness - I want  
to be better - more of a  
pleasure to my friends &  
family - more determined  
& decided in opinions - &  
I feel instead hopelessly  
weak & vacillating. I  
have had plenty of the  
time for my diary - I can  
conjure up no simple ex-  
cuse with which to relieve  
a troubled conscience -  
There is no use talking however  
let me try & make.

This morning at ten  
the whole family except  
Ken, who had a cold & I  
went to Ammersee - a beau-  
tiful lake  $\frac{1}{2}$  hrs by train  
from Munich to visit Mrs.  
Bischof - also to see  
pensioners etc. for our move  
into the country. I had  
an interesting day, not  
withstanding my being alone.

I started off to see Miss  
McAfee at 9:30 & met her  
just as she was going into  
the German library. I was  
anxious to see it but found  
that before one could enter  
the lesezimmer - even - there  
was an infinite amount of  
red tape to be gone thru  
with - so I decided not to.  
We both visited an inter-  
esting collection of old  
books & Royal letters  
- which I enjoyed seeing.  
Then we repaired to the  
Hofgarten where we sat  
on a bench under the spread  
maple trees, with the cool  
fountain playing in front of  
us, surrounded by a bed  
of wonderful pink geran-  
iums. We stayed some 15  
- 20 min & talked - of nothing  
very interesting - Miss McA.  
is far too dogmatic &

\*Cooks - sure about every  
subject under the sun  
from clothes & food to  
art & philosophy - to suit  
me. I suppose it is be-  
cause she is so much old-  
er than me - at any rate  
I always have an idea  
that she looks upon me  
as extremely young! We  
went to the American library  
at 11. I finished a book  
I had borrowed, there  
Mary W. Shelley by A. Moore  
It was most interesting.  
Rather sentimental I  
thought - & her feelings  
at times somewhat over-  
drawn by most inter-  
esting as to facts. What  
a wonderful group to  
belong to - Byron - Mrs  
Mrs. Shelley - Leigh Hunt  
the Williams - a glorious  
fact is life to have enjoyed

tho' unless one had literary<sup>47</sup>  
ability & used it - very  
bore some after a time. Mrs.  
S.'s life is dreadfully sad  
to think that at the age  
of 25 she had lost her  
husband & three children.  
I am not surprised that  
she was morbid & given  
to extravagant delineation  
of her sorrow - with such  
trials to bear. I admire  
Shelley, of course - I cannot  
love him. All these poet  
souls seem strangely selfish  
& egotistical. I suppose  
such qualities are the  
counterpart of extraordinary  
genius - There is no use  
looking for a fine man  
& a splendid genius in the  
same human being. Such  
sixteen-year old romantic  
ideas must be got rid of  
alas!

44 After lunch + a rest I  
joined Miss Much. once  
more + went to coffee  
with her to the Hofgarten.  
Then together we visited  
the "Secession" - a collect-  
ion of pictures which  
corresponds to our  
Academy in a sense.

The pictures were interest-  
ing. I can hardly call  
any of them beautiful  
most were not even  
pleasing. Miss Much.  
seemed to know all  
about them + held forth  
at great length so that  
I had hardly a chance of  
giving an opinion on  
any of them. I was  
very glad I went for I am  
anxious to learn of the new  
spirit in painting but  
those productions were  
certainly most of them.

49 most weird affairs. One  
portrait pleased me - of  
a girl. Nude figures are  
especial favorites with  
modern artists they do not  
seem to have w<sup>t</sup>. the right  
spirit at all - The figures  
are not beautiful + the colors  
are excruciating. The only  
consoling tho't - one can  
have when peering on some  
of these monstrosities is, <sup>the tho't</sup> that  
a country is always in a  
state of progression + dev-  
elopment when its art  
is mediocre, that is when  
art is perfected in any nation  
the chances are that that  
nation is in a state or at  
the beginning of a decline.  
Miss Much. was scathing  
about the British Academy  
- said Germany was way  
above them. At least  
she said Germans were

striving if somewhat at random after a new technique but the English were hanging on to an old fashioned technique that was quite worn out in theory + practice. They have nothing to say + merely produce mildly pretty pictures.

I wondered how true all these condemnations were. I should be much interested to get hold of the other side of the question from an enthusiast of the English school.

After early supper I again met Mischek. we went to a concert at the Tonhalle together. It was perfectly splendid - a huge orchestra conducted by the Hofkapellmeister, Paul Püell. The audience sat at small tables + smoked + drank beer the whole time in solid comfortable

German fashion. I was surprised to see that more than  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the audience were men. Mischek says he thinks that is one of the reasons why German music is so vigorous. The selections played were from Mozart, Beethoven + Strauss. This latter was extremely characteristic of which I was glad. Bawp - every instrument playing together three or four different times going at the same time - a great medley + awfully difficult. Its obvious straining after a new style seemed exactly similar to the motives of the painting we had seen. Both were essential modern + incomprehensible. But how soothing + beautiful the classics are after the storm and dray of the modern pieces. We left

before the last piece was played - another of Strauss.  
I walked home alone & tho' I felt shaky - just a little shill I enjoyed the walk along the empty cobble streets.

We were much excited on Tues. to get the good news from Aunt Win that she is really coming to join us - arriving tomorrow 8:50 P.M. It will be lovely to see her. I am looking forward to having her with us - so much.

July 19 Wednesday.

We passed a very quite day after the rush of yesterday. The family was rather worn out - tho' I felt quite energetic.

I am reading a very interesting German book, Mr. Hansen recommended to me - called *Interim Rad* by H. Hesse.

Its main object I think is <sup>53</sup> to show up the pernicious customs of education in Germany & the way a boy's life can be entirely spoiled by his being made to study too hard. The tale is unhappy from the very first & grows worse as time goes on. It sounds too dreadfully unfortunate to be true - but still it is a most interesting point of view & one I was glad to get. I find I can read German very easily. Of course I must have my dictionary at hand but it is quite astounding how fast one progresses in a strange language. I have nearly finished the book.

At 8 o'clock we started off to the H. Bahnhof to meet Aunt Win. We were all very excited of course.

She came as she had promised at 8:50 & we saw her waving from the window with great joy. We took an auto home then went for coffee to the Cafe' Orleans of course we had heaps to say - Aunt Win told us all about herself & stay - such a beautiful time she has been having - she says she is bankrupt & I don't wonder what with Naval reviews & trips to the North nearly every week. When we got home we all sat in our room & talked till 12 o'clock. - such a permissible on the return of a long lost sister! It is so good to have her with us. She is like a sea breeze - fresh & inspiring. It was just what we needed. If I only had half her

55  
energy or charm - what would I not give. I am much weighed down by my short comings. I am so lazy & selfish & powerfully uninteresting. The only thing I really regret at this place is the fact that I see no one outside the five <sup>of the</sup> immediate family. I have not to know no one - & I hardly remember having spoken & conversed with a creature of my own age. It is really appalling - I can't help minding it.

July 20 Thursday.

Finished "Uttrem Rad" & besides being glad that I had read so interesting a Book, I felt proud of having got thru a real female novel. It has helped me a great deal.  
In the morning we

50 went to the library. Aunt  
Win took Aunt Mil &  
crew on a rather unsuccessful  
shopping expedition.

We went for tea to the  
Hoffarten under the spread-  
up Chestnuts in company  
with the good Germans of  
the town.

Aunt Win & I went to the  
Tonhalle where there was  
a Wagner Abend. The music  
was splendid & did so  
enjoy it. Miss Luck joined  
us & we each had a glass  
of beer in true German style  
& I drank all mine - which  
was a feat. But I am  
educating myself to do in  
Rome as the Romans do.

Our mugs had lids - they  
were the genuine article - would  
it my few English friends  
be shocked! but I love  
the freedom & democracy of

a real Deutsches populäres<sup>st</sup>  
Kongert.

July 21. Friday.

We went in the morning  
Aunt Mil, Win & I to the  
Schack Galerie. It was  
my second visit to it - I  
must say that it is disappoint-  
ing. I do not care for  
Schwin's dull pictures  
- nor for the copies of the  
masters tho' some of them  
are good. One small  
painting by Feuerbach  
of a small shepherd boy  
asleep on a hillock under  
a wonderful blue sky is  
very beautiful. Both the  
Pinakothek to my mind  
are superior to this Schack.

It was piping. The heat  
here has been quite bad lately  
- Aunt Mil has missed it  
a lot, I think. But the  
evenings are cool & our

54 Rooms are never uncomfortably warm.

We had a most delicious tea at the The Ceylon Tea Rooms - a very aristocratic place indeed. But these seem extravagances to me & I want to stop them. We visited the Frauen Kirche after tea. It is a splendid church of the 15th century Gothic - with two towers that one can see miles away from the city. The interior tho' of course a little ugly from images - one cannot escape these in Catholic countries, I suppose - is on the whole the most beautiful I have seen here. It possesses wonder stained glass windows - & the setting sun was shining thru those in the west & making a beautiful glow. We had

55 only a few minutes as a melancholy wanderer in a hollow tone announced that he was about to lock the doors. With that we were obliged to go. The rest went to the Anstehling park but I was too tired.

July 22. Saturday.

Mr. Runt Win Schild went off for a visit to the Deutsches Museum early in the morning & stayed away till lunch. Ben went with them so I played nursemaid to Evelyn & Peta. We went off to the Englischer Garten just a short walk from here. It was rather hot but under the shade of the trees we felt cool. We made for the Kinderplatz - a beautiful spot under tall leafy trees. In the middle was a



so sand pile, superintended by  
a fair woman - & filled  
with tow-headed little Ger-  
mans who were having a  
lovely time. The children  
could not muster up enough  
courage to go into the central  
place but played about with  
the sand at my feet.

In the p.m. it was rather  
hot - I began reading Fran-  
z's *Sorge* of Sudermann's & found  
it more simple than *Interim*  
Rad. I have read it in  
English - long ago but I am  
going to enjoy it much more  
in German. It is very sad  
from the very beginning.

July 26. Wednesday.

I can't keep up my diary  
& it grows so dry & uninterest-  
ing.

On Sunday night Aunt  
Win & I went to a lovely  
concert at the Tonhalle.

It was a mixed programme <sup>61.</sup>  
& we heard - splendid things  
- the waltz out of Rosenkavalier  
& the overture of Launhäuser.  
Miss Mica & her brother we  
discovered at a table having  
their supper. We sat down  
at the same table & had a  
small chat with them.  
But they left very early -  
we stayed on longer. It  
was enjoyable coming home  
at night.

The weather has been  
horribly, unbearably hot  
lately & we can't swear hard  
enough at it. All our  
energy leaves us - we feel  
we can't go out sight seeing  
or doing anything vigorous.  
It is annoying when we hoped  
to escape the heat - but -  
everyone is suffering this year.  
The heat waves have visited  
America & Europe - Glad

62  
(Aug. 29. Tuesday, continued p. 77)

Here I am back again in the land of the barbarous Turk my woe-holiday in Germany the freedom & delight of it is gone & I turn my thro'ts to work in Hissar & many other important significant things. I cannot believe it is all over - so real it seemed & so everlasting & yet now the pleasure I get out of it is by remembering. I don't be too sure but that that pleasure is a very great one indeed.

I have been to Herrsching & seen the charming Ammersee - have stayed in Dresden & come home without a word of record in my diary. I am disputed with myself thoroughly, wholly! & now I begin again when the excitement & change are

no longer there - when I have long times to think by myself of many things under the sun.

I am at present in Scutari with M. in the dusty, empty college - helping her a little & hearing her company mostly till the teachers begin to come back & girls swarm. I was to have gone to Mrs. E's but, owing to sudden unexpected guests, her house was full & I had no place. I am not sorry. They are depressed & pessimistic in Hissar. Tho' here things are by no means exciting there is plenty to do & think about - there is always the library, with its countless store of sugar plumps & good solid food for such as I - the means out of which I can coax  
p. 77.

64 writes that they could hardly stand it in New England.

I have had no letters for years - Burnie has forgotten me - quite - so have all my other friends & except for an uninteresting scrap from Raffy, I have had no news from anyone, for about 2 weeks. I can't make it out. It makes me feel blue.

I don't seem to be doing anything worth while but waste my days - & let the hours go by. I have met no one this summer - & haven't enough resources in myself to make up for lack of companionship.

Last night Aunt Win, & I went to a play called "The Margins von Keith" acted by the writer Frank Wedekind - a man who

65 is supposed to be one of the leading playwrights of Germany at the present time. The play was interesting but we failed to see the point of the plot or the aim of the author in writing it. The hero, Wedekind was a most gruesome, revolting character, with absolutely no redeeming point. We had read the play before so were able to follow tolerably well. German humor is coarse. In this play even, supposed to be written by a leading man in the world of drama, had jokes in it, which were absolutely low down. The fact that the audience thought they were funny was a greater condemnation of German taste than the fact that they existed in the play. On the whole I enjoyed the

acting & the play itself.  
At first the acting seemed tame  
& rather amateurish but later  
the actors waxed arduous  
& the end was a splendid  
climax - artistically at any  
rate. After the theater we  
had cocoa & biscuits at  
the Ceylon tea stove - amongst  
a few other theatre goers. We  
caught sight of eccentric  
Swahingers - with long hair  
& weird garbs. We got home  
just as midnight chimes struck  
12.

I have been a dreadfully hot  
day & I seem to have done  
nothing worth while. Went  
shopping with the crowd at  
10 o'clock - & got a very nice  
rain cloak - extraordinary to  
get clothes I think. I suppose  
it is a necessary evil! In  
the p.m. went out again  
got a very nice album for

photos & p.c.s - general  
remembrances of this trip.  
The crew of three went to  
the Kunstlertheatre to hear  
Thermidore - & I was left  
alone - very happy with my  
album & pictures which I  
parted & muddled with all  
evening.

July 27. Thursday.

The heat grows more  
terrible all day. We hear  
reports from all over Europe  
that the heat during this  
summer is unparalleled.  
We don't know what to  
do with ourselves. I can't  
keep my temper - I feel so  
exhausted & useless. The  
streets retain the heat - we  
get all the glare from the  
opposite wall of the road -  
a high flat stone wall - so  
that altogether we are in  
a miserable state, & sometimes

68 almost wish we were at home  
for there at least we were  
in the country & the ever  
refreshing Bosphorus lay at  
our feet. Anyhow we  
must not grumble if we  
can help it - instead we  
hope & pray for a thunderstorm  
& consequent clearing of the  
atmosphere - but the clouds  
gather occasionally we do  
not get our storm.

In the afternoon Aunt Win  
& I went with two girls  
from the Nordland Pension,  
where Aunt Win is staying  
just now - out to bym-  
phenkump. They were both  
American girls from the  
west - one from Michigan  
& one from Iowa. The latter  
was very jolly & full of humor.  
She regaled us with a number  
of stories - the point-into-  
tion of her voice were perhaps

the funniest things about 69  
them. We had tea at the  
Volk's Cafe - radishes &  
pretzel - very German - The  
sun was blazing on the  
palace grounds but we  
tried to keep cool by walk-  
ing along the sheltered foot-  
paths. It was pretty but  
not extraordinary at all.

In the evening we went  
for a time to the Hofgarten  
to get a breath of air. We  
did not stay there long as  
Aunt Win was tired. We  
all felt very washed out.  
July 28. Friday.

Another terrific day!  
Notwithstanding Aunt Win  
& I went to the Gas Palast-  
ausstellung - a splendid  
exhibition of pictures, in-  
finitely superior to the  
Secession. It was full  
of the works of modern

Painters - all this year 1911.  
It was enormous & took  
ever so long to look thru  
but the pictures were certainly  
worth a little fatigue.

We saw a landscape by  
Eckenbrecher, a friend of the  
Schoris who came out to  
Constant some years ago.

Still I have had no letter  
either from Bernie nor J.  
& I feel dreadfully upset  
thereat. B. has not  
written for nearly a month  
- the longest space she has  
ever left.

July 29. Saturday.

A great piece of good luck  
was mine today. We met  
Miss Mch. at the Ceylon  
Ice House for tea & during  
the conversation she said  
she had given her two tickets  
for Thermidore - a comic  
opera - by the same house.

as "the show Helena" & would  
I like to come. I was only  
too overjoyed. The play was  
ravishing & I can't stop talk-  
ing about it yet. I quite  
lost my heart to the hero.  
It was played in the Kunstler  
theatre I was infinitely  
more pleasing, I thought than  
the show Helena. The time  
was 18th century, the place  
Paris, so the costumes were  
very effective, the manners  
pleasant & polished. The  
story was most simple &  
extremely romantic. I had  
hoped to see Rudolph  
Pitler, as Thermidore but  
another man, Karl Baum  
had the part that night. I  
must say however that he  
was the most adorable  
lover I had ever set eyes on.  
I did see Rudolph Pitler  
too notwithstanding - He

72  
I was in the audience & during the Pause he walked about in the same corridors as we did. He is a splendid looking man - has a nice face. The scenery of Thermidore was perfectly charming - then there were dances - graceful minuets & pavans - danced by prettily costumed dames & young sparks - the whole thing so infinitely superior to the "high-kick" semi-naked performances in the Thone Helena. The fact is I can't praise Thermidore enough - I was quite carried away by the romantic atmosphere it creates. I am always rather partial to 18th century things generally.

July 30 Sunday.

Early in the morning

73  
we all went to the Rathaus for a Froebel Anstaltung held there for the Universal Travelling Society from U. K. K. Who should we meet when we got into the room but Mr. Moore - our long friend of old. He seemed so glad to see us all - & promised to call in the p. m.

It was still furiously hot but Aunt Win & I went to the American church. I heard there a nice little service & a most excellent sermon.

Mr. Moore called at 4. & could not ask enough questions about Constant & the many associations & ties he has formed there. He is very homesick for the place - I think many things dear to him there that perhaps other people don't know about - In the course of the call

The gave Mrs. Swan a ticket  
for a Festabend that the  
people i. e. teachers of Munich  
were giving to their American  
guests of the University Bureau  
at the Museum Saal.  
She did not want to go  
so gave me the ticket. I  
did not want to go one  
atom, in fact I rather  
hated it - as I would have  
to come home alone - but  
I felt it was my duty to  
avail myself of any oppor-  
tunities in the educational  
line. So off I went at  
7 1/2 p. m. There was a  
perfect crowd of Americans  
assembled in the hall - sitting  
at long tables. I spotted Mr.  
Moore almost immediately &  
so he came & sat near me  
the whole evening. We  
talked constant positively  
the whole time without a

25  
pause, except for the pieces of  
the program. It was very  
different from what I had ima-  
gined - mostly music by a  
somewhat gorgeous orchest-  
ra - a speech or two in well-  
come - & Jolk soup by a  
girl with a guitar. The only  
number in which children  
figured was a dance per-  
formed by wee wifes from  
the Hohenzollernshule -  
such darling they were  
people cheered & cheered.  
The room was very hot -  
& altogether the evening  
would have been very tires-  
some if it had not been  
for Mr. Moore's interest  
in Couple. I left before the  
last w. on the program - he  
saw me to my car in most  
fallant fashion & I arrived  
at Schelling Str. to find Mr.  
Thunt w. anxiously awaiting



me on the corner - Poor M.  
She had begun to worry -  
the program certainly was  
tremendously long.  
July 31, Monday.

There was considerable  
commotion in the bosom  
of the family owing to the  
fact that all but Aunt Win  
& me were starting for the  
country - Hertschip on the  
Ammersee - for some weeks.  
Bundles positively lined  
the rooms. The children  
were dancing with excite-  
ment. A motor was sent  
for & we piled in - the whole  
crowd but mostly luggage.  
The chauffer pinned good  
naturedly for which I was  
grateful. We saw them  
off safely at the station &  
came back to the woodland  
where I have taken up my  
abode with Aunt Win. It

is such a nice pension, so 77.  
much nicer than Mrs. Searis  
tho' I certainly think for the  
children the other was pre-  
ferable. Here they would not  
have put up with the children's  
noise & their presence at  
every meal.

(continued from p. 63 Aug. 29)  
a few times, there is a type-  
writer when I occasionally  
go for a look - then there's  
the great wide city at our  
feet, the garden round us  
& I have M's sweet com-  
panionship all to myself.  
What more could mortal I  
want really? I have lovely  
quiet days here & feel re-  
freshed & inspired by many  
things - I cannot say  
what exactly - perhaps  
it is the thro'ts of my friends  
that I love to turn over &

78. ponder in my mind - per-  
haps it is the strange  
enchantment of this place  
where every stone calls  
forth some harkening ass-  
ociation of the days when  
I was very young & tho't  
the world merely a place  
of beautiful opportunities  
& limitless achievements!

I have done considerable  
planning for my wee school  
& am going to see Mrs.  
Riggs on the subject on  
Sat. I must get myself  
hardened to talking on  
people quite impersonally  
on matters of business.  
I wish I could get rid of  
my emotions just for a  
few hours at inconvenient  
times. The thing is  
really - I must control them.  
I am looking forward to  
the school. & how I hope

my spirit will be kept <sup>79</sup>  
fresh & enthusiastic. I must  
work my very hardest to  
keep it so, whatever else  
happens.

I have just finished read-  
ing Trilby for the second  
time. I hardly realized how  
much I admired Du Maurier  
until I read him this time.  
He is wonderful! Trilby  
is full of humannesses  
- sweet, familiar, human  
touches that go to the right  
spot & make the charac-  
ters feel alive & real. The  
three men are as living as  
if they were in the same  
room. Du Maurier's atti-  
tude towards life is good.  
He thinks & seems to have  
the discerning eye - he  
can see the motive behind  
the deed - the kind of soul  
behind the impulse. A

80. Truly touching loveable  
book is Dilly. Mr. Lays has  
traps I am now tremen-  
ously romantic. But I  
say in reply "Thank God!"  
If I can still be romantic  
sentimental, idealistic  
there seems some hope  
for me. The saddest thing  
it seems to me, is a person  
who has lost the power  
of seeing life or at  
least parts of life with a  
halo round it. I don't  
want to be sensible,  
practical, unromantic.  
No one can feel stronger  
than I against morbid  
or silly sentimentality.  
But there is another healthier  
finer kind which gives a  
sparkle to life & makes one  
glad to have been born. I  
am going to try & keep it  
always, if I can. - Pierce.

will I be against anyone  
who tries to rob me of it.  
I am reading the letters of  
R.L.S. I started them before  
I left for Germany & got as  
far as "Student Days"  
near the beginning. Now I  
have begun where I left  
off at the beginning of the  
summer & I love it all.  
In D's last letter he said  
he was worshipping R.L.S.  
at that special moment  
& said too that I simply  
must read his letters. I  
am only too happy to do so.  
R.L.S. has always been  
one of my heroes - he seemed  
so great & far above me  
as a genius & as a man too  
that I was almost afraid  
of him. His letters make  
me want to write eternally.  
Their charm is irresistible  
& my greatest worship is

to wield a major pen  
if not like his - I dare  
not aspire so high - at  
least like a part of the  
shadow - And yet how  
can I hope for anything of  
that kind. I never really  
take pains to study gram-  
mar, rhetoric - all the  
intricate pros & cons of  
a skilful literary style.  
As I said before, I am dis-  
torted with myself. What  
others have accomplished  
puts me to shame - I feel  
I have wasted hours & hours  
of precious time, which  
after all passes us but  
once. And the worst  
of it is I hardly get past  
the talking of it & deploring  
it. But I will try - I  
will!

Had sails from N. Y. on  
Thursday. I long to see

her dear face again for it <sup>83</sup>  
seems years instead of  
months since June 5. I won-  
der if she will be at all  
American - whether she will  
like this land after that - if  
she will be more warm-  
hearted & demonstrative  
than when she went away,  
I hope so. I can hardly wait  
till she arrives. We will  
have hours to talk & occasions  
to tell each other about.  
Two weeks seems long to  
wait.

We are living with the  
Jacobs - people from  
Stamboul - U. S. C. A.  
secretary, he is. We have  
all our meals with them, as  
they are staying in the Tcham  
Konak. I am enjoying them  
as a study. They are pious  
I should judge to a degree.  
They have come out from

84 The middle west - Chicago  
I believe - for poor. They  
are young + inexperienced  
they do not know how to  
live. I suppose they must  
study economy - as a  
matter of fact we hardly  
get enough to eat - a water  
stew - we must fill up  
with bread, which we do  
vaintly + pretend not to  
mind. But I am sure they  
are not being properly  
nourished with their meagre  
fare. As he said in a  
characteristic way. "They  
want to go to heaven; they  
don't want to eat". That is  
their attitude. They are  
very nice people really +  
extremely interesting on  
certain subjects but it  
is dull having to live with  
them. Occasionally we go  
down to find them singing

85  
hymns. It is pathetic. Their  
striving after righteousness.  
I find most religions are  
pathetic. I am at once I feel  
dreadfully sorry for poor  
struggling humans who try  
in so many quaint + strange  
ways to get at the root of  
"Why we are here" and  
where we are going to. If  
somebody could only tell  
us - if we only knew.

Today we escaped for  
tea. The beverage they offer-  
ed us + insulted by calling  
it tea was really too  
much for our English palate.  
A pale, cool, milky -  
watery liquid they make  
- enough to make any loyal  
Briton turn in his grave.  
Poor dears they know as  
better + are blissfully  
unconscious of any defect.  
I would not mean for a

8<sup>th</sup> moment to blame them -  
But it's all so funny. I wish  
I could describe them more  
vividly.

I have not heard from  
Talbot all summer - &  
again I am beginning to  
watch for letters - & to be  
woefully impatient. It is  
perfectly astounding how I  
long for his letters - & don't  
seem to have been cured by  
2 whole years of them! -  
but there it is & tho' I can't  
make it out - I have a  
frantic longing for letters  
from him every month -  
every week! Perhaps I  
shall be different someday,  
but I hope not. It is 3  
mos. almost since I had one  
- so another is about due -  
& tho' I am given to be  
pessimistic most of the  
time - I know if I wait

long enough he will remember,  
he has never failed yet - why  
should he now? And yet  
Time & Space are such merci-  
less enemies of fast friendships.  
They give friends different  
interests & tho'ts & imperceptibly  
they drift apart - oh! I hope  
this won't happen - It  
mustn't - it can't!

Aug. 31. Thursday.

On Wed. we went to Stam-  
boul for shopping & to go  
to Roum Kapou. I had never  
been to this latter place tho'  
tho't my education had  
been distinctly neglected - The  
Fates were against us how-  
ever for we met Miss Davies  
on the way & she said no  
one was at home so we  
both had to turn back.  
We passed thru the grand  
Bazaar on our way home  
I had not been there for

88 years. It certainly is a wonderfully picturesque quarter of the city. There they sat those turbaned merchants in their nice shops with all their goods spread out before one's eyes - contentedly smoking. The beards you saw at every turn were so gorgeous - some very tawdry - all very bright & dazzling. Occasionally an especially vigorous vendor would shout out to us to buy their wares - but as we passed by unheeding they soon drew back off into silence & if we turned round there sat the man again much taken up with his smoke.

In the evening as we sat round the table after dinner we got into a hot discussion

on woman's suffrage & the 89  
woman question generally. Mr. Jacobs ideas were peculiar & German. I don't like them.  
Sept 6. Wednesday.

Aunt Win & Uncle Ed arrived on the first snow here we are all of us installed at Sunnyside. It is beautiful here - & I feel as tho I were really at home once more. My desk & beloved books are once more within my reach - & it is lovely being here with my dearest dear.

Aunt Wil & children arrived this morning so we are a most happy winter family. They are staying with us i.e. Uncle Rob & Aunt Wil for a week before their house is ready. The children have been distributed among their various friends. They are all so happy to be back.

Sept 22. Friday. Hear old diary again neglected. I returned to you like a pen-  
but friend to one who is  
long suffering but always  
ready to forget past ill use.  
Now it is more than 2 weeks  
since I wrote. And I have  
begun my new work in Hissan  
- have readjusted myself  
to a new routine & now  
that I am just beginning  
to feel comfortable I am  
able to resume my ponderous  
monologues in my diary. I  
always notice that if ever  
I am harassed in any way  
by some new feature in  
my life - there comes a pause  
in my diary. Now I have  
felt my pen and can  
write.

My school - I hardly like  
to say too much about it.  
Suffice it to say - I love it

dearly - each child individually  
- the whole seven collectively.  
I find it hard to manage &  
manipulate but the children  
are wonderfully willing &  
it is a joy to teach them. I  
pray & hope for much success  
If they love me - truly I can  
accomplish something. I  
have 2 good sunny rooms  
at the top of the Pates' house  
good lighting & ventilation  
Each child has his desk -  
to their enormous delight  
& the schoolroom is beginning  
to look very nice. I must  
attempt to decorate a little  
- as yet I have not tho't  
out anything, but a meagre  
picture of an Indian chief  
to remind us of Hiawatha.  
whom we are studying.

I have started singing - they  
are enjoying that tremendously.  
I hope I can really teach



them something worth while besides merely small soups. The parents as yet have seemed most sweet to me. I am <sup>as</sup> happy as I can be in my work. I hope everything will progress smoothly & that I will grow to love it more & never lose an atom of my enthusiasm for it.

I am again in a despondent state about letters. These attacks are periodical. I haven't written since before my summer trip & I'm in a horrible state of mind. I am given to hours of the blues - & I come to the conclusion that as a matter of fact I am not good enough to be loved. Everyone else I know is admired, respected - loved & I am so dreadfully lonely. Of course there

are my dearest adopted, Aunt Mil - Glad's brother - but after those - there is no one! At least so it seems sometimes. I have no companions, no friends of my own age. I have to depend on letters & they don't come. I can't tell why people don't like ~~me~~ & seek me out. I'm sure I strain my utmost to be pleasant, agreeable - unselfish. Yet every pie I know is more popular than I. Sometimes I am filled with the venom of the green eyed monster to such a degree that I hate everyone I meet. It is a disgusting confession - the mood only lasts a few minutes - I try to trample it down. But oh! oh! oh - I want some one to love me - immensely - entirely. Everyone else

has a lover - why can't I  
have one too? + get  
when my thro'ts are very blue  
I think to myself - I never  
will have that joy - I  
was born unattractive. I  
must make up my mind  
to it like a man - + not  
wince. I will let Glad make  
up for my short comings  
she will always be loved  
wherever she goes - she is  
like a ray of sunshine + then  
she can do things - she is  
capable + I'm not. Why  
every now with my infidelity  
Glad's <sup>more expensive</sup> ~~more expensive~~ <sup>hair</sup> ~~hair~~ <sup>travelling</sup> she makes  
more than I do - It isn't  
fair - it isn't - it isn't.  
Something is wrong some-  
where - If I could only  
lay my hand on it  
+ pluck it out! It must  
be in me - I will look for  
it there till I find it.

Oct 15. Sunday. Nearly a  
month since I last wrote in  
my diary - and such a month -  
containing most momentous  
events! The family has been  
much excited for on Sept 29.  
Glad announced her engage-  
ment to James Ferguson.  
so it's all settled + my pre-  
diction has won the day.  
My heart was very full  
when I first heard it. I can't  
say I was glad - + yet now  
that I know Glad is  
very happy - happier than  
she has been for years,  
I feel reconciled. This is  
the way it came about.  
Evidently altho' G. had  
refused him definitely  
when she went away to  
h. S. she did not really  
decide in her mind. She  
had such a good time  
while she was away that

me tho't she had forgotten  
all about him. We felt  
very much relieved I must say.  
Such was not the case  
however. When she came  
back altho' she had not  
seen him, she felt she could  
not be happy without him  
so wrote immediately - thus  
opening relations between  
them again & it was all  
settled. They were engaged.  
They came up the day of the  
Bazaar to Aunt Win's & we  
saw them together for the  
first time. We are all  
as nice as we can be to  
Fergus - of course I  
am finding out that he is  
a very nice man too. Of  
course we would have  
liked someone better  
for Pad's but no one  
would suit us in every  
way - & - then she loved

him - she really does - so  
that ends the matter. She  
is undergoing a metamorpho-  
sis; she who was so cold  
& un demonstrations is now  
warmer & more sympathetic.  
Mr. says it is an education.  
I cannot realize even now  
after two weeks that my  
niece sister whom I can't  
help looking upon as a  
baby yet - is really en-  
gaged. It makes one feel  
solemn & tender - for  
marriage is a tremendous  
step to take - it - after all  
changes your life entirely.  
How I wish I could half  
express the hopes I have  
for Pad - that she will  
always be happy & content-  
ed & that good fortune &  
a thousand blessings  
will follow her everywhere.  
The two of them have been

up quite often already. It is nice to see them together. She has a beautiful ring like M's - three brilliants in a row - only bigger than M's. The wedding is as yet indefinite - perhaps next summer or autumn. Glad will have to finish her year at Sautani first.

Mother & I will now have to roam the world together. She says consolingly to me - "We must find you a nice man - dear - the darling - how good she is - but I am afraid no one will ever want to marry me - I'm not nice enough. If only - but there's what's the use of dreaming. He won't - & there's an end. If he would only come out here again - if only."

Everybody teases me considerably, seeing Glad has got a head of me so to speak. But I feel so incapable, so unfit, so crude & inexperienced to think of ever getting married. Besides there is no one to marry - is there?

My school is delectable & I enjoy every moment of it. To-morrow I send out bills & hope to haul in fees proportionately. I'm very poor at present. I have no private lessons yet which is a pity. However there is time & I hope on - I can't make money & that's a fact. I love the kiddies in Hissar enormously & I think so far the parents are pleased. At least they have said nothing to the contrary. I do hope & pray I am teaching them something.

The walk does me good  
tho' it is rather long. I  
feel quite a Hissar-lee.

On my birthday I got  
Hgs 2 to spend on books -  
I have ordered these & am  
now trying to devour them  
at one & the same moment.  
Browning Ring of the Book  
P. Cunningham Story of Hell Jugg  
The Koran.

Stamerton Stevensoniana  
The Oxford Book of Fr. Verse  
Clark - Cambridge  
Charles Dickens by Daughter  
Miss J. has been up with  
us for the week end & she  
sniffs rather at some of them.  
but I'm not going to care.

how I'm going to try  
& keep up my diary. I have  
many things to say but will  
stop - & continue tomorrow  
I have had letters but not  
the right ones!

Oct 20. Friday. The week  
has been interesting. On  
Monday I spent the night at  
Mrs. E's in Hissar & much  
enjoyed Mr. Allen's conversa-  
tion. He can talk on al-  
most all subjects - & his  
voice is beautiful - He seems  
to be harrassed however  
with rather a doleful family.  
It is fortunate that he  
does not think so.

School has progressed  
nicely. Mrs. P. was perturb-  
ed about ink spilt on  
her floor. She certainly  
had a right to be: I felt  
very apologetic - but don't  
believe I showed it. I  
must get safety ink well  
or do something to prevent  
accidents. George is a  
dasher - recites "My  
Bee is like a Boat" till  
I want to take him in my

arms & hug him. Sarah  
is a wonderfully interesting  
child - like Kenneth sym-  
pathetic, well read & full  
of all kinds of eagernesses  
and enthusiasms. I was  
just realizing the other  
day that I am very lucky  
in that I have not one  
stupid child in my whole  
school - all are average  
or above. What should I  
do if I had to pound away  
at an impossible brain?

I am deep in The Ring  
& the Book & find it more  
mellow as I proceed.  
I am getting to know R.B.  
better - he is tremendously  
clever - & versatile. Pom-  
pilia is a Book I could  
read a hundred times -  
that & Tertium (and  
Cappone & Saché are my  
favorite books so far.

I know I shall like "The  
Pope" & Guido at the end  
for they are bound to be  
masterful. One cannot  
imagine a more perfect pair  
than the Brownings - she had  
all the tenderness of the  
woman in her poetry -  
he the rugged strength of  
the man. They fit into  
each other & make the  
balance even.

Joe & Fergus are coming  
up tomorrow. It is interest-  
ing for them but hardly for  
us. Poves are interesting  
to outsiders only when  
they are novelties. After  
the newness of the first week  
they pall - being so insuff-  
erably expressed in each  
other. I haven't seen Joe  
for weeks - he says  
every time I meet her  
"Joe is still engaged."

as tho' she half expected  
it to end in a fizzle  
even now! That would  
be too terrible - but there  
seem absolutely no fear!

Oct 22. Sunday. It has  
been a lovely day. Such  
wonderful autumn days  
as we are having - are  
enough to rejoice the heart  
of a poet. The sky is al-  
most cloudless - the water  
a rippling racy blue - the  
wind just sharp enough  
to put ripples into our  
blood to remind us of the  
approach of winter.

I started the day by not  
going to church. But really  
it was too much. Mr.  
Gibbons again - I cannot  
stand him! tho' I under-  
stand he is admired by  
many of the faithful of  
Bebek.

I read "The Ring & the Book"  
in the garden & wrote to  
Miss Jenks - a voluminous  
epistle containing much  
news. Gladsterns were  
up for the day. M. appear-  
ed in the p.m. to our joy.  
She could only stay a short-  
time, as there were a thou-  
sand things to be done at  
Scytari.

Mr. Harry Dwight came to  
tea. he is entertaining  
& I like him tho' I know  
he looks upon me as quite  
beneath notice even. Still  
I try to appear dignified!  
The day altogether was  
delightful - restful - &  
free - I had a quiet half  
hour in the dark to think  
many thoughts while Aunt Ann  
& Uncle M. paid visits.  
I am rather prone to  
feel melancholy - for many

reasons best not mentioned.

Burnie has not written for 3 weeks. I can't make it out - As for other - of my correspondents, it is absolutely hopeless. I'm feeling blue - & I can't write any more about it.

Oct 27. Friday. Have had a successful week at school I think - anyhow I am still very much in love with the work & the children.

We have as most interesting guest a certain Professor Macgregor of Leeds University, a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, who has a letter of introduction from Mand to us. He was asked up here for the night on Wednesday but we all liked him so much that we have asked him to stay on till he leaves which

is next Tuesday. His subject is Political Economy but he can talk about anything interestingly. He evidently is a very big man - was president of the Union in Cantab & writes for all kinds of papers now. He has just published a book which he is presenting to Amstom.

He is quite youthful - not more than 32-35 I should say - & he has a delightful Scotch accent. I am quite overpowered by the brilliancy of his intellect & if he so much as notices me I am quite bucked. I find he knows quite a good many of the people I knew in Cantab - The Skinners, Anderson Scotts, Burns etc. We are fortunate in having him as our guest.

Uncle's came home



early. We met his Boat  
at 2 o'clock and then went  
to look over a new house  
along the quay that is for  
rent. In many ways it  
was very nice indeed - but  
on the whole - impracticable  
& very much in need of repairs.  
The situation is perfect -  
a little above the quay -  
no climb at all - & a  
lovely aspect, over the water.  
But Uncle Ned thinks it  
would be unwise to take it.

When I came home - I  
went into my room to take  
off my things - & when I  
returned to the sitting room  
there on the table lay - a  
letter <sup>for</sup> from me. And it  
was from Dalbat! I could  
hardly believe my eyes. It  
was a splendid letter - 16 pages  
long. I enjoyed every word  
of it. If I would only have

patience - he always remembers  
finally; but his bad cover-  
ponding habits are incurable  
tho' I do not let him think I  
think so. He does write such  
good letters but I only wish  
I could see him & have long  
long talks with him for his  
talking is much nicer than  
his writing. He's a splendid  
friend to have - I am proud  
of his friendship & always will  
be. He must come out  
here again, some day soon.

I had made an appoint-  
ment with Hilton to go out  
fishing at sunset. I met  
him at 5:30 at the garden  
~~side~~ took a boat out -  
armed with a bag full of  
bait - & a line each. We  
were going to catch loofar  
or so we thought. There were  
crowds of other boats in  
the bay all for the same fun -

pose. We fished and  
fished - at first merrily &  
hopefully - finally most  
wearily. And not a single  
fish did we catch! My  
line broke off in the middle  
after the first half hour -  
which was sad - Hyton  
generously gave me his while  
he smoked a cigarette &  
made conversation. We  
stayed out till 7:30 - two  
hours without the shadow  
of any success. Evidently  
it was a bad night for  
fishing, for we heard the  
fishermen calling to each  
other that they had caught  
nothing. They gradually began  
to move off.

Even tho' we had such  
poor luck. I enjoyed the  
outing enormously. It  
was a perfectly glorious  
night. A spiny moon

in the sky - a thousand stars  
- a steel dark sea & then  
the phosphorus. I have never  
seen such glowing, fiery  
colors in the water before.  
Every time we moved the  
oars we sent plumes  
thru the water a host of  
sparkling phosphorus  
bubbles & as the boat cut  
thru the water, it made  
a pathway of blue light,  
that looked like the radiance  
from some Wey camp  
or magic tabernacle.  
It was marvellous!

Oct 29. Sunday. Yester-  
day after a domestic morning  
I met Mr. Macgregor & took  
him up to Dissarastine was  
a baseball game there. He  
arrived at the scale at 2 o'clock  
I met his boat & we proceeded  
up the river together. We found  
to our disgust when we got

Patriarchs of the old Testa-  
ment & cannot understand  
how people can take as  
ospel statements made  
by Jews about themselves  
on absolutely no other  
authority. It is strange

the giant ideas that have  
grown round our religion.  
The facts laid down by  
councils of ~~hundreds~~ ages ago  
are considered valid &  
infallible - how can they be?

For dinner Aunt Win  
had invited Dr. Riza Tew-  
fik & his wife. We had  
such an interesting time -  
I howl we roared with  
laughter at Dr. Riza's quaint  
remarks! He started talk-  
ing when he entered the  
house & I don't think he  
stopped for longer than 10  
minutes, until he left.

He talked nearly all the

time on Turkish politics. He  
has little hope for Turkey, I  
fear. He is absolutely candid  
about everything he thinks  
he is certainly courageous  
there is absolutely no doubt  
about it. - I admire him  
enormously for his mind is  
splendid - he is a born  
orator. Even in English he  
is really eloquent - what  
must he not be in his own  
language!

~~Oct 29 Sunday.~~

Nov. 5. Sunday. I have been spend-  
ing the weekend in Scutan &  
there purchased a new fountain  
pen from Mr. Peet which accounts  
for the sudden change in writing.  
The pen is a beauty & I like it  
much. It is more like my old pen  
of last year which I lost. As yet  
it looks two thin & meager - but  
I shall get used to it. My writing  
has been pouring too big anyway.

Nov. 6. Monday. There is al-  
ways a disagreeable Mondayish  
feeling at the beginning of the  
week which I can never quite  
overcome. I always start up  
to school in a discontented  
frame of mind but once I have  
begun to teach the children -  
my enthusiasm for my work  
returns, & I feel started for the  
week. Caleb was ill today.  
I did not even see Mrs. Gates so  
have an idea she too was not  
well. Caleb's absence was a  
relief tho' it's horrid of me to  
say so. He is the only one  
of the children, whom I find it  
difficult to love. Such a  
hard unsympathetic child, one  
rarely meets. His spirit is  
anything but sweet & generous.  
With all her theories & her  
religion Mrs. G. does not  
seem to know how to bring  
up her children. They say

Herbert is lost - how his parents  
must suffer for his misdeeds -  
I wrote to Miss Steen &  
Carrie in the p. m. I told Miss S.  
about the school & sent her  
snapshots - I hope she will  
write to me. I shall be very  
interested to hear from her.

I am deep in Alice's Short-  
by de Morgan - a most charm-  
ing story, written in a fine  
humorous vein which reminds  
one of Dickens, the pie - side &  
long winter evenings. It is just  
my style. How more than ever  
to write, yet - I seem to have  
nothing to say & dare not  
start anything, on the off  
chance of its being good.

I love my books & spent  
a deal of my time with them.  
Nov. 10 - Friday.

Yesterday was a great day.  
The corner stone of the new  
building that is principally

Paul Hall, the administration building. We had been praying for good weather & were rewarded for the day was mild & tho' the clouds looked threatening no rain fell. Aunt Win, Miss & I went off to Armasoutbey together all gay in blue ribbons - & anticipating a perhaps boresome performance.

But it was splendid & our hearts were thrilled. The girls from college had come over & they stood in a mass on the hillside. Dr. Patrick looked her best - there were crowds of visitors. Around the corner stone in a semi-circle stood the representatives of the Minister of Public Instruction, the Greek Patriarch, the Armenian Patriarch, the Bulgarian Patriarch - each of whom gave a short speech. Mr.

Bowen read a prayer at the beginning, & Sir Edwin Pean gave a most - thinking address. Dr. Yates ended the whole ceremony with a most beautiful - prayer - subject matter & expression were fine.

The ceremony of laying the stone was performed by Mr. Wm. Rockhill, the American Ambassador. He gave a small address first - which tho' very well meaning, was not good. He is no speaker this new venture was a great drawback. The eloquence of the foreign representatives compared most unfavorably with him. But - it was good of him to speak at all & his words were appreciated. It was a thrilling thing to see the stone laid - & I loved the college so - Dr. P. is a marvelous woman.

After all, it is due to her own personal efforts that these buildings are being erected & thus her that the college has become all that it is now. A splendid work to have behind one - how it makes one blush to think that one accomplishes so little in comparison with a great work like that.

How glad & M. & Terps - all blooming, the glad has not been well - We came home after a nice social in Museum Palace marble hall - which M. managed beautifully.

Today has been quite nice tho' tho't it would not be as I woke up in a bad mood & hated the dull clouds that hung over the morning sun. The bright weather can't last forever & then I am supposed not

to mind autumn melancholy days.

Mr. Lowe, uncle mid's stenographer has been staying here doing work with Uncle. He seems a nice man - very shy but will talk at times. He likes books which is a good thing. He also has a sense of humour which certainly recommends him strongly.

I am still charmed by Alice for short.

Nov. 11. Saturday.

I was disrupted & bored by my whole day - which was a pity, seeing it was Saturday. I left on the 9:8 boat for town & had to go immediately to the dentist's, which was a bad way of starting any day. Dr. Malbon is always nice but he hurt me considerably - At 11 I stopped in town, & then had lunch at the club with

Miss Gregory & Miss Dodd who happened to drop in. It wasn't a specially thinking meal but might have been worse.

I should have gone immediately after lunch to the Bible House to practise before the Social Meeting but I was bad & waited for Miss Gregory. Consequently Aunt Win was angry with me when I arrived - in which she was quite justified! I had to 'b' her a cake in town & has a vague mental feeling that that would perhaps make up a little. I left the cake in the guest room with my things.

The meeting was a success as far as those meetings go but I was bored to extinction. Sheals & Sbbals of women in enormous hats that you never get passed crowded into Mrs. B's rooms. The

business part of the meeting began half an hour late. The Social program was short & rather nice. The songs, five of them which we sang in a small chorus of about 8 voices, were pretty simple. Mrs. Popster read some of her own poems - pretty little verses - which I would have enjoyed immensely if I could have heard them all. But Mrs. P has a very small voice & the rooms are very large.

Then came tea! How I hated it. The dining room was filled with females crowding round the table in such masses that you could hardly get a hand thru them, let alone your whole self. I sewed tea to heaps in the other room, in consequence when I came to have my own, nearly every plate had been absolutely

cleared of every crumb. Greedy  
fresh & brumians stood by  
the table & forged till my blood  
boiled. One pile in a black  
had to a metre wide positively  
made a meal. I watched her.  
These things disgust - one &  
one feels as tho' the whole  
affair is better given up - Aunt  
Mild & Bella poured tea - what  
they had been at the end - is  
a mystery.

On these occasions after  
things have been gone thru  
with mostly & only a few  
stragglers are left, we  
suddenly perceive that we  
must make a dash for a boat.  
To day it was as usual -  
we took to the west room -  
to find to our dismay that the  
cake I had bought had dis-  
appeared - we asked as many  
people as our time would  
allow but could trace nothing.

That seemed the climax & I  
felt mad. We rushed down  
the building - ran for a cab -  
stopped hystericly to pick  
up Mrs. Damon in the middle  
of a crowd & dashed  
for the boat. We caught it  
easily but I nearly forgot to  
pay the cabbie! The steamer  
was crowded with women's  
club people - we could not get  
away from them.

We arrived home & found Miss  
Jemison waiting in the sitting  
room for us. Aunt Win has asked  
her for the weekend as it is  
monthly holiday. I felt so tired  
& upset & busy for a quiet  
family party - where I could  
read & dream & retire early if I  
felt like it. Instead we must  
needs stay up & entertain our  
guest teaching her bridge.  
She is a dear thing tho' it  
is only with myself that I



am angry.

Nov. 12. Sunday.

The whole day has been given to entertain Jenison. Aunt Win was in bed with a bad cold.

I did not get up till 10<sup>00</sup> & took h. f. to church at 11.

Mr. Frew preached on a beautiful face which was comforting, perhaps to such as I who boast naught but a plain countenance.

Nov. 17 Friday.

I have a most interesting job - which I have already begun - The other day Prof Panaretoff came to school to ask me if I would be willing to teach English to him. Fibret Bey immediately said I would be delighted & we forthwith went to see her and made arrangements for lessons twice a week on Tuesdays & Thursdays. Yesterday I went for my first lesson.

I arrived at the house at about ten minutes past twelve. The view is wonderful - You look straight down onto the Bosphorus - it seems to lie at your very feet. The interior of the house is curious - quite Turkish. Mume met me at the door. She is a charming lady - tall thin & very good looking. She had kindly asked me to lunch on the day I thought there, so we sat waiting for some 20 mins. till Fibret Bey himself arrived. She knows not a single word of either English or French - & as I know scarcely any polite Turkish - our conversation was a most wonderful conversation! However we managed to while about the time - what with their books to look at & Habak's pictures to admire! I met Fibret Bey in a short while He also is a very charming Turkish

Gentleman - he talks French quite fluently - so we chatted away, easily. Then we went in to lunch. The lunch was overpowering - it was so rich & there was so much of it. I must enumerate the courses merely for curiosity's sake.

1st. meat + potatoes with a delicious sauce.

2nd cold fish in oil.

3rd. patligan stew very tastily prepared

4th fillet of meat -

5th toolumba sweetmeats

6th apples + coffee.

Then my lesson almost immediately after lunch. and gave her a whole hour, which was a great deal to begin with. I do not think she is dull - tho' perhaps she might be a little pickier. She seems very much in earnest & very anxious to learn. I know

I am going to enjoy my lessons hugely - to think I shall really be in a Turkish home twice a week & can have glimpses of the inner workings.

I am reading Pierre Loti's *Desenchantés*. It is wonderfully written & I am enjoying the descriptions of Couffle thoroughly. There is much exaggeration of course & a deal of extra sentimentality - but these are proverbial weaknesses of French writers & should be overlooked. The story certainly fascinates me & I don't want to stop reading it. I wish I could write like that.

Nov. 21. Tuesday.

My day has been spoiled to a certain extent by a horrible letter - but so that it would have been so happy - so full of splendid interesting things. I hate to dwell on or recount

disagreeables of any kind in my diary - it only makes them feel the more to dwell on them & yet in this case perhaps it will make me feel better to write about it.

I was in the middle of a nice French lesson to the children this morning, when a letter was bro't to me from Mrs. Van H. I was asked to read it at once as there might be an answer. I opened it with some foreboding. As I read it made me feel ill. I will give it word for word.

My dear Miss Thomson.

I am very sorry to be under the necessity of writing a disagreeable letter, but I think it is time I should speak.

I have just been told that Caleb Gates hit Frances in the face - I have already had several complaints both

from our children & others about Caleb's roughness & I feel obliged now to tell you that if it is not possible to control Caleb in the play hour as well as during school time I shall be compelled to remove Frances from the school.

I do not wish to worry Mrs. Gates but you are quite at liberty to show this letter to Dr. Gates - With many regrets at having to write in this way,

Yours very truly  
Hope Van Killeugen.

There I stood staring at it - the children waiting patiently for me to continue. As there was no immediate answer I turned to continue the lesson, with all the spice you know from the teaching - all the joy from the morning.

I did not know what to think.

My first impulse was against Mrs. Hank. for writing, instead of speaking, to me personally — my second against Caleb who is a nasty wretched little boy I know — my third against Mrs. Gates for not pulling in him the spirit of a tyrant.

After school I stopped Frances & gave her a note to her Mother saying, would come & see her tomorrow or Wednesday as I would do nothing till I had seen her. So that is what lies before me.

Then she asks to think about it — I have been thinking ever since. I can't get rid of it. On reflection I feel that the fault lies with Frances in not telling me when Caleb hurt her. I was there on the spot & if she had only told me about it, I could have done something at once. As a matter of fact,

Caleb was rough to her this morning & I gave them all a preaching after prayers to the effect of being kind & chivalrous. Caleb is rough there is no doubt about it. Nobody likes him — he does nice & says nasty things. But when I am in the play, I would no hunting, goes on at all. I simply cannot be there every moment of the twenty minutes. I am usually there at least half the time. — Then so is Mrs. Gates & she protects Caleb's every movement like a tigress. I am so worried & perplexed — what am I to do. I feel the tactics to adopt are these — ask F. always to report to me if there are any disturbances what so ever — to promise to be in the garden at recess every day for a long time. & to talk both individually

to catch & collectively to the  
school about roughness &  
politeness - gentlemanly &  
ungentlemanly manners in  
the play ground. I certainly do  
not want to show the letter  
to either Dr. or Mrs. Pates  
It would upset the latter  
to a perfectly awful degree  
she would make a positive  
raid on Mrs. Van M. & all the  
children would suffer as well  
as myself.

May for a wise dealing with  
the affair. Mrs. Van M. is a  
sensible person & will listen to  
what I have to say. After all  
an interview is the best way  
of clearing up difficulties of  
all kinds. - dear oh dear  
oh dear.

I suppose there is no walk  
of life however protected however  
peaceful where one is not  
criticised - for I cannot help

feeling that in some way  
I am responsible for this. Yet  
I think that teachers are more  
open to criticism than most  
people. As I read the letter even  
(so flashing are one's thoughts)  
I said to myself - let me go  
to America to study - soon - now  
- in Sept - & get away from it  
- away from these awful  
parents. I was never meant  
for a teacher - except in a  
big place where I could be  
a professor merely of one or two  
subjects.

After school I went to the  
Fibrets. That I always enjoy.  
Madame F. has remembered  
a great deal of what I told  
her last time. She is such a  
nice person & I liked her  
enormously. The Turks are  
so frantically polite - the  
queer way in which I am  
treated makes me feel abashed

If only this letter had it come  
how everything would have  
been delectable.

Nov. 22. Wednesday.

I need not to have been upset  
for it has all turned out most  
splendidly. Mrs Van H. writes  
me to lunch & so I went home  
with Frances. She was most  
nice to me & I had a long talk  
giving vent to my own opinions  
about things. I am not going  
to make disturbances now  
with the family, but will talk  
privately to Caleb & give  
small lectures every morning  
on chivalry generally. I hope  
they will sink in. God help me  
to deal wisely. We'll see  
how it pes at any rate.

I went away almost immediatly  
after lunch as Mrs. Van H.  
said she was going out soon.  
I went directly to Mrs. E's &  
had a long, long afternoon

here - Aunt Win appeared for tea  
& we walked home afterwards  
with her. Dwight, who regaled  
us with his rare wit. I like him  
tremendously but I always feel  
he looks upon me with distinct  
contempt - I being so very  
young & inexperienced in the ways  
of the world.

I got such a dear letter from  
Bernie last night. It delighted  
my soul - What a rare letter  
writer she is when she once has  
a moment wherein she can  
scribble a line. Aunt Win has  
made such a lovely suggestion  
- that she come out & stay with  
me this summer - I only hope  
she can - but her purse is so  
limited.

Dec. 3. Sunday. I have had  
such a nice week really.  
& I am so sorry to think that  
it is ended tonight.

Thanks giving came on

Thursday, the 30th. The  
piddies at school were ex-  
cited to a degree - it has  
been growing in intensity -  
for the last few weeks & Wed-  
morning they could hardly  
keep it in. We had our lessons  
as usual but the last half  
hour I devoted to talking  
about Thanksgiving - I told  
them the dear old story of the  
first Thanksgiving. How I  
love the quaint stalwart  
Puritans & their earnest attitude  
to life. The children listened  
awestruck when I told them  
about the Indians - how  
a midnight attack was un-  
heard of thing - how every  
man must needs carry his  
gun to church - how every  
girl & boy had to learn the  
use of firearms very early  
in his life.

I spent Thursday with

Aunt Win & her in town. We  
went to Stamboul had an  
interesting time there. I went  
into Yeni Djami mosque for  
the first time. It is a beautiful  
place - I never realized how  
beautiful mosques can be -  
I have not been in one for so long.  
All the interior is made of  
tiles - blue tiles of quaint  
arabic patterns. The doors  
are carved & inlaid with  
mother of pearl. The ceiling  
raiding, carved in geometrical  
designs. Low hanging  
oil lamps are suspended  
from the ceiling & the wide  
floor is covered with soft  
Turkish rugs. We saw  
a group praying - on the  
rugs - prostrating, standing,  
touching their heads to the  
ground - An atmosphere of  
reverence pervaded the  
place - & thought to say

my prayers there myself! It was the day before "Cuban Briaram" - the steps of the mosque were covered to a great extent with sheep - weak, patient-eyed creatures, ready to be sold for sacrifice. The town was crowded - too many people for comfort - a great deal of jostling & knocking about - one always gets in Stamboul.

On Saturday was the Woman's Club A.B.C. sale which was a great success. They made \$50. - a good sum - & more than they had hoped. Had sewed in the sandy stall - looked sweet in a big white apron! I stayed there a very short time. - just saw M. going off.

On Thursday evening there was an at home at

Aunt Lillian's in honor of Mr. Mrs. Thummer. It was a most enjoyable party, on the whole. All Bebek was there in their most staid, gowns & coiffures - the Brines maidens in the traditional pink - prodigious rows of sausage curls adorning the backs of their heads! Ada sang very well. I recited 3 of Eugene Field's. - not very brilliantly. I wish I had more time to give to my recitations - I do enjoy reciting. There was a fearsome & sumptuous repast served about 11:30, which I enjoyed notwithstanding, the fact that I was suffering from something of a headache. Aunt L. was a charming hostess & she did the honors not ungracefully. Gladys & Fergus have spent



the weekend with us. We three drove up in a taxi from town last night. I have never enjoyed a taxi so much. We whizzed along at a splendid pace - flying along the narrow roads, skimming by the Bosphorus with its many reflections - its chirped-boats with hungry-looking searchlights.

But oh! Terjus did so bore me & I was seized for the moment with a feeling of disgust to think Gladys is going to marry him. It is the first-time I have really been unhappy about it - since they became engaged. Dear oh dear me - how can she marry him? She who is so particular, so exacting so critical? I cannot understand it at all.

He is good hearted - I will confess - generous spirited, kind affectionate but such a bore - and positively I do not care a rap to hear his opinion on any mortal subject - under the sun. It does not feel like that about one's brother-in-law, but there it is. Then he lacks taste. He lacks taste in literature - in pictures & in what he talks about. And Gladys accepts him wholly without so much as a criticism - I cannot - cannot understand. It isn't as tho' she had fallen violently in love from the beginning (had that been the case I could easily imagine her being blind to any defects) but she has come to care for him gradually, slowly - she has weighed his qualities so cautiously - how can

She find him interesting. I  
would not say I do not  
like him - I am really fond  
of him & I think his devotion  
to God is beautiful - but  
oh! how he bores me -  
But enough of this. It is  
scandalous of me & I ought  
to be ashamed of myself.

Dec. 9. Saturday.

I have been much upset  
the last few days by the  
news of the death of Mr.  
Charles Thomson of the Scotch  
Mission. It was only a  
few days ago (it seems  
to me) since I saw him  
at the mission & now he  
is dead! The suddenness  
of the event, the fact that  
he is so young - the tragedy  
of it all has made a  
tremendous impression on  
me & for the last few days I  
could not get away from the

thought of death - how it comes  
like a thief in the night, without  
warning & the man who was  
alive, thinking, feeling, acting  
- is dead - what does it  
mean to die. The thought troubles  
me - frightens me & I do  
not know where to go for  
teaching & comfort. My own  
unworthiness comes over me  
in a wave. What right have  
I to live - what do I do in the  
world that makes my life worth  
while? & then my thoughts  
go on to the mystery - the  
eternal, unfitness, mystery  
of death itself. If we only  
knew there was a heaven -  
who can help us? dwelling  
on the thought only frightens <sup>us</sup> ~~me~~  
this I should be have & face  
the question like a man.

It seems to me that in life  
the love that surrounds one -  
The love received & given to

those around us is the only  
tangible, real, true certain  
thing we have. I wish my  
religion were more to me -  
If I only had the simple  
faith of my father - but it  
seems to me in these matters  
it is one's own soul alone  
that one can fall back on.  
Religions are merely means  
of making things plainer  
& easier but I can not  
believe anything surely  
implicitly & unhesitatingly.

I never knew how much  
I admired & respected Mr.  
Thomson until now. I  
shall never forget how  
kind he was to me in ~~Academy~~  
bridge. How he introduced  
me to his friends - there  
was no call upon him  
whatsoever; he did it out  
of the kindness of his  
heart. He was a wonder-

ful scholar. His diction in  
writing was a joy to any  
lover of good pure English.  
- Why should he die - at  
36? How unfair it seems  
- we can but judge with  
our finite minds in the  
limited area of our own ex-  
perience - that when so  
many unworthies clutter  
the earth - those whose  
death means so great a  
loss - should be the ones  
to die. Do you wonder there  
are rebels in the world -  
people who believe nothing -  
I feel that it is only  
because I have never  
had to suffer much - that  
I can take as optimistic a  
view as I do. The world  
& life are pitiful, pitiful, piti-  
ful - I so hard to under-  
stand.

Dec. 11. Monday.

How I love my wee kiddies in school. George is a perfect darling. The other morning, after everyone else had gone home he came back to the school room and said to me "It is such a long time since I went home with you. May I wait for you?" I was only too happy. He put his arms round me as I went close to him. At these moments when I know I have the love of the children - I feel a hundred times repaid for any annoyances or worries I may have had in connection with the school. Charlie is a delightful child - tremendously persevering - capable of a great deal of work - such a gratifying kind of a pupil to have. I wish they were all as energetic.

It poured towards afternoon evening. Mrs. S. has come to stay a week with us. She

talks "something awful" as a mere American would say, but she has such a good heart & feels so kindly towards everyone that it is a shame to mind. I trust Aunt Win will not be a nervous wreck by the end of her visit.

I am reading a book on Mohammed by an author with an impossible name ending in "ion" or something of that sort. I am trying to improve myself. I feel I have been doing nothing worth while in the reading line lately & am well ashamed. I also am reading the Koran at intervals - find it difficult to pass as a whole - Eastern literature is so loosely held together. There is no certain idea - it is all a rambling, desultory collection of thoughts.

Dec. 19. Sunday.

I have had a full day. Tho' not usually a great church person I went this morning, & heard a splendid sermon preached by Prof. Van Hüllingen. His sermons were those of a poet, & his tho'ts those of a scholar - every word I enjoyed.

Fergus & Glad were up for the weekend. I could not bear Fergus this time - simply couldn't bear him. They came to lunch together & Fergus told tales about people - horrid pieces of gossip that would have been worthy of a school for scandal. Glad looked quite unhappy - poor dear child & I felt wad. He bored us enormously - he always does - oh I wish they weren't going to be married. Glad is far - far too good for him. She has no finer feelings I think - no subtle

intuitions - & really the way he talks about people is shocking. It made me feel quite unhappy. Aunt Win does not like him a bit, I know but the beautiful way she hides her feelings is really admirable. Oh I pray that the marriage will turn out all right - that Glad will be happy - if she is happy it will not matter how much he bores me or other people - But what I am so much afraid of is that she will find out herself that he is unbearably dull, noisy - & as gossipy as an old woman. But I must try to see the best in him - I really must.

Yesterday I went shopping in town with Mrs. E. We did both Stamboul & Pera. I have never enjoyed myself so much in Stamboul. We went to the Bazaar - what wonder -

fully, romantic places they  
are. There sat the dear  
white haired tubanned Dutch-  
crosslegged on their carpets  
in front of booths full of all  
kinds of curious old things  
dating from dozens & hundreds  
of years back. No 't several  
of my Xmas presents. It  
is delightful doing that but  
oh! how I wish I were rich  
- rich so that I could give  
my friends heaps of beautiful  
presents - my array is so  
poor & meagre.

I am beginning to want  
to hear from Talbot. It is  
a month &  $\frac{1}{2}$  since I wrote.  
I want a letter for Xmas but  
I never raise my hopes now.  
It is no use. I find.

Mrs. E. is still here. Aunt Win  
beats with her wonderfully.  
Aunt Win is a dear!

Dec. 30. Saturday. Christmas  
is over & what a merry, happy  
one it has been! Every day  
of the 3 (last Sat. Sun Mon.)  
were all enjoyable. Never before  
have I felt so happy to be  
with the family. For the time I  
was quite reconciled to terms  
such peace & goodwill seemed  
to abound everywhere that  
I was glad to be a Christian  
celebrating Christ's birth.

And yet I cannot believe  
much of it. It is such a beauti-  
ful <sup>story</sup> all that man can make  
it, he has done. What story  
can be more thrilling, more  
truly dramatic & artistic than  
that of the shepherds being  
awakened, as they watched  
their sheep, by a wondrous  
light in the heavens & by the  
voices of angels singing  
glory to God? Or that tale  
of the three wise men following

a star across the desert - oh  
it is a delectable - ravishing  
story - Doubt, love, for the  
faith to believe that it is all  
true - that Christ was the messiah  
- what does it mean? He came  
to save the world? What a  
strange turn of phrase - I  
cannot understand. Yet

when we think of all the  
kindness & goodness that is  
abroad at Xmas - what  
does it matter how true the  
story is - If the spirit of  
goodness is there - it seems  
to me any message of any  
messiah is accomplished -

Mr. Frew gave an  
appalling sermon - as full  
of ludicrous references to  
former Xmas - with the  
main note - that earlier years  
were so much happier & more  
joyful. Oh! he is insuffer-  
able at Xmas time - absolutely

insufferable - I feel indignant  
every year & yet it still goes on.

Old Santa Claus remembered  
me so well that I felt humbled  
& abashed - I wonder if it is  
vain to put them all down.

Mother & Aunt Win gave me a  
beautiful gold bracelet - a  
very uncommon pattern &  
so pretty. I shall always  
prize it - more than anything  
else I have -

Gladys - <sup>can be who me</sup> a too oblate (to my joy!)  
Teresa - "Life in the Modern East"  
- a splendid book.

Aunt Hil. Jabot & jabot - brooch

Aunt Hil. silver frame

Aunt Fanny - "Browsing thru the Fair"

Mrs. E. Precious bag.

Mildred - waste paper basket

Mother (again) umbrella & 2 pairs gloves

Bonnie - letters to Mon healdin &

Sonnets by Spenser.

Taffy - Jews from Tom Morris

Rep. Calcutta.

Pat. Maple leaf brooch.  
Mr. Shus. Larsen. Der Untergang  
Anna Hoffmann.  
Mrs. Becker - Booklet Ruskin  
Grace - handkerchief  
Miss Bryan handkerchief  
Gertrude B. handkerchief  
Fizel & handkerchiefs.

What a crowd of things + am I  
not a fortunate girl!

Our family dinner came  
off on Monday, at one.  
I wrote poems for each mem-  
ber Uncle hid & he wrote  
one for me. We were eleven at  
table.

Aunt Min	Feta
Uncle hid	Suelyn
Aunt Hil	Mother
Uncle Robert	Fergus
Kenneth	Daddy
	Me.

It was a most merry party.  
There seemed no ~~star~~ jarring

note + Gladie all innocence  
exclaimed "It's the nicest Xmas  
we have ever had" - of course  
the dear child has not had Fergus  
before.

Fergus did his duty as a  
brother-in-law by joining us a  
dinner at the club on Satur-  
day evening, & taking us to the  
Cinematograph afterwards. It  
was good of him & I saw  
that in his heart he was  
very nervous as to how it  
was going off. We drove  
home in taxis.

This week has gone wisely  
School has been fairly decent.  
Fr. Van H. is learning so says  
her mamma - In my opinion  
it is because of Caleb Gales  
rough manners - However  
I don't know. Mrs. Van H. is  
such a very difficult per-  
son - perhaps it is just  
as well Fr. is not staying.



tho' I felt very much upset  
at first & tho' of course  
that I had not been teaching  
her properly. Eric joined our  
theory the other day to my  
great joy & now we are nine  
- a very nice number. I  
plan to have a few closing  
exercises on the day we  
break up.

1912.

Jan 8. Monday.

It is the eve of my holidays. Tomorrow I give a new show in the room behind the chapel. I am a little worried as the parents are to be there & as it is my very first appearance of this kind, in my capacity of Missa schoolman. However I pray for success. It won't last long - that is one comfort & I shall be done with it, by this time tomorrow.

The new year has begun - I can hardly realize it - yet. I do not like to see the years go by so fast. There is so much to be accomplished - we are not given enough time for it. I have made no resolutions except to write to M. once a week - for I have neglected her. I am much exercised in my mind about plans for next year. M. has almost persuaded

me to make the great plunge & go to Columbia next Sept. It takes my breath away. I shall hate leaving - it will be a hard wrench but, "no gain without some pain" & after all it's worth it. What is the alternative if I do not go to Columbia. I shall merely vegetate in Bebek - But I can't bear that. If I could feel sure that when I have finally got my M. A. I would demand £100 salary I should be happy. but I have "no doots" notwithstanding Dr. Patrick's promises! I have written to her about scholarships & mean to write to Mr. Dutton as well - I am really preparing my mind tho' I can hardly see myself going - yet.

This evening I got a dear letter from Carrie & as tho' she has heard our family discussions

she broached the subject of my going to America & begged me to come. It will be nice having her so near - & then my many friends in New York - I am not going to a foreign land after all. The enormous rushing city will take my breath away, I know. I shall gasp all the time for a month. Perhaps later I shall get accustomed to it.

We are having splendid spots rehearsing the little Minister. We have had two rehearsals this week. I enjoy them immensely. Not only the actual rehearsing, but the companionship of the college men who are taking part. They are such a nice set - so full of fun - & utterly unconscious in their acting. I think the play is going to be good. Babbie & the little

minister certainly do their parts excellently. My part is very insignificant - Jean - Howard - but as I said - I am thoroughly enjoying meeting the men. & attending the extra rehearsals.

I am so looking forward to my holidays. I want lots of time & freedom -

Jan 10. Wednesday.

The day has been an eventful one. Elsie Baker was married to Arthur Leavitt. at the Embassy Chapel. Aunt Win & I started off to town early in the morning (8:57) as Aunt Win had to go up to the chapel to practise the organ for the afternoon. We saw Mr. Whitehouse the canon - a sour faced, bad tempered individual - a typical English parson & the last person in the world, whom I should want to guide me in spiritual matters.

We lunched & dressed at the club - with Mrs. S. & Aunt Win who came in a little later. Mrs. S. was bubbling over with excitement & joy. I have never seen anyone anticipate anything with such unalloyed bliss. She had a new coat & hat which charmed her soul & altogether she was ebullient. We could not keep her from talking - poor dear - she talks incessantly when she grows the least bit excited.

We got to the chapel early as Aunt Win was organist. I sat on a humble chair near her - presumably to turn the leaves but mostly because I liked it & felt well out of the way. The church filled nicely - everyone in best bib & tucker. Then came the parish - Mrs. A. Baker in a lovely grey silk gown that I was in a state of palpitation by the time the bride room

appeared looking very nervous & white. He really deputed himself most becomingly. Elsie came in on her father's arm - looking a picture. I have never seen her so sweet & womanly - she had a lovely bouquet of white roses & her dress was perfect. The bride was followed by three dear children Vivien, Joyce, & Beryl & Beryl Bimus dressed in old fashioned dresses & caps - & Dottie in white, carrying red berries -

The actual ceremony was awfully - entirely archaic & 'primeval' but nobody really seemed to mind, so it was alright. It was over before we realized it & they were walking out of the church arm in arm - 'man & wife'! It was all very solemn & awesome & I thought much of Dad - dear wee Dad - so young, to take the great step. I wondered

what she was feeling, like  
for hers will be the next. I  
shall hate it I know - Oh pray  
for that it will be happy - that  
she will never, never - never regret  
it! Fermus was there - looked  
quite nice & was most attentive  
to me - I wonder what he really  
thinks of me.

we proceeded to Tokathians  
where a reception was held -  
- so simple & yet so altogether  
delightful - that tho' I had dreaded  
it, I quite enjoyed myself.  
There were excellent refreshments  
- champagne of course - &  
then dancing. Tho' I was  
ripped by an enormous hat  
I had the courage to dance  
quite a deal - & did not waste  
any too much sympathy on my  
father who must have had  
their heads nearly bashed in  
several times. We saw the  
bride & groom depart - she

looking bewitching, in <sup>beady</sup> <sup>green</sup> velvet  
dress & flame coloured hat - we  
threw rice with vigour & wished  
them <sup>both</sup> ~~all~~ enormous luck. The  
two dear things - how relieved they  
must have felt getting off at  
last. I almost cured them -  
because they really are in love  
with each other! We came home  
on the 5:30 - very tired & feeling  
flat - so we retired early.

Elsie gave me a bit of her  
orange blossom for it is very  
lucky so they say - & she said  
in jest - "Sto thekasas!"  
which was good of her - I wonder  
& I wonder -

Carrie sent me a dear book  
A line a day in which to write  
a note a day, for record. It lasts  
for five years & I should think the  
comparisons would be interesting.  
She has hit upon my weakness  
I shall enjoy it much.

Jan 17. Wednesday.

Yesterday I returned from spending the week end - from Sat to Tues. with M. in Sautari. I enjoyed myself very much but I must confess I much prefer M. to come here. I feel out of it in an institution even when I know the institution so well. I had lovely long talks with M. which I had been wanting. On Monday we went for a long exhilarating walk in the snow, out on the Ichaulidja road. We met hardly anyone - people in this country avoid cold like poison. I don't wonder poor things, they are so poorly protected against it in every way.

On Saturday I went with M. in town & went with her to the Pica Palace where we had tea with Dr. P. I had

written to this latter about my going to Columbia asking her whether she advised me to write to Mr. Dutton to secure a scholarship. She spoke to me about it when we were there. Tho't she was not as pious as she might have been. She bro't up the case of Helen Petrides saying that after a scholarship had been procured for her, she backed out - & was willing to forego everything & go if she got me a scholarship. It made me rather annoyed to think I should suffer for the misdeeds of a freak (whom Dr. P. should not have had faith in, if she really knows the people of this country.) where as up to now I have always gone thru with whatever I have undertaken. However Dr. P. said that she tho't I might get a scholarship myself

y I wrote to Mr. Button, on  
my own so that is what I  
have done. It will be the conse-  
quence! I shall be in a per-  
petual state of holding my  
thumbs until the answer  
comes. Dread up about  
Columbia when I was at  
Sautai & the accounts of it -  
make my mouth water, tho'  
it is all so big that I know  
I shall feel like the tenth of  
a drop in the ocean!

I am enjoying my holidays  
 hugely. It is so nice to have  
lots of spare time especially  
in the morning. I am not  
accomplishing over much  
except in the way of new  
& mended clothes - but that  
is always something.

In the evening we went to  
a dance given by 5 of the  
ladies in Amasoutkey. The  
scheduled time was 8 p.m.

but we managed to arrive at  
8:30. It was just as well for  
no one had come. I went with  
Paop & Fergus as the adopted  
were much later - they had to  
wait for a church meeting.  
The dance was held in the  
marble hall in Musurus  
Pasha Building. It was  
prettily lighted with paper  
Japanese lanterns & very  
festoons. There were any  
amount of cosy corners - each  
labelled delightfully like  
"Really Romantic Corner" -  
"Semi Romantic" - "Platonic  
Friendship corner" - & so on.

There collected quite a crowd  
before long - a great many  
men but not too many.

There was a very novel  
game to start out with - which  
helped us to grow acquainted.  
We were each given slips  
of paper headed by a number

we then had to find a man  
having the same number &  
retire to a cozy corner <sup>with a book</sup> also  
corresponding. A bell was  
then rung. At this point we  
broke the sealed paper at  
each place & found inside  
the topic of conversation. At  
the end of 3 mins. ~~we~~ a bell  
was rung again - we had to  
give our partner a mark  
according to the brilliancy  
of his or her conversation. The  
ladies then moved on to the  
next cozy corner. We all  
had four conversations  
The 1st with Feradoun Bey  
and we talked about "The  
Interesting Pair."  
2nd. Mr. Boghassian. Platonic  
Friendship  
3rd. Mr. Black the weather.  
4th Mr. Ferguson Mistletoe  
At the end we each took  
our partners & dances the

Virginia reel, in other words, Sir  
Roger. By that time the dance  
was in full swing. I had some  
very good dances - My partners  
during the evening were -  
Fergus, Hylton, Mr. Sellar,  
Mr. Nicholson (Embassy)  
Mr. Tomp, (Embassy) Mr.  
headbeater

I sat out four dances with  
Mr. Black. He does not dance  
so I asked him for my head year  
or bodies Barn Dance as I don't  
dance it - then he asked me  
for the others. He is really awfully  
nice - is very quiet - likes reading  
books & watching people  
like I do. His manner is  
charming - all Southerners  
have that subtle something  
about them - their voices  
are low & the accent refined.  
He is very proper - & does not  
dance from Principle as he  
is going to be a minister.



I think it's an awful pity. I am afraid he is narrow tho' I don't know. I want to find out. Supper came at about half past twelve & we had it together. It was most delicious - salad, mince pies sandwiches, cake - tea.

At the very end of the evening I had a lovely waltz with Maop which I enjoyed far actual dancing, more than anything the whole evening. The motion was wonderful. Maop & I just fit into each other perfectly. I dance better with her than with any man I know.

He did not come home till past 2 & it was 3 A.M. before we were in bed. Aunt Ann this left long before us. Fergus, Maop & I came home together. There was a cold biting wind blowing free

in our hot faces as we came along the way. It was enervating after the long, tiring evening. But oh how I enjoyed it - just enough dancing - & the right people to talk to. I hope our Spinsters' Dance may be as successful. Miss Kellogg did the hostess most gracefully & looked sweet. Mr. Griffith paid her violent attention all evening - wonder if it's serious or if it is merely a case of another American Platonic Friendship?

~~Jan 18 Thursday.~~  
Jan 21. Sunday.

Yesterday I went up to the schoolroom to do a little tidying up before the new term & then if you please Mrs. P. called me in for a regular "Coker" talk. She evidently wants to run the school herself. She is prudent

way in which she dictates  
to me as to how I was to  
manage the school - was  
enough to try the patience of  
an Archangel let alone a  
simple mortal like me. I  
was very indignant & showed  
it in my bearing - she remark-  
ed upon the fact but that  
put no stop to her imperti-  
nence. I felt so sore & un-  
happy, after talking with  
her that the whole day was  
blackened & I felt very dis-  
consolate. However I have  
recovered now & after a  
council of war with Aunt  
Win, I feel better.

We had a splendid ser-  
mon in the morning from  
Dr. Van Killen which I  
enjoyed enormously. He made  
some fine similes - what  
a magicians tongue he has  
- turns his phrases into

the best language. I was so  
glad I had gone to church.

In the p.m. I had been invited  
to go to the Kendalls for tea.  
I had a ripping time. There  
were crowds of men from Hissar  
- no less than 7. & Miss Jew-  
son, Kellogg, Moore & Sutton  
I sat on a big couch they  
have in their sitting room  
in a line with the rest -  
Mr. Johnston on one side &  
Mr. Black on the other. They  
were all so free & easy & it  
was so nice that I enjoyed  
every minute. Miss Moore  
was a charming hostess.  
We all left together. Mr. Black  
& I walked home together  
over Arnabutheny Hill. He's  
a nice man - I should be  
glad to know him better.

Jan 22. Monday

I had been dreading the  
day - tho' I am cowardly to do

do, but I always mind the first getting back into harness & again. I trudged up valiantly trying to think I liked work & it is a blessing, but feeling myself very uncomficed of the fact. However it was good to see the kiddies again & they seemed so happy to begin work that they put me into a good frame of mind at once. What dears they are & to think I hold their affection makes my heart glow - positively.

In the p. m. I went calling in Hissar - first to Mrs. Post then Mrs. Papp. I poured out my grievances about the school - they were so nice & supported me so entirely that I feel ready for any conflict! Sarah showed me her room & her treasures. She is such a sweet

affectionate child - how fond I am of her. I went to Aunt Lill's for dinner & the evening - & came over home at 80 Aunt Win. & Uncle Lill had gone to A. Baker's for the night, so I was a solitary mortal with Hama, Shros & Omer to guard the post from danger.

Jan 27. Saturday.

I have had quite a full week occupied myself much. On Wednesday we went up to Mrs. R's for a rehearsal & I stayed over till Friday morning. On Thursday evening there was a reception in Albert Long Hall given by the Faculty to the Seniors & Juniors. It was a great crush & such piles of men. I did my duty valiantly. i. e. I talked hard to two Juniors but could not stand it for longer than about 5 mins. Most of the evening

I spent talking to Mr. Black.  
I like him - but he needs  
educating - he was enter-  
tained by supper soup  
& Aunt Win played.

Jan 30 Tuesday. The whole  
weekend we were at Mrs. E's  
& I have not had a chance of  
writing up my diary.

When I got home today & found  
myself in front of the looking  
glass in my own room it  
seemed as tho' I were myself  
again not some strange per-  
son inhabiting an unfamiliar  
abode. It was good to get back  
tho' I enjoyed myself very  
much. Last night we had a  
rehearsal at Mrs. Paul's which  
went off quite well tho' I  
am worried about my own  
part - I don't do it a bit  
well. I have not yet held of  
the part.

While I was at Mrs. E's

I met a very fascinating man,  
Mr. Miller who is a young  
architect come out as Prof. Hau-  
lin's representative to the college.  
He has studied at Columbia &  
admires Prof. Hamlin very much  
tho' he says Talbot has not  
originality in architecture - like  
his father. He knows the boys  
very slightly. He is well read  
much travelled, & speaks excellent  
English in a soft, charming voice  
- I stand quite in awe of him  
but have had two or three interesting  
conversations with him already.  
I feel such an ignorant-creature  
on occasions! I am so anxious  
to really know talk to interesting  
people & yet I do make such a  
mess of things generally.

Mr. Black did not come to  
the rehearsal - at which I was  
disappointed. Our next is a  
general rehearsal at Mrs. E's  
on Friday night.

School goes on smoothly. There was an internal upheaval about Mrs. J's interference in the school & since that time she has not come near me - for which I am truly grateful. I am not altogether satisfied with school. The children are not as good as they might be. Caleb is a little demon - There are other trials - However I have so many good times outside I ought never to grumble -

Feb. 6. Tuesday.

Another pap! last weekend I spent at the Bakers had a good time - Sat. night we went to see the "Passport" - a play given by the town people. It was splendid. I do not know when I have enjoyed amateur theatricals so much. The entries were excellent & Mrs. Scott as heroine & Mr. Ward - Price as hero were

quite perfect. The Bakers new house is very nice & Chichester is a much better place than I had ever supposed. On Sun. we did not go to church but looked & read. I am reading Hichens Garden of Allah - a much talked of book. I'm afraid there is too much soul agonizing for me. People's lives are not measured by throats in the way the author made out.

I am only half thru vol. but I skip a great deal of the intensity, rapture, thrills etc. which makes it just-bearable.

Today Aunt Win had an at home - lots of ladies Mrs. Herant Waterston among the number also Mrs. Fox Kullen sen. Mr. Müller called from Hissar What a fascinating man

He is. I must confess I  
am completely charmed -  
I wish he really enjoyed  
my society. In the  
evening there was a prac-  
tice of the Last Judgment in  
Hissar to which we all  
went. Mr. Miller has joined  
& sat next to me. He reads  
well.

It was a perfectly  
wonderful blue day -  
blue sky, blue water &  
such soft air. I loved  
it all - & as I came down  
the hill after my lesson  
I felt like babbling for joy  
at the sight of sheer beauty.  
As a matter of fact I  
chuckled the whole way  
down. Oh I wish I were  
beautiful & graceful - a  
delight to the eye like  
God's Out of Doors! I feel  
beautiful, why can I not

be so? It makes me angry &  
rebellious - & then I hate myself  
& so the day is spoiled. I want  
somebody to love me hard  
- hard. but it will never be  
I shall waste my surplus  
sentiment - on love for beauty  
in books & out of doors & never  
be really satisfied. It is  
hard to be ugly - & awkward  
& unattractive - nobody can  
help me - I have to stand  
alone & watch other people  
having a good time.

This is bad - I must stop  
Why, how can the blue on  
a night - like this - a perfect  
sky - studded with stars  
& I see the moon thru the  
branching, cypress tree - like  
the pale face of a Persian  
beauty behind the harem  
lattices.

Feb. 10. Saturday.

Yesterday was the day of the

Spinters' Dance - a great day  
full of much that was inter-  
esting. I had school in the  
morning. The children were  
naughty & I felt distinctly un-  
happy thereat. However I did  
my best & hoped for success.  
In the p.m. I made fruit-salad  
with Berta at the Schor's. After-  
wards I went up to the hall  
& helped decorate. People  
had been so good about work-  
ing that nearly everything was  
done before 12. There were  
crowds of good refreshments etc  
& our hopes in consequence, rose.

At about 6. the A. Bakers  
arrived. They were staying the  
night - It was their silver  
wedding day & Aunt Win had  
decided to celebrate. Elsie &  
Arthur Beavitt were there too  
& we had a most jolly time  
i.e. nicer than we have ever  
had with the A.Bs. We went

up quite early to Kemmer's Hall.  
Everything seemed "tawdry".  
There was some excitement at  
one period about the Tafelberg  
- as we tho't he had not come  
up. However he appeared & put  
our fears to rest. The guests  
arrived in shoals - heaps of men  
- many more than we tho't. The  
ladies, many of them failed us  
- so there were more men than  
women, which was a good  
thing in a way.

I was most interested  
in Mr. Kehler; he appeared  
rather late - I saw him come  
in - He went straight up to  
me & immediately asked for a  
dance at which I was over-  
joyed. He did not get on awfully  
well - tho' he is an excellent-  
dancer really - but of course  
American. He tried once again  
but without much success.  
However he had two beauti-

ful boy "set out" which I enjoyed enormously. We talked of Bernard Shaw & Ibsen - New York & Columbia. His manner is absolutely fascinating. I do not know when I have met anyone with a more charming way of saying & doing things. I had a good time otherwise too - danced a great deal with many different people - Messrs. Skrimshine, Young, Kaufman, Fetters, Douglas, Cutbert, Robert, Jim, Hans, Leavitt, Miller, Cowe, Edward, Angus, Dwight. Perhaps I have left some out.

We went on till 2:30 sit was 3 by the time I got to bed. I had to sleep on a mattress in the drawing room as the Bakers had the spare room & Dollie my room. I lay there & dreamed, long before I went to sleep. When I did sleep I

went over in my mind again & again what I had thought & said & done at the dance - with all kinds of fantastic touches only possible in dreams.

Today, I got up at 4 - went to the hall to tidy up & by 12 was on my way to town for a rehearsal at the high school. We had to wait some long time for all the men - but finally at 3 they were all there. Mr. Miller & Douglas came at 4:30. I enjoyed it in a way tho' people got rather cross at times. Mr. Jiffith suddenly developed a temper - Aunt Win showed hers.

Aunt Win & Uncle kid stayed in town for the night. I came home with the crowd. Mr. Miller saw me down to the steamer. We went in to a sweet shop for candy for the kids in Harsar & the



bo't me a big box of lovely chocolates which was nice of him. All the way home we were sitting on deck singing, college songs & generally enjoying ourselves. Mr. Miller was so nice. He is extremely good tempered & always ready with some sympathetic remark. Oh Irish he really liked me. I have never felt so strong an attraction to anyone before - after so very short an acquaintance.

Feb. 14. Wednesday.

Yesterday was our second rehearsal in town. The rehearsal part of it was good & most encouraging but afterwards! Ye gods! let me explain.

I went for the 3:13 boat & found Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Pan & Mr. Miller also bound

for it. - The two ladies went into the inside cabin but Mr. Miller & I stayed on deck & talked of many things. I am fascinated by him. I get the feeling that he would talk like that to anyone. He can talk. He has it - to a fine art. I seem to be hypnotised by him. We worked hard when we got to the Hall & did many necessary things. We had planned to dine at the club but at the last moment Mrs. A. Baker asked the whole crowd to go up there. When I heard the proposition, immediately I had forebodings - And they were realized only too dreadfully!

The supper itself was most enjoyable - everybody seemed in a good mood tho' Mrs. F. was rather a duffer. The very moment dinner

was over she said we must get carriages. So we were anxious to do so, others felt it was better to stay on - Mrs. F. could not decide whether to go or stay the night at the Babers. A few enthusiastic souls suggested the cinematograph - It was not taken up very warmly.

Then we sat some fifteen minutes, debating & discussing; generally making fools of ourselves. We actually got up to go out; I had my hat on when Mrs. B. said

Dollie could not go - & back we came. Uncle had saved the situation by proposing a game of pool - A crowd of us joined. I cannot play for nuts but I attempted it nevertheless. I actually did kill one ball.

The evening dragged on -

most people in a disconsolate mood - at least I was cursing the hour we had come to Chichester. Finally after a second game of pool, we all bid good night.

I am sure the men sighed a sigh of relief when they came out of that door. Mr. Hall, Griffith & Miller went off together on the spree - where I have no idea. Douglas was in charge of me - he & I with Mr. Miner & Black drove home in an open cab. It was a beautiful night & we really had a very nice ride. Mr. Miner was the life of the party & regaled us with heaps of nice stories.

I got to bed at 12. feeling awfully low & depressed. I hated the thought of the wasted evening we had just had. The wind was knocked out of my sails.

This morning, after a

troubled kind of sleep, when I was rehearsing in my mind all the things we had said & done that evening - I woke up at 6 & could not get to sleep again. School was quite agreeable. It was St. Valentine's Day & naturally there was a good deal of excitement at school. I had a box on my desk to receive the Valentines & each child deposited his share. At 5 mins. to twelve we opened the box & distributed the Valentines amid many palpitations.

I again caught the 3:13 to town to go to the Women's Club social for gentlemen. I had invited Mr. Black - & regretted having done so for I should have enjoyed a quiet afternoon <sup>at home.</sup> However as it turned out it was quite

fun. Mr. Johnson & Mr. Black were on the boat & we went up to the club together. We spent some  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. there. Then Aunt Winn dragged Mr. Johnson & me to Mr. Frew's where we had a hurried tea & dashed off to catch the 5:30 boat. Mr. B. walked home with me.

Feb. 15. Thursday.

The same as yesterday, as far as the first part of the play day went - I am getting so used to going to town that it takes hardly any effort. This time Messrs. Hall, Black, Miner & Miller all came down on the boat with me we had a dress rehearsal at the hall. It was quite good - tho' how we worked at the scenery - Mrs. F. made me made by disapproving of every bit of my costume - cap, apron, fishu

which had been made exact-  
ly after her instructions. We  
worked like niggers the  
whole evening. T. Sablie  
looked lovely in her costume  
- & when she was made up  
she was actually bewitching.

At 8:30 we went round  
to the club for dinner - 11 of us  
we were served with the  
finest stuff - cold soup  
& "garlic" sausages. How-  
ever we made up on bread &  
butter which were delicious.  
We taxied home. Douglas  
was again to be my chap-  
erone but I got into  
the first cab & in came  
Mr. Miller, Black & Johnson  
so off we went! The  
chaperone followed with the  
other men in another taxi  
some 10 mins. afterwards.  
It was really quite fun!  
Mr. Miller got out at

Bebek & saw me home. He  
was so nice. He is fine  
different men, at the same  
time. I can't understand  
him & do ~~not~~<sup>never</sup> know <sup>just</sup> which  
one of the five men he is per-  
sonating - I was sorry for  
him coming up those stairs  
It was pitch black & I hope  
he did not hurt himself  
going down. I was home  
quite early - 10:30.

Feb. 18, Sunday.

The play is over & it  
has been a splendid success!  
Everyone says they enjoyed  
it immensely. Dolie ex-  
celled herself - & was so drama-  
tic that the audience actually  
wept - real tears. The  
actresses themselves Mrs. Pan  
& Dolie cried in both per-  
formances - in the pathetic  
parts.

The men worked splendidly

at the scene shifting & tho'  
it was a tremendous business  
they did it wonderfully fast.  
Mr. Kinker worked like a  
Trojan - If it had not been  
for him & Mr. Keating I do  
not know how things would  
have got done.

I stayed with the Babers  
on Friday night - as well  
as Miss Burns, Miss Wood  
Mrs. Pau - Kulekine & Aunt  
Wini - a big household.

Saturday, we rested all  
morning & drove down after  
an early lunch for our  
second performance. It  
came off at 2:30. I could  
not get up sufficient enthu-  
siasm to begin with but as  
we proceeded - I think it  
went off even better than  
the Friday one. The audience  
was larger & more appreciative  
The cast presented Mrs. F.

& Aunt Wini with beautiful  
bouquets of pink carnations.  
Mr. Pau made an appropriate  
speech at rather an inappropriate  
time in between acts but it  
was quite nice after all.

Dolke got a bouquet of red  
carnations which was lovely.

We heard praises from all  
sides at first & had to wait  
some time before we got ad-  
verse criticism, which of  
course did come in quite  
good quantity too.

After it was all over Aunt  
Wini asked Mr. Kinker & Griffith  
to come up home in a taxi  
with us. What luck we had!  
We had no less than 6 bags  
which the men insisted on  
carrying - three each. First  
we went into Kulekine's for  
coffee - then up P'eso Grande  
Rue to find a taxi. Mr. Kinker  
had the play horn which

he blew at intervals to the  
utter amazement of my  
standers. He finally did  
get a taxi & piled in - I  
have never been in such  
a squash. but we were all  
in so merry a mood that  
nothing mattered at all.

Mr. Miller was in the  
highest spirits - & would  
even blow the horn to other  
cabs after we were in the  
taxi. oh it was all rare  
fun. I do like him - He  
hardly noticed me however  
- he is just polite. - Why  
am I so unattractive. It is  
cruel.

We were dog tired when  
we got home. Amy was  
spending the weekend. It  
was delightful having her  
with us. She is an inspira-  
tion at all times, tho' I still  
worship her. I have come

to the conclusion that she too  
is not infallible - that even  
she has some weak points.  
We retired very early.

I am so sorry the play is  
over - no more rehearsals  
altho' they were tiresome  
at times. I hope the men  
will continue to come to see  
us & not stop dead, now that  
the play is all over. Aunt  
him, the dear is giving a  
dinner party to the cast on  
Saturday next. I am looking  
forward to it - much.

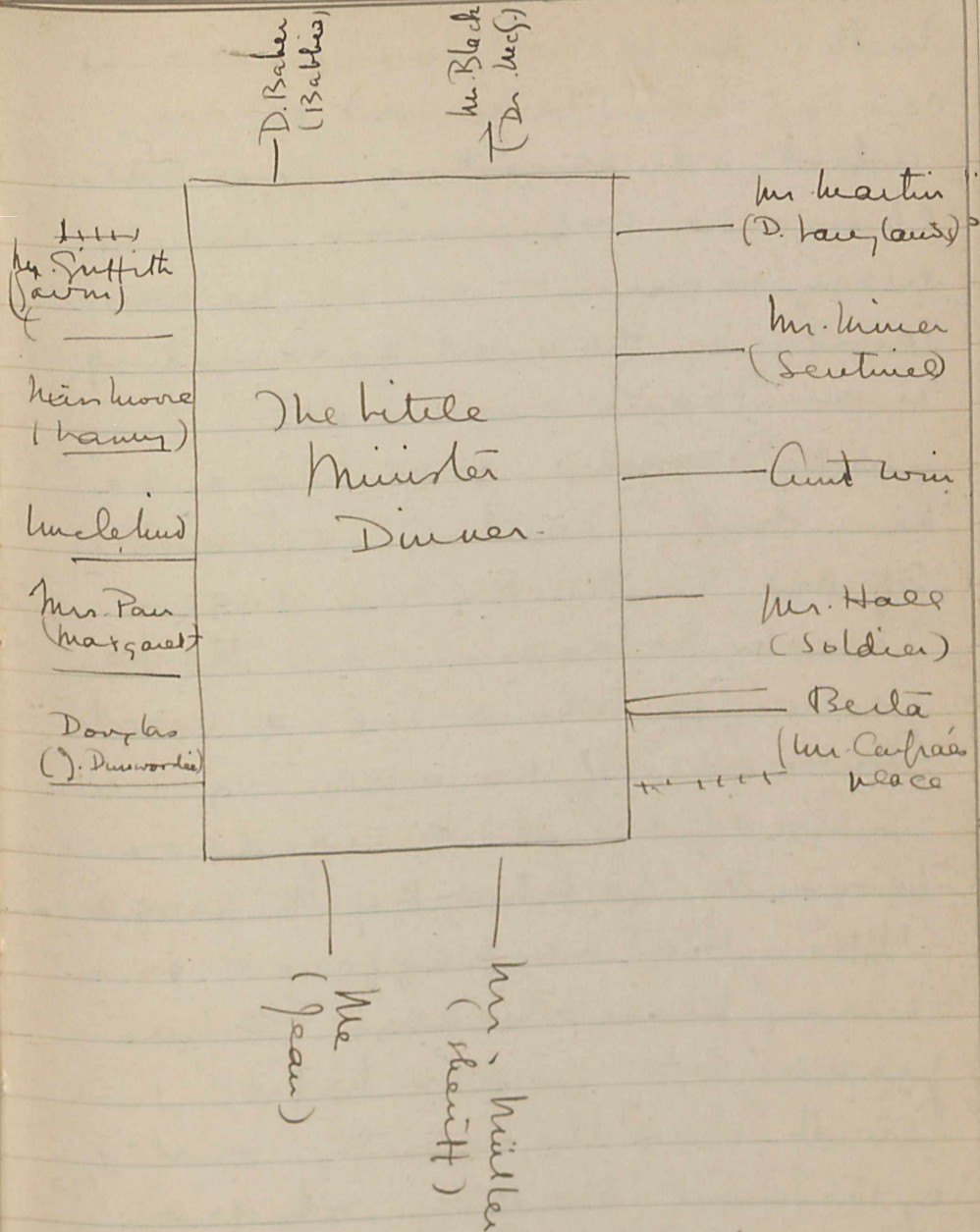
Feb. 24. Saturday

Auntie's party to the mem-  
bers of the cast is just over &  
I sit up in bed at the hour of  
11:30 to write about it. It is  
still fresh & glowing in my mind  
- but I do not know whether  
I shall be able to put it down  
satisfactorily. I fear we not.  
We worked all morning

some of the afternoon to get ready for it. I made stuffed dates, salted almonds, marmos etc etc. My thro'ts were on it all the time & my keenest enjoyment, I am sure was when I was anticipating it.

The affair on the whole was a tremendous success. Aunt Win & Uncle Bud looked their best & the table was perfectly beautiful - dark red shades & a silver, thin very centric piece. Mr. Johnson was the only absent member - so Berta was called in, in order that we would not be 13. We each had place cards with quotations on them. Aunt Win & I had the arranging of the table. of course, I have made a sketch of it on the next page to show how we sat.

I had a most interesting time with Mr. Miller - how



splendidly that man talks & get & get - I feel a fool - all the time. He fascinates me to distraction - I simply love to hear him talk - & that's the whole

truth. He is as peaceful as he  
can be - has the hands of an  
artist & a sensitive face that  
changes in expression nearly  
every moment - oh he cer-  
tainly is the most fascinating  
man I have ever met. I  
wish I could see more of  
him. but I can't - & I am  
afraid he thinks me dull -  
I know he does. He has  
promised to lend me a book  
I wonder if he will.

I'm afraid it - is my doom  
never to be liked by the people  
I like - that has happened so  
many times already - it has  
grown into quite a habit?  
I wish I had the beauty suit  
of the finest chest - oh dear  
it is so hard to be ugly &  
unattractive.

well - Now retrospective  
to get on. After dinner which  
was most delicious, the

men burlesqued the scene from  
the play till I shrieked with  
laughter. Then Griffith & Miner  
sang their ridiculous, crazy  
coon & college songs. How we  
laughed. I was silly & tried  
to be a burlesque too - but  
failed hopelessly - I could have  
killed myself in two.

Aunt Tom played two pater  
pieces - old chestnuts of hers  
- till Mrs. Pau rose to go -  
& off they all trouped. I do not  
know when I have laughed so  
much - It was fun - tremen-  
dous fun - but now I am feel-  
ing just a wee bit blue -  
why I have not - the shade of  
an idea -

I want to be good & can't  
I want to be beautiful & that is  
impossible - I want to be loved  
& I'm not - This is a hard  
world & I often grow dependent.



Feb. 29. Thursday.

It is some time since I wrote up my diary - almost a week when I felt pensive about my own self after Aunt Wain's banquet - a time when really I should have been in the highest spirits. Well - there is no accounting for moods & a blue one attacked me that night just before I got into bed.

On Tues. evening Aunt Wain, Uncle Fred & I went up to Mrs. E's for dinner as there was a rehearsal of The Last Judgment afterwards. Mrs. E. herself was not at home but we did not mind over much. We had such a nice dinner together. I could not help wishing Aunt Wain were mistress of that lovely big house. What a charming mistress she would make! Of course

Mr. Miller was there. That made the whole pleasure of the evening for me. He was absolutely charming - & I felt desperate about my own unattractiveness. We went together to the practice. Just the small bit of conversation we had together between Mrs. E's & college was awfully nice - he has the most ready sympathy in conversation that I have ever met with. I cannot make him out. I am not prepared to say whether he has learned to talk interestingly or whether it is because he can't help it - Oh I hope it is the latter. What does he think of me? How I would love to know! I'd give anything to have an inkling - or perhaps not - perhaps it is better to live in the faint hope that he likes to talk to me - rather than

to have the certainty that  
he considers me a dreadful  
bore - & fearfully immature  
& all the thousand things I  
consider myself. I want to  
know him better - I want to  
see much more of him - I  
want to talk to him on and  
- there - I never do get  
just what I want where  
people are concerned.

A catalogue has come  
from Whittier Hall containing  
plans of the building so I  
have but to choose my  
room. To think that I  
shall ever go there! I am  
in that palpitating state  
that I was two years ago  
before I went to England. Only  
this time the parting from  
the people & the place will be  
so much harder - & yet  
it will be wonderful to go!!  
I went to Amasoutbery

today to call for Mother who  
was lunching with Mrs. Murray.  
It was a horrid drizzly day -  
muggy - would be a good word  
to describe it. After a short  
stay there we went up to the  
top of the hill to see the college  
buildings - Mr. Kendall took  
us around. How splendidly  
they have got on. The power  
house is a fine place & they  
seem to be going ahead at  
a good rate. We examined  
the place thoroughly not with-  
standing the fact it was a  
horribly uncomfortable <sup>situation</sup> place  
& the mud stuck to our feet  
till we could hardly move along.  
Mar. 3. Sunday.

Madys & Ferns have been  
up for the weekend & it has  
not been over happy for  
any of us. We have all  
tried to be charitable - to have  
our new relation but to

day, & feel as tho' I cannot  
stand him & that I never  
want to look upon his face  
again - He has been most  
casual - in his manner,  
has said & done such com-  
mon things - he has dis-  
torted us all to such an  
extent that I cannot think  
with any calmness of Glad's  
ever marrying him. He has  
no finer feelings - none -  
none. What's more he does  
not understand her at all -  
& the superior air he puts  
on is enough to pale the  
spirit of an angel - no  
matter how tolerant or  
bumble minded he may be.  
I cannot endure Fergus -  
It is too terribly tragic -  
that Gladys is to marry him -  
How can she - marry him -  
Oh I wish she'd break it off.  
She could get married any

day. People all fall in love  
with Gladys - they can't help it -  
she is so beautiful, & so attractive  
so capable. If she could only  
see Fergus as he really is  
- see his crudities, his  
vulgaries, - for I must con-  
fess, even against my  
own inclinations, that he  
is positively vulgar at times  
- what a blessing it  
would be. I would go  
on talking, & writing, about  
this - forever. I had better  
stop - for I cannot improve  
matters - it only poisons  
my own self to think on  
these disagreeable lines.  
I have had a bad attack  
of the blues - I don't know  
how to use myself - I want  
somebody to love me -  
but I am better now &  
will try to be sweet tempered  
& cheerful the rest of the week

& the thing was somewhat slow Mr. Müller wanted to take us home - if you please - we had tho't of course that he had gone long ago. He is nice - Mr. Ester accompanied Aunt Win - & the short walk was most enjoyable. It was a perfect night almost full moon.

On Tues. afternoon (yesterday) there was a concert at College by Florizel von Bentler a celebrated violinist & Mme Schabbel-Zoder a Dresden opera singer. It began at 4 what a treat it was! The violinist was splendid & the singer had a magnificent voice. In one of Puccini's she made a terrible "Café chantant" effect which nearly exploded us all - but otherwise some of her songs were perfect - Strauss

Brahms, & Schubert she sang. Aunt Win left immediately after the concert but Mrs. S. had asked me to stay on - as she expected Dollie for the night. D. did not appear - However I stayed. We all went home together - Mrs. S., Mildred, Mr. Miller & I - full of the concert - could talk & think of nothing else - Mr. Miller & I went into the library where a big fire was blazing & there we sat in the gloaming & talked of many things - It was glorious. It grew darker - & we did not light a lamp but until nearly seven. He told me about his settlement work, of the boys down in Lower New York, who have only half a chance to come out straight - of his evening spent with them - of their

letters to him - (he showed me  
one from Jimmie - a milk-  
driver, who was going to  
kill a man at one time but  
is being pulled round.) Oh it  
was enormously interesting  
My admiration of Mr. Miller  
is unbounded. He is a  
splendid man - really splen-  
did. I don't know when I  
have met his like. I stand  
in fearful awe of his opinion  
- so much so that I feel as  
tho' I am not myself when  
I am with him. I think  
his face is a study - so sensi-  
tive - every kind of feeling  
expressed on it - he grasps  
one's state of mind in a moment  
& catches the atmosphere  
of his surroundings on the  
instant. Just to look at  
him makes you feel better.  
He is coming to dinner on  
Friday - at which I rejoice

if only - if only - he cared to  
talk to me as much I do to  
talk to him - he is positively  
wonderful - I can't get him  
out of my mind. (I wonder  
what's the matter with me!)

After dinner there was  
bridge - Mr. Miller, Griffith  
Barnum, Cuthbert & Childers -  
Mr. Miller & I had a game of  
double deuce at a small  
table but tho' it was fun -  
we soon got the dazzyes & stopped  
then we looked on -

Just as Mr. Barnum was  
going he told us a dreadful  
piece of news - Miss Tensham  
is dead! It came as a great  
shock & there was consternation  
everywhere. She died quite  
suddenly of heart failure -  
that's all he knew. We sat  
in awestruck silence <sup>at first</sup> & praised  
her - everyone of us - I  
have never liked Mr. Barnum

so much. I did not know he had such depth of appreciation. He spoke of her beautifully. I dread telling Aunt Win that - yet - I think I will have to be the bearer of the tidings.

I came back at lunch this morning. I had a bad morning at school, my head ached, + I felt blue + sad all over. I lay down after lunch but my headache was only a little better. Aunt Win had gone to Scutari to hear a lecture by Sir Adam Block.

Mar. 9. Saturday.

We have had such a nice weekend. On Friday afternoon I went to tea with Aline. I am always impressed with her good taste - her love of interesting things - she seems always to be inspired by something fine. I wonder how she does it.

Her life seems to me, a poor kind of an existence yet she always lives in the clouds + has interesting views on all kinds of subjects. I only wish I had half her powers -

In the evening Prof. + Mrs. Allen came to dinner. Also Mr. Müller - it was a very delightful dinner we had. merry - & easy - how could it help being <sup>so</sup> with Mr. Müller there - he is a host in himself. Afterward we went to Aunt Mildred's where Mr. Allen lectured on Engineering. I sat on the big sofa between Mr. Müller + Mr. Young - it was fun. The lecture was extremely interesting - really excellent + tho' generally I am not interested in engineering at all - I was

quite thrilled by what he said. After the lecture tea we romped & danced.

Mr. Miller stayed the night. This morning Uncle hid took us over the mint - with about 10 kiddies, Aunt Hil & Glad besides. It was most interesting but what an excitement - think of feeding a machine with silver pieces to be stamped mouth in & mouth out! The children were wrapped in attention when Uncle hid explained things. We walked from the mint thru a quaint part of Stamboul down to Tokathian's in the Bazaar where Uncle hid had ordered a lunch - chicken pilaf & ek mek Kadiev. - it was very good. We had to wait years

for our steamer which dampened our spirits - Mr. Miller was so nice to the children both them sweets & told them stories till they loved him. I am not surprised - he was dear to them.

We came home dead & tired. M. & Glad came in - to our house for a nice chat. They stayed up at Aunt Hilian's for the week end. We went to Aunt Hil's in the evening played bridge & talked. I was weary when I came to bed.

I have got a book of "Contes de Guy de Maupassant" "Contes des jours et de la nuit". It is splendid. Mr. Miller recommended Le Bonheur to me sometime ago & it is in this collection. I have read it - It certainly is fine.

Mar. 12. Tuesday.

The world is hateful. I have the blues + can't write - nobody loves me - I want to eat worms -

It is awful to be a girl - to have feelings + no right to them - If I were only a man I would do something. Being a girl I am endowed with feelings in plenty with no right to give vent to them or express them.

Nobody loves me -

Mar 13. Wednesday.

Browning says today  
"no, when the fight begins within  
himself  
A man's worth something."

Am I worth anything? What  
must I fight against most?

Mar 17. Sunday.

It is nearly a week since I wrote for the dumps which came to me on Tues. have lasted for quite a time in a subconscious way - at least enough to prevent me from writing about my doings.

I have just finished reading a splendid book by A. Bennett. "Hilda Lessways" it is called. and I have never in my life come across any book where the heroine, so exactly duplicates many of the workings of my own mind. Bennett has the thro' life of his character down to a fine point. The masterful way he has of showing the influence of things on people, of atmospheres - of physical presence - is quite unique. Hilda of course is not an attractive



personality. She is born  
an egoist - she can't help  
thinking about herself - con-  
stantly comparing herself  
with other people - I have  
never <sup>until now</sup> ~~yet~~ discovered in  
a book a description of  
that "dual thinking" that  
I so often experience. When  
I am talking or chatting  
with anyone, whom I don't  
know very well, or of whose  
opinion I am very anxious,  
I catch myself constantly  
thinking quite different  
things, seemingly in the back  
of my head. I am thinking  
to myself "What does he make  
of me?" or "This is indeed an  
opportunity" or "Have I  
perhaps found a kindred  
spirit at last." Aunt  
Win & I had a long discuss-  
ion on Hilda. She held  
that Hilda was very

selfish - extremely unattrac-  
tive. It is true in a sense -  
but oh! how I sympathise!  
Aunt Win & I found likenesses  
between Hilda & me - & I  
have resolved to be less like  
Hilda & more like an un-  
conscious natural human.  
I am egoistic too - I think  
such a vast deal about  
myself. The impression I  
am making on other people -  
all the time - all the time. &  
it is bad! I weave fantasies  
out of mere nothing - conjure  
up romance where none  
exists - imagine depths of  
emotion that are not there.

The book does not improve  
towards the end. The very best  
part of it is before she gets  
married. After that it gradually  
piles down - gets quite inconsis-  
tent towards the end. Edwin  
Clayhauser is a puppet -

this he seems to start out  
quite well. But on the  
whole the book shows won-  
derful insight: & I am en-  
thusiastic over it.

Yesterday was a very  
full day. I was violently  
domestic in the morning -  
cleaning out all my drawers  
& steaming & throwing away  
trash by the basket full. At  
12 we went to town - from  
the club on to Mrs. Bowen  
where the social meeting was  
held. Prof. van Killeben  
lectured on The Mosaic Mosque  
& the Jews prepared to be thanked  
I found it very dull. There  
were hosts & hosts there &  
the air was horrible. I did it  
eyes it remained only, tho' a  
glimpse of M. was good.  
Afterwards I paid a visit  
to the tailor's where I am  
having a suit made.

patience - very - & stylish at least  
I hope so. We went to

the Meis Club for dinner at-  
& where Uncle Robert joined  
us & afterwards to the "Petit  
Champs Theatre" to hear  
Bernstein's "Après Thoi"  
acted by Le Barry & his cast.  
we hoped to have a very  
great treat but were very  
disappointed. It was horrid.  
Le Barry himself had a bad  
cold & everyone seemed to  
shout at everyone else.

There was a great throwing  
about of arms. - The agonies  
were fearful & very long  
drawn out. We hardly  
stayed till the end. By  
that time I had an awful  
headache - so bad that I  
could hardly walk. I felt  
so blind & queer. We went to  
Tobattian's for some tea  
& cocoa - but it was

all I could do to sit up  
thru it. We took a taxi  
home which to our great  
annoyance had no headlights  
so we had to crawl along  
& pray that no motor coming  
in the opposite direction would  
collide. I almost fell

into bed when the time came  
finally - I was astonished  
to see it was nearly 2 a.m.

I slept it out this morning  
however. Miss J. was with  
us & ~~is~~ stayed the weekend.

She & I went for a wee walk  
this morning, in the glorious  
sunshine, along the way. Oh!  
it was beautiful & enervat-  
ing. The day was perfect.  
The scent of blossoms was in  
the air. Mr. Dwight came for  
drinks & so amused, entertain-  
ed & interested us by his  
sparkling conversation  
that we were delighted with

him altogether. At four or rather  
3:30 he & I started off to the  
Kendalls for a tea party. It was  
a repetition of the lovely time we  
had ~~there~~ in January. Loads  
of people were there - and  
many of the college men.  
Mr. Kucher was there. I had not  
seen him for ages. I had  
quite a conversation with  
him there & we walked home  
together. I felt in a stupid  
mood & talked in a jerky  
rambling purposeless  
manner - just when I wanted  
to be interesting, & to the point.  
- it is always the way. Oh!  
if I were only different! He  
was awfully nice - always is  
- it was only I that was  
inane - But one good  
thing has happened. He is  
surely coming to Broussa -  
I am glad - glad. I only  
hope I shall really be happy

to get to really know him.  
Our party so far will  
consist of -

Mrs. Edwards -	Mr. Edwards
Miss Moore	Mr. Miner
Miss Kellogg	Mr. Miller
Miss E. A. D.	Mr. Griffith
	perhaps Mr. Brown -
	" Mr. Dwight -

Oh I pray it will be truly  
a success!

Mar. 19. Tuesday.

It was Aunt Wain's day  
at home. Mrs. McBean came  
for lunch - I enjoyed her tre-  
mendously - for the first time;  
before she used to bore me  
& I always stood somewhat  
in awe of her. She is the  
most wholesome minded  
natural unaffected person I  
know. I would not mind  
telling Mrs. McBean anything.  
I would never be afraid of  
shocking her - I would.

always be sure of a sane  
healthier word on any subject  
I might happen to broach. Aunt  
Wain advises her to distraction  
& I don't wonder.

Elsie called in the p.m.  
but after Aunt Wain had left for  
a rehearsal in Hissar, so I had  
to entertain her. She looked  
very pretty in a dark blue  
serge suit with a hat  
trimmed with crane feathers.  
She made a picture. She has  
just come back from a  
trip with her husband to a  
peaks island - an outlawish  
place between Samoa & others  
where they could hardly find  
decent accommodat<sup>ion</sup> for  
civilized mortals.

In the evening Uncle Louis &  
I had supper together, then  
I left & went with the  
crowd to church in Hissar.  
I do so enjoy practicing

but it often makes me have  
the blues. Lots of nice people  
were there but nobody spoke  
to me - hardly - at least not  
the ones I wanted. The  
walk home along the paint  
streets under a beautiful  
clear, stary sky was wonder-  
ful - I enjoyed it very  
much.

I am trying these days not  
to think so much about  
myself & more about others.

Mar. 22. Friday.

I have been reading Tolstoi  
& never before have I found  
him so splendid. I am pre-  
judiced against Russians  
a silly, horrid prejudice  
with no foundation - &  
Tolstoi I have never known.  
I am reading his Essays  
& letters - they are what I  
need - a spur & inspi-  
ration. I have no own war-

relously "ideal-less" -  
these last months Tolstoi's  
verile, straight forward  
admonitions fall in exactly  
with my mood & she is my  
latest hero. I am trying to  
learn more of him.

Mother is up for several  
days holiday & I am enjoying  
her stay to the full. She is  
an inspiration - literally I  
feel a new person after a  
few days living with her.  
She tells me of her short-  
comings - throws all kinds  
of new lights on subjects  
she helps one out of unlooked  
lanes - she is wonderful.

I have had great news  
from Columbia. Prof. Dutton  
has written to the Assistant  
Dean of the University about  
my scholarship & asked  
Miss Jenkins to fill in my  
application, so it looks

as tho' I may get it. It  
sounds almost too good  
to be true. I am writing  
to dear Jenks about  
things & mean now to take  
business-like proceedings  
about going away; but  
it will be hard - hard.

Mar. 27 Sunday. I can't  
write up my diary tonight.  
Yesterday was Founder's Day  
but I'm not telling about  
it because I felt too sore  
& unhappy - & horribly jealous  
I'm going to wait till the  
mood passes & I feel better.

Apr. 16 Tuesday.

I don't think I can write  
about my feelings these  
days, for they are so be-  
wildering. I am torn bet  
ween all kinds of dis-  
concerting emotions & can  
not understand myself. I

am gay & melancholy by turns  
& am half afraid of my own  
tho'ts; so I am going to wait  
till this passes (I pray it  
will) & when I have regained  
my equilibrium, I shall be  
able to discourse upon  
myself with a calmer mind.

I have not written here  
for almost a month. In  
the interim I have had a  
wonderful holiday at  
Brusa, of which I have kept  
some small record in a  
scribble book but mostly  
in my mind. I don't think  
there is fear of my forgetting  
anything.

School began today at  
the Constantinian. The parents  
have altered the place be-  
cause Mrs. P. is leaving for  
America with Caleb & Dr. P.  
the beginning of May. It  
was good to start again

tho' I felt as tho' I was  
not properly prepared i.e.  
my mind & feelings seemed  
so far removed from  
school & the children. But  
Dawn bro't back to earth  
occasionally by the ordin-  
ary routine of school,  
which is an excellent  
thing. There were only  
five pupils this morning.  
Caleb has stopped school for  
good at all, for which the  
kids are to be thanked.  
Sarah had gone to town,  
Dorothy & George were not  
well. I enjoyed school  
tho' I felt slack with so  
few there. The room I  
have at the top of the house  
is airy slight. I think  
I shall like it very much  
- & Chrysanthy's beaming  
face is always refreshing.  
Two more months of school

other - then what - is it to  
be Columbia - oh is it?  
I have just finished read-  
ing two interesting books.  
The first is one Mr. Müller  
lent me - called "His Hour"  
by Elmer Flyn. It is very  
wild & dramatic - well told  
I think - but in parts  
disputing. I cannot wake  
up my mind about it -  
wholly. It is as tho' the  
author had taken one small  
phase of a man's life - one  
small set of emotions &  
magnified those with a  
very powerful lense - It  
would have <sup>been</sup> better if her  
characters had chopped wood  
to let off superfluous  
energy instead of wandering  
the world merely in search  
of personal gratification  
or selfish desires. I want  
to discuss the book with

Mr. Müller - I wonder how much of it - I am really discuss.

The other book is French "Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent" par Henry Bordeaux - a story about a divorce & final reconciliation - very well written - also very French. A man's wife does not satisfy his soul or appreciate his intellectual <sup>life</sup> so he straightway falls in love with another woman who does. He leaves his wife & follows her second love - but finally tires of her too & naturally goes for his old home & the joy of his children whom he has abandoned. His wife meanwhile, trained in the hard school of suffering is realizing her shortcomings & developing into a fine

woman. The man returns to her finally & his love is pure sacrifice. goes away to leave him free. What are women for - from the French point of view - but to love a man - appreciate give themselves up to him wholly & entirely & then to vanish willingly at the right moment! Oh the ineffable egoism of the man - it makes one's blood boil to see this point of view in a novel. The woman, with her thousand tumultuous feelings does not seem to matter. She is not given credit for also feeling the absence of true appreciation - for also mind, uncooperative companionship. This is not the right - or Anglo Saxon view I am sure.



April 23. Tuesday.

I have now regained my equilibrium (I knew I was only passing thru a phase) & so I feel like writing once more & can look upon life with a more or less unbiased eye. What strange unaccountable things our emotions are & how almost uncontrollable. I can

state a distinct time when I gained equilibrium - it was a relief as well as a huge surprise & has left me feeling better.

School began a week ago not favorably & seems to be continuing so. I did have such a nice time today. Caleb & Ben are the two difficult - ones were not there & the others are such an interesting lot.

It has been pouring -

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April 23. Tuesday.

I have now regained my equilibrium (I knew I was only passing thru a phase) & so I feel like writing once more & can look upon life with a more or less unbiased eye. What strange unaccountable things our emotions are & how almost uncontrollable. I can state a distinct time when I gained equilibrium - it was a relief as well as a huge surprise & has left me feeling better.

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Characters are real & yet  
I do not really care for it.  
It does not satisfy any part  
of me. R.L.S. has such an  
amusing habit of drifting  
into scenes of piratical life  
- giving guesses no details  
thrilling escapes, frightful  
murders - till I am bored  
to extinction. & the master  
himself - no more horrible  
individual could you possibly  
find if you set out to look  
for him. No, I don't like  
The Master of Ballantrae - I  
must confess there is some-  
thing lacking in R.L.S. for  
me - what can it be -  
or perhaps the want is  
in myself. I cannot fully  
appreciate his high art.  
The man is so infinitely  
more attractive than his  
works. It is queer.

On Sunday I went for such  
a nice long walk out via  
Bouyoukdere valley - with  
Dollie, Mr. Hiner, & Mr. Müller.  
We started on the 2.8 boat  
& when we got out at  
Bouyoukdere walked inland  
thru beautiful fields of  
buttercups & primroses - along  
avenues of "new-leaved" trees  
It was grey overhead but  
splendid air for walking,  
we did not go to the lique-  
duct as we had planned  
Instead we found a secluded  
hook on the side of a hill  
by a footpath - & the men  
built a fire that glowed &  
crackled merrily while  
we sat around staked  
for about 2 hrs. It was  
nice - so free & easy & tho'  
we did not get into really  
serious discussion until  
we were well on our

way home, we had a lovely time. We did not reach Hissar till 7:30. Ruth invited us all to dinner & me for the night. It was, only - & then afterwards we sat around in the drawing room & talked of many interesting things - on & on till suddenly, we discovered it was a quarter to eleven & time to break up.

Mr. Müller whom I have put on a tremendously high pedestal for the last 2 months, has come down fast way. All my friends start way up in the air somewhere & gradually descend to earth, so I was expecting the same in this case. It has happened & the present state of affairs is certainly much more comfortable. It always

hurts me when people have to step down from their pedestals - this time I missed it too but not nearly as much as I tho't I would. Of course there may still be painful after-effects in store for me - I can never tell. It is not any one quality, or any one action that has made me critical about Mr. Müller, but I have just learned to know him better & find that he is very, very human & fallible like all of us. I still like him enormously but much more "coolly" & composedly. It always takes me years to get to know people anyhow. I cannot say I really know him yet - I think he, with all his apparent ease, is extremely difficult to know but I enjoy finding out things.

I feel his interest in me is so very secondary that perhaps I can study him with more effect, than if he were extremely interested.

May 5. Sunday. Ages since I wrote. nearly two weeks.

Spring is here in earnest & I am so bubbling over with the joy of being alive that I want to capture the blissful spring days as they come & keep them with me always. Today the Bosphorus positively sparkles - the sky is absolutely clear - & the birds! & sing aloud for very joy.

On Friday night I went to Elsie & Arthur Beairth's for the night. Altho' Elsie is no great friend of mine, I did enjoy my stay there so much - she was so anxious to make me feel happy & comfortable.

June 2. Sunday. Again a lapse of time - nearly a month to the day. This month I might say has been marked by a new friendship - & one that I value much. I have become very friendly with Mr. Brown - a tutor at Theodorus hall, with a good face & the heart of a boy. I suppose I could say our friendship began when we found one Sunday afternoon that we had much to say to each other about our feelings in regard to this country & its beauties. It was my first day in Sunday school & I bro't him home to tea & we talked for about 2 hrs. on the terrace. Since then I have seen a lot of him & have come to like him enormously. He has been often to call, we have had walks on the hills together - once

a trip to town to see mosque  
last night - we had a beau-  
tiful row in our Bebek  
cayme under a perfect moon.  
He is very interesting, + so de-  
lightfully young. He comes  
I should say, of rather ordinary  
people, southerners. But  
his manners are most  
attractive + he has real, true  
in grained chivalry. He  
has thousands of things to  
learn she is busy adapting  
himself, being moulded +  
influenced by the mixture of  
Europe + the East. His  
attitude towards life is  
splendid + healthy. I think  
he will get on, + he is not  
afraid of work + is quick  
to feel people's attitudes.

He has an open, handsome  
face, with frank, brown eyes  
that look straight at you.  
His relation to me is very

interesting. He does enjoy my  
society, as I do his - yet how  
much is quite a question. Being  
an American having been  
educated in a co-educational  
school + college, he has many  
girl friends + feels as much  
at home with them as he does  
with men - almost. If he were  
an Englishman, + sought  
out my society as much as  
he does people would begin  
to say things but I remember  
continually that he is an  
American, that he has dif-  
ferent ideas from ours +  
that we are no more  
than excellent pals.

He has awfully nice  
feelings about people +  
things + is full of fun -  
always ready for a lark.  
I am glad to say, he is not  
going away this summer  
until very late - August

perhaps, then only for  
short trips to places nearby.  
we plan to study French to-  
gether, go butterfly catching  
& rowing. I want to  
know him well for I am  
sure he is sincere.

August 8. Thursday.

It is so long since I wrote a  
word by way of journal or  
diary that I have almost for-  
gotten how. My summer so far  
has been most gay & frivolous.  
I am to have given no time  
on tho't except to enjoyments  
of various kinds. I am ho-  
ping to now ashamed &  
am possessed of a desire  
(mild as yet) to improve the  
shining hours. That is not  
why I begin to write my  
diary - but perhaps a  
detailed account of my

days will force me to give  
more real tho't to the way  
I spend them. It is two  
months since I wrote - two  
months in which I have had  
a great many good times  
- & I fear very few tho't-  
ful hours. The summer  
has been very nice so far  
- & now I see alas! that  
it is almost over - for  
when August shows its  
hot countenance we begin  
to number the days that  
go on more fiercely than ever  
to the precious moments.  
Mr. Brown & Mrs. Griffith  
left to day for Italy where  
they intend to spend 4 or 5  
weeks. They came here  
just before catching their  
boats - all ready with  
rucksack & everything,  
in order - very excited  
about their travels.

I hope they will not be scorched by the heat but I fear Italy is rather unbearable at this time of the year.

Mr. B. Mrs. P. have been down here very often. Indeed my friend W. B. has been most attentive these holidays.

A week or so ago I was quite worried about him for I was afraid he was well on the way to falling in love with me. Perhaps however - I was unduly alarmed - Indeed I hope so.

I like him very much & he does not bore me. But he comes of very ordinary stock - his people are <sup>farmers</sup> ~~foreigners~~ & have been for several generations.

There are common things about him occasionally that I mind - that his feelings are fine - of

that I am convinced. He has been awfully wise to me this summer. Naturally I have felt very flattered & have liked him in turn.

But I am sure that I can never be more to him than a good friend & I only pray he feels the same. I will feel an awful cad if I have led him on, - it will be a shame.

When he comes back from Italy I will have to let him know that he must not grow too fond of me. It looks conceited as I write it but I have been alarmed at things he has said or rather suggested & I must be cautious & keep a watch on myself.

It is flattering for a girl to get so much attention from a man -



and a very nice man at  
that but realize it is  
wrong if one never means  
to be any more than friend  
I have talked to mother  
which was comforting.  
I <sup>wish</sup> which W. B. had culture  
for then he would be splendid  
- His character is admir-  
able in a dozen ways. There  
are many good points  
that surprise you every  
now & then - but - his  
people I should think  
would be unpeakable  
to me - I know they would.  
Mother says she thinks  
he is a rough diamond.  
I hope he gets a nice  
unselfish girl someday -  
that he gets on - I don't  
see how he can ever make  
a professor for he does not  
love books much - I  
he cannot even speak

poor English.

Florence Palmer is  
staying with us until the  
end of August. She is having  
a room with me - & she  
makes a nice room mate.  
If she were tidier & used  
fewer perfumes I would  
be happier. But her sweet  
disposition makes up  
for a hundred deficiencies  
& I am growing quite fond  
of her. We went for a long  
row this afternoon in his  
skiff - across the water  
& up Fenson. I had my  
Orford Verse Book with  
me & we read quaint bits  
that were our especial fav-  
orites. The air was heavy  
& as we came back the  
whole shore opposite  
lay covered in a mist -  
caused by the oppressive  
atmosphere. The day

has been unbearably but  
I we could do nothing  
but gasp.

Trust this will be a  
spur to waver keeping up  
my diary for a short space  
at least. Parkley! how  
my handwriting is degen-  
erating. I must improve!

August 10. Saturday.

It was on <sup>Thurs.</sup> Friday night -  
or rather early on Friday morn-  
ing that we had the excite-  
ment of a real, live, bona-  
fide earthquake. I was  
wakened by the rocking of  
the room. My first tho't was  
that F.P. was up + walking  
across the room - but  
I saw she was in bed - my  
second tho't that a man had  
got in at the window +  
was walking heavily over  
the floor - but that too  
seemed unfeasible. I was

just beginning to be alarmed  
when I heard M's voice from  
her room - "Eveline it's an  
earthquake." F.P. was out of  
bed in a twinkling + I followed  
grabbing my blanket to  
wrap round me, as I passed  
the foot of the bed. (My tho'ts  
must have been associated  
in some way with the fire  
at Scutari.) By the time  
we reached the head of the  
stairs, the swaying had  
ceased - we called to Aunt  
Winn - + then the whole family  
got up + sat very much in  
"neglige" all round the hall  
talking for fully 20 mins -  
to ease our souls + get  
comfort after the shock by  
talking about it. Half  
an hour afterwards we  
were all in bed + fast-  
asleep. I hear today that  
down the Harwood + at

The Daidauelles there has  
been great damage. Villages  
have been set on fire & it  
is reported that there is some  
loss of life & much of property.  
It was no pleasant sensa-  
tion, being awakened in the  
dead of night by the  
rocking of one's bed. What  
a country we live in, to be  
sure. if it is not revolutions  
it is earthquakes or sun  
eclipses! Today, at 11:20  
as I sat writing I felt  
another shock. It was much  
less violent - but quite  
distinct. It was a kind of  
aftermath, I should say.

Yesterday was the Babelk  
Dorcas Bazaar. It is wicked  
to feel so but I wathe it!  
This year, especially, I was  
completely bored. The  
ladies had asked me to help  
with a stall & I had weakly

given in, tho' I hate doing it.  
My stall I shared with Miss  
Kirova & Miss beta Rowell.  
It was covered with the  
most useless, gaudy, &  
impossible objects that ever  
were made by old maids  
with no taste & a love for  
sewing. Old needle cases  
in purple plush, ugly  
table centres worked in colors,  
cheap curtains, poor writing  
paper, absurd ~~see~~ workbaps  
& terrible sachets with no  
scent left in them. All these  
were marked at twice their  
value. I felt a hypocrite  
trying to sell them. I don't  
know how it is, but the  
bazaar always runs me  
up the wrong way. It is  
neither one thing nor another.  
Lither buy & sell properly  
or else give money to the  
poor freely. But this

pretending to buy & pay-  
ing exorbitant prices, is  
a farce. There were very  
few people. We went in  
both the afternoon & evening  
& the latter was even more  
overpoweringly dull than  
the former, if that were  
possible. There were no  
strangers - Myton was the  
only young man - she hardly  
counts. Oh! it was all  
dreadful! —

Today I had my pupil  
Nicolas Comandarov. Whom  
I have taken to tutor, for  
Mr. Brown. He came at  
1:45 & I gave him  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hrs  
of English & Geography.  
He is extremely keen - very  
bright & intelligent & quite  
a little gentleman. I shall  
enjoy teaching him, I am  
sure. He is coming three  
times a week for 5 weeks.

I got a pathetic little letter  
from Meladen this evening.  
What a miserable existence  
she has to be sure. I am  
writing to her tomorrow, I  
think just to cheer her up.  
When I think of all the joys  
I have crowded into my  
life, I realize how little  
I appreciate them. My heart  
aches for her away off in  
barbarous Pruthia. Her  
letter is quite a document  
& so tremendously pathetic.  
I wonder why the world  
is made so unequal -  
August 12. Monday.

I think I must cultivate  
the habit of writing my jour-  
nal just before I get into bed.  
otherwise it becomes burden-  
some & is bound to be irregular.  
Yesterday morning, being the  
blessed Sabbath, I spent  
nearly the whole morning

writing letters. Miss Palmer had gone to Hamias the day before I had not returned. I was surprised to find how much I appreciated the quiet of my own room - She is a very amiable room mate but it is nice to be by oneself.

In the afternoon I went to the Kendalls for tea. There was only the family there, but it was so nice. I have fallen completely in love with the baby. She is so happy & bright - & tremendously intelligent, I think. Her mother adores her - anyone can see that & I am not surprised. We talked on end, & gossiped shockingly. We discussed nearly all our mutual acquaintances which was wicked of us. I do hope I am always charitable.

I am sure the Kendalls are much as they were a little gossip now & again. Miss Moore was away in Russia & I missed her usual hilarity but I enjoyed myself immensely nevertheless. I came home at about 6 o'clock - a solitary walk along the way from Armarouthney. I passed all the "elite" of the village in their gaudiest & brightest. What a hideous picture they made of, bad taste in every colour & costume they wore. And all the time they were as completely unconscious as if they had been robed like kimp. The natives of this country are certainly a most unattractive race of mortals.

Dejus came for supper in the evening. He still bores me tremendously.

After supper we sat in the hall & had music. Uncle his sang his usual repertoire - how I love them - "The Four Leaved Clover" - "Absent", "at night face" "A necklace of Pearls" - etc  
After that we sang part soup - some of Mendelssohn's & finished up with some grand old hymn tunes.  
It was nearly eleven before we said good night.

August 17. Saturday.

I am anxious to form the habit of writing up my diary in bed, as I used to do so often in Cantab. It is rather difficult for one's knees to sleep it is painful getting them awake again. Then the candle flickers uncertainly - besides gnats & mosquitoes are attracted by the light. Altogether the habit takes

some forming.

This morning I prepared lessons & read a little. At 11 M. Polly (I have dubbed Miss Palmer, Polly) & I went bathing. The water was beautifully warm - I jumped into the deep part, first to off. I did not swim far - I get exhausted very soon - and frankly I don't believe I swim properly. I was not taught in a scientific manner & consequently I am not over confident of myself.

After lunch my faithful Boy turned up & we had 2 hrs  $\frac{1}{2}$  of good solid study. He is awfully nice. My hope is that he feels he is getting on. If he passes his exams well - I will feel very bucked. He is extremely intelligent. Has quite interesting ideas but I can see his language as yet is very

limited. I give him a  
good deal of practice in  
conversation.

I went to play tennis in  
Beheh today for a change -  
Miss Sellar was the only  
one besides Baul & Eddie  
so there was little real  
excitement or sociability.  
We were favored this even-  
ing by a visitor, Mr. Filman  
an architect, just come  
from the Sudan. With a  
letter of introduction from  
Allen Smith. He is a peer  
stick - heavy as lead. He  
made seemingly clever(?)  
remarks at dinner which  
he seemed to take with as  
serious a face as tho' it  
were a sermon. I have  
really no opportunity of  
telling what he is like  
but from what I have  
seen so far - he is

decidedly dull.

August 24. Saturday

I have been very much  
stirred up. He had staying  
with us yesterday last night  
two most interesting women,  
Miss Fielden & Miss Seymour.  
The former was here three  
years ago & went with them  
made her acquaintance &  
fell into love with her.  
She is a suffragist - secre-  
tary to one of the societies  
- The National Union. Her  
friend is also a strong  
suffragist & they happen  
to be travelling out here  
again on a pleasure trip.  
They have both told us  
a great deal about women's  
suffrage, have received all  
our admiration, & made  
us - (me at least) ashamed  
of my ignorance as regards  
women's movements in England

today. They have given me great impetus to be more keen on the suffrage & generally to make myself a useful member of society. Last night Aunt Win had a crowd of guests in to meet her visitors. Miss Fielden was good enough to give a short address which was most extremely interesting. A discussion was opened which lasted until nearly 11:30, — it was very lively & I had all my feelings much stirred up. Ferguson in his ponderous, verbose way argued against the suffrage & was absolutely sparred by the brilliancy & intellect of Miss Fielden's replies.

He is just about 200 years behind the times. His man-chivalry & idiotic senti-

mentality about women make me positively ill. He has the bad grace to wriggle out of his arguments, when he was defeated by saying he was merely taking the anti side when his sympathies were for the suffrage. Altogether I lost patience with him entirely & it would have given me infinite pleasure to really tell him what a fool he was making of himself. He has such a fond likeness for his own self that he has no inkling how ridiculous he is to other people. There was hardly anyone, before past engagement, who did not laugh at him up & down.

Miss Fielden was



splendid. She has the arguments down to a fine point + data to back everything up. Of course she was miles above most of the Bebek crowd - they in their feeble muggish, unprogressive way, jog along with no more life or enthusiasm in them than in cod fish! The loss of a sewer ant or exceptional rampall are typical topics of conversation + things that matter are not even thought about by these slow going people - Oh if they only knew how degrading it is to be so jokers - so unalive to the tremendous enthusiasms of life generally - perhaps they would make an effort.

My studies interest

me so much. I am at Marloune & Spenser just now. I read Spenser's "Epitaphium" the other day, & found each line of interest - such a thread of music runs thru it. Marloune's life interests me mightily - To think he lived only 29 yrs. & yet was able to give the world so much - to be called Marloune of the mighty line. What a pity he was lost so soon.

I have found a wonderful new poet John Massfield. He is very, very new. No one had heard of him before last year. It was yesterday that I made his acquaintance for I read a long poem of his called "The Widow in the Bye Street" - a perfectly marvelous

piece of writing to my  
mind. The story is a  
huge tragedy - told in  
the simplest of lines. The  
dialogue is as rapid  
smooth as that of a novel  
- the characters stand out  
as tho' carved in relief.

Occasionally the lines  
are clumsy - there is not  
a great deal of rhythm  
but the dramatic force is  
enormous. I can think

of nothing but that poem  
I remember to read more of  
Masefield's - Mr. Dwight

I hear has more of his  
works. The poem 'Dead'

was in the English Review  
which is a most attractive  
magazine & one in which  
Aunt Win is indulging for  
6 months.

The day has been quite  
cloudy & cold.

August 30. Friday.

I have just had one of  
Burnie's wonderful long letters  
told of her latest  
doings there - & I am filled  
with a great love for the dear  
girl & a wild longing to see her  
again. I think she is quite  
an exceptional kind of person  
- so quick to feel, so full  
of emotion, so tender & so  
human & sympathetic. Her  
letters are a treat & I always  
feel happy with life generally  
when I get one from her.

I have had a rather hard  
day - & the consequence is  
a dull headache which bothers  
me considerably. I started to  
town with M. on the 8:45  
had a try on for two new  
dresses with Susan at The  
Club & then after lunch  
we went off to Scutari  
& mother had to see message

about college reopening.  
She seemed very low today.  
I think there are many  
things that worry her. Glad's  
engagement - for one. &  
then I feel that perhaps  
she is getting tired of having  
to be in Santari - I am sure  
she needs a year off - & she  
must go away next year.  
We must work it for her,  
if she cannot do it by  
herself. No one is more  
valuable to the college nor  
deserves a holiday more.  
I am itching to begin  
work again. I have been  
very lazy about searching  
for "baubees" - I have not  
earned my full share, as I  
ought to do, & it's a shame.  
I am growing spoiled in the  
luxurious atmosphere of  
Aunt W's home. Soon  
I shall consider myself

injured if I have to work  
at all - I - who was  
going to do such wonders  
in the wide, wide world  
after college. I will make  
amends this year & work  
like a Trojan. I have let  
my thoughts wander - I have  
given up myself to having  
a good time merely, & now  
I'm going to work, really  
sturdy. I am getting so  
fat & lazy that I am  
positively ashamed of myself.  
September 8. Sunday.

I have been spending part  
of my evenings reading my old  
diary - the one I wrote when  
I was in Cambridge. It seems  
rather a dreadful confession  
but it was written much  
more carefully than my diary  
now. I took pains with  
my sentences, apparently.  
How slipshod I have grown!

To think I should have gone backwards instead of forwards.

I am looking forward to my work at Sutarai. Dr. P. has written me a very nice letter saying I am to have 13 hrs. of work including work in the registry with Miss Burns. I can hardly wait for college to open. My throats run high with many fine hopes. I want to improve the English of the girls - to help the P. hrs in their attempts at keeping up a literary society. I am counting on much joy of social intercourse at Sutarai. There will be the teachers with their inspirations, the pupils to spur me on & many visitors to meet. I have an idea that I shall be able to

accomplish much.

People are packing back after their summer holidays. The men at college are returning by degrees. I dread seeing Mr. Brown - because I am not going to allow him to pay me as much attention as he was doing just before he went away. I am such a weakling that I know it will cost me something to stand out but I must - & will do so. He may have recovered - I hope he has, truly - & there it will not be so difficult for me.

Mr. Mühler is still here. It is strange how dreadfully that man affects me even yet. The other day, I came from the second court & suddenly discovered him on the bench with Mr. Scott. My heart gave a big jump inside me.

How foolish it all is & how unaccountable! He began a conversation immediately with me & I was distinctly disappointed when it was cut very short by my having to join another game. He is a charming man, & that's a fact. I don't believe I have ever been so near falling in love with anyone as I have with Mr. Miller. If he were not what he is - a perfectly unattached, disinterested bachelor - I should be utterly done for at the end of a week. Mrs. Stock is giving a dance on Tues. Mr. M. is to be there. I wonder how much he will dance with me?

I have written a letter to Tip. The dear girl wrote such a nice one to me on Friday.

I am reading Shelley. - & growing acquainted. I read his "The Cenci" - some parts of which are splendid tho' the Cenci himself is so horrible that he ceases to be human & thereby loses force. The character of Beatrice too is somewhat inexplicable.

I wrote a poem the other day on Autumn. It is poor but I love it, like a weak child. How strange is one's affection for created things of one's own mind -

September 20. Friday

It is nearly the end of my first week at Scutari & I feel that now, perhaps for the first time, I can sit down to record my impressions on the subjects. I arrived on Sunday last so have had 6 whole days of it. In general I like it tho' I cannot.

So, I have quite found my bearing. I have 10 hrs. work of Beg. Eng. That is interesting in many ways - I have no less than 12 pupils now, most of them very nice girls indeed. & how keen they are! Last wed. I marched forth in great glee to call on Miss Dagan & arrange about my lessons there. I have demanded 15 pi as a lesson & am to have 5 periods a week which is good. Oh - I must make barbers & that's a fact. I begin work there next week.

The new teachers are a congenial set. I cannot judge of them accurately yet, on such short acquaintance. I am under Miss Perkins's direction & she seems very nice to work with indeed. She is rather

sedate, decidedly slow & perhaps boring, in the monotony of her voice, but otherwise nice - She has a very charming smile which after all makes up for many deficiencies. Miss Conner a chit of an American who is to teach painting & drawing is rather unattractive. I am afraid she is homesick & want to do things for her but she stands off. Miss Keen has a firm eye & I think she will make things hum! for the girls - for which I am truly thankful. Miss Wallace, however is the real gem - Miss Dods is making up to her tremendously, as is the usual way with that hasty & impulsive lady - but it would take a great deal to spoil Miss Wallace. Miss Trabel Kennedy, the new music

teacher is father than me  
which is comforting. She  
has very pink cheeks, a  
dress to match - an almost-  
explosively enthusiastic  
manner. I have not made  
up my mind about her yet.

Last night there was a  
dreadful fire in Sautai.  
Not far from the college.  
We were first alarmed by  
Miss Miller who called us onto  
the roof to watch it. There  
it was seemingly only  
a few hundred yds away  
blazing up in mad, irched  
tongues of flame. We  
could easily hear the crack-  
ling & the rush & screams  
of an excited crowd. The  
light spread over the dark  
sky & sparks flew helter  
skelter over the roofs  
of the adjoining houses -  
luckily, the fire did not.

spread - & the wind was pile  
in the other direction from  
the college - Mother was nervous  
at first - anything so malicious  
as the fire looked, would make  
you feel nervous - before  
I knew where I was ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> was  
trembling from head to foot.  
She recovered however - &  
we watched the destruction  
before us for perhaps half  
an hour. Now & again we  
could see a great blazing  
beam fall sidewise from  
the house with a faint  
crack - then we saw  
jets of water playing on  
the houses opposite. That  
comforted us - & when we  
saw the last beam fall &  
the fire sink lower, we  
breathed more freely. Behind  
us there was a perfect half  
moon - Its shimmer lighted  
up the Bosphorus & the

tops of the sombre cypress trees of the cemetery. The lights of the city twinkled reassuringly & only at one spot did that horrible glow disturb us. We went, Miss P & I to visit - the ruins today - nothing could have been more effectually razed to the ground. A few snowdrifting bits of charred beams & pieces of plaster lay in a bitiful heap. No huge konaks had entirely disappeared.

On Thursday two boxes arrived with things of ours from America. One contained father's books, the other Mother's silver & a picture or two - we opened them in an empty room in the Prep school & each separate unit seemed to call back a thousand memories. My

head was full of past experiences - there was the dear wee basket we prized so in our childhood days, in a corner lay the "Arabian Nights" which I had so loved, how well I knew each picture & every story. There are some 70 vols. of books & M. is going to get a new bookcase for her room. It will be lovely to be surrounded with our own books again.

I have been reading so much that is interesting in this hot week. It is the spirit of the place that makes me want to read & read without stopping for breath. I have read a wonderful story "Anna of the Five Towns" by Arnold Bennett & I cannot remember a more clever story - it



1 is unworldly & so tremendously real & life like. Anne is charming, - magnetic she draws one. Miss Rignall is filled with admiration for the book & her ideas are blended with mine, as I form my judgments of it.

11 I have read The Doll's House & The Wild Ducks by Mrs. Jennings, the former much but quite missing the point of the latter. Perhaps I am too dull. Then

Maeterlinck has also got hold of me - I have read Atlantide & Palomides & today Mary Magdalene. This

latter I find admirable. I wonder what it would be like on the stage - I believe it has been acted - surely it creates some stir a year or so ago. Maeterlinck is a mystic - as

Miss Rignall says one must feel him rather than understand him. I must read his Blue Bird.

I did rather a dreadful thing on Monday. Mr. Brown came to call on me about 3 o'clock. I was summoned to the drawing room but on my way was lucky enough to find out who was there before venturing in. I had a suspicion Mr. B. would call so was cautious.

And when I found out it was he, I absolutely refused to go in. I could not see myself taking him in to tea with all those teachers there, especially as there has been enough talk already. So I did a mean thing.

I sent in word that I was too busy to see him. Mr. B. backed me up in my action

I felt it - was time to put  
a stop to unexpected calls  
& besides the front of the  
house was in a turmoil  
what with girls, parents &  
trunks arriving every few  
moments. What was my  
astonishment, shortly  
after sending down my message  
to get a note from him asking  
me about the books I used  
for the boy. I tho't at first  
I would have to see him  
but decided not to justly.  
I wrote back where he would  
get them at the Jelanti Jali.  
So there he was smothered -  
M. said he would never call  
here again but I am afraid  
it will take more plain  
speaking than that to keep  
him away. I like the boy  
& want to be friends but  
I do wish he would keep  
sensible & not fall in love

with me. Well, naturally I  
felt like a brute as soon  
as he had gone & wished I had  
been civil tho' I think really  
I was in the right. On Tues.  
night I got a most beautiful  
epistle from him posted in  
freece - & delayed en route  
evidently. I felt rather  
conscience stricken, as he  
had sent me 3 letters & sic.  
since he left - & I only sent  
him one letter, so I wrote  
a small, & very proper  
little note to R.C. thanking  
him. This evening I got  
your pages in reply. I am  
going up to Bebek tomorrow  
& no doubt will see him  
sometime during the week  
end. Oh what will it be  
like? It rather worries me.  
I shall be glad for the  
happen of a family again  
opposed to a week of an institution.

A home is the best after all  
tho' an institution has many  
attractions. It will be good  
to see my dear adopted  
once more - tho' I miss  
leaving Mother. It has always  
been my fate thus to be  
torn in two, one strong  
force drawing in one  
direction & an equally  
strong one in the opposite.  
I will always have to give  
up much for the good that  
I choose.

Sept 23. Monday.

I have just come back  
from my weekend in Bethel.  
Such a happy respite as it  
was but alas! all too  
short. I left Sautain by  
the 12:37 boat & was not  
home till nearly 2. Aunt  
Win was not there which  
was rather doleful. She  
had gone to Prinkipo to take

Nadys - who was to spend the  
week end there recuperating  
after her long fever. I was  
at a loss what to do with  
myself. I would like to have  
gone up to Hissar Tennis  
but was dreading seeing  
W.B. there for the first time.  
So after tea I wandered  
along the way to Aunt Win's  
to my utter dismay the house  
was empty. They had  
gone off to Prinkipo. I then  
decided to pay a visit to  
Mrs. Martin. I had never seen  
her baby & it is nearly 3 mos.  
old. So up the thousand  
steps I toiled & had a short  
visit at the top. I must say  
it was rather stupid. She  
had nothing to say. I had less.  
I praised the baby - who was  
sweet but no wonder -  
I talked of the fire the earth  
quake & babies in general.

Then I came home again.

Aunt Win had invited Mr. Estes to dinner & had asked him to call early - I had hardly changed my dress for the evening when he came - at about quarter to seven - & there I had to entertain him for nearly an hour & a quarter before Aunt Win appeared. I feared it would be strenuous but it turned out quite otherwise. We sat on the terrace & I really had a very pleasant time with him. He is rather a cold blooded fish but otherwise much more interesting than I ever thought him. He seems now the worse for having broken off his engagement - in fact it might be an everyday occurrence with him! Aunt Win & Uncle had both arrived in good time -

we had a most delightful "dinner à quatre" that you could possibly want. Afterwards we discussed the Hissar choral for the year - & then sang them Schubert's Mass which Mr. E. wants to give. It is certainly fine - not too difficult. I wonder if I can possibly join. Mr. E. is very nice & says I must come to help out the altos. This flatters me - & besides I love getting up anything of this kind. I may by dint of much trying get up to Bebek on Tues for the rehearsals - but it will be decidedly difficult if it can be managed at all.

On Sunday morning, we had breakfast in bed - & were reminded of Sunnyside & old times. Aunt Win was keen on going to R.C. for

church, as it was the opening Sunday night service. I was anxious to go in a way, but was in a "blue funk" about meeting W.B.

The sermon was good on the hall + meeting W.B. (which of course I did) was not as bad as I had imagined it was going to be. He beamed as usual - sashed if he could call in the evening. He came at 8:30 + we had a nice evening - at first all together in the sitting room then alone on the balcony with him. He talked on and about his Italian trip. He seemed just a nice bit chastened I think at my unkind attitude when he had called in Santani but neither of us mentioned it. He brought me a very pretty romance which I

shall read with much pleasure - tho' he oughtn't to give me presents + I told him so. He is a dear boy - I would be so miserable if I tho' I should ever make him really unhappy. If he only had culture behind him, what a splendid man he would be. But how hopelessly he lacks background - it is pitiful that things should be so.

In the afternoon Mr. Ballard called. He is a very nice man, but I am just a little annoyed at his superior attitude. Perhaps he does not mean it to be superior but I feel he looks down upon people. If I could get to talk to him above, it would be easier I fancy, tho' we managed quite successfully - the three of us + he stayed

a long time. Aunt Will & the children came in towards dark for a wee visit. We had a very delightful supper en famille.

I came back to college & work early in the morning. I was glad to see M. again.

Sept 26. Thursday.

It has been overpoweredly hot the last few days. I do not know what to do with myself. My room is too unbearable for comfort & I wander about like a hot soul. A cooler breeze came down this evening for which I am truly thankful.

Tuesday was my birthday & I was 23. Oh! how the years fly. I shall arise one fine morning to find my hair turned grey & nothing worth while accomplished.

My birthday was not awfully enjoyable. M. gave me a very nice folding chair for my room. Glad to get the day until nearly noon. Everything went off as usual. In the p.m. tho' it was piping hot, I took Inga Rawwal & Minnie Ryan for a walk. They are both dear girls - they were so sweet in their thanks to me that I felt amply rewarded.

I am at last established in my room - a wee place hardly big enough to turn round in - but I like it. It still lacks curtains & an air of habitation about it but otherwise I am enjoying the privacy & feeling absolute possession. My wee lamp under its Japanese shade burns on my table with a steady glow. My papers &

books collect themselves in  
my hands, piles about me -  
I am sure in my element.  
Outside there is a perfect  
moon. I feel it is being  
wasted for my eyes are  
turned to mundane things  
when I might be contem-  
plating "Cynthia" in all her  
glory. I find myself  
counting the days till  
Saturday. Dr. P. has  
offered me a new job -  
secretary of the Order  
Committee entailing some  
inspection work. My salary  
is to be raised to \$70  
which of course is a great  
thing to my mind. I am  
in fear & trembling, least  
she will want my week-  
ends. It will be heart  
breaking, but I shall have  
to give them up, I suppose  
for my one aim in life

this year is to collect baubees  
& to learn the art of economy.  
I am in ~~not~~ writing mood  
tho' at six, just because I  
was obliged to interview  
files, I felt ready to write  
a novel - for hours. Such  
is the contrariness of us  
humans. I am reading  
Peer Gynt & know not what  
to make of it. However given  
modes of tho't are incom-  
prehensible to me, say what  
you will - I cannot think  
by the same lines of tho't  
as the foreigners. I suppose I  
am an insular Briton &  
was born like that forever &  
ever.

Oct 4. Friday.

We are harassed these days  
by dreadful rumors of war -  
Bulgaria has practically declared  
war - tho' not actually yet  
& every day our hearts are in

our mouths. The cause is the  
everlasting one - Macedonia  
should have autonomy, about  
the fiery hearted Bulgarians  
+ we never have been so near  
war before. In fact people say  
it is inevitable. I hate to think  
of the awfulness of it - what  
it will mean to the wife,  
having so many Bulgarian  
girls here. My sympathies  
are for Turkey with all her  
misrule - the Bulgarians  
fight because they feel it is  
their passion - I should enjoy  
shaking each one of these  
ferky, short sighted, hot headed  
little Balkan states with  
their "big talk" + their feeble  
achievements. Affairs may  
become very serious - I dread  
further developments. Every  
evening we crowd into the  
sitting room to see the  
papers - + the same statement

meets our eyes "la situation  
très grave mais pas encore  
désespérée" -

This morning I woke up at  
six. The early morning light  
streamed in at my window -  
+ I had the joy of watching the  
sun rise. The world lay so  
fair + new in the blessed light  
of day, that I thought to myself  
- how can there be war among  
men when we live in such  
beauty - and tonight  
as the sun sank in a bed  
of fire, this evening - my  
heart ached to know that  
this wonderful city at my  
feet seethed with bitter passions  
+ angry men, only waiting  
their opportunity to pounce  
upon their neighbors + strew  
this beautiful earth with  
dead, cold things. Oh! horrible  
- horrible why should it be?  
My life at Sulau is



as full as can be - by days  
rush past like a whirlwind  
& sat. is upon me before I  
know it. Tomorrow I go again  
to Belch & am looking for-  
ward to it, of course that it  
always makes my heart ache  
to leave h. here. My room  
I like more than ever - I spend  
hours of pure joy in it, every  
day, writing, reading, dream-  
ing - & watching the  
changing lights & shadows  
reflected on Tchawlidja hill.

My neck always comes  
in over bowing meane.  
I got a dear long epistle from  
Salbot yesterday - one that  
I have been waiting for, for  
months. What a splendid  
boy he is - I had forgotten  
how much his friendship  
means to me. He is one of  
those sterling kinds of  
friends, whom you can

approach at anytime & always  
will find pure gold. His letter  
breathes such refinement  
such sensitiveness to people  
& things around him. He is  
like Camie in omitting  
important bits of information  
about himself - that I long  
to know, but I read between  
the lines & am quite a good  
hand at guessing.

I have been wrapped up  
completely lately in a  
charming book by Jessie  
 Weston that Miss Wilkes lent  
me. It is "Frisian's Desert"  
told in quaint old English  
yet not a literal transla-  
tion but merely a compila-  
tion from many translations.  
The dear inimitable story  
delighted my heart & I loved  
every word of it. I have  
now also the vol. of romance  
"Sir Gawain & the Green

Knight - I look forward  
to that very much. I wonder  
if I am going to have a J.P.  
for Miss Miller. I am fond  
of her already. This evening  
she was sweet to me & told  
me any time I liked I could  
come & borrow any of her  
books. I should be so  
happy if she really cared  
for me.

Oct 22. Tuesday.

There is a howling wind  
outside that scurries around  
my room in a bleak, melon-  
choly manner - & makes me  
feel especially snug in my wee  
retreat.

I have had a strange day.  
At 8:30 when we had prayers  
Dr. P. announced that for 2 days  
classes would be suspended  
& the whole student-body  
would devote itself to sewing  
for the Red Cross Society. Miss

Miller has been the chief organizer  
in this & has done it - as usually.  
War has really come & we are  
facing the facts. We have  
undertaken to make up twenty  
five beds for the soldiers which  
means 300 pieces - shirts  
sheets etc. etc. The place was  
like a factory by 9:30. Nearly  
every available woman was  
full of pins, sewing & cutting  
& whirring machines & busy  
subdued voices. I gave my  
lessons at Miss Dayan's at  
9:20 & after that set to work  
cutting out. I love to think  
I too can help somewhat in  
the great work for the soldiers  
but oh! it is so horribly  
heartbreaking - why must  
there be war?

I had not been long at  
work when M. called me & asked  
me to go on a message up  
to Hissar for Dr. P. & the 'D'

was not over anxious at first, I accepted finally. I took the moon boat from Cuskundpunk + got up to Bebek by 11:30. I met Aunt Win at the scala + was persuaded by her to order a small boat to take me down again after her tea. I went up to Hissar, delivered my message + came down for a wee chat + with Aunt Win. Mrs. H. arrived shortly afterwards. — then Mrs. Stock. We were cozily having tea together when suddenly I was awfully surprised to see Mr. Black Mr. T-latcher, a new man, + W.B. walk in! I think W.B. was surprised to see me. I must truly confess I was awfully glad to see him. I have quite a liking for him after all — I had a nice conversation

with him + we arranged to go sightseeing together some time soon, which will be heaps of fun. I had to leave at 4:30. I came down in an open boat + had a lovely ride — talked glibly to the man all the way —

This evening I have spent reading my old friend the Xmas Carol to Lupa + Shinnie + I have enjoyed it — quite as much if not more than they here. It is completely irresistible.

The war lies like a heavy cloud just over our heads. We cannot get it out of our minds. Everyday the horrors of it seem more appalling to me — + my heart aches for the poor men — I am afraid it is going to be a bitter struggle. The girls are splendid so far but

bad news is bound to come  
to them & then alas - & alas!  
What shall we do show can  
we comfort them?

I am reading the news comes  
enjoying it.

Oct 23. Wednesday.

Today I worked all day on  
shirts for the Red Cross. I  
was in the Prep. School  
contingent with Misses Helen  
Cramer, & Hathaway. We got  
them heaps of work. I sat  
near Zvetana Petrovitch &  
Katalie Sevidas, & we talked  
on and on as we sewed. Tho'  
our throats were all of the way  
we did not mention that. We  
cannot talk of it. It comes  
too near to all of us.

The day was dreadfully  
melancholy. Rain - rain  
pouring, drenching rain.  
I got rather tired sewing tho'  
it was interesting. After

tea I spent the whole time  
until dinner typewriting a  
small essay I have written on  
Christmas. It arose in my  
mind first of all from my  
feeling about Mr. Jew's  
annual lamentations that  
do get so hopelessly out my  
nerves & I resolved to write  
myself a Kuvas sermon.  
It was great fun writing it  
I am not altogether pleased  
with it now. It is rather  
"Sunday schoolish" - which  
is a pity.

There is news of a big  
battle in progress between  
Bulgarians & Turks at  
Adrianople or near it. It  
sounds terrible. They have  
been fighting for some days  
& this is going to be a  
decisive encounter people  
say. I can't help hoping  
the Turks will win & yet I

know the Bulgarians have much that is right on their side. I think it will be best for the Balkans & Turkey wins for the other states will never agree.

Oct 30 Wednesday,

When I was in Bebek last week, I went out on Monday morning to give my lesson to Mistress Meliha & as is my custom took my fountain pen with me. I put it into the pocket of my sweater, thinking that was a safe place - what was my consternation to find when I got to Aunt H's (where I first made a call) that it was gone! I went all the way back & looked very carefully but there was no trace of it. I feel dreadfully about losing it, for I know of none of my possessions that I value more. Today I am using his

extra pen, which I am going to ask her to give me - but it isn't the same as my own dear pen, which had just been trained into the exact fitness of joint etc.

Nov. 1. Friday.

We are in a state of dreadful anxiety. Dr. P. has just come back from town bringing the awful news that Bulgaria is winning fast & there is every possibility of her army being in the city within the next few days. The idea is fearful - I can not bear to contemplate it - yet I must for after all it is there to be faced. I feel such a hopeless coward - Oh! dear why must all this calamity come upon us - Dr. P. is of course very alarmed - talks of putting on extra iron bars to the doors & extra guards - in the grounds. Anything like that frightens me dreadfully & I

must confess I turn quakes  
inside when I hear her talking  
What is a victorious army enter-  
ing a city like, I wonder? My  
memory of history does not  
help me much. I keep saying  
to myself, by way of comfort - that  
no one would dream of molesting  
a girls' college, that we are  
safe because of our nationality  
that Constant has not fallen  
yet - a thousand poor excuses.  
Oh I wish I were in Bebek +  
not in this barbarous place -  
for I always feel insecure in  
Scutari - somehow - I think  
it is because we are surround-  
ed by Asiatics - tho' no doubt  
we are as safe here as we  
would be anywhere. Dr. P. is  
of course alarmed + I only hope  
it is her anxiety about the  
girls & her responsibility towards  
them that makes her so very  
much on the "qui vive" -

I can do nothing properly - can  
nettle to nothing - my day is  
taken up with mere thoughts -  
suspicious. Glad you went off  
to town today - in perfect equan-  
imity. I do hope + pray she has  
got safely home. Oh what  
a country; what a country -  
why is it so hot to be living  
here?

What I feel most of all is  
mother's nervousness. She is in  
no state to bear anxieties of  
this kind + it is telling on her  
dreadfully. She has grown very  
timid of late years - + I can't  
bear to see that anxious look  
come into her eyes - She has  
so many cares - they weigh her  
down - + now this added one  
of a huge establishment to provide  
for in this emergency. I  
hope my fears are unfounded.  
Dr. P. also bro't back the news  
that a great many men had

been sent ~~to~~ under Mahmond  
Chefket to the Black Sea  
fortifications - perhaps that  
means hope for the Turks still.

Harry Dwight - laughingly said  
last Sunday, when I was at home  
that perhaps the Bulgarians  
would hold a service in St.  
Sofia this Sunday, & upon my  
word, it looks as tho' things  
were moving that way. Tho'  
when he said it, I tho't he was  
the most scatter-brained  
of mortals!

My confidence in safety &  
my fear of unknown contingencies  
come upon me in alternate  
waves. A moment ago I feared  
the worst, at the present instant  
I am without alarm. Oh God  
how I pray no more misery  
will be caused - <sup>that</sup> no more in-  
cent people <sup>will</sup> suffer.

Mother & Miss Miller went  
down to Soutani this a.m.

to see the refugees. There were  
crowds upon crowds of them  
in Soutani. Every mosque yard  
was crammed with them, so W.  
reported - poor, miserable human  
with nothing in the world but  
what they stand in. The gov.  
gives them an oke of bread, each  
a day. There are thousands in  
the city all told - W. came back  
quite depressed & no wonder.  
The embassies are doing their  
best in the way of relief funds  
but what can one do with  
thousands? I always loathed  
war but I never knew how  
really horrible it is, until now  
when it is being brought to  
our very thresholds.

Nov. 5. Tuesday.

We are still in sickening  
suspense. We hear & move & have  
our being in a black cloud of  
uncertainty - we think of war,  
we talk of war, we positively

are saturated with war. The news on Monday was very bad. The Bulgarians are at Sebastopol. Three battleships Russian, English & French are expected at any time. I will rejoice my heart to see them steaming up the Bosphorus. There is a dith of news - & a superfluity of alarming rumors. It is always so. We have several extra guards - & have taken every precaution. An officer from the Scorpion came over today, to cheer us up & see how life fares with us. We had to be especially careful of bread today, as a bakers' strike is threatened because the government does not pay them. What nice it all is - oh for when? The tension is stretched to breaking point.

All the Turkish girls left

today to go to nurse in the hospitals. I wonder how much use they will be. Some I'm afraid previous little flags went with the howart by to distribute garments to the refugees - today in Scutari. She says the sight is depressing in the extreme, tho' the people are well off, for the moment & are quite warm in the newspapers. I may be on a relief expedition tomorrow.

I have been able to get my throats a little away from the nearby reading quite a fascinating novel called the "Cathie, Dan Matthews" - a very nice southern story that W.B. lent me this week end. I had such a nice time with W.B. on Sunday. We went to Stamboul together and tramped. He was nice. He seemed so awfully sensitive to things. I am



down to Kousboundjoub - took  
the 12:40 zigzag to Armaouthey.  
All the way down the village  
the natives stared at us from  
street + window. We felt that  
we were creating quite a stir  
in fact later we heard that we  
had caused considerable panic.

We have been installed in  
Armaouthey since Wednesday  
week. I came up to Bebek  
+ am living with the adopted  
of course. Mildred, Cuth +  
the children are here with us.  
They were fearful in Hissar,  
as their side of the village  
was somewhat lonely. It is  
a house full the children  
sleep in my room. I do not  
mind that except that in the  
morning they wake at such  
an unearthly hour - always  
before a quarter past six while  
it is still dark. And there  
is no keeping them quiet, of

course. It annoys me dead-  
fully, but I feel it shouldn't,  
when I get especially tired of the  
children I wonder whether I  
am losing all the good  
rather, tender feeling which  
I think I have towards babies.  
I wonder sometimes that if  
the children were my own,  
would I feel annoyed + bored  
with them? Does one's point of  
view change so entirely? I  
naturally long for the privacy  
of my own room + the delight  
of having the adopted all to  
myself - but that is selfish  
+ at this time when they are  
nervous, I should be glad to  
put up with any inconvenience  
in order to make anyone feel  
happier or safer in their  
mind.

2/3 every day to Armaout-  
bey - give a lesson or two,  
do an odd job here + there

for Miss Burns + come home  
again. Ann. is nice + I like  
being here in Bebek. I am not  
over anxious to get back to  
Santau, tho' the regular  
work will be a joy + then the  
relief from anxiety will be  
so great that I cannot picture  
how much bliss it will mean.  
I have seen a lot of Doris  
Hartley lately. We read to-  
gether yesterday. Franklin  
Schmidt + Mr. Austruther  
a dear, dear story with  
much plain philosophy in  
between the lines. No one  
every word of it.

Today I feel blue. Let  
me explain. I stayed on  
at Amasuthe's till tea time  
tho' I had nothing to do - be-  
cause it was their day at  
home. I expected there would  
be nice people to call +  
that is why I stayed. Gladly

scuffed at the idea + wanted me  
to come home with her. But  
I wouldn't. After about  
20 min in Mrs. Murray's  
sitting room a whole crowd  
of college fellows walked in  
W. B. among them. I must  
not deny that I was glad. I  
+ was awfully annoyed to  
feel myself blush when we  
shook hands. I was in an  
awkward place + had no  
chance of speaking to him  
alone. He talked in a  
group for sometime then  
he moved off to another  
group - + I lost sight of him.  
I listened to an endless dis-  
cussion from Dr. Murray on  
Columbia but I could not pay  
attention. Finally W. B. went  
out with Mrs. Calloway,  
presumably on business of  
some kind. I felt foolish-  
ly disappointed. As it was

dark I got up to go too. I had promised to go home with Mrs Anderson on the 5:10 boat. But of course I wanted to walk home with W.B. I went down to the office & there he was at the door standing talking to Miss <sup>Kiowa</sup> Anderson. I rushed past & found Miss Anderson inside. I saw no more of him & came home with Miss K. on the boat. Is it not the limit? I feel such a fool at being disappointed. I keep telling myself that I do not care two pence. I am so horribly inconsistent. If he is too attentive I don't like it & if I do not see him as much as I like, I feel slighted so what am I to do? I am out of all patience with myself. Just because I would not I was wild to have a long talk

with him. There are so many things about him that I do not care for & yet when I see him, I feel thrilled. This has often & often happened to me before, so I take no stock by it. I am so astonished at myself - & puzzled. Why on earth should I mind if W.B. did not walk home from Amasa's with me? That made my arrangements. Why was he not to make his quite independent of me? Why was I filled with disappointment when I could not have a tête à tête. Am I not silly? I really do not care for him - tho' I value his friendship a lot. Well - well - well this is a perplexing world, there's no doubt about it. Of course I shall find out what he thinks about the subject

tho' podness knows when  
I shall see him again. I  
am much worried by the tho't  
of him these days. I some-  
times think I am being a cad  
& perhaps I am not far wrong.

I am growing desperate  
about mail. I have had no  
word from Burnie since Oct 17  
not a single letter for 10  
days from anyone. I have  
an awful feeling that letters  
have come & have not been  
given me. Every morning I  
go to Armaoutbery with high  
hopes only to have them dashed  
to the ground. This certainly  
is a sad world.

My diary is growing mel-  
ancholy. I need the dose of  
some good natured wit to put  
me straight. I am cross &  
out of tune. I am worried by  
many things these days. I  
am not satisfied with myself

& every thing seems wrong.  
I need more of Traillin  
Schmidt's wholesome attitude  
to make me see things thru  
roses, spectacles once more.  
Perhaps tomorrow morning  
sun will have the desired  
effect.

I sat for more than an hour  
on the hill today reading.  
It was heavenly - I was  
on a flat stone up against  
a chestnut tree. The leaves  
have turned a burnished  
gold. They lay about me  
on all sides & every time  
I moved they rustled -  
The air was soft as balium  
& the sky so beautiful. I  
could have prayed - I felt  
so happy & grateful & bliss-  
ful in joy.

Nov. 15. Friday. Saturday

I walked to Armaoutbery with  
Doris in the morning & I did so enjoy

her company. I found when I got  
to school that I had no lesson  
until 11. It was then 9:30. So I took  
under my arm, my boyfellow + a  
French book of botis + went up  
Mussurus Pasha hill thru a long  
line of chestnuts till I came to  
a delectable spot at the top, where  
there was peen grass - soft +  
misting. I sat on the ground  
with my back against a tree +  
tho' I thought at first that I would  
read, I found my thoughts more  
interesting, so I was content to  
meditate + dream. I tried to  
scribble a line or two but no  
words would come. It was a  
perfectly wonderful day - a blue,  
blue sky - + soft air. Again.  
I watched the clouds go sailing  
by + saw the autumn tints in  
the valley below me change with  
the passing shadows. At eleven  
to my great regret, I had to leave  
+ go to a class - I had two -

Beginners + Fresh Comers. I  
enjoyed them. I read King Robert  
or Sicily to these latter.

After lunch Doro came + I took  
her all over the grounds, showed  
her the new buildings (the property).  
It was lovely. She seemed charmed  
with it all. Certainly the buildings  
make my heart swell with pride +  
I do so long for the time when  
we shall really be in this charming  
spot. What after all will be  
better for me, if I never marry  
+ make a home of my own - to live  
in Arnaoutbessy in that new college  
on the hill, with the wonderful  
trees about me, + the Bosphorus  
always at my feet - Surely no  
one could wish for anything  
better - no single + unattached  
person - I mean. Of course  
a home of one's own is far  
far better - + a good husband +  
dear children growing up about  
one. I wonder if I shall ever

have a baby of my own. Sometimes  
the thought of it makes my  
heart leap & again I fear with  
dreadful pang that perhaps  
God has not chosen me out for  
<sup>such</sup> ~~so~~ blessedness ~~a favor~~. I am seeing  
much of Hildred's baby these days  
— such a darling, helpless little  
of humanity — when she holds up  
her dear little hands to me &  
smiles, I feel I would give the  
world to call her my own.

Doris & I had tea together &  
then we read Fräulein Schmidt.  
We laughed over it & loved it  
together. I see much of Doris  
these days & grow fonder of her.  
She is such an unaffected, affection-  
ate girl. I love her very much  
already. I cannot think how  
she possibly got herself to  
marry Mr. Hartley. He is not  
nearly good enough for her. And  
yet one sees such different  
things in other people. Love is

always unaccountable & therefore  
all the more wonderful.

No letters yet — miserere! #1

Nov. 17. Sunday.

It has been altogether a very  
thrilling day. Doris here calmly  
this evening to write up my diary  
while outside & around us at  
this moment great things are  
happening. A city is falling  
— a victorious army is knocking  
at our gates. It is a fearsome  
thought & our hearts stand still  
when we think what can  
happen in the next few days.

Mother bro't us the first  
exciting news. She came over  
from Sultair in the morning  
& said that since midnight  
heavy artillery firing had been  
distinctly heard off in the dis-  
tance, in the direction of  
Tchekmeje. This last week  
has been so quiet. Rumors  
of peace have made us feel

hopeful - I have been growing calmer & everything has seemed to be resuming its more normal course. It was the week before the storm. The Bulgarians are coming! - They are coming! before many hours are over they will be in our beautiful city on the crescent - oh! pitiful, pitiful!

All today at intervals we have heard cannon - very distant - merely faint rumbling but other things. Mother believes the crisis is at hand & of course we believe so too. We had an interesting visitor for lunch - Mr. Mott - a lieutenant of H.M.S. Weymouth the big British battleship in the harbor. Uncle and Aunt went down in the motor boat this morning to bring him up. We enjoyed him very much. He is a jolly

talkative man. His eyes look just like Uncle Herbert's. That made us like him enormously. He could tell us much that was interesting about the battleships & the Weymouth especially. All plans have been made, he said for guarding the embassies & for keeping order in the city should there be any disturbances. - He had tea at 4 - W.B. came in to my surprise had tea with us. It was rather a rush, for we were all going out in the motor again to take Mr. Mott back to his ship & we had to start rather early. We all went, a boat load - Aunt and Uncle and Miss Cutt, Doris, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Mott, W.B. & self. I was rather shaky about the boat itself as it has rather a horned way of stopping, for

no reason whatever. However today it went quite smoothly. The dusk was hurrying down upon us as we steamed along. It had been a grey day & a darkish mist lay over the face of the water. The first excitement was our sighting the Scorpion that was coming up full speed. We thought it was surely going up to R.C. or Anzoutbery but when we came back, we saw no trace of it & cannot make out where it went to.

As we neared the harbor we could make out the dim outlines of the battleships of every nation, thru the mist - as they lay in a neat array all about us. They were just lighting up. We could see nothing unusual in the aspect of things. Their firing had stopped. Were things seemed normal - but we noticed that the battleships

seemed very business-like. The deck of the German ship was covered with men, who, to our eager gaze, <sup>seemed</sup> standing at arms, or receiving orders. We sighted the Wezmouth, a huge low-lying, ton-tunneler monster looking so splendid & strong. The gang-planks were lined with electric lights - we went up above-side to let Mr. Mott out. An officer came hurriedly down the steps & we leaned toward eagerly to catch the latest news. The officer seemed lively, under some excitement. We noticed that the ship's boats were all in the water. The officer told us, that news had come that the Bulgarians had broken thru the line, & that 4,000 foreign troops were to be landed at 5 p.m. (it was then about 10 mins. to five)



So things look very grave. The troops were to patrol the streets all night & to guard especially the consulates & embassies. We had only a moment alongside of the Weymouth. The officer seemed in a hurry. But we were there long enough to examine the great bulk to be impressed by its strength & security - also to see crowds of dear Jack Tans hanging over the sides with their nice blue eyes & clean English faces. It made my heart beat faster to see them. Imagine the trend of our throats as we shoved off, leaving the comfort, lights of the battleship behind us & plunging into the mist on our way home. We could talk of nothing but the war & what might happen to us all. We determined to pack our bags & be in readi-

ness. We said decided that in case of real necessity we would go flying up our back hill to the college property. It seemed to us that that would be the very safest place. W. R. offered us his room in an emergency - It sounded foolish to make such elaborate plans but it is serious this invasion; so that is what it has resolved itself into. We cannot tell what the next few days have in store for us - It is bound to be exciting whatever it is. The retreating Turkish army is what I dread. People say they will be so terrified that they will run full belt to the Asiatic shore for safety & not stop to molest a soul on the way. Doubtless that may be so.

The night is as calm &

quiet - as can be. I have been  
out onto the terrace. Peace  
reigns in every nook - & I  
almost feel I must be dreaming  
to dread these horrors, which  
seem almost impossible in so  
serene a landscape. The lights  
of Cavalli twinkle merrily  
& the water is as still as silk.  
God keep us safe this night!

Nov. 19. Tuesday.

Yesterday was quite calm  
compared to the excitement of  
Sunday. We heard no firing. Tho'  
they say tonight that there was  
fighting, but the wind had  
changed to the north, which per-  
haps accounted for our not  
hearing the cannon.

This morning we had thrills.  
At eight o'clock we saw the  
Scorpion show down opposite  
college hill & let down into  
their "mouche" eight marines  
that went up to the college -

so their protection is assured.

I went to Amasouthney at 9:30  
& there was the Scorpion anchored  
off the Prep. School - so  
we are safe too. We thought of  
course that there would be  
some excitement in town  
today, because of the marines  
landing, but everything was  
exceptionally quiet. We were  
startled to hear a series of  
rather loud puffs of air to-  
ward twilight - but were  
reassured when we saw all  
the chibbet boats dressed &  
remembered that today is the  
first day of Biran (Curban)

Aunt Win had her day at  
Loue. M. & Glad came besides  
Doris, Aunt Fanny, Mr. Dwight.  
Mildred was here, of course &  
Uncle Bud came up early. We  
merely sat & talked, & talked, &  
talked of nothing in the world  
but the war. There is absolutely

not a single other thing to  
talk about.

I got a very dear letter from  
Carrie this evening. The very  
first letter I have had for two  
weeks. It rejoiced my heart  
to get my dearest Thorne does  
not write & I grow worried.

I have little to write tonight.  
The rain is coming down  
in showers outside. To-morrow  
I again go to Armaoutkey.  
tho' there is only one lesson  
to give.

Nov. 20 Wednesday.

I did not go to Armaoutkey till  
the 8:50 boat. I only had one  
lesson at 10:10 & I came home  
immediately afterwards. Uncle  
was here to lunch. Uncle  
did not go to town. Right after lunch  
I trudged up Hisea hill to  
Vartouhi who is making me a  
blouse - such a nice one.  
Her views on the political

situation are interesting. She  
says the Armenians are gloating  
over the Turkish defeats. "They  
have always killed the Armenians  
she said in her funny stilted  
English" "They are not men they are  
animals. How can animals rule?"  
Let them go back to Anatolia  
or let Russia take all of  
Anatolia. "I am waiting" she  
said, "for the Bulgarians to come  
in. They are Christians - at  
least they will allow us  
free churches"

I suppose her point of view  
is quite explicable. The  
massacres by Turks, does not  
engender brotherly feelings.  
You can not expect Armenians  
to have any sentiments about  
them.

After coming home we all set  
out on a motor boat ride  
which was delightful. Uncle  
did not go to town & he led the

expedition, of course. There was  
Doris, Mr. H, Mrs. Stock & Aunt Win  
& self - a very select party. We  
started out at 2 & were not home  
till a quarter to five. It is  
a perfect way of travelling - rush-  
ing up & down at fine speed  
thru the water, that sprays at  
the bow & leaves a foamy  
wake at the stern. First we  
went up the Asiatic shore to  
Beicos then down to Cufey  
bay. Here we had tea - deliciously  
hot, prepared beforehand in the  
Thermos flask. We crossed over  
to Hissar from there & then  
back to Genk Sou - & so home.  
I had such a good time - It  
was altogether charming.

Nov. 22. Friday.

Not a very interesting day.  
Scarcity of news except that  
the negotiations for peace  
have fallen thru as Turkey  
cannot, with dignity, concede

to the Allies' demands. Fighting  
at Schateldia is continuing.  
Cannonading can be heard from  
Sutau, they say - but we  
cannot hear it - we have nothing  
but Biaram guns which have  
made us jump up anxiously  
now & then to ascertain whether  
they are merely salutes or whether  
they have a more deadly import.

I see no prospect of our re-  
turning to Sutau for some time  
I am growing a little tired  
of being a refugee.

I have begun reading  
Meredith's "The Amazing  
Marriage". I find it inter-  
esting but not captivating.  
The style annoys me & the  
people are of a class by which  
I am in total ignorance.  
I wonder if I shall manage  
to read it thru. Uncle Lind  
has tried & failed. Aunt  
Win has begun it. How I

am trying my luck.

No letters yet. I am ~~now~~ so desperate that I almost cease to hope but have resigned myself to "letter-less" days - a mournful outlook.

Yesterday I had a very bad attack of the blues. But I have recovered. The children had been getting on my nerves. I felt I did not belong anywhere - I had no place I could be private in, & that nobody loved me. But - how foolish it is to get depressed like that. I shed a few real wet tears last night, tho' I am ashamed of them now & laugh at myself. Weeping is certainly not my forte & I have not succumbed for months - positively.



### Books Read - Jan 1912 -

1. Life in the Moslem East by Pierre Poujade.
2. Les Lettres de Hou Moulin by Paudet
3. Pippa Passes by R. Browning.
4. Contes du Jour & de la Nuit by de Maupassant.
5. Wiloa Lessways Arnold Bennett.
6. The Man Who was Thursday by G. K. Chesterton.



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**Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu**



SCT ETS 03 004 02