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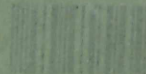
Diary, belonging to

Eveline Thomson

1906 - 1907.

Beginning Nov. 2, 1906.

SOGAZICI
ÜNİVERSİTESİ
KÜTÜPHANESİ



404098

“

Litera scripta manet.
(Cicero)

”

BOĞAZIÇI
ÜNİVERSİTESİ
KÜTÜPHANESİ



404098



Diary.

November 25. Sunday.

To-day was Sunday, and I, as usual enjoyed the day very much, notwithstanding a headache most of the time. As usual on beginning a new diary-book, I make most mighty resolutions, to have it a model of neatness, and good composition. I am sorry that I can not begin this on January first, but I must not, nor can not wait till that date. Mr. Frew led the service which was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Miss Weeks had the C. A. but it wasn't good. In the evening I went to Miss Hedd's room and had a most charming time. At present I am reading

a book she has lent me. It is the "Life of Fredrick D. Maurice" by his son. I am reading it in order to find out more about Kingsley, who was Maurice's dear friend. I find it very, very interesting, although perhaps it is not written so sympathetically as Kingsley's. When I went to Miss Hodd's room we got to talking about Maurice and the about Kingsley. She said she had been to Kingsley's home in England, that it was a beautiful quaint old place with many gables and a big lovely garden. She went rowing in the sea near his home and the rower in her boat was a very old fisherman who had known Ch. K. very well. It simply makes me

wild to go to my own native land and to see all these lovely dear places where my heroes have lived and died, and done their work on earth. One of my greatest ambitions is to go to England to visit Stratford-on-Avon, Dickens's home, Kingsley's Clovelly, and all the cathedrals and galleries and places of note! Oh! I wonder if my wish will ever, ever be granted. Miss H. also told me several stories about T. B. Macaulay. Once when he was a wee lad he went to visit a friend. He was put in a high chair at dinner time and his little bare legs stuck out under him. While the maid was sewing she carelessly let some hot soup fall on his legs.

The pain of course was very bad but he bore it very bravely. The lady of the house did all in her power to make him feel more comfortable. Then she said, "My poor little fellow, does it feel better now?" Looking up into her face he said "Madam the agony has abated!" He also was very fond of reading the Bible and did so often. He & his sister had a little garden bed each which they separated by a row of oyster shells. The maid Sally, to tease the children took them away one day. Little Thomas was very angry & he rushed with flushed face and clenched fists into the drawing room where his mother had guests and said "Cursed

be Sally! for it is written cursed be he who taketh away his neighbor's landmarks!"

Miss M. is very entertaining and knows lots about literature. She seems very anxious to have me read a lot and the dear thing is willing to lend me any number of books. It is simply lovely! I am going to read piles - I feel how little I know! there is such an infinite, inexhaustible host of things to read yet. I don't know anything about poetry or essays. I am going to read like fury!

Monday Nov. 26.

The P. U. and G. A. s had decided to give an opening meeting this Monday. We had not prepared anything during the week and as we had such a busy time

6.
before us I suggested that we should postpone. No one would hear of this and the consequence was that the whole thing was got up in such a hurry that it was a perfect "fiasco". I think we made awful fools of ourselves. Chupo was at the head of it and it was carried through with her characteristic speed and carelessness. There were a number of shadow scenes which were not bad but on the whole I think we lowered our literary society in the eyes of the teachers. Next time I hope we will do better. I feel almost as if I didn't want to take any part in it.

I dressed up as Mrs. Macawber in a billings costume but people didn't seem to appreciate

7.
it at all.

Tuesday Nov. 27.

Miss Kennedy has formed a very nice plan for her choir. She is going to take each girl separately for a few moments twice a week to tell her something about her voice and how she should sing. I went to-day. It was so nice. She knows such a great deal about music. I am going to try to do all she says, and not strain my voice as I have been doing. Mother went to Bebek, so I slept in her room and had a delicious time reading in bed before the bell rang. I am getting to like Frederick Maurice so much, although I have been so busy that my times for reading have been few and far between.

Thursday Nov. 29.

Thanksgiving Day.

In the A. M. we were all dressed in our best and everything felt like Sunday. The service was conducted by Mr. Allen and was extremely interesting although it was more an address than a sermon. He told about the condition of American politics and business. especially about the last New York governorship election. The condition in A. is not very happy at present, at least it seems so by what Mr. Allen said. To be honest in business is quite an exception and if a person is simply and purely good, his is lauded up to the skies!

Our Thanksgiving dinner

was quite jolly. Of course there was some stampeding and shouting on the part of the unladylike girls. Miss Griffiths presided and made quite a nice speech, enumerating all our blessings both the good & bad sides. par. ex.

{ Good - We have Thanksgiving day
 { Bad - We have to work tomorrow.

{ Good - We have beautiful teachers
 { Bad - They are sometimes stern!

{ Good - We have two lovely languages ^{to speak}
 { Bad - We hate the medal.

{ Good - We can pass it on
 { Good - We have a Thanksgiving dinner

{ Bad - That we don't have it every day.

{ Good - We have ekmek kadier to night
 { Bad - We can only have one piece!

With this grand? climax she sat down amidst a tu-

mult of applause. A little later in the meal the gas went out and we were left in total black darkness. We just burst out laughing everyone of us. Part of the rest of the time we had candles + tapers but soon the gas came back.

The play came off at 8. Of course it was a grand success. We dressed in the little bath-room opposite Mrs. Hozier's office. I was indeed a sight to behold. I had on a fair wig with staggering curls, a huge snoustache to match and horrible blue goggles. The lawyer, Zarafinka and her two attendants Chryso and Anka were so finely got up in white wigs, black mous-

taches and long black gowns. Angèle, Miss Shuttore looked very pretty in a yellow silk party dress but was rather stiff and cold in acting. It was with the greatest difficulty that I kept from laughing at times.

The actresses all, were invited to the parlor after the performance, where the teachers had a jolly time singing college songs etc. We got to bed quite late.

Friday Nov. 30.

It was horrid to get up next morning after our day of dissipation, I had to go back to lessons + work. I had a Latin written lesson which was the climax of my woes! Century club in the evening was very interesting. Miss J. is reading us a book on inter-

national law and it is very nice. In the evening got a dear letter from Carrie. What a sweet girl she is and such a faithful correspondent. I must write her a nice long, long letter.

Sunday Dec. 3.

Sermon was conducted by Mr. Charles Riggs and was terribly dry and missionary-style. It was all about the kings of Israel and Judah and such like! Read and wrote letters to Carrie, and grandpa. I love Sunday. It is indeed a day of rest here. I have never felt its peacefulness and freedom from daily cares so much as here. Sewing, lessons, working, are put away and we are free to read, write and think! I am sure during all my life I

will look back to Sundays at College with a feeling of gladness + joy.

Monday Dec. 10.

I have just come home from monthly holiday in a south wind gale and horrid rain. Wanted to go to town for Xmas shopping and various other things but decided not to, on account of the weather. Monthly holiday was quite nice. We were all together at Aunt W's. It is a dreadful job for us to pack up bag and baggage ^{+ go} up to Bebek! At least it seems so to me. Sometimes I wonder if it were really worth while to go for so short a time and I think that perhaps I would really enjoy it almost more if I stayed at Sentari.

The days are gradually getting

shorter and I feel that Winter has really set in. As I write this the wind is blowing hard, shaking the windows and rattling everything. It is not very nice having to go right out in the rain to the stone house but, we feel sheltered and protected when we get there.

Am awfully anxious to write some decent rhymes. I read my last to Mother and she didn't like it for she considered it sentimental! I myself thought it rather silly but I'm "crazy" to make some better ones.

Wed. December 12.

It really began to snow a little to-day much to my joy but sad to say it only stayed a little while and by the end of

the day there was hardly a trace of it left. To-day was a lovely day. History, Composition and Music Lesson all went off beautifully. Mr. Sange was quite pleased for a wonder! I was just getting discouraged, too. My photos came at last. am sending one to Carrie, Grace, and perhaps Mr. Sandis. There are not extra superflue - mais quoi faire! I suppose there are as nice as I can get in Belbek.

Friday December 14.

Last Wednesday we had an archaeologist come here to lecture. He was Mr. McAlester of the London Palestine Exploration Society. He lectured in the chapel in a very interesting manner notwithstanding his dropping the

black board eraser twice. I was in a perfect fit the whole time lest he should fall off the edge of the platform, for he would persist in remaining at that dangerous position. He told us about Tezer, the ancient city, whose excavation he is superintending.

I am very busy these days. The Alumnae are going to give a concert for Xmas consisting of a cantata, R.C. orchestra etc. I have been asked to take part in the choruses and consequently much of my time is taken up in practising - but I enjoy it just the same.

While practising in the parlor I came across a very interesting pamphlet which

contained the mottoes and inscriptions in The Library of Congress. I will copy some (those that I like best), here.

"Words are things, and a small drop
of ink
falling like dew upon a thought
produces
that which makes thousands per-
haps millions, think."

Byron.

Litera scripta manet
(that which is written endures)

Liber delectatio, animae.
(The book, a delight of the soul).

Efficient clarum, studio.
(Study the watchword of fame.)

"Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things."
Cicero.

"Streams, books, are each a world;
and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both
pure and good"
Wordsworth.

"All are but parts of a stupendous
whole,
Whose body nature is, and God, the
soul."
Pope.

"Too low they build who build
beneath the stars"
Young.

"They are never alone that are
accompanied by noble thoughts"
Sir Philip Sydney.

"Books will speak plain, when
counsellors blanch."
Bacon.

"Knowledge comes but wisdom
lingers."
Tennyson

"In books lies the soul of the whole
past"
Carlyle.

"What doth God require of thee,
but to do justly, to love mercy
and to walk humbly with thy
God?"
Micahs VI. 8.

"As one lamp lights another,
nor grows less
So nobleness enkindleth noble-
ness"
Lowell.

In tenebris, lux.
(In darkness, light.)

There is a new law in the school that if any one's belongings are found lying about in the study hall that person must learn a poem. I don't approve of that kind of punishment myself. Poetry is such a beautiful inspiring thing that one should enjoy reading it & committing it to memory. Well, anyhow I have to learn a poem. Octavia gave me one of Matthew Arnold's called "Youth's Agitations". When she put the book into my hands of course I glanced at the other ^{poems} in it, and read several. I got so interested that I read a short sketch of his

life and to tell the truth thro' my punishment I have just come to know a new poet (i.e. to me) and really I think it's quite delightful! Here is the poem -

Youth's Agitations

When I shall be divorced, some
 few years hence,
 From this poor present self which
 I am now,
 When youth has done its tedious
 vain expense
 Of passions that forever ebb + flow.
 Shall I not joy youth's heats are
 left behind
 And breathe more happy in an
 even chime?
 Ah no! for then I shall begin
 to find.

A thousand virtues in this hated
time.

Then I shall wish to its agita-
tions back

And all its thwarting currents of
desire

Then I shall praise the heat
which then I lack.

And call this hurrying fever,
generous fire;

And sigh that one thing only
has been lent
To youth and age in common
— discontent —

M. Arnold.

Saturday Dec. 15.

To-day is exactly one year since
Barton Hall was burnt! Can it
be? Sometimes it seems but
yesterday, other times, as if ages
had past. I wonder if our
next anniversary will find the
building all up again or at
least plans ready.

Am still very much
interested in Maurice's life.
But sad to say I find out he
married twice. That has
lessered my opinion and
love of him, I am afraid.
Why can't it be that men are
willing to marry a second
time? Here was Maurice who
loved his wife very, very dearly
who lived eight happy years
with her and yet in 4 or 5

years he married again. How was it possible for him to love two, the best in all the world. His first wife's memory spirit was still alive altho' her body was dead. I often think what will he do when he gets to heaven? and meets his two wives? Christ said there was no marriage in heaven but still will not children love their fathers, and fathers their sons with the same kind of love as they had here? Why then won't wife and husband love the same? How can two have the same place? Kingsley said marriage is eternal, for the spirit is married too. There how awful it would be when ye get to heaven to be

a Mormon!! I suppose this is awfully silly. People say that views like this change as one grows older. My opinion may change but at present it is this
Saturday Dec. 29.

I must write up my diary that I have neglected in the most heartless manner. Just or almost a week ago was Xmas and of course we all went off to Bebek. Gladys went on Saturday evening but I didn't go till Monday midday because I wanted to stay with mother as she was not free. People in Bebek of course teased me and asked me a hundred times why I didn't come up before. Uncle Edward, the naughty thing said "Oh you, here Eveline, I

tho't you were going to spend your Xmas in Sautari!

So many things happened on Monday and Tuesday that I got quite mixed up, and it seemed as if I had been there centuries. On Xmas Eve we all went up to Uncle Walter's. His great big hall was a beautiful place for a large party and it was indeed a merry hum that met our ears as we came up the stairs. There were children galore! Seager children, Sleizer children, Drake children and a few odd ones. Of course we all had to subdue our excitement until we were called to go into the tree. It was beautiful! It reached up to the ceiling and was glisten-

ing with lights, spangles and pretty things. The children gazed at it in awe, and then sang their little carol. It was so sweet. Santa Claus was not long in coming. We heard his sleigh bells and he soon appeared carrying a beautiful basket full of presents of all kinds. Then he proceeded to relate his wanderings. Then he gave out the gifts. There was one for each one. I got a three lovely books, and could not contain my joy. They were "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" "The Professor and the Autocrat." I just hugged them. We played any amount of rather rowdy games for the rest of the evening. The supper was

very delicious, of course. On our way home we stopped in at Sherris and saw their dainty little tree and the many presents laid out all round. A number of Christmas songs we sang and it was all so happy and home-like.

In the morning we had our presents laid out on the table. Here is a list of the things I got, (also those rec'd during the day.)

- Silver Brush - Uncle Fred
- Sace collar - Aunt Win
- Recording Book - Mother
- Mattress pin ce. Gladys
- Purse - Wally
- China Slutch dolls - Renee

- small note book - Aunt Fannie
- Picture - " "
- Knigsley's life - Ta. Cop. Aunt Mildred
- white muff - Aunt Siliaw

I was so glad to be so well remembered. I don't deserve half that I get. I do nothing in return!

At 9 A.M. we had service in the chapel led by Mr. Frew and it indeed was beautiful. The text was "Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men." It was one of the best sermons I have ever heard him preach.

At 12:30 we had our usual seager dinner, at Aunt Win's which of course was very nice.

In the evening we went

to a party at Lawrence Binn's of which the chief event was a play called "I Have Written to Brown" Douglas, Hans Shorr, Ethel and Nora were the actors and it was screechingly funny. Hans Shorr was of course the funniest. How we laughed!

All the Xmas tide had been so nice. Everyone had been so kind and generous and thoughtful. But still strange it to say I felt sad. I missed something - something that I have never felt all the times I have been here, until this year. What it is I can hardly say, but I believe it is a home. A home of my own with Mother and Gladys there. No

matter how good all the dear aunts and uncles can be, they can't give us that. No, we will have to make it ourselves. And we will! I am going back to America and there Mother shall have a house + home of her own again. and will be cozy and comfortable always. It seems so ungrateful to everybody to have this spirit. I am sure the homes of our aunts come as near to a home of our own, as possible but still it is not the same and can never be. Oh! when will I be accomplished and rich enough to go back to America and there to found a place that we have been without so long.

This longing for a home does not only come on at Bebek but it follows me in Scutari.

Oh! the awfulness + the dreariness of getting up at 6.30 A.M. (pitch dark) to come back to school. Why half the joy of Xmas was taken away by the superhuman effort of ours to get up so early in order to be at college in time for a lesson at 8:30. Truly, whom I informed of our journey the night before, insisted on accompanying us, not only to Cuskundjouk Scala but actually to the College Gate!! Is he not a knightly youth? I wonder if he enjoyed it, poor thing! We got here in time and we con-

gratulated on our prompt arrival as indeed we should have been for we felt extremely virtuous as we were don't you think so?

On Thursday I rec'd a very nice book from Grace which she herself made, called "The Possible History of Eveline Thomson." It is so nice to be remembered by those in America. Had our Latin exam. Pretty fair! Am waiting in fear and trembling for final results!

To-day we had a concert which was supposed to be given by the Alumnae - but which was made up mostly of seniors, Urania + I. The Cantata and Carols went off

quite well. and I think people enjoyed themselves.

Am reading Prestward Ho! and am devouring every word. Kingsley's ideas of chivalry, honor and religion are almost perfect I think. I simply love him. He is becoming quite a factor in my life, and almost like a living friend. My ideal of a fine, upright God-fearing, kindly gentleman is Kingsley. If I ever marry, I want my husband to be ~~at~~ as near like him as possible!



1907.

Nineteen Hundred and Seven!!

January 3.

Shurrah for the new year, altho' there have been two days of life since it first came into the world. I found a calendar which had verses from famous men written on it. This is for January!

"The no. of years is hidden, but let us greet this one with hope and be glad in it. The events of the year are veiled, but let us give such heed to the conduct of life and such place to the grace of God that all the experiences of the year may leave us stronger, tenderer, truer and better able to aid others."

Last night we had our Junior Composition Exhibition.

I must say I was disappointed
 — in what, I don't know! but I
 think it is in my own comps.
 Really, I use such common-
 place, awkward and expressions
 Even these foreign girls use
 more choice language! I
 won't have it! I will improve!
 Miss Jenks says it's lack of
 exactness and I suppose it is
 tho' I hate to acknowledge it.

Here's a saying of Kingsey's
 from "Westward Ho!" which I
 think is very characteristic &
 applies to me!

"Nothing venture, nothing win;
 and nobody goes bird-nesting
 without a fall at times. If any-
 one wants to be safe in this
 life, he'd ^{best} better stay at home
 and keep his bed; tho' even

there, who knows but the roof
 might fall thro' on him?"

Am very much interested in
 Miss Meladenovitch these days—
 she seems to have such queer
 ideas, and such a peculiar
 character. She takes everything
 so seriously and is so dreadfully
 pious — but a melancholy sad
 sort of piety. She takes every-
 thing so hard. A noise startles
 her nearly out of her senses, a
 word from a teacher makes
 her blush and become all a
 tremble, a lesson which she
 has failed to recite well, makes
 her gloomy, despondent and
 depressed for hours afterwards.

We got into quite a
 discussion the other day,
 Durania, Meladen and I about

the fact that the Bethel dox church here has images and picture in it. M. said that it was a direct breaking of the first commandment. "Thou shalt have no other God beside me."

V. and I, of course said that it wasn't the things themselves they worshiped but the spirit represented by the picture. She was quite astonished and maintained her point. She told me that in her country she had seen so many ignorant people praying to, and kissing the images, that they worship the things and feel they are not safe, or doing right if they had not a number in the house. Of course such things do exist because the

church is so ignorant. I, myself highly disapprove of them. It is good to have as little ceremony as possible, I think. Altho' I love the church of England service and am getting to love it more thro' Kingsley. How I long and long and long to ^{have} been living in his time, to have heard him preach and lecture; to have felt the warm grasp of his hand, to have talked to him, & visited his home. I often think "Are there no Kingsleys left in the world?" & "Will I ever be able to see any?" Mother says there are lots. I only hope it is true.

January 5.

Glad French exam to-day which was awfully easy. Mlle. does

not know how to give difficult exams. I think I fast well.

Sunday Jan 6. ^{above}

Began reading "St. Winifred" to Miss Mladenovitch and Kazangriff. I enjoy it more than they do, I am sure. Dr. Barnum preached - r - a - a - other day "When I was in College" style. The day is not at all pleasant, cloudy, sultry and at times, drizzly.

Did not read much except St. Mini. We had our last Bible class this morning with Mr. Patrick and of course feel i.e. I feel loathe to leave her class for the next semester we are going to be instructed by the admirables? Miss M. Last Sunday I tried to raise

a petition to which I wanted all the names of the girls signed, asking Dr. T. to keep us all thro' the year. But some of the girls were so afraid of hurting dear Aunt Gwen's tender feelings that they wouldn't sign or at least, promised reluctantly. Of course unless the vote were unanimous the petition would be no good, so I gave it up as a bad job. So now I will have to be a martyr on a pedestal, and with meekness? bear this woe which has fallen upon me!! O that I could flee! but that is impossible. I only hope that my forebodings will not prove altogether true.

Monday Jan 7.

Began reading "carefully" Paradise Lost" and find it extremely beautiful and interesting.

Mother advises me instead of trying to write silly verses I should read good poetry like "Aerie Sweeney" or "The Illiad." So I am following her ^{re-}commendation. Have read two books and a half already. I mean to read it thro' first and then to study it. (perhaps with Miss Jenks help.)

Got a letter from Carrie one page long for which I immediately gave ^{her} in a long letter, a good scolding.

Thursday Jan 10.

Spent most of the day in studying History, which comes off to-

morrow. Have a bad cold in my head. I haven't the slightest idea how I got it for I have been extremely careful of myself, this winter.

Am reading "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and enjoy its every page. Holmes' wit is so rich.

I feel quite ready for the holidays. I will not go up till Monday altho' Gladys goes on Sat.

I wrote to Wally in answer to numerous lengthy and wordy epistles, telling him that I didn't want the old "evening" that we have contemplated ever since the year one. Aunt Edith evidently gives up her hall to us reluctantly and I feel as tho' we were pushing ourselves to want to give it. No one really likes the play. I don't believe Mayjice

is at all keen so I sent a brief and "to-the-point" letter in which I said my final, firm unchanging answer was "We will not have it." I feel greatly relieved now but am waiting with a considerable curiosity what his letter in response will say.

Day before yesterday I received a very pretty silk bag from Helen and Glad got an illuminated "saying". It was extremely kind of the Beach girls to remember us, I think. Am learning German fast; I seem to find it much easier than French. Miss Rowell is a fine teacher. We have "sprichwörter" at the table to make no talk. Herés

the one we had tonight. "Was sich liebt, das neckt sich." I will indeed feel accomplished when I can speak both German and French fluently.

Friday Jan. 11.

In the A.M. had Modern History exam which was horrid and stupid I got 94. Not such a bad mark but Chrysanthy got 95, worse luck! It is awfully wicked of me I suppose not to want her to be high but I feel that way just the same. Poor Madew melted in tears. I have not found out much about her but will do so later. Am still stuffed up with a cold.

Saturday Jan. 12.

Had my last exam - German today. Hurrooy! they are finished at last. I feel so relieved! I have

composed a jingle about exams
that I will put here.

"Before ~~and~~ Exam. The parting
words.

Five the minutes

Only five

Till the dread time

Shall arrive.

Feet are icy

Headache too

I know nothing

Oh! --- do you?

Who was born in

15 four

Charles the fifth or

Thomas More?

There! I knew it

What's the date

New York came

A full-fledged state?

O please tell me

I shall die

I feel almost

Like I'd cry.

Can't you ~~hear~~ hear me?

Pity me!

Who discovered

the Caspian Sea?

Won't you listen

Goodness sake!

Quiet quills.

What a noise you make.

Here's my note book

Let me see

I must learn

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There's the bell!!

I'm lost, I say

Oh! quills listen

Help me pray!

You are heartless

Everyone

I just wish that

I could run!

One last look
 A parting glance
 'Tis my only
 Only chance!
 Good-bye classmates
 Pray for me
 If I pass 'twill
 Be with C!!!

Nothing very much but still quite
 as we feel. I am not going to Bebek
 for the holidays until Monday.
 Gladys went to-day.

Have been reading some parts of
 "Wuthering Heights" by Emily Bronte
 It is such a queer, horrible story
 full of characters most untrue to
 life. Heathcliff, the principle villain
 is a perfect fiend! I should hope to
 goodness there are no such people
 in the world.

Last night Miss Trime gave a
 Xmas party to the Juniors in her
 office. She had a tree for us too, so
 prettily arranged, with lights and
 shining things. She gave us each
 a tiny present. They were all so sweet
 and appropriate. Mine was a framed
 verse which was really quite pretty.
 The other girls got small books and
 pictures. We played games and
 altogether had a very merry time.
 We all feel that we have secured
 a treasure in Miss Trime. Would
 that I were graduating in my own
 beloved class. Deary me! Special
 courses have their disadvantages as
 well as their good points.

Sunday January 13.

Stayed in Mother's room all day
 because of my cold. In P.M.
 Maden and Kazenjeff came up

and I read them "St. Trinifred's" for half the afternoon. They got very excited over it and so did I. I just love the book and the characters in it.

Wrote a letter to Mr. Saundis and sent the tile which I am giving him and his bride for a wedding present. I am just aching for a letter from him. They are so interesting always.

In looking over my Papers I found a rhyme which I tho't I would put here, for use when friends didn't write.

An Appeal -

Oh busiest friend of mine
What for this silence long
I wait forever - ever
And never get a line.
Oh please do pity take
Upon your lonely friend

A nice long letter write
To me for goodness' sake -

Monday January 14.

In the A.M. had to stay in bed while things were getting arranged and so employed my time in writing verses. They are rather silly and I see many awkward phrases. Anyhow altho' they are not worthy to go into my big book, I'll put them here where no one will see them.

"A friend"

I had a friend once on a time,
A dearest friend to me,
No flower in Spring that bloomed on earth
Was lovelier than she.

Her eyes were as the heavens blue,
And fearless in their gaze
Her golden hair her temples fringed,
A tangled, glistening maze.

Her voice was soft like even breeze
That murmurs thro' the pines
That's wafted sweetly thro' the boughs
Where fairy nymph reclines.

A fairer creature n'er could be;
And she, her love bestowed
On me, a plain, lone wanderer
Along life's deary road:

She filled my moments with delight,
She made my days all ^{gay} glad.
Her gladness warmed my wintry heart
And made it warm as May.

But one sad day, a long sad day
The friendship broke apart
And in its breaking tore away
The life strings of my heart.

A quarrel came between us two
I know not how it came
But since that day my life was sad
It n'er could be the same.

A quarrel came. The joy was stilled.
A quarrel harsh and long
And ^{then} my loved one went away
I know now I was wrong.

My soul with anger filled full
I knew not where she fled
But burned in fire, on my brain
I felt the words she said.

My heart was icy, frozen hard
As hard as hardest stone
An so I lived in love no more
I lived... I lived - alone.

The years flew by, the hours sped.
My hair to silver turned
My heart was melted & I wept
Again for love, I yearned.

But she had gone oh! where or where?
Away, across the sea
And oft I wondered, wondered long
Would she come back to me?

The days passed on & I lived on
Till one bright summer's day
When going down a winding road
I stopped upon my way.

For coming down the dusty path
I saw a woman old
Oh! many a winter's chilling blast
Had o'er her bent head rolled.

She stopped a moment & looked up.
A look that pierced me thro'
A look I knew so well before,
From eyes of clearest blue.

My heart beat fast, my face grew pale;
I trembled: it was she.
I cried aloud with happiness
"Then still she loveth me."

Her face was changed, her sight was dim
Her hair was snowy white
Her form was bent & she was aged
And yet her face was bright.

I threw my arms around her neck
Her blue eyes filled with tears
Our love was joined in stronger bond
To make up for past years.

And neither spoke for each one knew
That she was in the wrong
'Twas tears that wiped away the past
Of our pained silence long.

She took my arm & walked along
I knew she loved me yet
We made up, for we each had learned;
"Forgive and then forget"

We lived in peace & love unchanged
We'll never be apart
She's still as e'er she was to me
My own, my dearest heart.

At 2:15 in the afternoon Mother and
I started for Cuskundjank at which
beautiful place we had to wait
one blessed hour! Mother was very
much annoyed. Aunt Winnie in
bed with a bad cold. but is

much better than before. In the Even-
ing there was a Church Meeting at
which they decided to build a new
church. Began reading "Les
Sesenchantées" by Pierre Poli, a new
book about the present state of
the Turkish harems. Aunt W's
reading it at present but I hope
to be able to have it soon. It
is very nice to be in Bebek.

Tuesday January 15.

Practised one hour. Began
"A Strange Story" by Lytton. Hope I
will have time to read it through
these holidays.

Wednesday January 16.

Practised and played 2 hours.
Read "A Strange Story" but found
it so gruesome that I don't think
I will continue. Miss Prince came
for lunch and we had quite a

jolly time together. I didn't go out because of cold. Weather much colder. Frost every morning.

Mother and Aunt M. said they were coming over to dinner and then they failed us. Aunt M. was awfully put out and she had a right to be. She had gone to extra trouble to get everything nice for them and then they didn't come. She seemed tired. I suppose it is her cold. In the evening we all played whist. It must have been hard for Uncle M. to give up all his evening reading time, to play. But he did it so cheerfully.

Thursday January 17.

Read "Sur la Branche" and found it very interesting. Like reading French. Aunt M. and Glad both have colds and the tail end of

mine still hangs on, so you might say this house is rather "coldish" at present.

Aunt M. gave a wee little party for the children in the P. M. There were 14 children at the table but the whole company was nearly double that number. We played games before tea and afterwards had little theatricals. Helen + Basil were the queen and Knave of hearts. Raul and Pauline played "The Milkmaid" and Kenneth, Glad and Evelyn acted a little part of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". They did it very well, I think; everyone was charmed + encored. The baby is a darling. She is not as pretty as she used to be, but she is beginning to understand so many things. I wish I could get a letter these days. It is ages since, I heard from

Carrie. She is a naughty girl!

Friday January 18.

Both Aunt Dr. and Glad in bed with bad colds. I was the only well one and so had to wait on, and ran errands for the sick.

In the evening we were invited to Aunt Fanny's to meet Mr. Remont, the Robert College, French teacher. Mother and I both aired our French a little but we were rather afraid to talk much. Mr. Remont is a very nice gentleman, so polite and nice. Mr. Creeley was there and he entertained us a good bit. Altogether it was a very pleasant evening.

The holidays are half over - worse luck. Altho' I didn't want to come to Bebek, very much I want to stay now I am here.

No letters yet! Everyone must have forgotten me, I think. When I do receive any, there will be lots, I hope.

Saturday January 19.

This morning the snow is beautiful. A lot must have fallen in the night for all the roofs have a thick covering. The sun is shining very bright, however and I fear before long there won't be much left. In the A.M. Glad, Mother, Uncle R. Aunt M, Kenneth Evelyn and I went for a lovely walk on the hill. The snow was beautiful for snowballs and we had a fine time throwing them altho' we didn't have a fight. Began "Ziska" by Marie Corelli. Find it interesting and clever but I don't really care for it.

It is a certain type of novel that is fascinating but not good. I don't want to read many of this kind.

Uncle Mrid stayed home all day as it was Greek Epiphany. He wanted to go and see the cross thrown into the water as I missed it last year, but we didn't arrange it beforehand, so could not go.

Played whist in the evening but were not very brilliant sad to say.

Sunday January 20.

Lots of snow. but still Gladys + I went up to church. Very good sermon by Mr. Van Milligen. In the P.M. Aunt M. had the Chr Missionary meeting at her house. Ada + Irally had to read papers and Aunt M too. Irally was very

badly read.

When we heard that he was in the house we tho't now he will say something about the letter. But he greeted us with cold reserve and marked indifference. Gladys and I were so surprised we could hardly restrain from laughing outright. To think that a great huge boy of 21 should act like a spilt baby in that fashion. We have taken it as a great joke. In the evening we read "Othello" aloud each taking a part. Aunt M + Uncle M. belong to a Shakespeare club that reads plays every 2 weeks. They had "Othello" this time, so we read it over for practise. I did enjoy it so much. I only wish I could do more of that sort of thing.

Monday January 21.

Such a snow storm was raging that Mother decided not to go to Scutari till tomorrow. We are very glad. Played whist in the evening at Aunt Mis. Lots of fun.

Tuesday January 22.

Still snowing hard. Nevertheless we all started out for college. There were no carriages running from Scutari so we went to Cus-kundjok and walked up. It is lots of fun in the snow. The climb made us all warm and happy. We found however that we were almost the first people who had arrived. Ten girls came altogether during the day, so we all stayed in the college + didn't go over to the stone house. I slept in Mother's

room. Mr. P., Miss Slodd, & Miss Vivian, not back from Mytilene where they went for the holidays. We all pity them so in this bad weather.

Wednesday January 23.

All our lessons irregular. At 11 o'clock we all went for a walk. And such fun as it was. It was snowing hard the whole time. Snow! snow! snow as plenty more as we could use. I think it has fallen at least a foot + in some places, of course it is much deeper.

Am continuing reading "Paradise Lost" Oh! - it is simply beautiful! I think the viith book is the most beautiful of those that I have read so far. It is the book telling about the

Creation of the world. But who knows? I may like another better for each page, as I come to it, seems more enchanting and grand than the one before.

It snowed all day almost without ceasing.

Thursday January 24.

There are a very few girls at college because of bad weather.

In P. M. walked my mile in the snow and helped to shovel a path to the back door. Chups is back & is as jolly as ever. We are quite friendly at present.

Dr. P. Miss D, Miss V returned.

Friday January 25.

Lessons as usual. Snow melting fast and sun quite warm. Century Club in the evening - very interesting. Got a letter

from Carrie + 3 p. cs. Was overjoyed at the unexpected pleasure.

Saturday January 26.

I do enjoy choir so much - The cantata "The Enchanted Swans" is awfully nice. I only wish the girls were more interested + enthusiastic.

Miss Todd gave a party, in the literature room, after prayers, to the Seniors and Juniors. It was quite nice notwithstanding the fact that some of us lost our tempers over games we played. However we ended up with a good laugh and so all was well with everyone.

Sunday January 27.

Was sick in the night. Very likely got a chill. Stayed in Mother's room all day.

Tuesday January 30.

In the morning ranks were read.

They were as follows.

- I. Octavia Suboff
- II. Marika Sloucheff
- III. Hermine Agarian
- IV. Arshalouise Freukian
- V. Arpine Gevregian.

Class

Senior Miss Suboff
Junior Miss Lion
Sophomore Miss Gevrekian
Freshman Miss Agarian
Suls. Miss Throsso Lion.

Sunday February 3.

Sermon by Mr. Chambers -
C. A. by Miss Prime very nice.
Answered Mr. Sandis' letter which
I got yesterday. Read "Notre
Ainée." Had Bible Class with
Miss Griffiths - I can't give my
opinion on it, as yet. In the
evening went to a reading of

Larrie's poems by Miss Dodd.
Sunday Feb. 10.

Two weeks have passed since
I last wrote my diary - two
quite uneventful ones. Last
Wednesday we had a lecture
by Mr. Mizzi on "Mineralogy
Present, Past and Future." He
talks quite well notwithstand-
ing his grammatical mistakes.
but he is a foreigner of the for-
eigner. His gesticulations, his
expression are not English & he
is very conceited about his
achievements and possessions.
The girls, naturally were de-
lighted with him. I took his
whole lengthy speech as a good
joke. I learnt nothing really
about Mineralogy except -
that it ~~was~~ very difficult,

that you can't work except with a collection of specimens for reference, and that people do not take it up ^{with} very much enthusiasm. The whole time he gave us his own personal experiences. — Tif! The program of lectures for the rest of the year has been posted. Much to my joy Mr. Sears and Miss Roberjot are going to talk.

Maintenant je prends des leçons de conversation avec Mlle Roberjot. Mother le voulait depuis longtemps. J'ai eu deux leçons déjà. Elles furent très intéressantes! Comme Mlle sait beaucoup. Pour quarante minutes de l'heure je parle. Quelque fois je recite

une histoire que j'ai lu, et quelquefois nous causons. Pour vingt minutes je lis des oeuvres différents. Les harmonies de Samartine était ma lecture pour deux fois. Je lisait "Le Premier Regret" et "Le tombeau de ma mère." deux poésies très douces et jolies. Mlle m'a dit que j'ai fait beaucoup de progrès et cela me console. Je crois qu'elle me donne trop de compliments. Seulement j'espère que les choses sont toutes vraies. Je lis maintenant "Graziella" par Samartine et je la trouve très jolies. Ceci est le deuxième livre ^{français} que j'ai lu cette semestre. L'autre était "Notre Aïnée." une histoire assez intéressante.

Je suis tout à fait joyeuse à cause d'une bonne nouvelle! Qui est que je vais chanter un solo - imaginez! toute seule dans le concert que Miss K. va donner à la fin de l'année.

Je serai le prince qui aime Elfrida - un très joli rôle.

Miss Barberian bien sûr aura les solos soprano et l'autre alto, "The Queen's curse" etc, elle n'est pas sûre encore à qui elle va le donner.

Je crois que je suis inspirée au jour d'hui -

Regardez quelles pages de Français - je suppose avec une quantité de fautes.

J'ai trouvé que c'est très difficile d'être très en-

thusiaste pour le Français et l'Allemand. en même temps. Chaque langue a son tour. Maintenant c'est le Français, comme vous, si vous avez des yeux, voyez. Mlle. était très fâchée dans la classe, l'autre jour. Sa leçon était une poésie à réciter. Les jeunes filles qui commençaient n'ont pas très bien ^{la} recité, mais pas si mal, non plus. nous hésitâmes. Mais à la fin Mlle. devint si fâchée que les dernières ont eu peur - les paroles. Elle nous a dit qu'elle va nous reporter à Miss Griffiths. Mais je crois que c'était seulement le colere de l'in-

stank.

Monday Feb. 11.

Am trying to paint a motto for Miss Dodd but have given up as a bad job. Will ask Anka to finish it.

In the evening as Manica was ill, I led the P. U. meeting. I read "The Marriage Morn" a dear story in one of the M^{rs}. Luns. The girls liked it very much, but not more than I did in reading it.

Did not study much as I felt tired. Am dying for a letter from someone.

Tuesday Feb. 12.

Did not do much of interest. I knew my Latin quite well. Had German reading and felt awfully wicker!

Thursday Feb. 14.

St. Valentine's Day.

Lessons went off pretty well. Knew my History. In the evening a French Entertainment was given, the entrance fee being one piastre. I made my debut in acting in French. I was "une pauvre". People said my accent was good, much to my joy. The farce I took part in was "Mon ami Pierrot" composed by Mlle - not much point to it - but funny.

Am very anxious for a letter.

Friday Feb. 15.

Had my fourth conversation lesson with Mlle. She was perfectly beautifully this time. I found out that she love Dickens

and my joy can well be imagined. I've talked about Sammartine and I read "Grazilla" that sweet story of his first love. But of course altho' it is sad to think that Grazilla died of love for him, he never could have married her as she was only a fisherman's daughter. I am very glad Sammartine didn't go to live in Italy always. He is a fine character. Inle has his picture and his is a face full of goodness, beauty + nobility. I am very anxious to learn about him and want to read his life. I am sorry we have so little of his in the library. He is almost one of my heroes, and I am sure he will be soon. It is very interesting however to compare

his character + writings with those of an Englishman - He is extremely Frenchy - not the silly kind but the fine kind. English people are so much more sort of solid. The French are carried away by their feelings. I have hardly a right to compare, as I know so little. But I am really going to study French lots.

Monday Feb. 18.

In the evening Miss Brine Pavey + Vivian gave the P's a dinner which was simply lovely. Everything imaginable - each program was in one color we had pink soup with green parsley in it, pink beets + green lettuce, pink pilaf + green peas - gelatine molds of pink + green

and in the middle of the table
was a tissue paper pie with
P. B. T. U. on it. There was a
string for each one + we pulled
out little packets of sweets.

The toasts were as follows.

The Charter Members Mrs Edwards.

"Let us swear eternal friendship."

The P. U. Society Miss Sloucheff

"It has honored us, may we honor it."

Dear Ideals. Miss Pavey

"Nothing is so easily given as advice!"

Holy Food. Miss Vivian.

Our College Miss Emmamel.

We sang the P. U. song + all felt
so joyous + grateful.

Last Sunday when I was in the
library I wrote the following
rhyme about the bells.

"College Bells" after (E. A. Poe)



l rising bells
bells!
of sleepiness their echo-
foretells!

ngle, jangle, jangle
ing of the night
es seem to wrangle
dreams roughly straight
chedest delight.

time time
Runic rhyme.

madning perseverance that
pontaneously wells
the bells, bells, bells bells

Bells, bells bells
From the jangling of awful rising
bells.

II

Hear the mellow dinner bells

Charming bells

What a world of dainty things their
harmony foretells

All at once the day seems bright
Downstairs file we in delight
As the gong the waiter beats
Delicious times

And the same note e'er repeats
Then our dinner do we see & take our seats

Pilaf and Prunes!

O! the dinner how it smells

In us gratitude impels

To the dearest of the college

Bells, bells, bells

Oh the Bells, bells, bells, bells

Bells, bells, bells

The delicious, life-refreshing
dinner bells!

III

Hear the dear retiring bells

Welcome bells

What a gush of restfulness their har-
mony foretells

In the drowsy time of night

Steady burn the fires bright.

And they always seem to speak
Of the comfort we would seek
In our beds.

Do more lessons can be done till the
dawning of the morrow

Exiled now are all our trials all
our troubles, all our sorrows.

Oh we feel so tired, tired

And our souls are fired, fired!

We'll be studious & clever

And be naughty, oh, no never

We say when down we lay our heads

Oh the bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their ringing tells
of sweet dreams.

How our spirit sinks & swells

By the sinking and the swelling
in the story of the bells

Of the bells

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells
bells bells bells

In the dear, reposeful, glad retiring
bells!

Eveline A. Thomson.

Then too, I got very sort of
dreamy on Sunday when read-
ing in the library & this is the result.

"A longing"

Have you ever felt tired of lessons
Of people, of work & of play
And just wished to wander & wander
In the fields by yourself all the day?

To be thinking of everything lovely
To be bathing your spirit in light
To look up to the skies & see heaven
Tho' its radiance is almost too bright.

To make friends of the birds & the flowers
And to kiss all the sweet things that ^{grow}
To sit by the side of the brooklet
And watch its soft dear ripples flow.

Oh! I'd like to go out for a journey
To go out and away all alone
And go on thro' country & wood ^{land}
Away to the glorious unknown.

I could be with my own soul together
In intercourse joyful & free
My tho'ts would be my companions
The dearest companions to me!

This is an after thought —
But perhaps when I'd been ^{up} alone
I'd be weary of being alone ^{footsteps}
And I'd trace back my wandering
And seek the sweet shelter of home.

+

Tuesday Feb. 19.

Rather coldish weather yet. In A.M. had a beautiful Latin lesson. We are now at the interesting part of the "Aeneid" where Aeneas is love struck + wants to marry Dido. Some parts of it are fine. Latin is very in lovely.

In P.M. got two sweet letters — a 14 pager from Carrie and one from Grace — they were both very welcome. Carrie's was full of poems she had made — some of them very witty.

Mother went to town and bought me some awfully nice stuff for me to make myself a dress. The blouse is raw silk + the skirt thin dark blue cloth. I do hope I will be able to make it up nicely. To-day little Greta is one

year old! Just think how fast the year has flown.

I always look forward to my composition class which comes on Wednesday. It is so very interesting and the subjects are so nice that I have my comps. planned a week and sometimes more, ahead. We are taking character as revealed by conversation + action. It is work just after my own heart. I get so excited + look forward to hearing what the other girls will take for subjects. All the girls write so well! It is a pleasure to hear their comps.

The Juniors are going to give "An Evening" on Thursday. It is a play "The Chinese Slimmy" — but more of that hereafter.

I read "The Bells" a parody on
E. A. Poe's. Then the play came
off. Really, it was done splen-
didly. All the teachers + girls
showered congratulations on us.

We were really quite surprised
at our own success. The invited
guests came to the parlor. I
danced a little. Altogether we
had a very enjoyable time.

Friday, Feb. 28.

After our night of dissipation it
was indeed difficult to turn our
thro'ts to serious things again
especially as my lessons were
hardly touched. With a great
deal of concentration in a
very short time I managed to
scrape thro' however.

At 9, at prayers. Mr. Ber-
ford gave us a charming talk

on Japan. He speaks very fluently
& well. But what he said
at the end was the best of all.
This was it: "If I have aroused
any interest in the course of my
talk it is due to the honor I
received the other night, in being
made a member of the Junior
class." I could have hugged him.

I think altogether that he
is a very fine man. His face
shows his earnestness and
solid goodness. He is a perfect
gentleman, too that's what I like
in him.

In P.M. we all came
up to Bebek as it is monthly
holiday. We went to Aunt Sil's.
In the evening we all went to
choir practice which was at the
Morton's. I tho't we were going

to have an awfully dull time of it when all the non singers were poked into the dining room, however it was not as bad as might have been expected.

Saturday Feb. 23.

Did quite a lot of practising. Began "Martin Chuzzlewit." I by Dickens. In P. M. went to Aunt Millie's for tea. Had an awful ordeal to go thro' - namely play the piano. I was aw very nervous and played abominably. I just feel as if I never can play before people. My hands just don't go. There was a progressive whist party at Aunt Trina's in the evening. I enjoyed it very much. Mr. Sarcu - the Ger-

man tutor a Robert College was there. He simply couldn't play for nuts! and I had the joy of six rounds with him. I scored 164. Mother won the lady's prize which was a beautiful triple pencil apparatus.

Sunday Feb. 24.

Mr. Greene held the service - not very interesting. Went down to Aunt Trina's, where Miss Young had come to call. Read a little of Martin Chuzzlewit. Aunt Fanny asked us to tea - had a very nice time. I do so enjoy Mr. Breakley's conversation. Cousin Grizel is a dear. Everything was very nice. Mother had to go back to Scutari - worse luck.

Monday Feb. 25.

Came back to Scutari in P. M.

Horrid, wet, stupid weather! The north wind is furious. It blew round our room fit to kill in the night.

Tuesday Feb. 26.

Lessons passed off pretty well Latin is fine. Slide, the Carthaginian queen gets more interesting as the Aeneid progresses. Miss Young really knows piles! Wrote my composition. It is still about the same character "Tom". Now I have written four compositions about him. I do enjoy writing so. I sort of nurse my thro'ts about a comp. for days before I write it down. Tom is becoming quite a friend of mine.

Dr. Bradford gave us another address on Japan. It was extremely interesting but not

as entertaining as the first.

The wind was dreadful in the night and so cold. Oh!

Wednesday Feb. 27.

Glad Comp in the morning and altho' I liked my own comp, Miss Jenks didn't seem, to very much. She criticised us all - quite a lot much more than she usually does. Aman! It is difficult to write well. There is no denying it.

Thursday. Feb. 28.

Mr. Bradford left to-day but before the Juniors had their photo taken with him. Miss Slodd took it - I do hope it will be nice. In the evening I received a letter from Mr. Sandis - Oh! I was so happy to have one from him again I believe I like to get his letters

best of all - Carrie's, too are just as welcome but besides these the others are of course very nice but none made me feel so happy, so sort of joyful and good all over.

Friday March 1.

Very cold - horrible wind in the night. Very interested in "Martin Chuzzlewit". It is simply delicious! The wit is perfectly lovely. I simply chuckle over it -

Saturday March 2.

Very cold.

Sunday March 3.

Wrote three long letters, one to Mr. Sandis, one to Grace & one to Helen. Read "Martin Chuzzlewit" and it really is just fine. Mr. Bowen gave the sermon which was really quite a fine one, one

of the best I have ever heard him preach.

Monday Feb. March 4.

In the morning didn't do anything absolutely. In the P.M. had a rehearsal of the Milkmaids which we will give on Charter Day Wednesday. It went very well. Got a darling 12 pager from Carrie. I must write, immediately. She deserves it.

Tuesday March 5.

Satin - extremely nice - Miss Young is a dear. Practised in P.M. on the Milkmaids

Wednesday March 6.

Charter Day was celebrated today. It was quite grand. In the morning Aunt M + Dr. came + a lot of the Alumnae came to lunch. Uncle Fred and Uncle Robert too

The guests all came down to the dining room - there were quite a lot of them. At 2:15 the Exercises in the Chapel began. 1st. "Orpheus + His Lute" by the College Chorus. 2nd. Aunt Win's speech. 3rd. Duet by Misses Rubin and Thomson. 4th. "The Spiritual Significance of Dante's Divine Comedy" by Miss Jenkins. Miss J. really spoke beautifully - much better than I expected. Aunt W's speech was short and sweet. Our duet went very nicely.

In the afternoon after the reception in the Parlor we decorated and rehearsed.

Eight o'clock came at last, and the impatient audience assembled. The Operetta "The

Girton Girl + the Milkmaid" was what had been prepared. I was the Girton Girl, Isbedenie, the Milkmaid and then there was a chorus of other milkmaids. The stage was prettily arranged in red and green and the milkmaids sat on a sort of little mound + played with golden balls. The whole thing was a great success. Everybody was charmed and all vigorously called for an "encore" of the Finale. The compliments we received were indeed plentiful.

Saturday March 9.

Am so glad it is the end of the week. Am very anxious for a letter! Mladen. and I have decided to contest and see who

will get the most letters during the month of March. I have only received one, as yet. I fear Miss Meladen. will win as her friends are all so near while mine are all in America.

Read "Martin Chuzzlewit."
Enjoy it awfully.

Sunday March 10.

A certain Mr. Johnston from America preached the sermon which I tho't very nice but for which, I found later Miss Young had a great contempt.

We had a perfectly stupid Bible lesson. We were supposed to learn a lot of verses out of the Bible and not half of the girls knew them. Thereupon Aunt Gwen proceeded to give us a comfortable little lecture

which was not ^{as} severe as it might have been considering the day was the Sabbath. I was awfully cross and proceeded to put on as indignant don't-care face as possible, and looked out of the window, and at the apparatus and at the delapidated umbrellas ~~at~~ the other things in the room, and not at Miss G. It is not enough that we have lessons all the week but on Sunday too! It makes everyone hate the Bible when they are forced to memorize it. Botheration! take the old class any-how! If we could only have kept it with Mr. Patrick what joy that would have been. There was a tho't that

I got from the sermon this morning which I quite like. The preacher said that God reveals himself to men in different ways and that there are many gates into our hearts.

If he does not come in thro' a gate of love of beauty he may come in thro' one of service etc. So, I must not feel

discouraged when I think that I cannot feel God's presence in the study of the Bible for instance - but I must

say to myself that perhaps I can see God in something else perhaps. For example if I love good in poetry, in the lives of my heroes like King-ley, or Dickens, or if I feel nobler when I ~~at~~ see self-deny-

ing people around me and wish to be like them, I am seeing God just the same.

Indeed, to tell the truth I feel I know nothing, absolutely nothing about these things and must just live on as best I know. That after all is the main

point. Mr. Bradford gave us a very nice saying which the Juniors have adopted as their class motto "It is always best to believe the best."

Finished "Martin Chuzzlewit" and have-n't enjoyed a book so much for quite a while. My favorite character, I think is Tom Pinch - altho' John Westlock and Martin are nice too. I am sorry to say that Dickens is not very good

at women's characters. Ruth and Mary are neither of them especially good - of course the former is portrayed the best. "M. Ch." is indeed made up mostly of male personages. The passages about America are funny in some places but on the whole not very interesting. I am glad they form so small a portion of the book.

I have begun "Un Peu, Beaucoup, Passionément" which Mlle. recommended to me. I think it will prove very entertaining. She said she enjoyed it very much herself.

Monday March 11.

Read "Un peu - etc." and it is very nice but Frenchy as usual. But it really is quite exciting.

Read Macaulay for history. Enjoyed it very much.

I had almost tho't spring had come yesterday when the sun shone so cheeringly and the chilliness of the air began to warm, but sad to say, the leaden clouds appeared thro' my window by my bed, early this morning, & have remained all day. It is indeed disappointing.

Gladys is in bed with a cold but is getting on nicely. I did some Latin but found it awfully difficult to concentrate my mind.

Tuesday March 12.

Such a lovely, lovely day. It makes me feel so happy to see the sun. There is one advantage in having a long, cold winter. We

enjoy the Spring so much when it does come at last.

We are supposed to write either a monologue or a dialogue for composition to-morrow. but I have written both in order to introduce some other characters into the story of Tom. I'm sure I don't know how Miss Jenks will like it but I hope she will. I'll have to wait till to-morrow and see.

Mother felt tired and so went to Bebek. I am to sleep in her bed. What joy. Can read to my heart's content!

Finished reading "Un peu Beaucoup, Passionné ment." I have never been so excited over a French book yet, except perhaps "Graziella." The story is made up ^{partly} of a girl's diary and that is very

nice; but really the heroine Michelle is awfully queer. She arrives at the age of 19 and the sole aim of her parents & herself is to get married - so they fish the country side for eligible young men. She can't decide which to have so she makes up her mind to put them in a "tirelire" and draw the name of her future husband - just imagine! She knows that most of her suitors just want her dowry which is a million francs. I never saw a more indifferent person. She says herself "Je ne suis pas de tout romanesque: je veux me marier me bien marier." That is all - really isn't it queer - However in the end she really falls in love but not in love as an English

girl would, with all her mind
loving because she has found
a spirit akin to hers - equal to
hers, something in it to respect
and admire - Gracious! I guess
I don't know much about it
myself but still it strikes me
all as very extraordinary. Per-
haps French girls are like that.
Anyhow I am glad English
girls aren't.

Wed. March 13.

I had a very nice music lesson.
I happened to know my noc-
turne by heart, and I received
Mr. Saugé's "Non! c'est bien."
Had a very nice lesson with
Mlle. She is becoming a very
good friend of mine.

I did the most awful thing
this evening when coming up

from dinner - I heard someone
talking on the stairs and I turn-
ed around and said "Shsh"
very loud. What was my dis-
may and consternation to find
that it was Miss Stayan + Miss Vogl
were just behind me. Of course I
begged pardon but they looked
awfully cross, + I felt horribly
humiliated. That is the reward
of virtue!

Thursday March 14

Snow! again! can it be possible.
I wouldn't believe it if people told
me but I can't help it when
I see it before my eyes covering
all the ground + roofs of the
houses. Suba Gentsheff is ill, so
Milka and I have a very slow
time of it.

Friday March 15.

Still cold.

Am discouraged about my Latin.
I always have so many mistakes
in my exercises.

I wrote a poem to-day called
"An Appeal" which I copied into
my big book. However last
night I made a rhyme which
was not so good so I'll copy it
in here.

"A Souging for a friend."

My soul is not imprisoned here
Within these mean abode
But wanders far thro' all the world
On many a fairy road.

It wanders thro' the valley's green
Where clear the streamlet flows
Thro' gardens laden down with seeds
Of violet and rose.

Thro' paths that glisten on each side
With dewy, sparkling grass.
And clouds that wander far o'erhead
Like fleecy isles that pass.

My soul, she wanders far oh! far
In lands of old Romance
Where ladies are in gorgeous robes.
And knights with sturdy lance.

Where minstrels tell their legends old
In poetry and song
And love and beauty there abound
And joy the whole day long!

And is there not another soul
That wanders too like mine
And for a kindred spirit longs,
For friendship, love doth pine.

Oh! will I meet the other soul
And when + how + where
In flowery fields or forest dark
Midst knights + ladies fair?

'Tis needless, all in vain to guess
Such things are hid from sight.
I will remember to watch for
That spirit day and night.

Saturday March 16.

Two very bad pieces of news
came to us to-day as I was
tranquilly reading in Mother's
office. One was the grandpa
was very, very ill and someone
had to go to England right
away. Aunt Mildred was chosen
to go and went off Saturday. The
other piece of news was that Uncle
Jim died suddenly this morning.
Mother went to see Aunt M. off

at the train and then went up to
Bebek. Uncle Jim's death was dread-
fully sudden - it was caused by
influenza. I feel so sorry, sorry
for poor Marjorie + Aunt Lissie
and all. The shock to them all
must have been very severe.

Sunday March 17.

Mother went to Uncle Jim's fun-
eral to-day but glad and I did
not go. We had a quiet Sunday
in Sculari instead.

Mr. Barnum gave us a
rather dry sermon - When he said
"In my boyhood days" I per-
ceived a slight smile flicker on
Mrs Toopl face. He seems to
have know many peculiar and
interesting personages in his
boyhood days! Uncle J's death
has made all the day seem sol-

em and sombre. Glad + I knew him very little but he was Mother's own uncle.

I have got hold of a lovely, lovely book which I have wanted for ages and have never found. That is "Jane Eyre". Charlotte Brontë's has always seemed such a beautiful, sad life and I have been interested in her and her family for a long time. Last summer I read "The Professor" but of course it can't be compared to "Jane Eyre". I read it nearly all day. I didn't seem to get tired at all. I won't give my opinion of it until I have finished it.

My fountain pen is acting abominably. Observe the

beautiful blots which decorate these two pages-

I went to Miss Slodd's room after prayers and we talked about Longfellow and had quite a nice time.

I read in Jane Eyre of a person who gave two hours every day to the writing of her diary. It seems as if I give sometimes 10 minutes, sometimes 20, but never more. Gracious! 2 hours seems a very long time indeed.

Monday March 15.

I didn't do much all day - Finished "Jane Eyre" - I enjoyed it immensely. I have never read a book where descriptions were so clear-cut and where so much was said in so few words. I think it is a noble style and the dialogues are very fine.

It is rather disappointing that Mr. Rochester should turn blind - His character is very good, and no doubt very true to life but really I don't think I would have fallen in love with him as Jane did.

The parts of the book which I like best are - where Jane talks in the evening to Mr. R. by the great chestnut tree; where Jane bids goodbye to Thornfield; and when she finds her old lover -

The descriptions are excellent - In short the whole book is in a style which I have never come across before.

Had quite a nice P. U. meeting. Miss Doncheva read a very interesting story "The marriage Knell" by Hawthorne. She reads very badly but still this time the

story was so nice we almost forgot the reader but not quite.

Received a nice letter from Helen -
Tuesday March 19.

Aunt Minnie came here this morning, the bearer of sad news - Poor Grandpa is dead! We knew no particulars but it is dreadful, dreadful to think of. Mother went right up to Bebek. to stay a few days. Aunt M. will arrive in England too late, of course & it will be very hard for her. I feel so sorry for dear Mother. It must be a great grief to her - for now she is an orphan altogether.

Wednesday March 20 -

Nothing doing much - Had quite an interesting lecture by Mr. Shimovarian on "Revel Law."

Thursday March 21.

In the evening the German performance came off - The play acted by Elsa, Zaronki, Evelyn, Renée and Valerie was excellent! The songs went off quite nicely. There were a number of dry recitations but then the rest made up for it. Received Katherine + Douglas Warner's photos, also a letter from the latter. The pictures are awfully nice. Glad has taken possession of K's + I of 2's. They are neither of them beautiful but they have character in their faces, I think.

Friday March 22.

There has been a quarrel between Octavia and Angèle and in consequence we had a meet-

ing of the Executive Committee.

This is a statement of the case:-
Angèle was on duty and she reported 2 girls for talking ^{Bulgarian} continually. There was a long list of girls, that day, and Octavia told A. that she must scratch off those two names. She said it in a lordly, imperious way and A. was deeply insulted. So she wrote a letter to the ex. committee saying that she resigned her office because she tho't the girls couldn't bear her. etc, etc. (a lot of foolishness). Octavia seemed joyful at this letter but of course had to ask the committee if they accepted her resignation or not. She tho't we would all accept it - but we tho't the principle was in Angèle's favor. If a president has the despotic power

to cross out names from the report list, what power had the solo girl on duty, anyhow? Poor Octavia was abofully concerned that we didn't want to except A's resignation. and when the final vote was taken + we stuck up for A - she was very angry, said she would resign - burst out crying and left the room. One can well imagine the state of our feelings. We didn't know what to do, for both the girls have iron wills, neither likes the other, + both are awfully proud and hate to stoop to an apology. The meeting broke up amidst our dire distress. All day long Octavia haunted the place with red eyes and a sorrowful countenance. Miss Kerova tried her best to

bring her round, but all her efforts were in vain.

Saturday March 23.

We had another ex. com. meeting and decided to wait for things to cool down a bit and to do our best to bring about peace, in the meanwhile - It seems a great pity that two girls who ^{do} ~~can~~ ^{like} not work together, cannot swallow their pride + try their best for the remaining two months. It will be extremely interesting to see how this turns out for of course one or the other must yield - It would be an awful disgrace if it got to the teachers ears. We all hope to be quiet about it until it has blown over - We are all very anxious. Got an awfully nice letter from Grace. quite long, too. Now I have

received this month four letters,
two p.c.s and a photo. Maden
I believe has 5 letters if I'm not
mistaken.

Am reading "Les trois filles
de Pieter Waldorf" - quite nice. I
have had 12 lessons with Mlle
already ~~but~~ am going to have
twelve more. What joy! I have to
tell a story each time, which is
rather sad for all my stories are
running out, I have told so many al-
ready.

Sunday March 24.

We went up to Osebek to-day to
a Memorial Service for Grandpa.
It was beautifully conducted but
of course very painful as just a
few days before there had been
another death in the village. Mar-
jorie looked so sad & sorrowful

in her sombre black dress - I felt so
sorry for her -

Came back to Sautari in a
thick snow storm. We couldn't see
the shores of the Bosphorus, when
we were on the boat, for the
snowflakes were enormous. Miss
Young came up to Mother's room
and we had a lovely talk - to-
gether. I just love Miss Young -
she is by far my favorite tea-
cher. I will know my Latin
beautifully hereafter!

Monday March 25.

Uncle Harold's birth day - Horrid
wintry day - did not do much -
In the evening, to my inexpress-
ible joy, I received a letter from
Mr. Sandis. I was so glad to get
one so soon - it is indeed a joy
to hear from him -

Wednesday March 27.

Mr. Carrington came and gave us an informal lecture on "The digestive system". Began to write a short story which I made up myself, called "Grandmother's Blue Slipper". I get quite excited over my stories. This one takes quite a while - I write it in bits.

Thursday March 28.

Got a dear letter from Carrie. Wanted to answer her immediately but had to have a French rehearsal & besides - I have a written lesson in Latin tomorrow for which I tremble mightily. Began reading a small book "King Charles II"; found it extremely interesting although very simply told. My diary seems awfully dry these days. The weather is awful yet

cloudy & rainy & depressing. Will it ever be warm and bright again. Uncle Ned said same nature has cancelled one season this year.

Friday March 29.

Monthly Holiday! I did not go home because was anxious to wait for mother. Glad however scolded to Bebek before lunch even.

Saturday March 30.

Learned History & typewrote "Grandmother's Slipper." Went home in P.M. Such mud, such slush dear me! dear me! as we encountered on our way to the scala. Both mother and I lost our tempers and did to get them back till we were safely landed in Aunt's

house.

Sunday March 31.

Read aloud "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight." - a perfectly delicious story. It is so jolly to read aloud in a big crowd. Could hardly believe it was Easter Day. Had a sermon (very poor!) by Mr. Frew in the evening. The night was horrid, wet and damp!

Monday April 1.

Read in the morning "The Railway Children" It is such a sweet sweet book. It is really for children by can be appreciated by all. Came back with Miss Rowell in P.M. French dress rehearsal in the evening.

Tuesday April 2

Had the last rehearsal of The

play, which was given before all the girls. It was perfectly awful! There was no order, no system, no head, nothing! Ashbourne took such an age to dress that she was late and we had to wait for her, when we were on the stage and she came in late. We all felt horribly discouraged. I myself, feel awfully ashamed. I don't know what I'll do tomorrow, before all the people.

Mother got a very nice letter from Mrs. Hastings in which she says Harte Peatige is engaged to Elizabeth Armstrong. I am so glad! I liked both of them so much. Harte was always so gentle manly, and so patient with his grumbly, growley sister. I

often used to long to have a brother like that and Nancy, who had ^{not} didn't seem to appreciate them half enough. The news is just the jolliest I have heard for ages. I think I will write to Elizabeth & tell her how glad I am.

There are some signs of better weather - at last.

Wednesday April 3.

The day was beautiful. The sky for once in ages was a clear, clear blue. It was a fine omen for our French play but our hearts sank when we tho't of the rehearsal last night.

At last the play came off - as all things must. I was quite scared - not so much

3 April 1904

Société Française
C. G.

Le concert des Rossignols - Chœur - Concerto.

L'Heritage

Comédie en 3 actes par M^{lle} Robertol

Personnages:	M ^{lles}
Célestine Noé	U. Loghios
Mad. Leriche	D. Kazandjief
Marion	V. Neumann
Jeanne	M. Doucheff
Lucette	A. Frankian
Blanche	G. Thomson
Charlotte	L. Nonicon
Le D ^r Jules Noé	J. Kerdros
Le petit Télégraphiste	C. Elion

any movements of the wing joke: "He & she were

as quite
others -
better
Miss
"Lierre"
ful.
ple -
for tea -
nally
to go in.
was
ght
her
Study
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runs,
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tra -

hearing some one play who
was diving every which way.
She said 'What do you think of
her execution' - he said 'I
am in favour of it'.

Began reading "Henry
Esmond" and have covered
almost 200 pages already.

Altho' it is interesting enough
for me not to weary of reading it
yet I can't say I like the style,
the characters, nor the subject.

I don't see how anyone can
compare Thackeray & Dickens.
It seems to me, there is no com-
parison, but of course I know
so little of the former - per-
haps I judge too hastily. There
is one thing in Thackeray that
I simply can't stand. That
is that everybody gets drunk

every now & then. Perhaps it-
was the fashion in his time to
write about that - I see ab-
solutely no humor in it. In
the little I have read in "The
Newcomes" & in "Henry Es-
mond" he has brought it in
five or six times.

Thursday April 4.

The day was so beautiful I wrote
a rhyme to it.

Oh glorious, glorious day of Spring
Hail, hail at last, ~~at the~~ day
Come here & chase the leaden clouds,
And our sad thro'ts away.

How long our hearts have yearned & yearned
To hear thy gentle tread.
How oft our hearts were sad & drear
We tho't the earth was dead.

The sky wept tears unceasingly
The cold wind blew his horn
And ne'er a flower did deck the field
Nor leaves, the trees adorn.

But now at last, at last you've come
We hope you've come to stay,
To be our sweet companion e'er;
How happy, joyful day!

We hear the messengers, the birds
Warble their sweetest songs.
The children laugh + play their games
In light some, merry throngs.

The trees are decked in robes of green;
The flowers all smell so sweet.
I feign would let my studies go,
And learn at Nature's feet.

We had a lovely game of basket ball, the first for ever so long.
Miss Jenks and Miss Kennedy's classes were excused, so I had a very easy time of it.

Much to our joy, Glad and I received a long letter from Uncle Herbert - such a nice one too. I must write him, very soon for I know it is difficult for him to correspond at all. It was full of jokes etc.

In the evening there were a lot of guests Poynters + Dickerson, I don't know who - very uninteresting, anyhow.

Wrote a letter to Carrie. When ever I see girls getting long letters from their friends, I am seized with a burning desire to write and write without ceasing.

Friday April 5.

Clouds again but very warm.

Read Henry Esmond. still not very interesting.

In the evening at 8:00 o'clock we had a lecture from a certain Mr. Edward Clodd. It was delightful! It was on "The Philosophy of Names". Mr. Clodd is an authority on folk lore and superstitions. He finds a deep philosophy in all fairy tales and names. His own name is rather queer, I must confess. He is an elderly gentleman with such a nice expression and beautiful silver hair. I only wish I could have gone into the parlor and met him. I think the college must get some of his books. I wish every lecture we

had here was as interesting as that. He used such good English. Oh! I am so proud, proud that I am English! English people seem so much more cultured, such gentle men + ladies. They are so much nicer than Americans. Think if I had been born a Greek or an Armenian. But I'm not - I'm English. Hurrah!!

The girls here are so stuck on their own countries - the Greeks especially - and they have so many compatriots here but I, I am alone English. Evelyn Tucker is the only other and she is almost a foreigner with all her German and Greek. I am determined to root out common Americanisms

from my daily talk. - no short,
slang of any kind. altho' I am
afraid my diary is full of it.

Saturday April 6.

Got a bunch a violets from
Renée; one of my adorers. I
often get offerings from her. She
is a very nice girl altho' I wish
she wouldn't be so silly about me.
did nothing much all day. I
have dropped "Henry Esmond."
It is too dreadfully dry. I
came to a chapter "The cam-
paign of 1709". I have been
trying hard to read it - but
that was the climax.

Sunday April 7.

A horrid blowey day. Sermon
by Dr. Chambers. Bible lesson
stupid. Read Romola a little. Felt
low spirited in P.M. - In C.A.

we had new hymns that no one
knew. No one tried to sing even. It
is so disgusting to see great huge
girls like Omania just stand +
stare instead of helping the girls
to sing out. What is the use of Miss
Kennedy giving her singing les-
sons? if she learns nothing by them.
She never tries anything difficult
but gives it up on the first att-
empt.

The German table was dissolved
as many girls were away. I went to
Miss Young's and enjoyed it so
much. Miss Young is the nicest,
most refined lady here. I just love
her.

I wish I was something! I
want to be a useful, good woman
and it seems so hard. I can't keep
house, I can't sew + everybody says

I am very untidy. Perhaps we will stay here during the summer. If so perhaps I can show people that I can keep a place in order if I want to. Sometimes I long, & long to be an authoress or poetess oh! it would be so lovely to write well. To be really literary, to associate with scholarly men and women.

But after all. My chief aim is to get a home, a home for Mother & Gladys and me - where we can live happily on our own earnings, and not be forever going to relatives houses. I do hope we will not go to Bebek to live this summer for I hate to stick like leeches to our aunts & uncles, taking so much from them and giving nothing in return.

When will I be rich! oh when?

Sometimes I feel I would love to go & live in England among my own, own people whom I love so well. and other times I dream of going to America altho' I'm sure I will be dreadfully disgusted at their accent & slang. To tell the truth, I don't know what I want. I am torn between three things, America, where the only home I can remember was, England the land of my nationality, the best land in the world & Constantinople, the place where I was born, where my relatives are, & where so many years of my life will be spent. My position is a hard one is it not. Perhaps I will end up by living in an outrageous place like France or Germany. Who knows?

Monday April 8.

I had cutting lessons and the teacher was good enough to cut me out a gored skirt, which was very good of her - I worked on it all the time.

Aunt Cissie brought Stowthly here in the P.M. She is coming to school ~~to~~ now, which is very nice, I think. She and Gladys have a room together in the music house. Mother must be very lonely, altho' she says she likes a room by herself. Stowthly is rather strange yet, but she seems to like it.

In the evening we had P. U. in which we had "Chopin" as a subject. I played a nocturne, waltz, + mazurka. The girls quite liked it and encored.

Tuesday April 9.



Class of 1908 with Mr. Bradford.

Here is a picture of us - observe my smiling visage! Miss Hood took it and really I think it is quite a success.

I was extremely industrious + sewed my skirt nearly all the P.M. I am quite excited ~~of~~ over it. It would indeed be lovely, if I could wear a whole dress which

I had made all by myself.
Wont people in Bebek open
their eyes in astonishment.

Had a very good game of
basket ball - over which I got
very warm + excited -

Am very anxious for a let-
ter, people seem to have forgotten
me of late, I think. Carrie must
write soon.

Wednesday April 10.

Had a delightful lecture from
Mr. Pears on "Historical Ass-
ociation of the Bosphorus." He
was not as interesting in his de-
livery as he usual is, and yet
it was very nice. There is no
country or city he said that
has so many historical connect-
ions as ~~the~~ Constantinople. I
really feel horribly ignorant.

Although I have had Byzantine
History, I know very little about
the place I live in. I must read
about it. I hate to make re-
solutions for I am so likely to
break them. But I will try +
do this.

It was a clear, starry night when
I came over to the Stone House -
I hope to-morrow will be bright -
I love I hope so -

Thursday April 11.

A lovely, beautiful day. The
sunshine streamed into my win-
dow much to my delight. Julia
is not well - how often these girls
get ill, about every week or so -
Basket ball in the afternoon.
fine sport. Dorothy is learning fast
no doubt soon she will be a
"crack" player. The day turned

out wet and gloomy.

Am reading "Romola." Every one is surprised that I have not read it before. It really is beautiful altho' I am reading it rather slower than I do most books.

Got a lovely letter from Carrie. She has been chosen President of the Y. W. C. A. I am sure she will do it beautifully.

Saturday April 13.

To-day was held the Choral Society concert and a whole crowd of us from Scitani embarked No 13. on the 13th of April (coin.) + 14 girls. The concert was fine. tho' not as dramatic as "Hiawatha" last year. This time it was "Elijah" by Mendelssohn. Bartholdy. The Soprano Miss Lodge had a superb

voice but the other soloists were nothing extraordinary. The things I liked best were: "The ~~pass~~ ^{Lord} passeth" and "The small, still voice." "Rest in the Lord." "Baal we cry unto thee." Aunt Minnie asked me to stay to another concert in the evening, + I accepted with joy. It was the Sewick quartet. We went up to Mrs. C. Baker's to rest a bit where I saw Miss Giddy-gaddy juring Jack Elsie, and Miss affectation Mildred, which sight, I did not relish. We had dinner at Lillian's a whole crowd of us. we were 13. (another coin.) Then Mr. Estes escorted us to the "Tentonia". We were nearly the first people there + sat in the gallery where it was rather hot but from where

we could see + hear beautifully.

The program had 5 pieces I think.

I liked the Romance of Griegs and Borodin's Scerzo. The audience applauded again + again.

We, Aunt Dr. Mrs. Barinoff + I drove home to Bebek in a closed cab. We rattled along Pera streets where everything was still, the covers of the windows down,

~~We~~ we were all silent. every now + then we came into the light of a street lamp and a weird sort of ^{glow} light filled the carriage for a moment, then all was darkness. We passed tall sentinels wrapped in their fur coats standing by their boxes, when we got to the water's edge, it was lovely. The Bosphorus was like glass and the lights

sent their long, thin reflections across its quiet surface - there was no sound but the roll of our wheels over the cobble stones, the beat of the horses' hoofs on the ground and the distant bark of some street dog. It was a ride that was very dramatic - a fine setting for a tale. We got home a half past one - + went to bed thoroughly worn out. I slept like a log.

Sunday April 14.

Woke up late. Picked a whole pile of beautiful violets right after breakfast. Went to church Mr. Frew. In P.M. went for a long, long walk on the hills with a whole crowd of people from Bebek. It was lovely notwithstanding the fact that

we had to cut it a bit short as it started to rain.

Monday April 15.

The day dawned rather muggy & cloudy. I started by myself to Cuskundjok at about 8:30. I find it really isn't so bad travelling around here, as I tho't.

I often ~~feel~~ think how lost I will feel when, I go to Germany for instance, or somewhere, where I am entirely independent. As I sat on the boat coming to college, I tried to imagine myself independent and alone. It is quite a pleasant feeling. I must say it is not very ~~ple~~ nice walking around here alone, and when I was coming up the hill I endeavored the whole time to keep as far away from everyone as

possible. I did not remember that I had missed my cutting lesson until this morning, or I would not have stayed over until Monday.

Tuesday April 16.

The B. As. are very busy preparing for their entertainment to-morrow. They are horribly mysterious of course. The final rehearsal came off this evening to which all the girls were invited. "Cranford" is a very pretty play - very sweet and old-fashioned. Miss Kirova was the prettiest and acted the best, I think. Angèle looked very pretty but the rest I must say were extremely plain.

Wednesday April 17.

The great day of the B. A. play.

The sun beamed brightly at first and altho' the sky clouded afterwards, the weather was tolerably good. The play was of ~~the~~ course the same as last night. There were heaps of people. The chapel was quite full. Miss Dodd had a very bad cold & would not take part in the II part of the program "Czech Arden" set to music, which was rather a pity as they said it was very good. Mother went off with Aunt M. to Bebek. I suppose she will return tomorrow. I am glad she can have a rest.

Just before I went to bed Irene came up to my room and said there had be a dreadful quarrel downstairs between

the S. A. + P. Us. Oh! dear that Chrysanthe! I really don't think she is a lady at all. She says such rude things. Why will the two societies quarrel? It is has been simply awful this year. My private opinion is that it would be better to abolish them both than that we should go on living in this strained attitude toward each other. It is altogether disgusting! It makes me feel so unhappy.

Thursday April 18.

Had such an interesting practising I have a ~~t~~ - meral March by Beethoven and it is lovely; I enjoy playing it so much. In the evening began practising my Fiale duet with Miss Berberian. I love singing so much.

Friday April 19.

Grand news. Has come to us. We have another cousin. Aunt Edith has a little baby boy. We are indeed rich - we have an addition to our number nearly every year. I wonder what name they will give him. They always seem to have rather a bother about names in that family.

I have been reading the contribution in The League of St. Nicolas. The poems there of boys + girls of my age are piles better than mine. I feel so very small + silly when I read them I wish I could write well reibly. But I'm afraid I am not a writer, so I will have to content myself with my diary + letters.

Saturday April 20.

Began a story about Arizona. I think it will be the one I will hand in for composition. Am very excited over it.

Sunday April 21.

Finished my story. Read it to Mademoiselle - she was charmed. Had our service in the evening, held by Rev. Charles Thomson. It was rather a nice sermon about bearing one another's burdens.

Monday April 22.

Hurray! The Juniors of Robert College have invited the juniors here to an exhibition which is to take place on the Saturday, the 27. We are all transported with joy!

Thursday April 25. *

A whole pile of common, dowdy tourists came here + looked over the

college. Really they were a crowd!
Had a very interesting history lesson
about Catherine II of Russia.

To-morrow we go home! Hurrah.

I am tired of school & long for a
nice holiday. I hope the weather will
be fine.

We had a debate on whether the
Monastic system was a benefit or
not to the world during the Medaei-
val Ages. I was on the affirmative.
Miss Dodd knows no more how to
judge than the man in the moon.
She is horribly partial. The negatives
~~were~~ as she supported them; there
is such a difference between
her & Miss Jenks. The debate was
awfully fierce - everyone spoke
out of their turn. There was no
order, no proper answering, we
simply gave ~~our~~ ^{points} haphazard.

Oh it was all disgusting! I was
horribly cross & am afraid showed
it a good deal.

Friday April 26.

Very queer weather all day - A
big thunderstorm which lasted
for about 5 minutes. Then it rained
off and on after that all day.
To-day begin our Easter holiday.
We are all so glad! We took
an awful age to come up, having
to wait at Bechictashe for
about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Miss Dodd
came with us, too.

Choir practise in the evening
I was not invited to sing much
to my grief. Had fun with
Cousin Jim & Cousin Grizzel up-
stairs.

Saturday April 27-

A perfectly lovely day. We have

not had weather like this for
ages. The birds sing so sweetly.
I sat by the ^{open} window in the sitt-
ing room and the scene was
beautiful. Plants + flowers
seem almost to bloom + grow
under one's look.

Had to go up to Athena's twice
to have wear to-right for the
Junior Exhibition. It was such a
bother dear me!

In the evening we went
up to the Exhibition with a
crowd of other Bebekles. We
saw the other Juniors there, stiff
in tight dresses and awkward
garments. Chrysanthus + Curania
looked like two sticks, so
tight were their clothes. There were
eight Juniors who spoke - one
was absent. The orations were

quite interesting but afterwards
when we went into the gym-
to dance, really it was dreadful.
There were no seats, no chalk
or grease on the floor, no re-
freshments whatever + for a long
time I wasn't introduced to
any one. Prof. Urniston came
to my rescue, however + after-
wards, I had as many boys to
talk to as I wanted. I got ac-
quainted with Mr. Odian
a Japanese looking American
with spectacles but with a
good sort of face. ; Mr. Keropian
rather stupid, Mr. Alarinos
+ Mr. Aganapoulos two rather
nice boys who knew English
well. I had quite a long talk
with them.

Then Elie introduced me

to Robert Gates, Dr. Gates' son
whom he has just brought
from America. The son I
think had run away from
college + hadn't been heard
of for a month or so, so Dr.
Gates had to go specially to
America to find him + bring
him out. He is rather a
queer sort of fellow, but quite
pleasant to talk to. I had
a long conversation with him.
Altho' I enjoyed myself
pretty well, yet I must say,
think, the thing was very
badly managed. Someone
should have been on charge to
welcome our class. etc. etc.

Sunday April 28.

Aunt Dinnie had promised
to go up with Ada, in the

morning, to Dissas to sing in
the choir there, but she had
a very bad cold and so sent
me as her substitute much to
my joy. It was so nice. I
only hope I really made a diff-
erence with my voice. but I
find it isn't very strong. Mr. Cook
is such a ~~man~~ gentleman. He
congratulated + thanked us.
I hope it wasn't only out of
politeness. The sermon was
preached by Dr. Gates on
Palm Sunday + was quite
good but nothing extraordinary.
Hans Schorr came to dinner.
He is awfully good fun.

Read "Romola" - nearly fini-
shed it. Miss Young came
to evening supper. I was so
glad to see her, altho' it was

rather stupid Aunt Dimmie's
having such a bad cold.

Tuesday April 30.

Finished Ronola - rather a
bad ending but I suppose that
was only thing that could have
happened.

In the evening Mr. + Mrs. Baker
came to dinner + for the night
They played bridge + I nearly
went to sleep.

Wednesday May 1.

A perfect day. We, Aunt M., Glad
+ I went to town, with Uncle Ned
in the morning. First we went to
Stamboul then Galata + at last
Pera. I bought a new hat
A baby hat hemstitched with
no lace. It is really quite
pretty. I wonder how Mother
will like it. We had lunch

+ Yanni's and drove home -

At 3:30 Glad + I went up
to Mrs. Urnistoris who had in-
vited us to tea. We were res-
plendent in our white dresses.
But sad to say, just as
we were going to have a nice
chat about Aunt Fanny walked
in with two High School teachers
to call. Oh! dear I was so mad.

We tho't we ought to go first
but couldn't as it was so soon
after tea. However when Aunt F.
got up to go, we went too. Thus
we lost our nice afternoon. It
was awfully stupid. And I am
sure Aunt F. looked cross at
finding us there. I hope we get
another chance of going there.

In the evening Cecil was
here and we had a "peachy"

game of "double demon". It was such fun as Cecil was new to the game and kept us laughing at his droll mistakes.

Read "The Three Taxpayers" by Bret Harte - quite interesting but I did not like it very much.

Thursday May 2.

The gentlemen had a holiday so a small crowd of us:- (Uncle Mid + Robert Aunt Win, Hans Shorr, Berta Schow Mr. Sarcen, Elza Powell, Kate Powell, Glad + I) went up to the Giant's mountain for lunch. The day was cloudless + dazzling. The views that we got were perfectly enchanting. When we got up

to the top we felt the cool breeze blowing off the Black Sea. The road there was bordered by the greatest number of flowers imaginable, snowflakes, buttercups, violets, orchids, leather and I don't know how many other kinds. We picked great bunches.

Began "Vanity Fair" - Very interesting.

Friday May 3.

Aunt Lillian invited us up so we came here. - very nice. Choir practice in the evening.

Saturday May 4.

"Vanity Fair" is so much quicker than other books of Thackeray. "Henry Esmond" and "The Newcomes" are so slow + sleepified. My favorite character in V.F. so far

is William Hobbin. Amelia is awfully soft + "bursting-into-tears" kind. George of course is a comb. Am going to read "Barnby Rudge" after this. Cousin Grizzel says it is Licken's best.

Sunday May 5.

Aunt M. arrived from England to-day. She looks so sweet + dear. The children were all wild with excitement especially Ken. Aunt M. brought me a lovely picture of Sir Galahad which she will frame for me. and Gladys a miniature fountain pen.

Mother came up to Aunt M. with Miss Young. awfully glad to see her - I only wish she could come up more often. Had tea at Aunt M.'s

Monday May 6.

There was a picnic at Jer Jer Sou in the P. M. It was very jolly. A whole crowd of us went + altho' it was rather cold + cloudy we managed to enjoy ourselves quite much. We had a game of baseball which was great. I hit two beautiful balls and made a home run. Am dreading to-morrow - and school. Bothersation! I feel so lazy that I don't want to work any more.

Tuesday May 7.

Glad's birthday! Her presents were: - hat pins, mittens, money fountain pen and "passe par tout" apparatus (coming). Came back to school in P. M. with Kate Rowell, + Dorothy. Am glad + sorry to get back but I think

the "glad" outweighs the "sorry"
The trees have all come out so,
since we were here last - The
Spring is lovely, lovely.

Much to my sorrow, Miss
Jenkins was not able to return
as she sprained her leg in Prun-
sipo, falling off a bicycle. We
have very few lessons in conse-
quence.

Wednesday May 8.

There was a beautiful lecture in
P.M. by Mlle Robert on "Audie
Chenier" an all together new
poet for me. He was born in
Bebek, just opposite Mother's
old house, so I have passed the
place often. He was half Greek
& half French.

Thursday May 9.

Had lots of hard practising. I

have the "Tomorrow" of Chopin's
and it is so nice, & difficult too.

Played tennis a little. The
awful play of the girls here ex-
asperates me.

Thursday May 9.

Friday May 10.

Had a very easy, enjoyable
day. Read "Charlotte Brontë"
(Life) a good deal & find it rich
in interesting things. I love the
stern, northern character, much
better than the fiery, demons-
trative Southern one.

At prayers we had a perfectly
"vaine" address by Mr. McLochen
of the American School at Smy-
rna, on the parables about
the husbandmen. There seem-
ed no object or aim in view.
I don't believe anyone liked it

even the most pious of maidens,
Inladen.

Sir William & Lady Ramsay
are staying here at present
with their son Lewis, Helen's
brother. He seems uncommu-
nicative & a non-conversation-
alist as his sister was, altho' I
have not had the privilege (?)
of speaking to him. Lady R.
talks "a blue streak" at the first
table while ~~at~~ her husband
whom I like best of all, puts
in remarks here & there. To look
back at my diary of 190 & one
would see what a lot I tho't
of him then. Now his face is
just as kind & intelligent
altho' he has been lowered in
my opinion considerably since
then. I hope anyhow he is not

like Helva, for she was a species
most rare!

Saturday May 11.

Was very free all day and so
read Mrs Gaskell's Life of Brontë
literally all day. Oh! it is so in-
spiring. When I read the letters
of those sisters, mine seem so
miserable. I feel a very
great admiration for Ch. Brontë
I only wish I had her strong
will and firm character. Her
style is so pure & to the point.
I like to imagine in what
beautiful language she would
write this diary for instance.
The composition of the things
I write here seems very poor &
my words & expressions are
so often repeated. I wish I
could acquire a good style of

putting down my thoughts on paper.

It would seem almost as if I had forgotten my dearly beloved Kingsley, it is so long since I've written anything here about him. I think to really keep a character fresh in one's mind, one should keep referring to his life + books. But I think some of his ideas, + the influence of his character, have sort of become infused into my mind. I love + admire him so much - + I hope this feeling will last always and not be only the "passing enthusiasm of youth."

Sunday May 12.

Miss Helen Gould, the millionaire came here to visit. She

was a sweet woman + our class captured her as an honorary member. The seniors had done so already, so it was rather foolish on our taking her as well. She left \$1,000 to the college - which is yet a state secret.

See you by Mr. Chambers - Read Charlotte Brontë all day + find it as interesting as any exciting story. Emily is such a peculiar character. I don't believe I ever saw anyone like her. Mrs. Gaskell gives a very clear picture of the 3 dear sisters Charlotte, Emily + Anne.

Monday May 13 -

Received a letter from Grace - and the photos on the next page. She looks rather cross I must say but then she



Grace's cottage



Grace

always does
snap-shot:
she must
taller than
fun to have
horse. I
is very
many way
what an
cloud must
over her
the time.

so is a
I think
be much
me. What
such a nice
think she
lucky, in
and yet
awful
hang
life all
some snap

shots Glad took came out very well. I'm going to put some in here.

Am very anxious for a letter from Mr. Sandis - It's quite a long time since I heard from him Oh! how glad I will be when his letter comes - They are always such treats. I sometimes deplore the fact that I haven't as many friends as other people but I have, tho' few, are so very, very nice - Grace, Carrie, Mr. Sandis are the three best.

Tuesday May 14.

Began Barnby Ridge - It has a most interesting beginning. Chickens has such a quantity of life + enthusiasm. - a kind of joy in living. Wrote to Grace. No letters yet.

Wednesday May 10.

At last I read my story which is entitled (I think) "An unknown Hero." Miss Jenks said it was interesting. I would like to know, what she means when she makes use of such an adjective. She then proceeded to criticize till I was quite unhappy, still, I must say, it does me good. I fear I have not put as much perseverance & patience into my work as I might have done.

I am waiting, with considerable curiosity, the reading of the other girls' stories. I will set to, now & make the corrections, additions & subtractions suggested by Miss J. and I hope my little tale will then be commendable.

Miss J. says my weakest point

is in my diction. I do not like to think that when I write, I fall into the loose, slangy expressions of Westerners. I will sincerely try my best to improve. I feel sure my reading good books will aid me in my choice of words.

The dressmaker came here to-day & I had to submit to the trial of being "tried on" three times. I lost my temper most hopelessly and am afraid I made Mother unhappy - for which I was very sorry afterwards - but then, as usual, it was too late. The bother & worry of getting dresses made, are things over which I most easily lose my temper, but I will try & be good & control myself. Visitors come & go here in

perfect hordes these day. To-day
at table I observed a lauk,
cold looking reverend, who I
think, looked very much as
St John Rivers, in Jane Eyre,
did. He was pale + an ex-
pression of perpetual fatigue
seemed to pervade him. He
looked as tho' he would find
it difficult to produce a smile.

Thursday May 16.

Learned the following German
poems + like it, so will put it
in here:-

Folkönig.

Man must so feigt durch Kruft + Muth
So ist der Herrscher mit seinem Kind
Er foht den Knechten wohl in dem Thron
Er foht ihn feigt, er feilt ihn gegen.

^{Opfere?}
"Mum Tofu, was bist du so bange in dem
dieft Wutem, du, dem Folkönig nicht."
"Dem Folkönig mit Kron' und Krone?"
"Mum Tofu, wo ist die Krone?"

"Du lieber Kind, komm' auf mit mir
zum feigen Tugle, feig' ich mit dir.
Mumel bräute Blümen sind die dem Thron
Mumel Mutter foht mumel' geildene Jungen"

Mumel Mutter, mumel Mutter und foht die
Was Folkönig nicht Lüge zum feigt?
Zu müsig, bleibe müsig mumel Kind
In dem Thron Blüthen foht die dem Thron."

Mülls, feigere Knecht, mit mir auf
Mumel Lächeln sollen die gegen den Thron,
Mumel Lächeln feigere den Thron feigere Knecht
und müsig, die Knecht, und feigere die
mit.

Mein, Melem, mein, Melem und fünfzig Dirne
 Folkonig Löftan von Dampfman Ort?
 Mein Sofa, mein Sofa, ich hab' 16 yonon
 P. p. p. p. die veltan Melem so yonon.

Ich hab' dich, nicht mich, Deine p. p. p. p. p.
 Und bist du nicht willig, so bring' ich p. p. p. p.
 Mein Melem, mein Melem, nicht fünfzig yonon
 Folkonig fies mir ein Lied yonon.

Der Melem yonon ist 's unmutat yonon
 Er fies in den Melem, das veltan die
 Lönig den Hof mit Maf und Not,
 In seinem Melem, das Lied von tot.

Friday May 17-

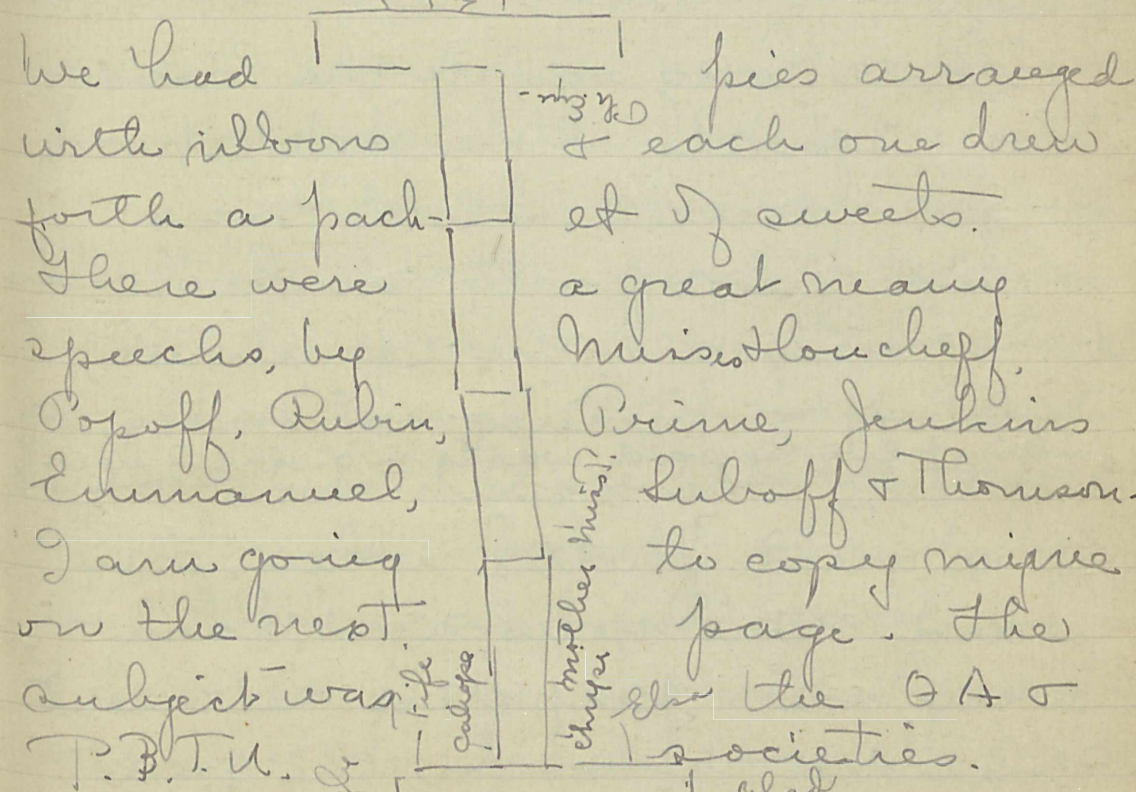
Had a headache most of the day
 Played a little tennis.

Monday May 20-

All day I was busy prepar-
 ing for the P. U. dinner which

Don't

was given in the evening. I got very
 tired by the excitement kept me
 up. We were seated in the gar-
 den on the baseball ground.
 Here is ^{of the} shape of the tables:



Miss young me Miss Melita Miss young

"Speech at T. H. dinner"

President, Ladies, I am going to tell you an allegory. This all together in a narrative & you may ~~make~~ ^{draw} your own conclusions.

Once long ago, in the land of the spirits, the greatest god of all decreed that there would be a party in the clouds to which all the Qualities, Failings & Virtues of man, were invited. ^{This party he said, was to be given in honor of} The spirits were ^{in honor of} all in a great flutter when they heard this news and each & every one prepared her most splendid robes for the great occasion. At last, the day arrived. Youth was dressed and almost ready. She wore a long, ~~white~~ robe of dazzling

whiteness. Her hair caught the light and shimmered like fine gold and a single brilliant star shone on her forehead. And yet with all this beauty she felt she needed something more to complete her loveliness.

Suddenly an idea came to her. "I will go," she exclaimed "to the earth, and pluck a rose, to wear, from the palace of the King" She had hardly uttered these words before she found herself standing in the beautiful garden.

Flowers grew around her on all sides. Lilies, violets, forget-me-nots and daisies but they were as nothing when compared to the roses.

She bent over a bush and

clapped her hands with joy. She plucked a yellow rose (which, strange to say grew on a ^{black} stem) and looked down into its dewy depths.

"Where" she cried "could I find a lovelier ornament than this, in all the world! I will wear it on my breast for nothing is half so fair!" She put it on, but as she did so, a thorn pricked her finger "Ah!" she tho't "There is no rose without its thorn in this land of the mortals."

She was about to go but lingering a moment, her eye caught a beautiful rose. It was pink & its stem was green. "Oh you, sweet flower" she cried "I must have you

too but—" she paused "I could not part with the other. Which shall I take. See! When I put them together they clash dreadfully." She gazed at both a long, long time. "I can part with neither" she said at length "so I will wear them both, no matter if they don't agree." So saying she pinned them both upon her bosom & set out for the party as gay and joyful as she usually is.

The great doors of the clouds opened to receive her. But soon after her solemn welcome by all present, she heard murmurs among the company. "Look" said Envy "how badly Youth's roses clash." "Yes" replied Jealousy "and do you

observe those ugly thorns under
the petals? What taste she has."
"There is absolutely nothing
so plain" said another, among
all the spirits.

But presently, there was a
stir among the company for
Love was seen approaching, &
they all made way respect-
fully. She was enveloped in the
glowing robes of the color of the
glowing sunset. She advanced
towards Youth and clasped
both her hands. "We have
but harmony in the land of
Spirits" she said - and her
voice was like the low mur-
mur of a stream, "so may I
touch your flowers?"
She bent down and kissed
both the roses and lo! when

Youth looked at them, the
thorns had disappeared and
both had turned a blushing
red, Love's true color.

Finis

Tuesday May 29.

The deceadfullest thing hap-
pened to me, in the P. M.
That ever occurred to mortal
man! I do believe. There was
a recital in the Chapel at
5 o'clock, in which I was to
play. I had learnt Chopin's
Nocturne 15. very carefully
by heart, but altho' I was
prepared, I felt extremely
nervous. I was obliged to
wait until nearly the last
before my turn came. When
I walked to the piano, it
was with a sinking heart.

I began to play, missed a note, began again & missed again. Then tried with the music but could read it - in short I was in a precious muddle. Suddenly, I gave it up, rose and walked out amidst dead silence! My feelings when I gained the garden were indescribable! I felt perfectly wretched. I wanted to leave the piano & not see it, nor touch it for years. I was angry, humiliated, excited & miserable all at the same time, which combined state of feelings is not at all agreeable. Everyone was kind & excused me with stage fright etc. but I feel the awfulness of this event

will live in my memory for many days to come.

Wednesday May 22.

Nothing in the morning. In the evening the Subs. gave an entertainment which was very admirable. It consisted of a comedy in one act - a gavotte by two double sided maidens, and afterwards refreshments in the garden for a chosen few, of which happy number, I had the honor of being one. Stefa was charming in a feathered hat & ermine boa. She was supposed to be a bride who was saying - "Charles says this", and "Charley says that" till we laughed & laughed. Lucy my satellite

screwed up enough courage
to ask me my opinion of
the entertainment altho' she
was blushing + embarrassed
the whole time, poor thing!
The refreshments were very nice
— biscuits, lozums, chocolates,
ice-cream + nut + ginger cake.
The subs always do it in style.

Friday May 23⁺

As usual.

Sunday May 25

Instead of a service Aunt W.
came with Uncle Mid, Mr.
Fowle, Mrs McClean, + Ada to
give a concert. It was so
sweet. I wish we could have more
like it. In the evening I went
to Miss Kennedy's room. When
I entered I saw Augusta sitting
there numb — but sticking



Melika as she looks Melika by the tree
every day.

like a leech. Of course I could
pay nothing as long as she
was there so had to be patient
and wait till she went — which
was long enough. But I
had such a nice talk when I
was alone — Miss K. has much

more in here than most people think. I only wish the girls appreciated her which they don't at all. She is very earnest about her work - if the girls would only be more responsive. I have decided to take piano lessons from her next year. She will be very exact about it - a thing that I need tremendously.

Then too I am thinking of taking theory or harmony lessons. Everyone who really knows music has to know that. Next year, I am going to be - a perfect prodigy!

I am terribly neglected these days by my friends. I haven't received a letter for such a long time that

I am getting quite thin over it! When, when will someone write to me? If they only knew how much pleasure they give me, they would write more often. There is always hope thank goodness. Perhaps tomorrow I will get one.

Wednesday May 29.

There was another recital at in which I again took part - this time with my music - and did tolerably well altho' I always play better when alone. I wonder what Miss Kennedy tho't of my playing - I hardly dare to ask her.

We are getting very, very near the end of the year now. Each day slips by steadily + noiselessly + leaves us nearer the

time for breaking up - I have made few plans for the holidays - I really don't know at all what they will be like.

I have just finished reading "Barney Rudge" by Dickens. I found it ever so interesting. Altho' it is not one of his best, it is very good - My two favorite characters are Gabriel Varden & Joe Willet. The book is not as funny, nor as quick as most of Dickens it is more after the style of "Tale of Two Cities" but of course it can't be compared to it in superiority of style or plot. Dickens is ever a well beloved favorite of mine.

Thursday May 30.

As usual.

Friday May 31.

The great day of Mildred's & Cuthbert's wedding. We went up to Hissar, to Science Hall where it was held by Mr. Doashburne. It was a perfect day - a blue sky, a light north wind and calm Bosphorus - we came part of the journey by steamer part by caique - The wedding ceremony was very nice indeed - Mildred looked lovely in a white satin gown, veil and orange blossoms. Cedric was the page and held the train so tight that there were great marks & creases in it afterwards. Hilda & Elsie were bridesmaids, Evelyn, Joyce & Berna Shoyer carried flowers - The ceremony was so solemn & sweet. What a

contrast to the heathenish
rites of the Greeks & Armenians.

Mildred was so unaffected at
the reception which was held
afterwards at the Cedars - that
I was quite surprised & delight-
ed. When the bride & bride-
groom left, we pelted them with
rice & dancing slippers for luck.
All was merry & the lovers them-
selves were so happy that it
made one feel glad & good just
to see them -

The reception was quite nice
but embarrassing for me. I do not
like such things. Mother said I
was cold & unresponsive - Alas!
I feel so warm & want to love
everyone & be in sympathy with
them - and yet I act so miser-
ably - This because I am so

abominably shy and I suppose be-
cause, I am not clever at conversa-
tion. I hope to learn to be agree-
able in time if I really try, said.
I wish - I wish - (Oh I don't
know what I wish) Sometimes
I get into a state of longing -
for what, (I don't know) some-
thing undefinable but real en-
ough - I, in the feeling of yearning -
Sunday June 2 -

Yesterday was a sad day - It
bro't back many memories -
But I did not mention them
for I am so afraid of hurting
Mother -

To-day I took out Kuegel's
life & beginning it again
read all afternoon. I love him
oh I love him. and will try
to be like him. This is what

was said of him after his death
would that it could be said of
one.

A righteous man -
who loved God + Truth above all things
A man of untarnished honor -
Loyal + chivalrous - gentle + strong
Modest + humble - tender + true -
Pitiful to the weak, yearning after the
stern to all forms of wrong + oppression,
yet most stern towards himself -
who being angry, yet sinned not.
Whose highest virtues were known only
to his wife, his children, his servants + the Poor
who lived in the presence of God here
and passing thro' the grave + gate of death
No liveth unto God forevermore -

Monday June 3.

Lay on the ground outside +
read Kingsley. I looked up

tho' the waving green branches
of the locust trees, to the
blue heaven above where the
softly thin clouds passed by.
I pondered on the great life
of my hero + could not help
comparing it with mine -
It really almost frightens me
to compare sometimes! Would
that I were half as deep,
intense and noble as he!
What a life to live, always
sacrificing for others - It is
indeed a grand example for
anyone to follow. No doubt
tho' if he knew that any
one admires him, like me,
he would be the most averse
to it - for he couldn't bear to
be tho' it great + good, he was
so humble minded + modest.

In the P. M. I read my two stories "Love in Arizona" & "Grandmother's Slipper," to Slotty, who was delighted. She asked me why I didn't print them. Perhaps I will try, the latter during the summer. I will launch it forth and see what success it brings me - None, most likely.

As I was coming to the stone house, I saw many fire flies. They were so pretty & strange with their wee lanterns that I wrote the following about them -

The Firefly.

Little firefly, sparkling creature
Flying, spinning, turning, dancing
Thro' the leaves & darksome bushes,
Fleeing, leaping, ~~softly~~ glancing -
Lead me on thro' all the ~~darkness~~ ^{night}
With thy lantern, clear & bright

Lead me on, with step unhalting
Thro' the road, this lovely night.
When I look upon thy beauty,
Then I almost think thou art
But a little star from heaven,
Whose shines a tiny part,
That, with love for all God's creatures
Could not stay so far away,
Midst the stars, so dropped to earth
To light our paths with thy bright ray.
Tuesday June 4.

A horrible cold has come upon me! My eyes water, my nose is stopped up and my head feels big! I do hope it will leave me before commencement for then, I am to sing in a choir, which I want to go nicely. Am glad we are nearing the end. I am looking for a letter from Mr. Sandis. I hope

he has not forgotten poor me.
Wednesday June 5.

Latin + German exams passed
off quite well. Read Kingsley
a little - but felt rather
tired. No letter yet.

Thursday June 6.

Joy of joys. I received at
last a letter from Mr. Sandis!
It was such a nice letter - oh!
I love to hear from him. He
enclosed the picture which I
put in, on the next page. Rather
a fine looking Indian. It is so
kind of Mr. Sandis to write. He
doesn't know how much I app-
reciate and enjoy his letters.
He is a friend worth having.
I will be indeed blessed if I
get many such in my life.



An Apache Indian
Oracle, Ariz.

Friday June 7.

A lazy day. Exams finished -
Read and lounged around.

Saturday June 8.

Grand excitement, as there was
self government elections. Amidst
much clapping, stamping and
dissing, the following girls

were chosen for next year -

President Miss Logios
Vice President Miss Kirova
Secretary Miss Gurekhan
Girl on duty: Miss Elion
" " " Miss Economoff
" " " Miss Hadjian
" " " Miss Thomson
" " " Miss Pokoff.

Miss Meladen + Kazandgieff were most uncivil and both refused the secretaryship which was offered them. The latter, I think had her pride hurt by not being asked to be a girl on duty, instead of a secretary, who has rather an insignificant part.

The P. V. elections also took place. They were the following.

Pres. Miss Eveline Thomson Hurrah
V. Pres. Mrs Omaria Logios.

Secr. Miss Melika Usman
Treas. " Gladys Thomson -

The girls clapped and made a great noise - I was elected by a unanimous vote (ballot). I did not know I was so popular - Chrysanthy is O. A. president. Oh! I pray God, we won't have any bitter quarrels or irruptions!

Sunday June 7.

I read "Coarford" in the morning. It is a charming, charming book just like a poem. There is nothing exciting in it - no plot, but the sweetest, quaintest language it is written in. A very nice book to read aloud, I should judge.

To-day is Baccalaureate Sunday, one of the most solemn days in all the year. Dr. Patrick

held the service and the Seniors looked so dignified in the black caps and gowns. The music was furnished by the whole ^{lot of} college girls and was quite good, notwithstanding the fact that we came in a whole beat too soon in the anthem. I think it is impossible to rely on these girls for good music at a time like that. There are too many - a small choir is much more manageable. The chapel was beautifully decorated. Finished Cranford!

Monday June 10.

Class Day. I woke up this morning and saw a few red spots on my face & hands but tho't nothing of them. However they developed a good deal during the day and I was

obliged to go to bed in the afternoon. The disappointment of missing Class Day exercises was very keen. I am afraid I will not be well enough to go to Commencement tomorrow. Hear me! Why must I be ill just at this auspicious moment!

Rec'd a letter from Grace and a snap shot which I will put in later.

So many people came to see me - I was quite overwhelmed with their kindness - Miss Maden, Lucie, Ardene and Miss Kennedy. The latter especially was so sweet.

Tuesday June 11.

Felt no better. Rash is worse. Miss Young went to day, she

came up to say good-bye and said such sweet things. I will not write them down. I only say, I felt I was parting with a very, very good friend and a noble lady! She promised to write to me which I think is extremely kind of her. I do hope we can correspond frequently. Before she left she gave me a book - just think "Plato's Republic." Wasn't it good of her? No one can think how proud + grateful I felt. I ^{loved} ~~loved~~ her very much, but did not know she liked me. She was so well educated, so cultured and so learned - + I so ignorant and uninteresting - The only thing I can

say is that I loved her very much + still do + that I was never so near crying as I was when she had said goodbye.

Felt very tired + sick at night.

Wednesday June 12 -

Am still very swollen + red all over. Took some horribly medicine ~~but~~ felt sick all day but towards evening ~~went~~.

Read "Pride + Prejudice" right thro'. I did not like it very much. It is too old fashioned. The ideas of marriage + love are ~~too~~ stupid!

We packed Glad off to Bebek to-day. Poor Mother has to stay with me. I wish she could go - indeed -

Sunday June 16 -

Was quite well - to - day but still a little weak + shaky. Mother and I came to Bebek at about 12:30; it was very warm coming down Cuskundjok Hill - In the P. M. - Cousin Jim (we are staying at Aunt Fanny's) asked me to go out in the skiff - with him and Cousin Grizzel - I just love the latter - she is so sweet. I hope they didn't think me a bore - I did try to be lively a little and enjoyed myself immensely. I only hope they did

Monday June 17.

Aunt Fanny's house is so comfortable + nice. Everything goes so smoothly. Yesterday I forgot to say I read "Elizabeth and her German Garden"

a sweet book - just the right thing for a summer Sunday afternoon. Am anxious for a letter, also Carrie's picture -

In P. M. played tennis a little. Felt rather shy in going down for fear of meeting a lot of people but lucky Eliza R. Berta S, Glad + I had the court to ourselves the whole afternoon -

Wally still maintains his old demeanor towards us - We wonder if he will ever come round - It doesn't much matter if he doesn't.

The view from this house is beautiful especially from the high terrace - We look down on the quaint, tiled houses of the village, then on the blue blue Bosphorus; the lined shore

opposite and the green hills
beyond - we have had lovely
weather - cloudless skies, a
warm sun & a cool north breeze.
I think the summer is going to
be very nice, this year - I am so
happy to be here.

Tuesday June 18.

Practised $1\frac{1}{4}$ hrs - and enjoyed
it so much - I feel I am really
getting on in music - I hope Aunt
Winnie will think so too. In the
evening Cousins Jim & Grizzel came
to dinner and we had such a
gay time afterwards playing
"double demon" I love Cousin P.
so much - she is so merry &
sweet - a perfect dear -

Wednesday June 19^x

Read this "The Chimes" Strange
to say, I had never read it

before - Began "Le livre de
From Ami" par Anatole France
which M. Raymond lent Aunt
Fanny - It is quite enjoyable.

Thursday June 20.

Read Shirley -

Friday June 25

I find my diary very inadequate
I don't write half my thoughts in it.
For days, I have neglected it.
This is beastly rich! It must have
had water in it. It is Aunt's.
Botheration! I can't bear to write
with it.

Thursday June 27.

Gladys went to Scutari to help
Miss Prime catalogue the li-
brary, so I am left alone at
Aunt F's. She has invited me
to stay another week for
which I am very glad. In the

P. M. Aunt F. and I went over to the cricket practise in the skiff to meet Cousin Jim. The current in the Bosphorus was horribly strong. I rowed such a lot and so hard that I was quite fagged. The practise was very interesting. The little Turkish boys pick up the balls as they are played. It was beautiful coming back.

The night was enchanting. There was no wind. We could see the glassy surface of the water & the air was as still and tranquil as could be. Soon the weird call of the muezzin pierced the silence and was carried echoing, & over the water. The moon rose like a huge red

lantern above the hill in front of us and glided its way thro' the bars of clouds, till it shone bright, silvery & clear in the dark blue of the unclouded sky. The Bos. is indeed a lovely spot - the nights I think are the most beautiful. I always like the night. It is so mighty and awe-inspiring.

Cousin Jim sat outside with me. Dear me! he is so full of contempt for everyone, almost but his own gracious majesty. I wish he were more congenial. He treats Glad & me, as if we were mere babes. and is always giving us lectures, sometimes I feel inclined to say "Thank you for nothing!" I don't see how Cousin Grizzel can breathe.

Friday June 28.

Sat in the house nearly all day and read "Shackerley" by Arthur Throllope. - a very interesting book. Went for a short walk along the quay with Aunt F. Rather dull and cloudy all day.

Went to choir in the evening. It was very nice - People seemed more cordial than usual. I do believe, when I am left alone I can always make my way. I feel it more and more. If I am "on my own hook," I feel more confident of myself and less shy. The aunts and uncles were dear tonight.

Saturday June 29.

Had some real good sets of tennis. Am reading "At the Cross Roads" by F. F. Montaigne. It is modern novel style and altho' interesting,

I don't like it very much. Aunt F. was quite charmed with it. In the evening we (Cousin Jim + I) went up to the kiosk - nearly the whole village was there. It was very gay and jolly but I felt out of it. These people here have grown up together so of course they can have fun; but I am a comparatively new comer and so I can't enter in and be as merry as the rest of them. It is very hard. For instance at Uncle W. they were all laughing and joking amongst each other. There wasn't one person who was really my friend and unless I sat with my aunts & uncles I could not feel at home.

Sunday June 30.

Not much going. Mother + Glad came to Bebek much to my joy. In

The P. M. after church we all went
for a walk on the hills. I enjoyed
it quite much but, as usual I
felt alone amongst the crowd -
no one to be a special friend to
— no kindred spirit to chime
with. Alas! when will I find
a friend — a real true friend. I
have been looking & looking
for one but none appears —

Red & P. C. from Inika.



Miss E. Thomson.

American College for Girls

CONSTANTINOPLE

Report of *Miss Evelyn Thomson* for *II* Semester 1906-7
Junior Class.

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

Astronomy

Latin *A+*

Biology

Literature

Bible *A+*

Mathematics

Chemistry

Philosophy

English *A+*

Psychology

Ethics

Physics

French *III* *A+*

Physiology

German *V* *B*

Vernacular

Geology

History *A*

History of Art

Average A 93.5

Drawing

Music *A*

Boğaziçi Üniversitesi

Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi

Kişisel Arşivlerle İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tarihi

Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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