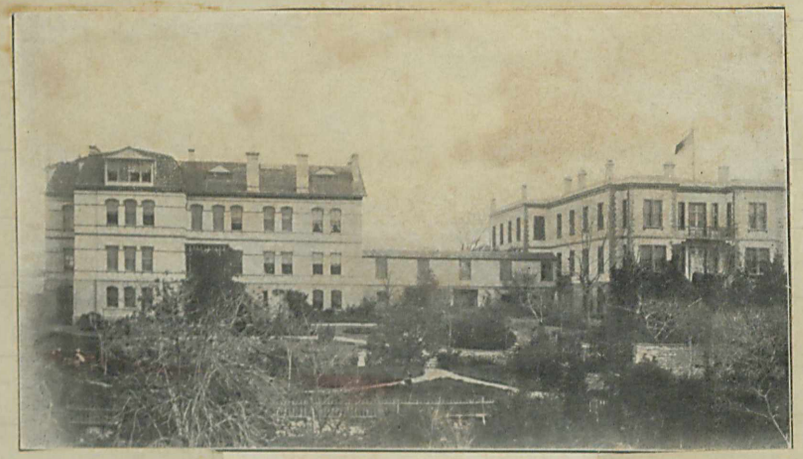
Diary

belonging to Eveline Thomson.

1905 - 1906.

Being a record of my happenings and thoughts from the date October 23, 1905 to November 19, 1906.



AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS
AT CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY

Class of 1908

Sophomore year 1906.

left to right.

1. Esther Mladenovitch
2. Chrysanthy Elion
3. Nevenka Kazanjieff
4. Anka Popoff
5. Olga Terziff
6. Urania Logios
7. Linka Nicoloff
8. Eveline Thomson
9. Hermine Djichmard.

after her resignedly interesting. Governess
Zoology is my favorite.

Mother and Gladys show much
from Zeek where they live seem delig-
ht her work and. I went at ten o'clock
with Frank, to the "Con Mercury" to get
this book for my sister. Afterwards I
studied Chemistry and Advanced Zoology.
Ourland just got a letter from Mabel
who says she will go to U. We are
left so lonely.

During study hour I wrote a letter
to Darwin.

After supper I finished "Ivy Malvis Germis"
my fall composition or Century I went to
Ralph making books in Tracing.

Oct. 24.

I went to town with Mother. Got an
overcoat for my baby Ted. I fixed it so
much. Darwin is going to give the

some times. Miss Gulamkim is very nice
and yesterday we saw some friends and then
our interests in the U. We very often
say then why, I have some to discovery this
year. I know then E.A. Every!!! it makes
Gluttonous or Idiots. This is why I
found it out. I read Rules from Chemistry
Gulamkim that it was something to do
with Gluttons or Idiots or something
like that. Yesterday Ourland it from Very
Sister who has promised to help Very when
are Gladuates. Her today Ourland and
Ourland told me. They U. and E.A. are
going to give a concert tomorrow. in Trees
were, I don't know exactly when. I have
written to Aunt Minnie and asked her to
help. Also I wrote in Zoology or their U.
Miss Gladys and Miss Zerzilm
to sing. I fixed my dresses very in
~~Mother~~ much. This my day. Tuesday with Miss

better poor man. I feel so sorry for him
and though he is so of all
great and so to be pitied.

There was a concert here to-day &
Aunt Winnie came over to it. Miss
Rowell, Kennedy, and Gatheral
performed. I enjoyed it quite much.

<u>Sunday</u>! Again Aunt Winnie & Miss
Rowell came over & spent very
pleasantly with us. I feel so
much better.

Every evening in the dormitory
we have a game of basket-ball.
It is such fun! but the trouble
is sometimes we make too
much noise. Last night Miss

Griffiths came to the door and told us we were making too much noise. She didn't know we were playing basket ball as I hid the ball behind my back. Nellie Summers doesn't like it very much either.

Thursday October 26.

Had quite a number of lessons to-day. Had Literature - it was so interesting. We had Brutus' speech to learn by heart and I just enjoyed learning it. I wish I could have known Shakespeare for he must have been just wonderful! to talk to. Next time we have Antony's speech but I don't like A. half so much as Brutus. In the evening Miss Paton had her wards at a sort of reading. We went into Miss Prime's room as the light was better there and for fun mended her stockings that we found in her work-box, as a surprise. Miss Paton read us a Van Bibber story called "Her First Appearance. It was so nice! Cousin Jim came over and went for a ride with Cousin Annie.

Friday October 27.

Had Chemistry and Advanced Biology - two beautiful lessons! Miss Paton is reading "Darwin

ism by Wallace. and we are all so interested in it. We were to have studied the anatomy of frogs but they hadn't arrived.

In the evening we had a P.U. meeting

Saturday October 28.

I had Latin in the morning. Oh! dear how difficult it is! Exceptions and rules by the million. It is awfully hard being the only one in the class for I have to know everything there is to know. Miss Anderson is very nice but I am afraid she doesn't think much of me as a student. I finished "The Life of Charles Dickens" by Frank Marzial. Oh! how I do like Dickens, as a man & as a writer! I wish I could have known him and spoken to him. I am going to read more of his books than I have, for that is the best way to learn an author's character, by his works. I have started "American Notes" and it is

especially interesting as I have been in America and crossed the Atlantic just as he did. I want to have a picture of Dickens in my room. He is such a dear man! I walked in the garden after school with Penka, Octavia and Phroso. We had a very nice talk together. In the evening I went down to dance for a little while and afterwards went up to Mother's room. Miss Yonge, Helen, Mother and Gladys were there and we had such a nice time, chatting and laughing.

Sunday October 29.

In the A.M. read a little. Mother had our Bible Class as Miss Paton was not here. Prof. Van Millingen gave a fearfully long sermon. The top part of the pulpit fell down in the middle of it and made everyone jump. In the P.M. I wrote 2 letters - one to Mr. Sandis and one to Elsie Baker. Read a little of "Judith Shakespere" but didn't like it very much. Dr. Patrick gave a talk on China in the Philanthropic meeting at 4:30.

Monday October 30.

In A.M. like a good girl I studied. In P.M read Dickens "American Sketches. Had a very nice talk with Helen.

Tuesday October 31.

Very easy day, as I had studied many lessons yesterday. Played basket-ball a little. Went to Clemmie's room to decide on

the next P.U. meeting.

We had a visiter at our Literature class - it was stupid.

Wednesday ~~October~~ Nov. 1.

Same - Played a good game of Basket ball.

Thursday Nov. 2.

Had a stupid headache - am studing Act IV. Scene I. of "King John" for P.U meeting to-morrow. Marika Honcheff takes Huberto part.

Friday Nov. 3.

Have again come to my dear ~~jay~~ pen. There occured a dreadful thing in A.M at morning prayers. We had been told that miss Gerber was to address us. and we were not looking forward to it very much. She got up there and began by reading a chap. from the Bible and said she had prepared "a nice little bible talk this morning dear girls"! There she began to cough. I had a dread feeling that it would keep her from talking. My suspicions were proved true. She couldn't go on any longer. Miss Hodd who was with her sent for some cold water We sang a verse of a hymn to pass the time. But she couldn't go on poor thing. We all felt sorry but we couldn't keep from laughing

Miss Dodd, all smiles and nods led her off the platform. We had P. U in the evening took in Helen. She had a fearful headache but seemed quite to enjoy it. I am so glad that she really is a ΦΣ P. U at last. She can never be a Θ. A. now. Hurrah! The meeting wasn't very superfine but I enjoyed her being taken in. Miss Gulbankian gave us some new ribbons - awfully pretty - her special gift to us.

Saturday Nov. 4

Didn't do anything in particular. Began reading "the Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens which like all his works, is very interesting.

Sunday Nov. 5.

Wrote two letters - one to Punch and one to Helen. Read in A. M. "The Tale of two cities." As I have to read Judith Shakespeare in connection with literature, I read that very virtuously in P. M. Was dying to read "The Tale of two cities" instead. Mother, Misses Paton and Parkhurst and Gladys went off to Bebek in P. M. I was left all alone. Had a very nice talk with Chrysanthy, however. Are much better friends these days. Am very glad of it.

Monday Nov. 6.

Studied nearly all day. Helped Miss Mladenovitch in Chemistry. Asked Dr. Patrick for permission for the Sophomore class to give a Thanksgiving party. She consented.

Tuesday Nov. 7.

Had a perfectly peachy game of basket-ball. Have a new piece. a minuet of Shuberts. It is so nice. Had Literature reading - rather stale - are beginning "King Henry V." "Tale of Two cities" gets more interesting every page. Awful weather these days. so hot and sultry. Am wearing summer clothes yet. Am expecting a letter from Carrie soon. Have chucked my secret writing. I am so interested in my studies! both literary and scientific. Have decided that this summer I will have an aim! It is to be about natural science, I think. I'll studied the lives of some of my favorite writers.

Wednesday Nov. 8.

Had French reading. understood quite a good deal. Read "A tale of Two Cities" too interesting to leave.

Thursday Nov. 9

It was the King's birthday. I did not play basket-ball as Miss Anderson wasn't on the field. In the evening Miss Paton's wards had a reading, as usual in her room. She read "William the Conqueror" by Kipling. I don't like his style a bit. It is so confused and his jokes make his characters ~~who~~ not lovable nor real nor people that you'd like to meet. Monthly holiday to-morrow hurrah!

Friday Nov. 10.

studied frogs in P.M. terribly jumpy things. In P.M. after school started for Bebek. It was awfully rough the boat was a small one and it just tossed back and forth. Had to wait $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour at Bechictash. Got to Bebek at dark. Mother and Aunt Lillian went to choir practise but we stayed at home. Began "Won by waiting" by Edna Lyall.

Saturday Nov. 11.

In A.M. went down to Aunt Winnie's for a music lesson. It was pretty good. She has given me a new duet. a Hungarian dance. Finished "A Tale of Two Cities". It was awfully nice but I don't like it as well as "David Copperfield." The former is not as much like Dickens - his expressions are not nice and funny as they are in some of his other books. In in the evening Aunt W. gave a party. Everybody came. We played clubs, dumb charades, proverbs, and pass the slipper. I got a second prize of an awfully sweet "hanky". Got home quite late. It was lots of fun.

Sunday Nov. 12.

The sermon was preached by Mr. Frew. Winsome was christened right after the service - her name is Edith Margaret Winsome. The church was very well decorated with red Virginia creepers and chrysanthemums. The baby was aw-

fully sweet and didn't cry once.
In the evening Uncle Walter and Aunt Edith came to see us.

Monday Nov. 13.

Horrid day! Have to go back to school. Went before lunch for I have many lessons to learn. Very tired. Had a bath. Studied. Stupid. Cross! Aman! Aman! Can't bear foreign girls! Want Carrie!! want a letter!!!!!

Tuesday Nov. 14.

Same.

Wednesday Nov. 15.

In A. M. had lessons as usual. At 8 11:20 started for Hissar where there was going to be a play called "The Elevator given in Benefit of the funds of the Charitable Society of Hissar. The sea was awfully rough but we got up to Bebek safe and sound. We partook of some "ek mek kidief" at the scala. We at last really got seated in the Gym. where the play was to be. We were awfully excited but had to wait with patience for nearly an hour, to a series of songs. I liked the funny songs best. The farce was perfectly fine. I can't tell the whole story here but I can say I enjoyed it immensely. The prettiest was Mrs. Sybey.

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Roberts	Miss Lilian Bowen
Mr. Roberts.	Mr. William Peet.
Mrs. Miller	Mrs. J. E. Sluyer
Mr. Miller	Mr. Eddy.
Dr. Lawton	Mr. Moore
Miss Lawton	Mrs. Sybyer.

Mr. Bemis Sr. Mr. Melvin
Mr. Bemis Jr. Mr. P. Sybyer.
Mrs. Curwin Miss M. Edwards
Mr. Curwin Mr. Faville.
Mrs. Crashaw (aunt Mary) Mrs. Riggs.
Mr. Willis Campbell Mrs Estes.
Elevator Boy Mr. Thomas Bolton.
After the play we went to Aunt Mis and had supper. Went back to school on the Ramazane boat. It was very late. Felt as if I never could study lessons again.

Thursday Nov. 16.

Same. Miss Paton's wards.

Friday Nov. 17.

P. U. meeting in evening. Subject. Victor Hugo Pretty nice Helen is very enthusiastic.

Saturday Nov. 18. ×

Did not do much all day. Read "Judith Shakespeare" in the evening.

Sunday Nov. 19.

Read Nicholas Nickolby. It was very nice. Felt cross in the evening. Am terribly lonely without Carrie, especially on Sundays.

Monday Nov. 20.

Read, Studied, talked, laughed played, walked + ate.

Tuesday Nov. 21.

Have written lesson to-morrow. Studied quite a lot. Read Nicholas Nickolby, liking it of course. Practised song. Haven't played for ages.

Wednesday Nov. 22.

Had written lesson in His. not so bad " Physiology — awful!! didn't know anything. felt mad.

Played a splendid game of basket-ball.

Thursday Nov. 23.

Miss Paton had her wards as usual; she read us "The Captain of the Janissaries." It's a long book.

Friday Nov. 24.

Had P. U. meeting right after dinner as Miss Abbd had forgotten that we had P. U meeting after prayers and had invited her wards. Our subject was Hans Anderson. Miss Ramsay read "The Wild Swans". Molly gave his life. Urania and I sang a duet "In the Starlight." I am awfully glad the end of the week is coming for I want a chance to breathe and read. Monday will be very busy as we have to rehearse all our things for Thanksgiving.

Saturday Nov. 25.

In the evening we were allowed to take books to the dormitory oh! joy of joys!! I took my dearly beloved "Nicholas Nickleby" and read till the last minute.

Sunday Nov. 26.

Wrote a letter to Carrie and read all day. Had a very nice sermon by Mr. Chambers in the evening. Was asked to join the Orpheus Choir just for ~~a~~ this Sunday. Anthems very pretty.

Monday Nov. 27.

Oh! dear didn't study a bit. Was awfully rushed all day. Wish to

goodness that our Thanksgiving thing was over. Got 2 lovely letters from Carrie & Grace

Tuesday Nov. 28.

The girls have come to the conclusion that our thing on Thursday night is going to be "bum." They want to get up a ("play"!!! At this time of day. I told them they were idiots and so they aren't going to do it.

Wednesday Nov. 29.

Mad, Cross, worried, but tired and wish I could chuck the whole business!!

Thursday Nov. 30.

Thanksgiving day!! at last. In the morning before service all our class worked like niggers fixing up the gym. It really looked quite nice with American flags and a beautiful 1908 in ~~ivy~~ in the back. We got chairs and carpets and by the time the bell for service rang it looked quite fine. The service was very nice but of course, I think that if it had been with Mr. Patrick, it would have been much better. The anthem + pro- and re- sessionals went all very well. The afternoon we spent in putting the finishing touches to the gym. and rehearsing. The teachers had a beautiful Thanksgiving dinner up-stairs with speechs etc. I wish I could have heard them. At last it grew dark and we grew more

excited. The dinner passed off beautifully, but we could hardly keep still through prayers. We dressed in our caps & kerchiefs and were as calm & cool as cucumbers by the time our guests arrived. They all looked so pretty. There was a band of "crusaders" that marched in with a martial tread. Miss Todd was a crow and she hopped around and made us roar with laughter. Miss Ramsay was the mother of Charlemagne with a beautiful veil and flowing robes. Berdjouhi & Hripsimé were Robinson Crusoe and Friday and we all think they were by far the best. They were too funny to describe. She had woolen trousers all tattered & torn, coarse sandles - hat ~~on~~ all askew. The program was as follows

I. Song "Puritan Maidens"
II. Charade "Pilgrim"
III. Pantomime "The Courtin'"
IV. Charade "Thanksgiving"
V. Song "Sophomores."

Friday Dec 1.

Very tired and lazy.

Saturday Dec. 2.

Same.

Sunday Dec 3.

Went to visit Nicoli's wife and Sultana. There are so poor but beautifully clean. Sermon by Dr. Bowen.

Monday Dec. 4

Went to town in A.M. to buy

Xmas presents. Got Carrie a small Persian print, Grace a spoon, Helen and Ruth a pin each, and Mother a chain of black beads.

Tuesday Dec 5

Lame

Wednesday Dec 6.

Science talk subject: "Soil."

Thursday Dec. 7.

Aunt Winnie came and drilled us for the concert after prayers. Songs awfully pretty.

Friday Dec. 8.

It is monthly holiday but I am not going to Bebek until Sunday. Am having a fine time doing what I like. Slept in Mother's room. Read. Went for a walk to the village in P. I.

Saturday Dec. 9.

Had such a nice time all day! It was raining but I had fun in the house. I read "Nicholas Nickleby" which got terribly exciting. I studied Biology, Literature and History. Had a bath + had my head washed. Practised over in Cousin Annie's music house. In the evening Mother had a fudge party. Miss Parkhurst, Miss Yonge Miss Dimitroff + Helen came. Our fudge turned out a great success. Wrote a letter to Carrie Helen, Ruth and Grace, and slept in Mother's room again and read in bed. I am very glad that I stayed at college for it was lots of fun - I just

had a nice quiet, lazy time.

Sunday Dec. 10.

We started off quite early in were to have caught the 4.35 boat, but alack and alas! We found that it had already gone when we arrived at the scala! Mother, of course at once proposed a diaque and though I protested at first, we finally embarked. It was just glorious! We passed two or three boats but I didn't mind. We got there just 10 min. to 11 and I simply couldn't go to church for I was so covered with mud and altogether in a rather sad condition (as I had had one tumble on the way.) Read nearly all the time Went for a walk on the hills. Saw a perfectly lovely rainbow which was a complete arch right over the sky. I never saw anything so beautiful.

Monday Dec. 11.

Had a lesson and started for school quite late. Was terribly raining and muddy. Came back with Kate Powell. Borrowed "Dombey & Son" from Aunt Mildred and Mother read it aloud on Rechichach scala and it - the boat I think I'll like it awfully for it starts interestingly.

Tuesday Dec. 12.

Same.

Wednesday Dec. 13.

The great day of the concert

given by the O. A. and P. B. T. U. societies. ~~so~~ The girls all looked very nice and the numbers were all nice. The ones that I liked the best were the violin duo - by Misses Powell + Oalhetal and the organ and piano duo by Miss Vogl and Aunt Winnie.

I want to learn German by myself. This is my name.

Caroline Tompson

I like it very much.

Thursday Dec. 14.

Same - Had word meeting in the evening - Read The Captain of the Janissaries.

Friday Dec. 15.

In the A. M. same as usual

P. M. after prayers we had P. W. meeting. The subject was "Georges Sand." It was such a silly meeting. Little did we know it was the last! We went up to bed at nine but the bell was late and so the lights were not put out till ten. A few minutes after we were all in bed, we heard men's voices in the Miss G. room. We didn't know what it meant

but just then Miss G came in and told us the chimney was on fire but there was no danger. She said however that we ought to get up in case there was danger. We weren't very frightened and got dressed as quickly as possible when Miss Paton came and told us that we must come down stairs. We all went down and went out into the garden thro' the door by the bathroom. It was so cold outside. We went into the study hall and sat down quite calmly. Teachers came in now and then in dressing gowns and other peculiar attire. We had stayed in the S. H for quite a while and were just beginning to think we could go back when all of a sudden flames came out from the chimney and from Miss G's room. We were ordered to go out the front door and when ~~the~~ we got to the front steps we saw the whole school roof just bursting into flames. We were all very excited by this time. We were told to go to the music house but I didn't want to go a bit and made quite a fuss — we got there however and then were in a fit because they couldn't open the music house door, so we all rushed to the lane — and waited

there. Mr. Omer Pasha offered his house for the girls and so we all trooped there and for 6 blessed hours stayed there during which time B. H. was just burning. At about 4.30 Mother sent over word for us to come back. so we went & what a dreadful scene it was. There was B. H. smoldering away. Aunt Bawker building full of rescued things and Turkish officials. We went to the guest room and as we looked down into the garden we saw the firemen with their torches they looked just like Roman soldiers.

Saturday 16.

There was a very queer breakfast in the morning after such a queer night. Aunt W. came over and took Gladys and me to Ozebek.

Sunday Dec. 17.

Mother and Miss Parkhurst came over to see us in the afternoon. Went twice to church. First sermon by Mr. Van Millengen, second by Mr. Frew. Went to Aunt Fanny's to tea. Saw Herr Franklin Pol & Cousin Annie's fiance. Very nice.

Monday Dec 18

Aunt W. went to town. read all morning. In P.M. went over to Aunt M.'s with Glad to take care of the children. Marika and Gunka were there. Painted.

the beautiful Jap on following page.

Tuesday Dec. 19.

Had a good time all day. Got a beautiful letter from Mr. Landis and one from Miss Jenks.

Wednesday Dec. 20.

Played whist in evening. Wanted to write but was no ink. Found some however.

Thursday Dec. 21

I can't get over this ugly Jap girl on the next page. She is so awfully hideous.
In A. M. read; in P. M. made a blue silk dress for a doll. Aunt ~~Mit~~ Minnie is going to

give Evelyn for Xmas. In the evening Uncle M. + Aunt W. went to Aunt Fannie's so Glad and I were left alone. Had quite a good time together. Read + sewed. Wrote a letter to Mr. Landis

Friday Dec. 22.

Same.

Saturday Dec. 23.

In the evening there was a party + tree at Uncle Walter's. We played a number of games and had quite a lot of fun. Cuth. was Santa Claus and he was announced by a telegram. There was great excitement

when he came tramping up the stairs with his great basket on his back. He gave presents to only the children as far as Jack.

Sunday Dec. 24.

In the P. M. Mr. Frew held the service in the church. The children acted beautifully and sang such nice songs. In the evening we went into the Shore's and saw their presents - such piles of them.

Monday Dec 25.

In the morning at breakfast and during the whole day. My presents were:-

1. Waist (red) - Aunt M.
2. Watch chain - Aunt W. + Uncle M.
3. Books Shakspeare - Mrs. Edwards
4. Book Longfellow - Aunt E. + Uncle W.
5. Silk for blouse + buckle - Aunt L + Uncle E.
6. Work-bag - Aunt Fanny
7. Bedroom slippers - Mother
8. Writing Paper - Gladys.
9. Thimble - Helen Beach.
10. Paper knife - Cuthbert.

had nice presents Xmas Dinner at C.

Tuesday Dec. 26.

Can't remember. Came to Aunt L.

Wednesday Dec 27.

It was uncle Fred's birthday and in the evening there was an awfully nice musical at Aunt W's house. Miss Davidson & Miss Powell & Aunt W. played.

Thursday Dec. 28.

Same. ~~Came to Aunt Lilian's~~

Friday Dec 29.

In the evening there was a party at Uncle Lawrence's

It was awfully jolly. We played a number of games after which they acted a play called "Old Gooseberry." Paul Lybyer was the chief character and he did awfully well. He is excellent at acting not only funny things but all sorts. Ada Howe was very good. After refreshments we had our fortunes told. Mine was "You will be very happy in marriage." I think it is about the best of all.

Saturday Dec. 30.

Same.

Sunday Dec. 31.

There was a very nice New Year's party at Powell's. There was music almost all the evening but some games. I got a prize for guessing a riddle first. It was a little book mark. Then we told our fortunes lead, by melting it then dropping it in cold water. Mine turned out a spoon shape. We jumped into the new year of chairs and drank the health of the new year with punch & horrible stuff.

Monday Jan 1. 1906

Had lunch at Aunt Winnie's.

Tuesday Jan. 2, 1906

Basil started to go to Mrs. Greene's school. Began to sew a new stitch that Aunt Lilian showed me.

am making a pillow cover for Mother. I have resolved this year to make piles of Xmas presents. I am going to sew things now and then and put them away for our home in America. It will be lovely to collect things.

Wednesday Jan 3.

same

Thursday Jan 4.

Went to spend the day at Elsie Baker's house. She is just the same as ever. We talked all the time. Elsie's as slick up as ever. Her hair is up and her skirts low and has a grand black velvet hat - but for all that I am mad at and in love with her.

In the P.M. we went up to the English High School and watched the children dancing lessons.

Friday Jan 5, Saturday Jan 6
Sunday " 7 Monday " 8
Tuesday " 9 Wednesday " 10
Thursday Jan. 11. Friday Jan 12
Saturday Jan 13. ~~Sun~~

Sunday Jan. 14.

It really seems to be quite an event for me to write my diary - there seem to be such pauses between the times. I have left out the day we came back and again became installed in our ever-beloved college. It is

enough to say, that we are here, well and flourishing! Mother & I have gone to Bebek and I am left alone here - but it is my own choice. A thing I can't bear is, as soon as one gets regularly settled in college again to be tossing off somewhere else the next minute. I employed my morning writing two long letters to Miss Palmer and Carrie. Mr. Shimavonian held the service at 11:30 in the Study Hall. He spoke beautifully. He makes you think. I am doing quite a thinking these days what with "Heroes + Hero-worship" that I am reading and this sermon on "Time". My diary seems fearfully dry. I often think that perhaps if I ~~wo~~ wrote my thoughts down it would be more interesting. But if I start to write many of my thoughts it seems like exposing them and they seems so cheap & foolish. Last year's diary was much more interesting when Carrie was here. Then I used to take a real pleasure in writing. Now I only get sort of writing "fits" such as I have at present, which keep me writing for a little time

and keep me silent for a longer. Miss Anderson has been very ill and has not come back to college so Miss Young is going to take my Latin for a short while at least. I had one lesson with her in which I did pretty (?) well. I like her awfully! Am not very interested in my lessons as yet. Perhaps it is the melancholy anticipation of exams. Poor me! I'm afraid I can not hope for ranks this time with Miss Boyce, Latin etc etc. Am awfully anxious for a letter from some one.

Monday Jan. 15.

I accomplished quite a lot during the day. Studied, Latin Literature and Biology. Practised and read. In the evening received an awfully nice letter from Grace. The tables are changed and I am favored with a place at Miss Griffith's! table. Miss Boyce & Mrs. Glozier are there too & so the exquisite company and conversation can well be imagined. Hermine Quibbankian came back and brought our P.U. pins. I think they are awfully sweet although some of the girls are quite disappointed. Lately, I have read some of the girls' compo. and I find that I can't write my

thoughts well ~~for~~ so hereafter I am going to take extra pains to make my diary especially "well-composed." I am reading "Heros and Hero-worship" as I said before, which I am enjoying very much. Carlyle must have been a very intresting man to meet. He arouses my admiration + respect but not my love as Dickens does. I found a picture of Dickens in a magazine the other day and I ~~from~~ mounted it and am going to put it up on the wall.

Tuesday Jan. 23.

I have thought it impossible to keep up my diary regularly but now I know it is, so the best I can do is simply to write when "the thought inspires me." I got a letter from Helen, and she is so full of her "doings" as she calls her various parties, expeditions, excursions etc. Although she seems to be having an awfully good time, I don't ~~even~~ envy her much. I think it is much better to lead a quiet life, like the one here, always among people who know so much and are studying up all the time. One has more time to think. These days I am thinking all the time and my mind, at times seems so full of things that I don't know what to do. How I long to have Carrie here, to whom I could tell all my feelings, fears, ambitions, loves

dislikes. Gladys is so sort of queer - she has no opinions & I have often begun talking to her but she only turns up her nose and calls me silly! Chryso is different, sometimes I think she is lovely, and at other times she annoys me to "desperation". I can't ~~bl~~ live on letters. I don't want to say that I am at all unhappy here, for I like lots of the girls, and I think they like me but some thing is lacking Ca present dearest dearest friend. Carrie is so far away - miles & miles!

Exams are approaching and as each day goes by I can first seem to feel them coming nearer and nearer. Don't let me talk of marks or exams or ranks for it will make me miserable for a week.

Wednesday Jan. 24.

Want to write a list of all the people I have written to about the fire.

Mr. Sandis
Grace Chesnut
Helen Beach
Carrie Lee
Mary Livingstone
Mrs. Hastings
Miss Jenkins
Miss Palmer.

Thurs. ~~Friday~~ Jan. 25.

For a wonder I have written for two days running. Mary Livingstone wrote me a letter

not very long ago and in it she said that she was reading in her French class "L'abbé Constantin" and so I made up my mind to read. It is quite nice but terribly French. They have such queer ideas. I finished it in a day and a half. I tho'ght it would be awfully difficult but it wasn't at all. I understood <u>everything</u>. My exam. program is made out and it is <u>stupid</u> but then what's the difference? Exams are <u>crazy</u> anyway so what does it matter if the program is easy or hard, or the exams easy or <u>long</u> or any thing.

T.

Tuesday Jan. 30

To-day I had first Composition examinations. I think it was very nice but I made a stupid mistake in my outline which I thought of 5 minutes after I got out. Chrysanthy I suppose will get 100 while I — oh! I don't dare to hope for anything about 88 or 9. In P.M. I had History. It was awfully long, from 1.20 - 3:10, but I <u>think</u> I wrote it well but there's no knowing what kind of a mark I'll have with Miss Boyce as a teacher. Got Carrie's Xmas present to-day. The dearest little blue bag. Gladys got a handkerchief.

felt awfully tired - just ready to drop - so in the evening didn't study but I read "Ruskin's Pearls for Young Ladies."

Saturday Feb. 3.

At about 9:30 in the morning Mother Gladys and I started for the dentist's. Gladys had her teeth attended to, but he only looked at mine and made an appointment for Monday week. We lunched with Uncle Walter & after lunch he said he was going to buy me a diamond ring to replace the one I lost in the fire. We went into Sanny's and he chose the diamond and it will be set in ~~a~~ gold on Tuesday, I think. It was just like a fairy tale, so sudden and unexpected to get such a lovely present.

In the evening Mr. Patrick gave a "wish" party in the parlor, to all the college girls. Everyone had to write down her wish and judges were chosen to answer them - two from each class. I was one and we had such fun thinking of answers. We all trooped up to Mr. Patrick's Room and wrote them all down. We also played dumb charades. It is one of the nicest parties that I ever went to.

Exams have just finished and although I did very

well, I am sure I won't be in the ranks sure, sure sure. Chrys. has had lovely marks in everything as usual. My Latin is one thing I am afraid will bring me down.

Sunday Feb. 4.

Mr. Allen preached a perfectly beautiful sermon in A.M. Elsie B. & Aunt W. came over for a little while in the P.M. Mrs. Thomavonian gave an address at the Christian Association meeting.

Monday Feb. 5.

Got a perfectly lovely letter from Carrie. Didn't study at all began to sew a hand kerchief.

Tuesday Feb. 6.

Had a perfectly lovely lesson in Adv. Biology. Read the biography of Linnaeus and began that of Humbolt. Told in a very interesting way.

Wednesday Feb. 7.

It was a beautiful day. The kind that makes one feel good. The sky was a turquoise without a single cloud and the air was balmy and refreshing! It reminded me of last Spring when Carrie and I used to walk in the garden together or sit in her room at the open window and breathe in the delicious air. Sometimes, especially just after I have received one of her letters, my longing for her knows no bounds.

We must meet again soon and live near each other all our lives! We played a good game of basket-ball in the P.M. and enjoyed it immensely as it was just the right kind of weather for playing, not too hot nor too cold. To-morrow the ranks are read. Is there any hope for me? Any? Any? I dare not hope for to be disappointed after one has been anticipating for a long time is terrible. It would be putting it too mildly to say I would like to be in the ranks for I am dying, longing, praying to be in them!!! Well, anyhow I'll know to-morrow.

Thursday Feb. 8.

In A.M. prayers were not till 10:30 and everyone was so impatient she didn't know what to do. Although I kept saying to myself "I know I am not in the ranks" over and over again, when Dr. Patrick came in my heart fluttered was it possible? I asked myself. A hymn, reading and prayer to help through—! then — "I am very pleased to read the names of the five highest ranks in school, [illegible]

1. Miss H. Gulbankian 96.
2. " P. Emmanuel
3. " A. Panossian
4. " N. Sarmomers

There are two that hold

the fifth rank — I drew my breath and clenched my hands — my last chance — I knew I was not in them. I'll try better next year, ~~when~~ it is too much to expect! I was startled out of my rapid thought. Miss Eveline Thomson and Miss A Gevergian hold the fifth rank 9.4. 66.

I was! I really was! I couldn't see! My joy was limitless

Hurrah!

The heads of the classes are as follows

Senior - Miss H Gulbankian
Junior - Miss A Rubin
Soph. - Miss E Thomson
Freshman - Miss A Gevergian
Sub. Fresh { Beyoukian, Shmoug, Nonvart.

Where was Chryso's high marks that I was so afraid of? Gone. Poor C. felt so badly that she disappeared altogether for the first half of the morning. Poor Ghad was not in the ranks. I was so sorry. Next year I hope she'll have that honor. I was so crazy over my honors that I rushed upstairs and straightway wrote a p.c to Carrie telling her all about it.

4 P. Us in the ranks and

only one Theta Alpha - All was such a surprise. I never guessed it.

Friday Feb. 9.

Mother went to town and brought my ring back. It is just lovely. Much bigger than my old one. It shines and sparkles beautifully.

Saturday Feb 10.

Gladys went home to Bebek. but I had to stay here as the Sophomore class has to take the Christian Association meeting to-morrow. Wrote a letter to Mr. Landis - In the evening read "Hypatia" I like it very much but the trouble is I have so little time to read it. Have pasted in my card and am quite proud of it.

Evelyne Thomson
Feb. 8, 1906
Not Frank in College. Not in Soph. Class

Sunday Feb. 11.

Am determined to make my diary [illegible] nice, and neat and to paste more things in it than I have done so far. In the morning as it was the day of Prayer for Colleges we had a special service. It was very nice; The subject was the creative power of the [illegible] were a number of [illegible] ions under this, each ta[illegible] by a different teacher. Parkhurst, Miss Shi[illegible]roff, Todd and Miss [illegible]. They were all awfully [illegible], and I enjoyed them much more than many a sermon. In the P.M at 4 the Sophomores held the C. A. meeting. In the evening Mr. Frew preached on "Gratitude" but I didn't like it very much. Read "Hypatia."

ENTRANCE GATEWAY

Friday Feb. 16.

In the morning much the same as usual. In the evening I went to a "sauterie" given by Mlle. Robert, where a few girls were invited. It was in the parlor

and we had lots of fun, dancing the whole evening. I wore my new white silk blouse. It was awfully pretty. I took a little college pamphlet and have cute but the pictures to put in here. I am [illegible] have a picture of both [illegible] Senior classes in my diary [illegible] and I'll be a Senior myself.

(left to right)

Miss Kirkian — Miss Loscodjian
" Kafafian — " Ravouna
" Elion — " Izanoff
" Berberian — " Nowvarty
Miss Palologue.

Class of 1904
Members. (left to right)

Miss Kurpian — Miss Revelation
" Zlatarroff — " Kynias
" Panossian — " Konchewa
" Garmarian — " Dimitroff

Class of 1905.

Saturday Feb. 17.

In the evening there was a reception in the parlor given to Dr. Howard Bliss, the president of Beyrut College who is staying here over Sunday. The four college classes were invited to it and it was so nice. Mlle Roberjot gave an address on "Lamartine," the great French poet, whom she herself has seen. She is very poetic and her choice and flow of language was beautiful. Dr. Bliss then gave us a little talk on his college. It was awfully interesting. He is a fine man with ~~ab~~ such a broad mind. There were some piano solos and so forth. The

A CORNER IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

refreshments were cocoa + buns which were dilicious.

Sunday. Feb 18.

Dr. Bliss led both the morning service and the Christian Association. They were both awfully nice.

Monday Feb. 19.

In A. M. went to town. Had

an appointment with the dentist at 2:00. He filled 2 cavaties. Didn't hurt very much. Haven't to go any more after this. Am looking forward to monthly holiday so much. There's going to be a dance on Friday night. Am awfully glad. Mother is having a white silk skirt made to go with my waist for it. I will feel awfully embarrassed because I can't dance at all.

Grand news! Aunt Mildred has a baby girl! We are awfully anxious to see her. Another pleasure for this monthly holiday.

Friday. Feb. 23.

Set off for monthly holiday with Miss Rowell, right after report as Mother had gone on before. We went to Aunt Lilian's. Uncle Edward is in England so we felt rather lonely. In the evening the great dance came off. My white silk dress was awfully pretty and my chain looked very nice on it. I liked the dance pretty well. but as I don't know how to dance very well I was afraid of boring people. I danced with Uncle R. Cuthbert & Paul. & Wally. Got home at 1:30. We went early but Aunt Lilian didn't get back till four.

Saturday Feb. 24.

In the A.M. didn't do much of anything. In P.M. we went down to Aunt Winnie's where we'll stay for the rest of the holidays. The children were both there and Gladys would have them sleep in the room with us. Felt rather stupid. Awfully nice to have Uncle Will back in the evening.

Sunday. Feb. 25.

Didn't go to church. Mother stayed in bed for breakfast. And Uncle Will all day. In the P.M. Aunt Winnie took me to the Memorial church in town where a sacred concert was held. Miss Kennedy played and Mildred sang. Had tea at Mrs Edwards'. Cuth + Mildred had such a good time together. They are so happy! Evelyn was awfully naughty in the night and called us about 6 times.

Monday Feb. 26.

Mother came home early. Glad + I stayed from music lessons and came home to Mrs Coundjouk at 11. Had a bath. Felt rather sleepy. Can't study!

Sunday March. 4.

In the morning, as Mother wasn't here we felt rather lonely. Miss Paton's bible class was quite nice but not as nice as it usually is. The service was held by Dr. Barnum and was rather — stupid although he said some quite nice things. The anthem was

sung dreadfully! Wrote a letter to Mr. Landis. I enjoy writing to him so much and regret that I can not have the benefit of his society now. He was so different from all the Bebek people. I felt that I could tell him anything I liked and that he wouldn't feel bored. At Bebek everybody listens to what I have to say in such a condescending manner as if they were doing me a favor. I would rather not be talked to at all, than in that way. I think Mr. Landis is awfully good to keep up such a faithful correspondence with me. As I think of him I admire

Note!. In reading that over, I have found I am mistaken! There are many exceptions. Uncle M. Aunt M., Aunt W. etc are examples.

him more and more! I would like to see any other man in his position and still be so congenial, cheerful & patient. The other day I heard that Cousin Jim was engaged. It was such a surprise! I am half sorry & half glad. I wonder what his fiancée is like. Did not take out any book. Miss Anderson came back and promptly took up my Latin again. Have started Cicero's III. Oration instead of going ~~back~~ on with Virgil. She gave me 64 lines for one lesson! Imagine.

Tuesday March 6.

We had such a beautiful Biology lesson to-day. Miss Paton read

is Darwin's life and letters. I don't believe I have ever come across such an interesting, fascinating character as Darwin. He was such a great scholar and writer. The lovely part of it is that he was such a fine man too. So often I read great men's works but things in their biographies are often very disappointing. Darwin was patient good and kind to everyone. When he printed his book "The Origin of Species" everyone was up in arms against him and said that he was limiting the power of God etc. a lot of foolishness! Even such great men as Carlyle, Agassiz and Gladstone condemned him.

Although these men got terribly impatient + excited Darwin never got angry. He gave as an explanation for their strong antagonism — something which I think is beautiful — "The Truth will not penetrate pre-occupied minds".

Everyone said that Darwin claimed man to be descended from a monkey when really if they had had any sense they would have looked up in his book, and they would have found that he never mentions the fact. He does say that they might have had a common ancestor which is a very different thing. Carlyle said of him:

"He is an apostle of the dirt and claims to have a chimpanzee as his ancestor, leastwise I'm not the one to deprive him of the honor". When people say he tried to understand the creation and its stupendous developement, they make a great mistake for he said himself: "I cannot begin to understand the Creation. It is as if a dog tried to comprehend the mind of Newton."

I am awfully interested in Darwin and have resolved to read at least some of his books. His "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man" are the greatest.

Wednesday March 7.

In the P.M. Glad, Mother, Helen, I and some other teachers went to the annual chorus in town. This time it was "The Wedding Feast of Hiawatha and "The Death of Minnehaha". It was just beautiful! Especially the last part.

Thursday March 8.

Charter Day.

In the morning at nine Dr. Patrick held the meeting. It was so nice. She told us Miss Jenkins is really coming back. We are all so glad. Such beautiful history lessons & Composition classes in store for us. In the afternoon at 2:30 there was a sort of Address. Mrs. Manukian gave an excellent speech in fine language. Miss Dodd gave a terrifically dry

lecture on "Corns as relatated to Education."

We found a college badge like this at our places at breakfast time. Isn't it pretty?

In the evening the Entertainment in which was the Farce "The Great Doctor." We all did it awfully well especially Antigone. I can't bear rehearsing but when it comes to acting I throw myself right into it and love it. ~~This~~ My part wasn't very interesting but I did it pretty well. Miss Dodd complimented me by saying that she would take me as the heroine in her next novel. Gladys acted awfully well. This is the program. In the evening got a

1890. 1906.

American College for Girls

at Constantinople.

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea".

Charter Day,

Thursday, March 8, 1906.

You are cordially invited to attend.

letter from Douglas and Catherine Warner. They were such dear letters. I am going to answer them in full, soon.

Friday March 9.

Same.

Saturday March 10.

It was Dr. Patrick's birthday

And the P. U society gave a reception in the parlor in her honor. after prayers. It The Theta Alphas and teachers were invited. It was very nice. We sang "The Anniversary Song" & "The P. B. S. U. Song." Hermine gave a speech and presented Dr. Patrick with a beautiful bouquet and wished her as many happy birthdays as there were flowers in the bouquet. We had dancing afterwards which every one enjoyed. Mlle. Roberjot was asked to recite her poem and before she began she gave this compliment to Dr. Patrick. "Si Dieu est la lumière de ce College, Dr. Patrick est un étoile." Everyone had a very good time, I think. There refreshments were ice cream and wafers.

Sunday March 11.

In the morning we had a sermon by Prof. Sylvyr. He was a little dry but quite nice. In the morning I wrote a letter to Carrie and finished the one I had started to Grace. In the P. M. Suba and I went down to the laboratory and began reading "The Descent of Man" by Darwin. It was so interesting and we are determined to read it to the end. We laughed awfully over it, for although it is scientific book it doesn't necessarily mean that it is dry and stupid. We stayed

down there for 2 solid hours. It was fearfully cold, and near the end we nearly froze! The Christian association was held by Miss Frenkian, the chairman of the musical committee. It was held in the parlor & was quite nice. In the evening Miss Gulemanoff, Kara Ivanoff and I read "In Memoriam." We have formed a poetry reading society and hope to keep it up.

The other day I forgot to say in my diary that I looked up in the World's Best Literature about Darwin and read ~~so~~ his "Religious Views" which were written by himself. They were very disappointing. Oh! I do wish he had believed in Christ and other things which we believe. It is a great shame but the disappointment is made up for in that he had such a good character & was such a fine man. I am going to look into it more deeply and ask Miss Pator about it. Am not reading any story at present for I can't study my lessons if I have one on hand.

Monday March 12.

Yesterday I said we began "The Descent of Man." Well at 4:10 o'clock to-day we went down and read for an hour. We have read 2 chapters. They are awfully long and need careful reading. Got two very nice letters, one from Grace &

one from Helen. Studied a little. Am feeling a little homesick these days. Spring always makes me feel energetic and homesick, too.

Read some more of Huxley's life. Very interesting. Am crazy over Biology these days.

Tuesday March 13.

Had a perfectly "heavenly" lesson in Advanced Biology. Are studying the Cell Theory. It is so fearfully interesting. We get so excited in Class over it. Had our tables changed and I am put at the first table and I am so glad! Miss Paton and Mr. Patrick are so well informed on so many subjects that it is just a pleasure to have conversation with them. Went with Luba again to the laboratory and read "The Descent of Man" and we find it more and more interesting. We are so excited about reading it and want to keep it a secret from the other girls so we appear extremely mysterious to all others. Quite a friendship has grown up between Luba and me because we are both so interested in Biology and because we read together. The whole school is talking about our seemingly mysterious secret meetings for when we read we usually go into Miss Patons little room off the laboratory. Hermine

is just bursting with envy and curiosity for she thinks no one should have any secrets from her in the laboratory. It is lots of fun to see her so curious and cross.

Wednesday March 14

In the afternoon Dr. Post of Robert College came over and lectured to us on "What we owe to Roman Civilization" It was so interesting. I hope he'll come some other time and lecture to us.

Lately there has been quite a discussion about Brutus' character. I always thought he was beautiful but Mother & some of the girls condemn him dreadfully. I found something in Dowden the other day which just expresses what I think, so I'm going to copy it in here.

"Brutus acts as an idealist or theorist might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideas rule the life of Brutus: and his life is a most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of practical mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit"

Dowden's "Shakespere."

Thursday March 15.

At recess I received a letter from Aunt Winnie which said that I was to go to the concert given at the Sentonia by four stringed instruments. The musicians were from Vienna and really they played beautifully. They were "encored" twice and all the musicians raved about them. Lots of the teachers went. It was the first time I had heard a concert of only stringed instruments.

We had a ward meeting in the evening which we enjoyed very much.

Friday March 16.

Had an awfully nice day. In the afternoon in Biology we dissected the cat. It wasn't half as bad as I imagined it would be. although I did feel rather tired. What a letter! very much. Have got Latin to-morrow and haven't studied much. I don't like this pen very much.

Saturday March 17.

Read ——— Had a stupid lesson in Latin. annan! I wish I had Miss Young instead of Miss Anderson. Cicero although so interesting is dull & dry under the latter's teaching.

Sunday March 18.

Went for a walk in the garden with Aspasia. Afterwards we looked at a french book and I found a nice "moriceau" which I

will copy it here.

Le Livre de la Vie.

Le livre de la vie est le livre suprême
Qu'on ne peut ni fermer ni rouvrir à son choix;
Le passage adoré ne s'y lit pas deux fois;
Mais le feuillet fatal se tourne de lui-même.
On voudrait revenir à la page où l'on aime
Et la page où l'on meurt est déjà sous
nos doigts.

Lamartine.

I feel in a perfect fit to write and copy poetry so am going to copy a french poem we learnt the other day in class. I like it quite well. It is so sweet.

L'Enfant Grondé.

J'ai t'ai grondé... trop fort peut-être!
Et je me sens tout soucieux
En voyant grossir dans tes yeux
Ces deux larmes que j'ai fait naître.

Je m'étais trop vite irrité
D'un tort sur de toute malice
C'est oublié, c'est légèreté
Et ton coeur n'était pas complice.

Je t'aurai dit, dans mon émoi
Quelque vive et dure parole...
Mon bon enfant que je désole,
Va j'en souffre encor plus que toi;

Qu'il m'en coûte d'être sévère!
Tâche, ami de te souvenir
Du chagrin que se fait ton père.
Quand il faut gronder et punir.

Garde sa douloureuse image
Dans ton petit coeur bien aimant;
Si tu songes à ce moment
Tu seras toujours, toujours sage!

Oh oui! c'est la dernière fois
Que tu fais mal et que je gronde!
Tu m'as bien compris, je le vois;
Tu relives ta tête blonde,

Tu t'élances sur mes genoux...
Viens, viens, c'est moi qui te rappelle;
Vite oublions notre querelle,
Mon cher petit, embrassons-nous.

(Victor de Laprade)

We had a very nice sermon in the evening on "I was blind and now I see." Always enjoy his sermons.
Wrote a letter to Helen and one to Grace

Monday March 19.
In the A.M. studied History.

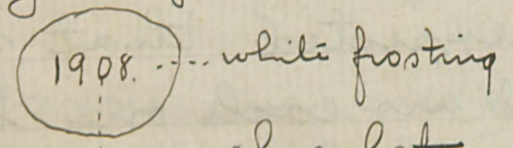
Tuesday March 20.
Had a beautiful Biology lesson as usual. Read at 4:30 a little. In the afternoon I received a sweet letter from Carrie. Miss Palmer sent her photo to our class. We expected that she would send us each one but were very mistaken for we only got one. It is very good however and we decided to keep it until we are Seniors when we will give it an honorary place on the wall in the Seniors room. Phrosso returned to day after her turn at the chicken pox and she was cheered in the study hall.

Wednesday March 21.

Had a lecture on "Exploration in the Anartic." by Mr. Charles Riggs. It was very nice.

Thursday March 22.

The Class of 1908 was invited by Miss Anderson to a party. It was just fine. We played games and exchanged jokes. Had a cake like this



Sunday March 23.

Sermon by Mr. Anderson - rather stupid. Mr. Thomson of the Scotch Mission gave us a talk on Philanthropy in the evening. Very nice. Wrote a long letter to Carrie. In the afternoon read "Little Women" to Miss Mladenovitch. I don't believe I'll ever get tired of that book. I laughed just as much as I did the first time. It is prefectly lovely.

Monday March 24.

Aunt Winnie came and gave me a lesson. She has invited me to go to Bebek for Wednesday night because Mr. Higgin will be there and play. I read in the library for my essay. Came across an awfully nice thing about Dickens that I'm going to copy here.

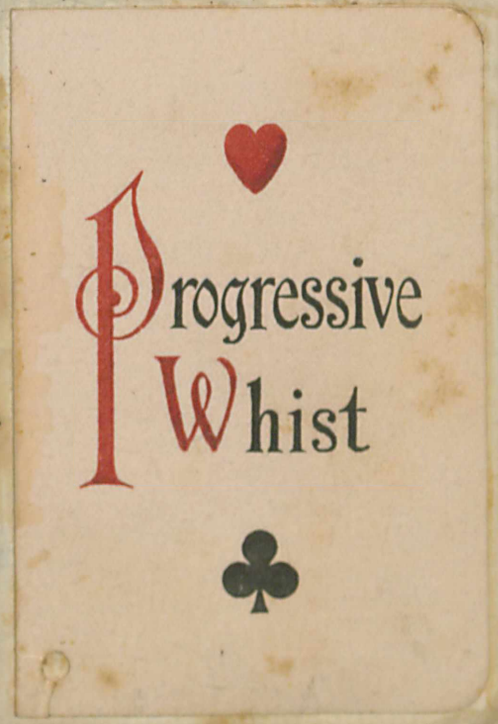
"No one thinks first of Mr. Dickens as a writer. He is at once through his books, a friend. He belongs among the intimates of every pleasant-tempered and large-

hearted person. He is not so much the guest as the inmate of our homes. He keeps holidays with us, he helps us to celebrate Xmas with heartier cheer, he shares at every New Year in our good wishes: for indeed, it is not in his purely literary character that he has done most for us, it is as a man of the largest humanity, who has simply used literature as the means by which to bring himself into relation with his fellow-men, and to inspire them with something of his own sweetness, kindness charity and good-will."

American Review.

Wednesday March 25.

In the A.M. got ready to go to Bebek. In the P.M. there was a lecture given by Mr. Pears. on "The struggle of Christianity against Paganism" It was very long but very interesting! Went up with the Sylvers to Bebek. Met Uncle Mid on the boat. He told me Mr. Heggie wasn't coming to play after all. But I was just as glad that I came up. Played whist all the evening. A whole crowd of Bebek folks came. Had a "peachy" time. Here is my card.



Sunday April 1.

April fool's day and I haven't been fooled once! When I was in Bebek last Thursday I asked Uncle Mid whether he thought England was justified in making war on the Boers. He was so nice and kind and answer me so well. He say though, that to really know about it I should read and so he gave me "The Transvaal from Within" to read and afterwards he will give me a book on "The Boer War". I am awfully anxious to know all about it, and I do hope I won't lose interest.

Monday April 2.

In A M did what I wanted to. In P.M. did my Chem. Was dying for a letter but sad to say none came my way. Gladys is in bed with a sore throat. Had the motto for Christian Association and I chose two that I liked very much.

Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood
Tennyson

To look up and not down
To look forward & not backward
To look out and not in and
To lend a hand.
E. E. Hale.

While I was looking for mottoes I found something very nice which Lowell said; it is: "Earth's

noblest thing — a woman perfected." Isn't it beautiful?
We all have a chance and how great is responsibility and privilege to become "The noblest thing on earth." I am longing for Easter Holidays. This time I am going to try hard to be just as nice and helpful to everyone. I want to be energetic. I am very anxious to be so useful and good when I go there, that people will want me because of myself and my own character, not because I am a niece or because their sister is my mother. I want everyone to be glad when I visit them and sorry when I go away. God help me to become so!

Tuesday April 3.

Handed in our Chem. Note Books. Amen! Amen! I tremble for the results! How many sweet little notes I may get! Got a dear dear letter from Carrie and she sent through me a piece of funny poetry for Miss Dodd which I am going to copy here.

The Vase

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four & Work of Art

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown —

The Gotham million fair to see
The Philadelphia pedigree

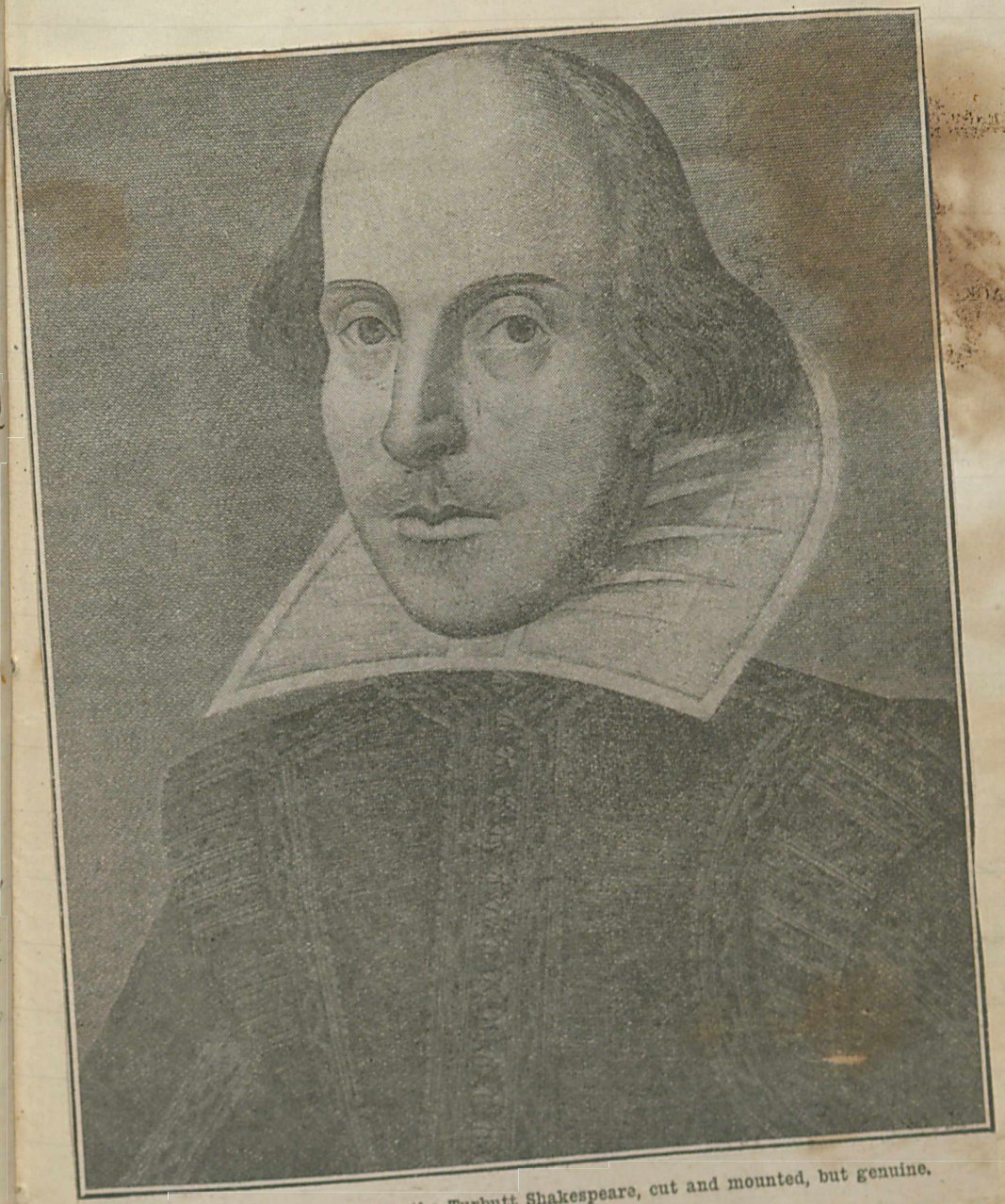
The Boston mind of azure hue
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo

I didn't want to go at all at first but it was awfully nice. Miss Paton was kind and good.

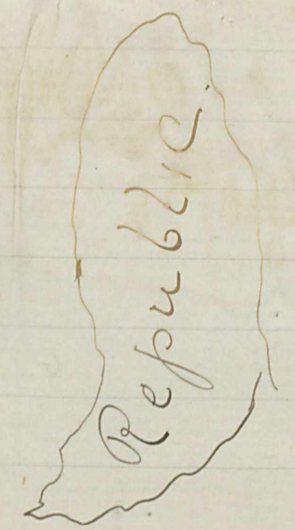
Thursday April 5.

Found these two pictures in a paper and thought it would be very interesting to put them in my diary for I am studying Shakespeare this year. I don't think this is an extroctinarily handsome picture of "Will." but I guess it is genuine.

First Folio (1623) I am finding piles (Bodleian copy) of things to paste in these days.



The Drceshout portrait, from the Turbutt Shakespeare, cut and mounted, but genuine.



Class of 1907
Miss Rubin
" Slonchoff
" Suboff
" Gulenanoff
" Kiroff
" Frenkiani
" Klomardis

Friday April 6.

The Christian Association gave a parly in the parlor where all the members had to come representing some Philanthropic Institution or Philanthropist. Mine is pasted above. "The George Junior Republic." Miss Paton told me about it.

W. Thackery.

It is extremely interesting. The institution was founded for destitute street-boys and it was a regular little Republic where the boys governed themselves, choosing their own officers, looking after their own prisons and in fact doing all the things men do in the world. We have doughnuts and coffee as refreshments which tasted delicious.

I found Mr Thackery in a magazine so have pasted him up here. I hope to read his works sometime soon. and get acquainted with Dickens' renowned contemporary. An awful glad holidays are coming.

Saturday April 7.

About the same as usual. It tired and lazy in the

Sunday April 8.

Mother and Gladys went Bebek before service. Mr. Baldwin held the service here on "John the Baptist" which I considered rather dry and stupid. In the P.M. invited Miss Mladenovitch to my room and read "Little Women" to her and I'm sure although she enjoyed it immensely, I liked it more. I simply love every word of it! Had a headache nearly all day. Wrote ~~my~~ letter to Carrie yesterday.

Miss Mladenovitch told me lots of interesting things about her home and its surroundings. She knew Miss Stone, the lady who was captured by Brigands, very well and so nearly became one of her party. Miss Stone had asked her to go up to a summer school for teachers. The letter inviting her reached her home 3 days to late. She, started, nevertheless hoping to find one of the party at a central starting point. No one was there however so she had to go home. On the way back Miss Stone and her companions were stopped by Brigands, she and Mrs. Shilka taken while the others escaped. What luck Esther had!

Wednesday April 11.

Hooray! the holidays have really begun at last. Mother wasn't able to come to Bebek right away but Gladys and I came right over from Coscundjuk alone. We had a glorious day and the Bosphorus was beautiful. Glad went to Aunt M's but I came to Aunt W. In the evening there was a lecture at Aunt M's so we all went. It was given by Mr. Rigg. the same one that we had a Scutari. It is terribly stupid to hear a lecture twice. I saw Cousin Jim's young lady. She is awfully but thouroughly Scotch. The lecture was rather dry. I think

Thursday April 12.

Bebek is lovely! and so are the people in it, especially Aunt Winnie and Uncle Mid. Soon after breakfast Aunt M. and W. Gladys the two children and I went up Shorr's hill to gather daisies. It was just lovely. The daisies lined the banks and looked beautiful. The sun was so bright and warm that it made me feel good to know that Spring is really here. The view from the hill couldn't be rivaled. The sea was a beautiful blue and the sun sparkled and danced on the water. In the afternoon we went to Koch's a florist in Ortakoy. We got some flowers, some for

Mrs. Rowell's birthday and some for Aunt V. + M. We got a heliotrope for Mother. In the evening there was a church meeting at Aunt M's so we again trooped over there. Stayed quite late.

Friday April 13.

Am reading "Constantinople and Its Problems" by Henry Otis Dwight and I find it's exceedingly interesting. In the P.M., as all the gentlemen were at home the Bebeklies went up to "Locat", a place up Reicos valley. We had a perfectly "peachified" time. I walked there and it was so lovely, through a long avenue of trees. They weren't out yet but were nice just the same. Whole fields of buttercups and daisies stretched on both sides. We had our tea in a perfectly lovely place. Right in ~~the~~ amongst the hills on a terrace sort of place with woods behind us and a well near by. We had lots of fun playing ball and watching the antics of the boys and altogether I think, it is one of the best picnics I have ever gone to.

Every night when I go to bed I hear the nightingales singing just outside my window and it is so sweet!

Choir practise in the evening.

Saturday April 14.

Aunt Winnie and Gladys went to town together for a treat. I stayed at home however and had a fine time: finished "Constantinople." Very interesting. Began a letter to Carrie. Mother came in the evening. Was so glad to see her.

*Sunday April 15.

All had breakfast downstairs, together. In the P.M. we went to church. The service was held by Mr. Allan. I was awfully anxious for our Sentari favorite to shine. And he did. He began rather dryly. I watched Uncle Edward who almost began to go to sleep at first but gradually as Mr. Allan warmed up to his subject he sat straight up, then leaned forward. It certainly was an excellent service and everyone enjoyed it awfully. In the P.M. Glad. Uncle M & Aunt W & I went for a walk on the hill. It was horribly blowy and so of us rather lost our tempers but were soon restored when we got under the shelter of "Sunnyside." Began "Oliver Twist." Dear, dear Dickens! How I love him! I was anxious for a good jolly book and all I had to do was to refer to Dickens. I don't know what I'll do when I get through all of his. Perhaps I'll cry like Alexander the Great because there was no more land to conquer. Au

very proud of myself for having kept up my diary so faithfully till now.

Monday April 16.

A party went round the walls and some went to Jer Jer Lon but I stayed at home. Went over in the afternoon to see Aunt M. and Greta. Am sure I bored them both to death. I am so fearfully uninteresting and have nothing to say for myself. I wish I had something in me that made me interesting but alack & alas it is lacking. Perhaps it's because there's no one my own age whom I care for. I can't bear Ada she is so stuck up. Marjory is very nice but I don't know her very well. Oh for Carrie! Then I'd have great times.

Monday April 23.

Started early in the morning with Mother. It is just a week since I wrote my diary and what a lovely week it has been. Uncle Mid & Aunt Winnie are just dears, both of them. I get to love them both, more and more. I am anticipating beautiful summer holidays with them. Aunt Winnie gave Gladys and me a pound and we are going to spend it on rackets. Uncle Mid is going to buy them for us. I expect they'll come in a day or so. Have finished my essay. Read it to Mother and Aunt W.

think it's good. I like it quite
well but am afraid it is not
good enough for me to hope for
a prize. Was looking over my
papers (which were numerous as
usual) and I found a letter
in verse which I wrote to Chrys
quite a while ago. I want to keep
it so will copy it here.

Dear child:

As I take up my pencil to-night
I sympathize greatly with you in your plight
You poor dear "enfant" all stuffed up with
I know from experience it is anguish untold
I wanted to see you to-day & I asked
Most boldly from Mrs Glozier as she passed
But alack & alas, she forbid me to go
For you had a sore throat oh woe! woe!
I suppose you have got your lessons all
And know them most beautifully, each single one.

Don't forget we have "Turkish Bath" to-morrow
Oh! great is my grief & great is my sorrow.
I've worked most diligently with a great deal of pain
And studied and studied and wracked my poor brain
And looked up in books, to find something to say
In that blooming! most dreadful! most horrible!! essay!!
At last I have written a lot of nonsense
But it's a little bit vague & a little bit dense
I suppose dear Miss Paton will says it's not scientific
But I know it already, it's simply terrific.
But I must study my Liter now oh dear!
I drop on my letter a sweet parting tear
I send you a kiss & I wish you good-night
You must be up to-morrow both happy and bright

I got an awfully nice letter from Grace. It was so much better than hers usually are. I think she is a nice girl and has more in her than is thought. I was so pleased that I wrote her back in the evening I was just in the mood for writing letters and enjoyed writing so much. I have not read "The Transvaal from Within" for ages I really must finish it for I don't want Uncle Mid to think I am so inconsistent & changing as to leave it half finished. School is a much better place to read it in than Bebek. One feels in a studious mood here. A long time ago (about two years) I borrowed "The Crisis" from Aunt Winnie and left it in a shop one day when I went to town - I am going to buy another with my money and give it to Uncle Mid & Aunt Winnie. It will be so nice to give them a nice new one.

Tuesday April 24.

Dissected the circulatory organs of the cat. Awfully interesting but rather smelly work. The day was very sultry a storm seemed to be impending. Had a stupid Liter lesson accompanied by a general scolding from Miss Dodd.

Comme je veux écrire ma "diary" en français. Les jours passent et je n'apprends plus. Cette été j'ai resolu de travailler

beaucoup pour le français et l'allemagne. Pensez-vous que je pourrai? Mother a me dit en revenant à l'ecole qu'elle veut d'aller à Genève ou Paris l'été après elle qui approche. Comme cela sera magnifique! Mais il faut étudier très consciencieusement et je doit lire beaucoup plus que j'ai lu jusque maintenant. Mon "essay" sera fini bientôt et je sera très heureuse! Les examens viennent aussi, alors il n'y a pas temps pour lire. Dans l'été je veux étudier la piano 3 heures par jour. J'espère que je pourrai. mais j'ai le "doubt".

Wednesday April 25.

J'ai envoyée deux lettres, at 8 heure. Une à Grace et une à Carrie. Le Latin est si difficile et ennuyeux que je ne peux pas l'apprendre. Je vais demander à Miss Anderson si je pourrais avoir moins à traduire. J'avais eu le Latin. Toujours c'est la même chose. En rentrant au leçon je me dit "Je le deteste". En retournant je me dit "Je l'adore". C'est très difficile mais très interessant et les idées et pensées sont magnifiques! Je crois que je ne veux pas le l'aisser.

Nous avions l'histoire. Nos leçons écrits étaient retournées. J'avais 92 pour la mienne. Chuyo 94, Quirania 98, Nellie 96.

92 n'est pas très bien! Aman!
Toute la nuit passée la pluie tombait rapidement et vigoureusement. Quand nous nous avons éleves ce matin tout le jardin était humide. Les fleurs parurent si belles avec the gouttes sur ses petales comme les diamants.

Thursday April 26.

Mother started out early to go to town to see if Mr. and Mrs Hill had arrived and sure enough they had! She brought them here. At first I didn't want to see them at all but when I did I was so glad. They are so nice, just the same as they were but now I see such different things in their faces. Mr. Hill has a beautiful, noble face. I am going back to America whatever you say. And I'm going to Portland. Dear dear Portland. When one goes away from a place everything seems to have stopped working so to speak. Mr's & Mrs' Hills' coming just gave me a glimpse of "home" and all my longings are awakened again. My greatest ambition is to go there and live.

Friday April 27

~~Came~~. Went sightseeing with Mr. & Mrs. Hill. Joined them later. Came down Scutari with the furnace man. The wheel came off our carriage and the horse started to run away.

I jumped out and of course had an awful fall. I didn't hurt myself however, and continued my journey. Went to Bebek. Slept at Aunt Lillian's. Got up early and came here. Had a stupid headache all day. Felt very tiff.

Saturday April 28

Mr. & Mrs. Francis Clark are staying with the Allen's. He is the founder of "The Christian Endeavor." Mrs. Clark gave us a talk in the morning which was quite nice. In the Evening had one from Mr. Clark. Played basket ball in the P. M. with 2 of the Dodd boys who are staying here and the Clark boy who is at the Allen's. It is such fun playing with boys again. Had our first game of tennis. Played with Gladys and Iphegenia. Was lots of fun. Got a letter from Mr. Sandis

Sunday April 29.

Took out "Sour Vic" from the library. Read "Little Men" with Miss Mladenovitch. She is very interested in Louisa Alcott's works, but really she can't appreciate as much as they can be appriciated. My letter from Mr. Sandis was very, very nice as they always are. He says that he is much weaker than when we were close neighbors. I am so sorry for him. I asked him in my last letter about Brutus' character, what he thought of it. He says he can't remember much but this is his impression.

"I imagine, that although Brutus was a man of high ideals, and noble compared with the average Roman of his day still he was probably as selfish, if not more so, than he was patriotic. Of course most men are more selfish than patriotic."

His letters are beautifully constructed, for he uses such good English. What a pity it is that a man like him who could have used his good education for the betterment of others should have such an affliction. Anyway, I am sure he does good to others, even though ill, showing how cheerful & patient a man can be under a great affliction.

We had our Bible class as usual. I think Miss Paton does us all a lot of good. I enjoy her classes for they are so scholarly and deep. She talks as if she knew the subject thoroughly herself. Found a beautiful poem by Lowell which I will copy here.

My Love

"Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she, of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone
And sweet are they as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow

Yet in herself she dwelleth not
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot
Life hath no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which others leave undone or disprize
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things
And though she seems of other birth
Round us her heart intwines & clings
And patiently she folds her wings,
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true,
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman; one in whom
The spring time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower & lonely mill,
Goes wandering at its own sweet will
And yet doth never flow aright.

And on its full deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh + fair + green
Sweet homes wherein to live and die

James Russell Lowell

Monday April 30.

The day was rather sultry and I'm afraid I didn't accomplish much. We did our laundry in a ship-shape manner. Studied, read, talked and lounged about. Got some old letters down from the top shelf and read them over again. Didn't play tennis at all for no one would play with me. The college hasn't bought any rackets or balls so Helen Ramsay can't play with me. Anyhow she is away just now. Have changed tables. Am now at Miss Prime's next to Mother.

Tuesday May 1.

Early this A.M. Mother set off to town for she knew the Campbells were coming. She found them in the city and they are coming here for lunch some day soon. I don't know at all what they are like. Proffessor G. E. Woodberry, a very famous American poet is in the city. He was expected to come to-night and a reception had been prepared. Everyone dressed in the best clothes and all got ready when we were told that he wasn't coming! I was fearfully disappointed for I had greatly

looked forward to hearing and seeing him. I don't know whether there is any chance yet of his coming. He used to be a teacher of Mrs Hodd's and Miss Paton has heard him lecture at Smith. Am feeling rather lazy and lacadaisical these days. I don't know what's come over me.

Thursday May 5.

In the morning the Campbells came. I couldn't remember them very well. In the evening Prof. Woodberry came. I was boiling with excitement before we went in to the Parlor. To see a real poet. How lovely! When we got in there we saw him. He was not in the least handsome but there was a certain charm about him that attracted everyone to him. He began with a speech on Shelley, and such interesting things he said. He is a special friend of Shelley's and say he has been almost every where he has been. Well his whole address was perfectly beautiful but it could not compare with the conversation we had afterwards. Chrys & I got very bold for once and started the conversation and then we kept it up for about 15 min. We talked of all sorts of things. He seemed so interested and not in the least bored. His whole face lights up when he talks and his ~~simple~~ smile is beautiful. He is simple a dear. C. & I asked him about Dickens and he said he was very fond of him, but also he said some

stupid things about him personally I am just crazy over him. He looks just like a poet. and he created an atmosphere of culture and knowledge as soon as he came into the room. It is one of my greatest ambitions to be like that. I don't care if I can't write wonderfully, but if I know a lot of things and can talk to professors with sense, all of a sudden I want to be just "chuck full" of interesting things and meet folks of interesting people from whom I can get more knowledge and wisdom. It is a treat to have a man like that come into your midst. It has freshened up my mind and I'm crazy of over literature now of every kind and discription.

I wish I could always live in such an atmosphere.

One of the reasons why I like Sulan is because there is an intellectual atmosphere all the time. Every day and every hour I can learn more — more about everything. In Berlek you don't learn anything to speak of except when I talk to Much Mid.

Saturday May 5.

Got a darling letter from Carrie yesterday and got another one to-day. It was lovely getting two so near together.

Sunday May 6.

Read "The Heart of Man" by G. E. Woodberry. It is simply lovely! I have to think hard so I can't understand it. The sermon was by Mr. Sylvyer. In The P.M.

there was a sort of sacred concert instead of our usual Christian Association. The quartet from Hissar came over and sang for us. It was very nice but there were a number of "awkward pauses" for they did nothing but sing one song after another with nothing in between to let them get rested. They sang very nicely however.

Monday May 7.

Miss Gladys is 15 years old to-day and yet she seems 13. She got quite a nice lot of presents - the Bebek people seem to remember birthdays like magic. It was a very quiet day - not at all like a birthday. In the P.M. just before lunch Glad & I played tennis and had a jolly good time. I guess by next year Glad will be much older in everything. I will rejoice then for she seems so young to me yet.

Tuesday May 8.

Chem & Biol. as usual with the accompanying gases and smells" of those delightful laboratory classes. Just at present am more fond of literature than science - and I think I always will be.

Monday May 14.

Mother and Gladys have been away all day on a picnic to a place on the Marmora. They

wanted me to go to but I kindly refused. Last night, as I was alone in the room Ruba came and slept with me. It was awfully nice only she is very lively at night when I want to sleep. Miss Paton brought us in some "petit beurre" biscuits with which refreshed our ever hungry selves. With increasing fatigue and impatience do I await the close of the school year. My studies are getting rather tiresome although I must confess I love them dearly yet. ~~There~~ trouble is I don't know my own mind half the time. I suppose I need a real friend and I must confess that I haven't had one this year and am still looking for one. Perhaps I'll find one in the holidays. Carrie is just as true + sincere as when she was here. I am sure we must have been meant for each other for we only knew each other for a year and yet we are dearer to each other than if we had been together 10 years. She writes such lovely letters, full of love and happiness. She indeed is a friend worth having and one to be proud of. Last Saturday night I got in an "inspired" mood and wrote a sort of essay on some of our Advanced Biology Class History. It made the girls laugh although it can't be so awfully funny as it is written by me.

1. Each other is used too much. It spoils the ~~me~~ construction.

the one who is always teased for not appreciating humor. Am going to show it to Miss Palon after I have read it to Mother. I enjoy composing things so much. I wish I could be a writer. It would be so lovely to be able to have great high thoughts and put them into noble language. I'm afraid I enjoy reading and writing much more than I do music + I do want to love music for that, it seems is going to be my chief pursuit of life! But I'll never limit myself just to that! Got a long letter from Helen but I didn't enjoy it at all. She is getting worse and worse. Simply coarse. She'll be sorry someday that she didn't stop her "dosing" to breathe.

Tuesday May 15th

Had a rehearsal of the P. L. play. It is beautiful under Miss Parkhurst's charge.

Wednesday May 23.

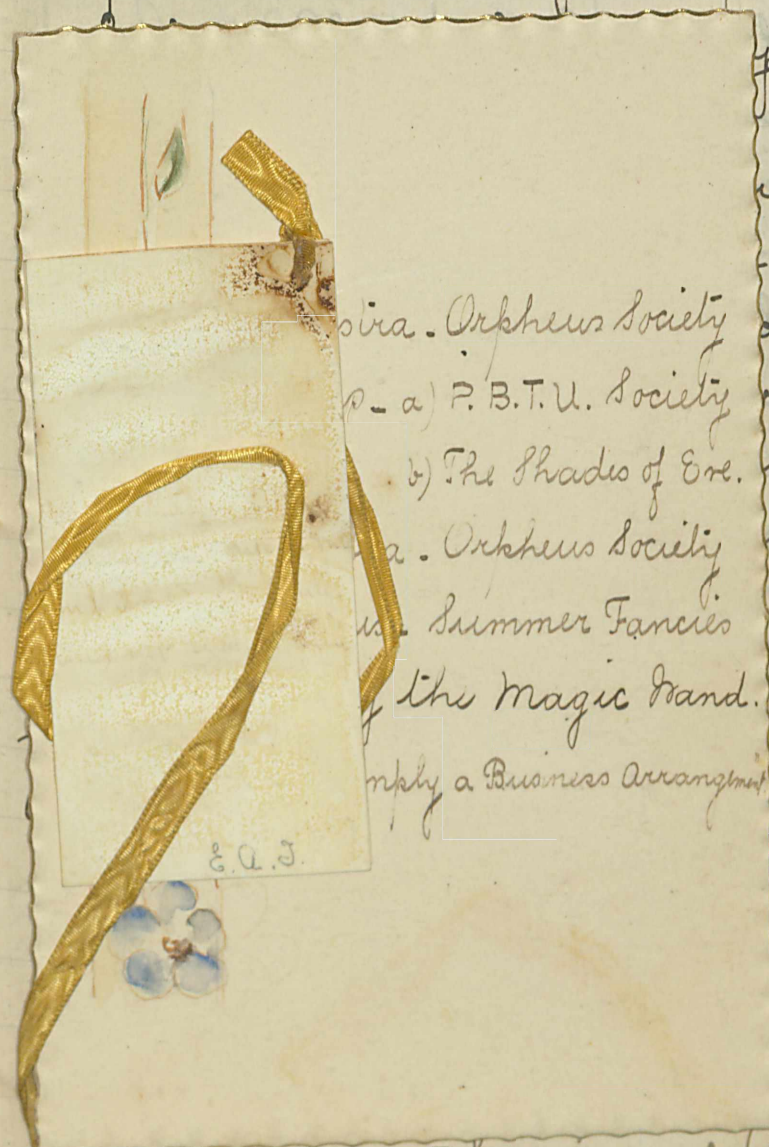
In the evening the D. A's gave a party or rather a dance, in the parlor, to the P. V's and teachers. We did dance piles of dances but between them there were solos sung by a screechy Greek cousin of Marica Klonaridis. There was quite a pretty side part which was enacted by Miss Klonaridis and Miss Hibbankian. They had huge halos on so of yellow + black and pink and green. Hermine was

the horse and Marica, the driver. The dancing was stretched out to a fearful length. The refreshments were very nice however. Ice cream, biscuits, chocolates etc. The little programs were very pretty. I have pasted mine down below.

Pause.

June 7, 1906.

Again I take up my long neglect-
ed diary to
eyes to-
er with
. It is of course as
which I have
t memorable.
ished in
— spent
ith weary
impatient
dents re-
So think of
time of
dible! their
seem to
upset us, it simply gives us



all over to despair.

Commencement, Baccalaureate, Pl. play — all are events of the past. The only future that lies before us, is a miserable week of intolerable torture which makes one shudder to think of. Of course the ranks, these day tis the thing which is uppermost in my mind — also the prize essay. "Will I be in the ranks? Will I get a prize?" These are the dominant questions of the day. The hours of suspense and anticipation will "take my soul out" as the girls express it. Day after to-morrow they begin with history and chemistry.

I have been reading Mrs. Browning's poems. They are perfectly "sublime". Her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" I read to-day and I enjoyed every word almost. Also I like "Proof and Disproof" very much too. I am going to get more acquainted with her for I think I have a hero-feeling, in her. Mr. Browning too I want to know about. The lives of them both I must study this summer, thus adding one more item to my innumerable resolves for the vacation.

It seems impossible that summer and rest is so near, for the strain and stress of these last weeks has been awful.

I am still without a dear friend (here, I mean of course for Carrie is my dearest dear although away.) Luba and Chryso are very nice and I like them immensely but of course I don't love them deadly as yet. I hope Molly Baker is a nice girl. She will be in Missoula this summer and so I'll see her very often. Her moods were horrid when she was here at school but I hope she has got over that by this time and that she will not be so conceited as Elsie. Elsie really is a disappointment. She and I have absolutely nothing in common, as far as I can make out.

June 8. Friday

Same. We can see with our minds' eye the exams dreadfully approaching.

June 9. Saturday.

All hail thou joyous exam week! History was the first in line and it passed off beautifully. It was rather long but very nice and I expect to get a good mark. Chemistry alas proved much more disastrous. Our studying time was awfully limited and we rather quaked when we went down to the laboratory. It was as bad as we expected. I don't think it was so very bad. I guess it was we who were off. We dare not look at Miss Paton for we are afraid of an eruption, so

Friday June 15

Miss Hodd read the ranks as Mr. Patrick is not here. They were very ~~so~~ interesting as usual but not very exciting, for it was stupid without Mr. Patrick. They were as follows.

I. Miss Arousiac Panossian
II " Hermine Gulbenkian
III. " Marika Hanchuva
IV " Octavia Subova
V " Eveline Thomson

Classes.

Senior - Miss Panossian
Junior - Miss Hanchuff
Sophomore - Miss Thomson
Freshman - Miss Gurekian
Sub-Freshman - ~~Shnorig~~ Berdjouhi

So I was in the ranks after all!

What a surprise it was to me! The prize essays were "Fools in Shakes." by Miss Shiou "Women in Comedy" Miss Logios

Two Sophomores - No Juniors Hurrah! There were 4 P.'s in the ranks and 1 lone D.A.P. always stand first. I'm so glad. I am sorry that I wasn't a little higher in the College ranks. It's a sweltering hot day. Mother and Glad have gone to town; they will just be boiling

Saturday June 16.

In the P.M. Gladys, Aspasia and I started off from Cukourjone for Bebek. Came to Aunt Lilian's and found her and all the boys there. Eddy was so ex-

cited about our coming. Went over to the church to see the children rehearse for Sunday. In the evening Glad, Aunt L. & Uncle E. went to Aunt Mildred's but as I was not feeling very well I stayed at home & read "Rienzi" which I had started in the afternoon.

Sunday June 17.

In the morning Mr. Trew held a children's service. The Bebek church has been painted and repaired; it looks very nice. In the afternoon after tea we all went for a beautiful walk on the hills We met Elsie Baker and others on the hills too, for it seems like Bebek's favorite promenadeing place. In the evening, we all sang hymns, and had a very nice time.

Monday June 18.

Practised an hour.

Tuesday June 19.

Practised only an hour. Went down to tennis in the afternoon & after waiting for ages — and ages got a game. Am going to join the club but have to interview Angus Swan about it first.

Wednesday June 20.

Practised 2 hours. Went on the hill in the afternoon & had lots of fun catching gold fishes with Harold.

Monday June 25

In the morning Wally came for us at about 8 o'clock and we went down together to play tennis. Of course it was awfully hot but

nevertheless we played two sets. In the afternoon I practised & as I had not done so in the A.M. I had to stay until 25 minutes to 7 and so couldn't go to tennis. Just at lunch time a heavy shower came and cooled every thing nicely.

Tuesday June 26.

Had a few nice games of tennis.

Wednesday June 27.

Although it was gentlemen's day at the tennis court, I put my shoes on, and luckily got 3 or 4 games. In the evening Aunt W. ~~went~~ had a grand musical garden party and piles of people went. Of course I had to go through the ordeal of shaking hands with some of them. I can't bear parties and things. It is so awkward. I sat on the steps in the same place the whole evening. Mr. Surgeson and Elsie & Mrs. Ramsay were there too. But I think I can say that during the whole evening we didn't say anything worth talking about. I like to hear something new, to learn something when I talk to people.

I can't bear the Binns crowd. They came, the whole lot, Ethel, Marj. Ada, Wally, Ridley, Dolly M, & Stanley. and began giggling and laughing the whole time. Really the wasn't anyone there who I could go and have a nice talk or sit with. Mother thinks I can make friends with Marjorie but I know it is impossible.

she has too many secrets and conferences with the whole Binns crowd. I have absolutely no friend! (here, that is to say.)

I have finished "Two Years Ago" and think it is a fine story. Chales Kingsley was a very nice man. His power and strength of character can be felt in his books. I should like to have known him. I think I like him better than his books. In "Two Years Ago" you can't get to love the characters to a very great extent. The heroine, Grace Harvey is rather queer and disappointing I think, but of course Tom Thurnall, the hero, is splendid.

I don't seem to have begun to do anything very definite yet this summer but I hope to read some biographies when I get to Aunt M.'s and can use the "Times book club."

Thursday June 28.

In the P. M. a whole crowd of us went up to the A. Baker's for croquet. It was piles of fun and I enjoyed it very much. I have begun "Bleak House." I always find myself returning to my dear favorite, Dickens. Am going to play tennis to-morrow, I think with Wally Hilton. To tell the truth I can't bear him but for tennis he is alright.

Friday June 29.

At 2:30 in the afternoon the English High School for Boys had their sports up at Beicos. There

was a high north wind and a strong current and so I didn't want to go. I stayed at home and had some very good games of tennis everyone thought I was very foolish not to go but I didn't mind their remarks.

Saturday June 30.

Everything went as usual. It was Junior's day and so of course Glad and I proceeded to the court. We had some pretty good games but still I play worse than anyone except of course the little one Marjorie plays very nicely. I am determined to play well and am going to practise every chance I get. In the evening as it is Uncle Walter's evening at home, we all went up on the hill. There was an old captain staying up there and he entertained us the whole time. He has been on the sea for 45 years and this is the trip to the last voyage. He told us yarn after yarn and kept us laughing the whole time. Uncle Edward even condescended to laugh which is a great accomplishment. The captain however could speak of nothing else except his own family, boat, + experiences. Whenever we got onto any other topic of conversation he would always come back to his own affairs. His name is Mr. McGregor.

Sunday July 1.

When we got up the air was stifling and by 10 o'clock it was 78° in the shade. However we all went, the whole lot of us right up in a boat to the top of the Bosphorus. It was beautifully fresh & cool on the steamer. There was a strong north wind and it was lovely. We went up as far as Yenimahalle and picked up Uncle Ed. who had been playing tennis at Therapia. It was almost as hot when we got back to Bebek. Gladys & I went to Aunt W. for supper Aunt W. and Uncle M. have invited Gladys & me to go with them and Cecil to Prinkipo in the sail boat on Satur. and stay over night at the hotel. I am going notwithstanding my dread of sails. I think it's quite time I got over my nervousness. Then too Uncle Mid is such a careful sailsman. I expect to have a beautiful time.

Sermon by Mr. Frew

Monday July 2.

Played tennis although it was gentlemen's day. I was very cross and so I played <u>even</u> worse than usual.

Wednesday July 18.

The dust has gathered on my dear diary since last I wrote in it and it is with tenderness that I touch its cherished pages once more! A number of things have happened in the interval between July 2 & 18 but it is enough to say that I am having a good time yet and am staying at Aunt Minnie's.

Tuesday August 7th

Wednesday August 8.

It is this way every summer! I leave my diary for weeks at a time. When the inspiration for writing again does come I always think with regret of the many days I have missed. I am now staying with Aunt Mildred and have been with her for 2 weeks. The baby is a little darling. I love her best of all my cousins, I believe. To-day she has not been well at all; her fever has been very high. Poor Aunt M. is awfully anxious and has sent for Dr. Tchalian. Poor wee mite. She looks so heavy and languid although she has no pain and seems happy. I do hope she'll be alright again by to-morrow.

Aunt M. and Uncle M. leave to-morrow. They are going to a place in Austria called the Hoe Tatra and then on to England. I think they will be away about 6 weeks in all. We will miss them so

much. They have let us take their house so we will all be together for the rest of the summer. Aunt Dr. has left me a whole lot of things to practise for her when she comes back. It has been awfully difficult to practise here at the Rowells because the drawing room is the one they use all the time. They have Sacha, a Russian boy boarding with them & he occupies their sitting room. Am getting on much better in tennis. Will play my tournament on Friday.

Sunday August 12.

Played my tie on Friday. It was a very close & exciting game but we lost. I played much better than usual & Cuthbert played the net game splendidly. The sets were. 1st ours 6-3. 2nd theirs 6-4 3rd theirs 6-4. I got awfully tired at the end but enjoyed the whole thing immensely. Greta is much better but is fretful these days with her teeth. She is a darling just the same. I never saw such a beautiful baby in my life. Am reading "Tom Brown's Schooldays" I like it very much but some of the costumes of English schools I can't bear. Of course that book was written long ago and education has greatly improved since then. Glad played her tie on Friday and got beaten 6-4, 6-4. She played against Cousin

Jim and Mrs. Sellar. The former was most horribly cross + depressed — just like a bear with a sore head! Everybody on the court was in a bad temper. The majestic Uncle Lawrence as usual had a number of angry retorts which he delivered at different intervals. In short I think it was a most horrible afternoon. This evening Cousin Jim came to visit us and we all gave him a piece of our minds. I am not going to watch his nept the for I don't want to be aggressed if others do. Dolly spent the day with us on Saturday. In the P.M. she came down to the tennis court and had a few games. She plays very well and I want her to come down again + play.

Monday August 13.

Practised 2 hours. Felt very cross and unhappy in the P.M. Red Tom Brown. Had a nice time with Mother in the morning when the others were out.

Monday August 27.

Uncle Mid, who had been called away on business to the interior returned to-day. He had been away 2 weeks and his arrival there was hailed with delight by all especially Aunt W. Played tennis in P.M. Had a number of nice sets. Felt very tired in the

evening. Am reading "Adam Bede" and can hardly stop to do anything else. Mother is going over to Aunt Mis for the rest of the holidays.

Thursday August 30.

Played a number of good games of tennis although a few were awfully slow. Have got a fever again. In the evening the Trisar Entertainment was lovely. I liked the play best of all. Mildred did her part beautifully. It was quite a creepy play. all about burglars and a defenceless girl. There were piles of tableaux. They were not very good and they took such an age to be got ready that we became quite impatient. I received the formal announcement of Mr. Landis' wedding. The lady's name is Céline Matilda Pequignot, quite French and romancy. I am so anxious to know what she is like but who knows if I will ever see her. "Adam Bede" is awfully exciting & fascinating. The characters are marvellously well depicted. George Eliot must indeed have been a wonderful reader of human nature.

Sunday Sept 2.

Got up at 6 A.M. and started with the Rowells and Thorrs and a few friends for a picnic up to Kilos, a place up the black sea. We went up on a steamer

to Belvedere and then walked to Kilios. What a walk it was! I thought it would never end for every time we came to the top of a hill there was another to climb. It was 1½ miles long and it took ~~us~~ us 3 hours. I had on my newly soled shoes and evidently they were a bad shape for I got most awful blisters and could hardly walk - the last part of the way. But when we got there the view was well worth the trouble we had in getting to it. We lunched at a little café which was situated on a hill from which we could see the breakers rolling on the sandy beach and the Black Sea stretching out as far as eye could reach. Oh! it was glorious! The beach was almost as good as our ocean beach. It stretched for miles. The gentlemen of the party bathed before lunch, the ladies after. The bathing was fine. We picked up a few shells for the children but had to hurry back as it was getting late.

Monday Sept 3.

Stayed at home most of the day.

Tuesday Sept 4.

Played tennis in the P.M. Had quite a good game. Am reading "The Betrothed" by Walter Scott. Got an invitation for Mrs. A. Baker's dance on the eleventh. Mrs. Edwards invited me for hers but I re-

fused.

Wednesday Sept 5

Played tennis, read, and sewed my cushion.

Sunday Sept. 9.

Mother has been staying a few days in Scutari but returned last night. Miss Pavey, the lady looking Miss Parkhurst place has arrived. I am very anxious to see her; the days she is very nice and business-like. School opens on Thursday. I am going to write a list of the books that I have read this summer.

I. "Rienzi" by Lord Lytton
II. "Two Years Ago" by Charles Kingsley
III. "The Log of a Sea Waif" by J. T. Bullen
IV. "The Professor" by Charlotte Bronte.
V. "Tom Brown's School Days" by an Old Boy
VI. "Great Expectations" by Charles Dickens
VII. "Adam Bede" by George Eliot.
VIII. "Monica" by

Thursday Sept 13.

Glad, Kate and I started at half past nine, and came in the carriage to College. It was blazing hot! We had a lovely ride in the boat but horrible coming up Constantinople hill. I am in the second story of the stone House, in the north room. I have two Bulgarian room-mates. One is Julia Steneova, a girl over 20 who has taught for 4 years. She is very dignified & speaks English extremely well. She also plays the violin. I haven't heard her play but she knows a little she says. The other ones name is Mikka Nicolova and she is a round faced harum-scarum jolly sort of girl. She plays the mandoline, so we are quite a musical room. My bed is near the window so I can have

it open whenever I like.

Friday Sept 14.

I slept last night for the first time in my new room. The wind was blowing pitch-forks, and it just whistled round our corner of the house till it seemed quite weird + lonesome there. I like Julia very much but can't speak to Nilka so don't know much about her. I slept awfully well. I am very anxious to begin German. Miss Rowell is going to teach us and I think I'll get on nicely. I am to have four hours of it a week so I'll have my fill.

Saturday Sept 15.

I had only French as my other classes haven't been arranged. A few more Armenian girls came but not many. In the evening there was quite a thunder storm. Our room though was quite sheltered so we did not feel it much.

Sunday Sept. 16.

Took out "Le Petit Chose" from the library. Read four chapters of it with Julia. Like it very much.

We had rather a stupid service by Mr. Riggs. I can't bear his sermons nor him. He seems so sort of indifferent and coldblooded and his talks are usually the "goody-goody" kind. Miss Kennedy had not returned but Anka Popoff drilled the choir and we sang the first anthem; very nice it was I think. In the P.M. Miss G. read us an epistle from a 20th Century Bible, one that has been translated into modern English. It sounded so nice; I wish I could read more of it. In the evening we had a musical service — hymns being chosen by the girls. It was very nice, I thought. I am so anxious for Mr. P. to come back. Miss D. does not half fill her position. I have decided to take History instead of literature. I wonder what Miss Hodd will say. Miss Pavey came to Mother's room for a visit and we had such a nice time with her. I think she is just lovely.

Friday Sept 21.

Julia Stanwood is no longer in my room. She has gone down to the preparatory building and I have instead a girl called Sula Yenchewa as a roommate instead. Am anxious to begin a memory book. It will be my birthday on Monday, & I'll be 17. What an advanced age!

Sunday. Sept. 23 –

Took out "To Have + to Hold" from the Library. Very interesting. Mr Brown conducted the

service. It wasn't nice at all.
In the P. M. mother took a lot of girls out to walk but I didn't go. Miss Jenks gave quite an interesting talk in the evening on C. As. in America.

Monday Sept 24.

Got up feeling no older than usual although I am 17 to-day and was 16 yesterday. My presents were 1. a press. 2. a box of sweets, 3. a lengthi of P. U. ribbon 4. A 20th Century Testament 5. a silver frame 6. a framed "Foot-path of Peace" for my room. I liked the Testament the best. It is written in modern language and is so different from the old versions.

Wednesday Sept. 26.

Had a lesson with Prof Lange-

I didn't do anything brilliant I seem to be so stupid - I don't play well at all. I am sure I don't know what he thinks of me. Got a letter from Helen - quite nice. It is getting awfully cold - has been raining all day.

Sunday Sept. 30.

Le jour est magique! Les nuages qui ont été dans le ciel il y a deux ou trois jours, ont disparus et toute la nature est ravissante et souriante. Le ciel est bleu comme un bijou et la mer reflechit la belle couleurs. Toutes choses sont heureuses, joyeuse, pleines de vigeur. Oh. comme c'est bien de vivre, de respirer l'air fraiche que Dieu nous a donné.

Mr. Shimovanian preached. His sermon was very good. He has a wonderful way of making the Bible stories real, animated. He told us the story of Christ and the Tribute money and really it was so vivid that we could just see the hypocritical Pharisees, with their smiles which only hid the hatred in their hearts, try to snare + catch Jesus in his own trap. It was a very living picture that he drew before our imaginations.

The Juniors and Seniors have their Bible class with Mr. T. It was simply "heavenly" this morning. It was about "things that are real. About the difference of the Seen + unseen world. I enjoyed it very, very much as I'm sure most of the girls did. I would like to have her always.

Tuesday Oct 2.

Had a perfectly lovely Composition lesson. Miss Jenkins is giving us a Story Course and it is so interesting! We are only four. - Urania Chryo, Zarafinka + myself. It's just fine! Had a Christian association reception in the afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Wednesday Oct 3.

Had a lesson with Mr. Lange. His comment on all the things I played was "pas mal" I don't know whether to think that good or not. I wish I knew what he thought of me. He never lets anything out. I have

just finished reading "Alton Locke" by Charles Kingsley & I have enjoyed reading it so much. There's so much more in it than just the story that is the way with all of Kingsley. They have so much power and thought in them. I think I like Kingsley next best to Dickens - although I have only had the pleasure of reading three of his works as yet but I hope to study him more ~~in~~ through his books and his letters. The P. Hs have asked Misses Pavey Prime & Vivian to join the society, and much to my joy they have all accepted. The D. As have chosen Miss Kennedy for which I am only a little sorry for she is sweet & not interesting. The P. Hs I think and hope will thrive this year. Marika seems an able president much more so than Angèle. We are only 9 and will take in 9 or 10 so we won't be twenty but still a few can have a great deal of influence.

Friday Oct. 5

In the evening we had Century Club and I enjoyed it even more than the other time. My news was about the Aberdeen festival, when the King & Queen visited there. Miss Ramsay's eldest sister had the honor of presenting a bouquet to the Queen. Also that Mr. Bryan is going to be a Democrat candidate for the presidentship in 1908. Marika Donchera gave a very interesting talk on the

Jesuit Society which we had for our history lesson. I have pasted in here a picture of the new General of the order.

Tuesday Oct 9.

Suba, who was not to have come here until Christmas appeared to-day much to my joy.

Wednesday Oct 17.

Had a perfectly splendid lesson in English Comp. We each had an author Thyso, Stevenson, Zarafinka, Scott, Quania, Kipling + I Dickens (the dear man). and we had to analyze his method or style of discription. It was extremely interesting to find out how greatly these men differed although they are all so popular. Miss J. said we did it beautifully and we just bubbled over with joy to get such a high word of praise from laconic Miss J.

Mr. Sauge came. I did not know my lesson well. Iman

Dr. Patrick has asked the girls to do over again the play the P. Us did last year. I am to be the Prof. Angèle the lady. Kiroya, the lawyer. Glad, John, Shnorig, Sena and Efi, the brother. I do hope it will go off satisfactorily. Of course my part is difficult but I am going to try like ing to make it good. Thoso Ichor. of course can never be excelled. but I love acting and perhaps I can do something

Thursday Oct. 18.

I am writing in red ink for a change, although there is nothing particular about this day, that it should be so marked.

I am having such fun teaching English. Miss Young helps me and I am under her. I am teaching English I, a little higher than Beginners. I have 10 in my class and I enjoy it so much. Miss Wicks, the new Biology teacher will take it over when she comes. I only wish I could keep it the whole year. I quite appal the girls by the fluent way in which I speak English! Poor things they don't know anything yet but I hope they will know something by the time I have finished with them.

Mlle Roberjot has instituted a French society of 54 members.

Saturday Oct. 20.

It was the P. B. S. L. Opening Meeting day. It was the nicest we have ever had since I have belonged to the society. We asked Mildred and Elsie to come and partake of our P. L. joy. Our meeting began at 8:15. First we took in the teachers who were Mrs. Prime, Miss Pavey, and Miss Vivian. The parlor was quite decorated. We did not have the gas lighted but had three lanterns so that the light was subdued and soft. All the P. L. girls had on their triangular caps which we each made. Miss Prime came first, and Marika initiated

her very nicely. Miss V, next and then Miss Pavey. Then all the girls came "Stroll & ri" and they were most solemnly and nicely initiated I sang "The Kentucky Babe" & gave a speech. Marika's "History of the Society" was awfully good. Miss Brown came in afterwards & she seemed very interested. The girls who were taken in, were:-

Iphegenie Klonardis.
Irene Ghiades
Elza Sterter
Zoe Ketti
Sophie Kendros
Nazly Halid
Slifka Ulreshcoff

Sunday Oct. 28.

I have left my diary for so long that I have almost forgotten how to write in it. I ought to have finished this book before now but I am awfully irregular.

I enjoy composition more than any class I have. The other day we had to discribe a picture "Mona Lisa" by Leonard de Vinci. I wrote my discription in rythme this is it:

Mona Lisa.

I saw a woman sitting there before me.
Her idle hands upon her lap were crossed,
As if she sat for artist jamed to paint her
In fairest attitude and smile engrossed.
Her eyes were soft and sad like even twilight
Her mouth was smiling; yet beneath their lay
The shadow of a sorrow; as when sunshine
Through thinnest film of cloud doth find its way.

Her neck and throat were bare, & somewhat gleaming against her hair which parted fell adown upon her graceful shoulders, wrapping [round her] in tenderest embrace; The fields of brown were in the landscape far, in misty distance. Perhaps the famed artist put them there so that even Nature's scenes might well be [blended] in every detail, with his lady fair.

Miss Jenkins quite liked it in class but I haven't received her written comment on it yet. I am waiting with much anxiety for the verdict.

Am very much in love with Kingsley. I have borrowed "His life & Letters" from Miss Hodd and I think the it is simply a beautiful book. When I tell Chryso that I like Kingsley as well as Dickens she gets quite mad with me. I really thinks Kingsley was much better as a man perhaps not as an interesting story writer.

Melina has returned and is sweeter than ever. Gladys is very happy to have her here again.

Oct. 31. Thursday.

For once Hallow E'en night was remembered here. The Seniors invited the Juniors to a party in the History Room. It was extremely informal but Miss Jenkins their class-teacher made it very jolly. We bobbed for apples and threw the peelings over our left shoulders. We were made to pouch to one of three plates 1 empty no husband, one with an apple peeling in it, a bachelor, & one

with flour in it, a widower. Of course we were blind folded. I pointed to the empty plate! Miss J then told us all our fortunes by the lines in our hands - or rather she told us our characteristics which were probably made up as she knows us so well - although she said she simply read the hands and was not influenced by her knowledge of us - Mine was as follows. 1. Not very ambitious 2. Very generous. 3. Not habitually neat but I had occasional spirts. 4. Rather ~~a~~ yielding. 5. Easily influenced 6. Sensitive to critisism. 7. My only "affair du coeur" would come at the age of 22. 8. ~~I~~ needed a lot of affection. 9. My hand one of an artist rather than a philosopher. 10. Very domestic.

She gave some of the other girls characters very accurately - but of course it was all a big joke.

~~Saturday~~ Nov. 1. Friday.

Started giving Slonka private English lessons - seems very interesting. I am going to get 10 piastres a lesson and will give lessons I suppose for a month or so. I seem to be ~~an~~ earning quite a little this year. It is so nice. I have had the English I now for 4 weeks and give four classes before that making in all 120 pias. Then I am about to take up a new kind of work. Miss ~~Jenkins~~ Vogl is worn out with her work but is especially tired of following the girls up in their practising and changing their program. So I am going to take over the

responsibility of seeing that the girls practise faithfully and then I will get so well acquainted with the program, in time that I can help Miss V. arrange it when conflicts occur. Sr. Patrick said she would give me 7 liras. So with that and what I make with my English lessons I will have nearly $45 of my own by the end of the year. Just fine!

"Sweet is the love which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

Wordsworth.

Sunday Nov. 4.

The Seniors led Christian Association on "The European Charities in Constantinople" — rather dry. We had our preaching service in the Evening led by Sr. Gates. Wally, if you please came over to visit us — worse luck! He came about the play we are going to give in Bebek at Christmas. There was an awful fog so the boats didn't run and he had to stay here all night!! I was so mad. because mother had been to Bebek all day and I wanted to see her in the evening

Wednesday 7.

Teaching Monka is quite interesting. Here is a specimen of what I

have to correct.

"The flood."

I see a dog and three puppies in this picture. They are in them kennel and when the flood came the littles puppies began to swimming. But the big dog it cannot because he had chain. and the mother dog began to jump. because she will die from the water."

Rather awful! isn't it. I hope I can ~~f~~ improve her style?

Friday Nov. ~~12~~. 9.

Hurrah for another monthly holiday. How the time flies! We went home awfully late but found everything so nice & comfy at Aunt Lillian's when we got there. In the evening after dinner we went to the Walter Burns' to rehearse "Simply a Business Arrangement". It went of much better than any of us expected. Marjorie is just the one for the young lady. I am sure they don't know how they like my acting. I do hope it will be a success. I am afraid people don't like it as a rule. Uncle Dr. said it had no plot. Wally seems quite enthusiastic. We are going to have another rehearsal on next monthly holiday. We will know it well by that time for we will have done it here then for Thanksgiving. Began "feast". Mother staying at Aunt Ms. I love to stay with Aunt L. So homelike & cosey.

Saturday Nov. 10.

Was buried in "Yeast" nearly all day - I did enjoy it so. Aunt Lilian remarked to Mother when she went down the village "Eveline is doing the usual thing; she has got her nose buried in a book." The boys are just dears, all three of them. Jack is at an awfully awkward age but I think he'll be all right in a few years. Basil hasn't been very well. has had a sort of nettle rash but is as sweet as ever. In the evening were invited to Wally's in honor of his birthday. We had an awfully good time. Barafinka and Linka had been invited by Marjory and so they appeared at the party. Ruth was there to liven things up - and so was Douglas.

We played

Wednesday Nov. 14.

Mr. Lange came as usual - my lesson same as usual - usual remark "Non pas mal" — in fact everything went as usual. Had a perfectly splendid game of basket-ball. We beat the other team 22 - 16. Yesterday they beat us 12:8.

All night the wind blew like fury. I was wakened several times by it. Our room is right on the corner so we feel the wind more than others. It makes me feel so helpless - It makes me feel how great is God the Creator of all things. Thursday Nov. 15.

As I am learning German I wont to put in here a nice German poem out of my book - it is nothing very much.

Gottes Vorsehung

1. Auf dem himmel droben, wo die
Engelein sind,
schaut der Gott so gnädig herab auf
jedes Kind

2. Kommt heim Leiden und bei Sorg
und Noth,
nimmt's bei jedem Schmerzlein
mütterlich in acht.

3. Sorgt's der Kindern allen, doch
mir Vorsehn ist
dem sie wohlgefallen, drum sie
mir hinwegist.

I am sitting at the German table and enjoy it very much. Miss Rowell is a very good person to teach conversation. Miss Weeks,

the Biology teacher is there too so we are quite gay. The last two nights we have had proverbs to guess. These were they.

1. hymnym ift dim brifti Kof.
2. Imbrit mouft dor Lebrut pfs.

I am learning German much faster than I learnt french. Both languages are very nice I think. I must read a French book soon next Sunday, perhaps.

Had a fine game of Basket Ball. The "Invincibles", our team beat the "Formidables" 12 – 8. to-day. There was so fine play on both sides. The two teams are:-

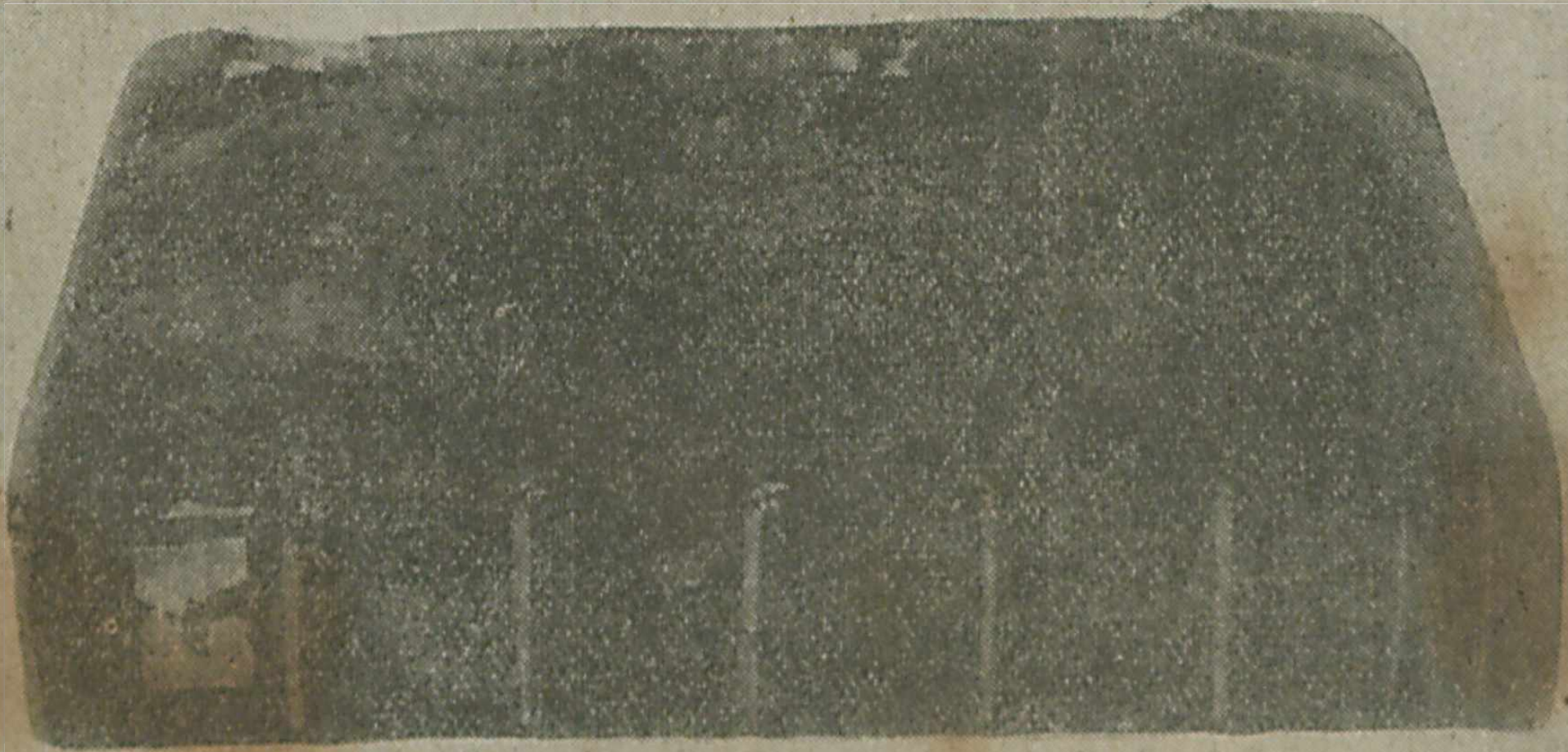
Formidables	Invincibles
Phrosso Em.	Evelyne Th.
Marika D.	Chrysanthy
Meliha	Alexandra
Gladys	Octavia
Urania	Stifka.

Monday Nov. 19.

Got a dear letter from Caroline. It was quite "grandmother advicy" but sweet. Had P. E. very nice as usual. Our caps are so pretty. Had another German proverb.

Fim Lyund möfft dir ondrm.

Miss Rowell's side had it. On Sunday we had two men here who are connected, I think with the Board of Education. Their names were Mr. Hitchcock & Mr. Creagine. They both addressed C. A. It was kind of "bum!" But some of the girls tho't it was lovely.



ADELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, [illegible] Stuart.
Last Four Nights. Last Two Matin[illegible] TONIGHT, 8.15, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S [illegible], To-d and Sat., at 2.15. On Tuesday, March [illegible] Eveni MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Matin[illegible] Sat. T 2,645 Gerrard.

WALDORF.—Lessees, The [illegible]

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss WI[illegible]

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"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."
MATINEE, TO-DAY, and Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.3

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Tuesday, March 20th, and Thursday, March 22nd.
Mr. CYRIL MAUDE,
Miss Madge Crichton, Mr. Harry Nicholls.
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Miss Evelyn Thomson

American College for Girls

CONSTANTINOPLE

Report of Miss E. Thomson for II Semester 1905-6

Sophomore Class.

A = Excellent. B = Good. C = Fair. D = Unsatisfactory.

Astronomy		Latin	B+
Biology	A	Literature	A+
Bible	A+	Mathematics	
Chemistry	A+	Philosophy	
English		Psychology	
Ethics		Physics	
French	B	Physiology	A+
German		Vernacular	
Geology		Composition	A
History	A+		
History of Art		Average A	

Drawing

Music

V Rank in College. – 93.55

Highest Rank in the Sophomore Class.

Mrs Thomson

A Tale of two cities by
Charles Dickens
Vol I. Judith Shakespeare

Evelin