



Robert College Telephone Office

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Constantinople, 7. 11 1922

No. 1948

In account with Mrs. Scott.

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To private telephone Calls,

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Diary - August 1907 - 1908 -

August 5. Monday.

This summer, as usual I have neglected my diary, but as I have procured another book to begin in, I am taking it up again. Gladys went to-day to town and got me this -

I was most enjoyably surprised to-day by getting a letter from Mrs. Sandis, also from Mr. Sandis. Her's of course was in French and very nice, but I liked his English one best. He sent me the picture on the opposite page. Oh, it was so lovely to hear from him again. I always feel I am so privileged to have him as a friend. I will live on his letter ~~for~~ several days.

I have just finished reading "Le Maître de Forges" par George Ohnet, and I found it really

Ureacle, Arizona.  
July 1907.

very interesting indeed. At first I tho't it was rather silly and Frenchy but it turned out quite well.

Am staying at Aunt Ingrid's and am having a lovely time. I do believe Aunt M. has the sweetest character of any of my relations in all Bebek. She is so jolly and full of fun. nothing seems to ruffle her.

Last night after service we went in to Aunt F's and had such a very nice long conversation with Mr. Breakley. Now, that is a gentleman whose conversation it is a pleasure to partake in. He always has something interesting to say, and is so well up in all sorts of subjects. It is a pity that more people in Bebek are not like him. I love to talk to

intelligent, educated people. So many people have such nice silly remarks to make that it is quite disgusting sometimes. But perhaps I ought not to talk like this, for I am afraid my conversation is often most aimless and really not worth listening to.

August 6. Tuesday.

A beautiful cool day - Rose at 7 - when the air was still fresh + pure. Went on Slizer's hill in A.M. and sewed - Aunt M. + Mr. Slizer played and lost their first tie against Douglas and Inajory.

Rec'd a letter from Inladen. very bad English but lots of good feeling. Her conscientiousness and her failures are very pitiable. I only wish she were not so stupid; but no doubt much is hereditary. for her mother + father are practically, totally un-

educated.

August 7. Wednesday.

Went up to a tennis tea at His sar. and had rather a nice time. There were lots of finely dressed ladies from Caudilli and town etc. but not many players. D

August 14. Wednesday.

In P.M. all of us went up to Therapia to see the finals - E. Seager + G. Gathaval against Zariffi and Simeriotti. We were very excited and nervous for our side. but alas! they lost. the sets were - Z. + S. 6-2. Z. + S. 6-4 S. + G. 6-4. Z. + S. 6-2. I think our side both played very badly. Uncle E's mistake was that he tried too many high balls and Simeriotti invariably smashed them. Cousin J's mistake was that he played too softly altogether + got too nervous.

Cousin Animal ... Scot-



Picnic to Gub. Jon. August 15. 1907. at Sou-

... had our spread there. Uncle R. + Mr. A. Sellar had a holiday, so of course we had a jolly time. Two or three mishaps took place. Uncle R. threw my shoe + stocking into the water, so I had to go half barefoot, until it dried. Then he spilt his coffee all over his dress in a squabble. We came home after tea, in a very strong wind - I rowed all the way, and enjoyed it so

ther Mr. very nice re is also cousin J. end of at his

at Sou- of the

much, I am sure it did me good -

After we got home we had some very good sets of tennis with Mr. Blair. He is such good fun and a very nice partner to have. I hope I can play more with him.

In the evening <sup>owed</sup> Mr. Breahley invited us to dinner.

August 16. Friday -

Went up to Aunt F's in A.M. and marked crochery for the bazaar - In P.M. played my tie with Mr. Ferguson and glory hali hujee we won! 6-1 + 6-0 - Just the time

when I wasn't so very keen, I won.

Mr. F. is really a very poor partner. I am sure we will soon get knocked out.

Saturday August 17

We were to have played our second tie, but Mr. D. Morton, had suddenly taken a chill and so that was amen,

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SET 503.005.03

as August 18. 1907.

It didn't seem  
It was such fun  
so jolly as can be.  
and I had a race  
and I was so  
puffed, that I was a wreck for  
about ten minutes. At another  
time - Mr. Blair, Berla, Glad + I  
locked arms and rushed free.

felt down the road. The dust was awful! positively awful. My hair was grey + my face powdered with it. We were very fagged when we got there but the sea was lovely. Everyone bathed before lunch and their appetites were increased, if that were possible. I drove back but most of the family walked. Our steamer home was an hour late, and it was literally packed.

August 9. Monday.

Aunt Fanny started off for Munich to-day. She has been ordered to go away by the doctor.

I played my first tie against Miss Bellar + Stanley Morton. We beat them 6-1 + 6-0. altho' we had to give them  $\frac{1}{2}$  15. I was so glad, altho' the victory was not difficult.

August 20 Tuesday.

Everyone is preparing for the bazaar which takes place to-morrow. Cousin Grizzel asked Glad + me to tea in the P.M. It was delightful, especially as Mr. Blair was there. After tea we went out in the skiff to Hissar. The current was very strong + so was the wind but the rowers baffled it valiantly. Mrs. all went up the towers + round + round the stone stairs, peeping into the holes + dungeons as we passed them. Mr. Blair was such fun - he is really awfully nice. The old man who opened the door was such a dear, with a white turban + a long doak. Afterwards we had a nice row in the bay.

August 21. Wednesday.

All morning was occupied with getting ready the bazaar. I had just a small peep at it, in the afternoon

for I had to go up to Shussar to play my tie against Maud + Cecil Edwards. I rather feared we would lose but strange to relate we gained the match quite easily 6-3, 6-2. Mr. Ferguson didn't seem a bit surprised. I fear he has rather a good opinion of himself as a tennis player, which is a pity, because the real truth is that he can't play for nuts. Now we are in the finals.

In the evening we had a very good time at the bazaar. Mr. Blain treated us to a number of things and I enjoyed myself more than at any other bazaar, but I was pretty tired when I got home.

August 22, Thursday.

Rather a quiet day except in the P.M. when the final tie came off. The first set was very exciting 6-8 but I lost my temper with Mr. Ferguson, he did play so badly. In

one game he lost 5 points running. It made me so wild with him. Ada + Mr. Astrander played quite well but nothing extraordinary. The second set was 6-2 - very ignominious - I thought. Aunt M. gave me a second prize, the dear. It was 6 fine linen handkerchiefs with E in the corner. Mr. F. got a cigar. Tomorrow we leave for the Polish farm, where Mother has been long-  
ing to go, all the summer.

August 23, Friday.

We started at 2 for the Polish farm. The day was cloudy + dull and consequently cool, so I very satisfactory for traveling. Elia met us at Pasha Baghche with a beaming face and conducted us to the vehicle of conveyance which was the strangest apparatus man ever beheld! It was long + thin with a white awning covering a long seat.



covered with straw. Two farm horses were harnessed to it, and a Polish lad, fair hair & blue eyes drove us. The drive was bumpy in places, I must say but, on a whole, I enjoyed it immensely. At first the country was rather barren & dry but soon we came to green woods & sometimes a small stream. It took about 2 1/2 hours, on the way but it didn't seem long at all. Miss Dodd & Miss Prime met us, when we arrived. We will stay at the Narwiski house & dine at Mrs. Paulus with the two Sutare ladies.

The evening meal was awfully late and as we were very hungry we were rather impatient. It was nothing special when it did come which made me rather cross.

I had hives in the night & slept very little.

August 24 Saturday



On the way home



In the Hay field.

Aug. 25, '07.

At the Polish Farm

utterly savage + wild with all mankind.

In P.M. went for a nice walk in the woods + found a stream, lots of blackberries + some ferns - I wish Kingsley could have been with us, he would have told us so many things we don't know.

Sat outside after dinner. Had a very bad night. Didn't get to sleep at all till after three.

August 25 Sunday.

My writing of late looks rather funny + shaky. It is because I am writing on my knee, outside.

We sat about all day and read and slept + talked. In the A.M. it rained quite a little, but not very badly. In the P.M. went for a walk to the cemetery which is very old + quaint. The graves have mostly just

plain wooden crosses, only a very few have marble slabs. Of course all the inscriptions were in Polish so I couldn't understand them.

Read "The Far Horizon". I don't see how Lucas Malet is Kingsley's child. It must be another Kingsley. Perhaps Miss Lloyd was misinformed about the matter. I won't believe it fully till I have further proof. It is altogether too painful to contemplate.

I heard a very important piece of news. Mr. Patrick is not coming back next year. She is staying in America and Miss Vivien will have her place. I was very disappointed when I heard it. A year without her, I dread.

August 26 Monday.

Did not do anything exciting. Felt rather seedy. We are off for Babel

to-morrow.

There are a number of queer people here at this Polish Farm. There is a Syrian family composed of mother and father, two boys + a fat little girl. The father + mother don't stay here all the time, but leave their children in the charge of a fat, dark nurse, who is led a perfect dance by the boys. I saw them putting salt in their wine, at table the other day. Every morning we see a pale, lank black robed priest go along the main road. He has such a queer face - so womanish. just like a Jesuit.

August 27 Tuesday.

Packed up and started for dear Belick at 9:10. We were exactly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. on the way in our same wagon with the rustic awn-

ing and straw. Our journey was very easy + pleasant. but we felt tired and dirty when we got home. To-morrow we got for a picnic to Prinkipo.

August 28 Wednesday

Uncle Robert's birthday. All went for a picnic in a tug to Prinkipo - Yorghouli. Before lunch we had a bath from the rocks right onto the sand. It was delicious. The Marmora is so much warmer + milder altogether than the Bosphorus.

On the way back I had a most interesting conversation with Mr. Meyer. He seems quite a gentleman + very intelligent, though sad to relate, every now and then he drops away by the roadside. It is a great pity for otherwise he seems very wise. I was sorry there were not more new people - always the same old ones.

appears on the scenes.



August 29, Thursday

I have made a grand resolution that is to practise two solid hours every day until school begins. I did so to-day. I am going to record it in my diary, so as to see if I miss any.

Got a letter from Uncle Fred. He was a perfect dear, to write and I don't deserve it the least little bit. I can't answer him, as it is too late. I am awfully sorry.

In the evening went up to Hissan to a musical given by Mrs Riggs in Science Hall. Miss P. Catt was the chief singer but I must say I was disappointed, in her voice. Mildred Sims sang two Indian love lyrics, very well - and Miss Rowell played very beautifully on the violin. To tell the truth

the violin was the nicest thing of the evening. Had ice on the way home, which was very nice - & grateful to the many maids & youths of Bebek.

Finished "The Far Horizon" by Lucas Malet. Of course it can't be compared to anything Kipling ever wrote. I found it very strong but I don't care for its style - and of course am not in sympathy with its opinions, as I am not a Roman Catholic.

August 30 Friday

Practised 2 hours. Rather a quiet day.

August 31 Saturday.

While I was practising this afternoon who should walk in but Mr. Blair. I was so glad to see him again. He and Cousin Jim just came back from a trip to Angora.

and some other places in the interior. We had some nice games of tennis with Mr. B. The hearty way in which he enters into games, is really delicious. In the evening we all went up the hill & had a dance on the spur of the moment. Mr. Blair danced with me but it was a two-step & we didn't get on very well. I danced with Mr. Myers, Mr. Morrison, Wally and Uncle Robert. I quite enjoyed myself.

Sept. 1, Sunday-

It was the Sultan's accession day and early in the afternoon the quays were crowded with people taking up their posts for the evening. The illuminations were nothing very fine; it is always the same, every year. But we had quite an exciting time. We all went up to Mr. Weakley's

and sat on the top terrace. Gladys was lighting some red matches and she threw one, half-out onto the side of the hill. There was some dry grass there and before we knew where we were, it was crackling away. We were all quite frightened - Mr. Weakley and Uncle Robert rushed down the steps for water while Mother, Aunt M., Glad & I threw stones on it. The water came at last but, already the fire had gained on us quite a bit. One can full put it out and we soaked the surrounding land. Our hearts had come into our mouths with the excitement.

I have put my hair up! Quite an event! How long it will stay there is another matter. It takes a very long time to do and I don't know how long my patience will

last. Cousin Jim. of course had some remark to make about it and began teasing me. I am not quite eighteen, but I must begin practising now. Only 24 days more. anyhow.  
Sept 2. Monday.

Got up at 7 A.M. to play tennis with Mr. Blair. Had some lovely sets and did a lot of laughing. Afterwards we went to the gardens and had lucums + coffee.

In the P.M. went up to tea to Cousin Grizzel's and afterwards went out in the skiff. Rowed all the way back from Junk Sou. It was so nice - everyone was so gay. I always feel as if I am a sort of a weight in a company. I wish I were only bright and interesting but the more I try to be so the flatter all my efforts fall! I felt

rather "done up" in the evening, I must say but I forgot it, because Uncle Mid arrived - I was very, very glad to see him again - and I think he was glad to be home. Of course we were sorry not to have Aunt Fannie back - but she's coming in a week - not very long to wait.

Sept 3 Tuesday

What 'unlookfor' energy! Joe again got up at 7 o'clock to play tennis. Whenever got there, we were dreadfully disappointed to find the man watering the court. Our faces were as long as they could be. But we had a brilliant idea - We three went down to the boat house and hauled out the skiff + went for a row. There was hardly any wind + the sea was calm - I rowed alone most of the time. In an hour's time we returned to find the court quite dry!

We had a number of games & lots of fun - We played till almost 12 o'clock -

Mr. Blair came to say goodbye for he left by the night train. I think he was very sorry to go, and I know we were - We hope he will come back here, next year, but of course, no one can say - We miss him very much, already.

In the evening we all went to a dance given by H. Patis in Science Hall - It was quite a success but I was so fogged from my continual tennis & rowing that I must say, I didn't enjoy it much.

Sept 4. Wednesday -

Very tired after the dance & the tennis. Practised  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs -

Sept 5. Thursday

Practised  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs - Lyril Paine - etoff came for glad to go up to

play tennis at Hisar - I had some very good games here in Bebek - I miss Mr. Blair very much - I only wish he could have stayed longer - Got a letter from Jarafinka - it was quite gushy.

Sept 6. Friday - Began the day with a rain shower and in the afternoon it came down in buckets full - That was the end of our tennis for to-day.

Practised only one hour - Began a book "The Camp of Refuge" by which is a novel, during the time of the Norman invasion of England - I find it very interesting and written in a very nice style - old fashioned -

Nucle Ind dined with us and we had a merry game of whist afterwards - I had quite good luck but glad was dreadfully lucky. It was simply hopeless trying to play with her.

Sept 7. Saturday.

There was a perfectly awful storm, raging on the Bosphorus. The boats simply rocked, the rain came down in sheets & the wind blew hard. Mother was to have come from Santari but no doubt the weather frightened her. We all went out for a walk in the P.M. along the quay. The water dashed up just like breakers. We looked so wintery in our coats and scarfs. Notwithstanding the cold we indulged in an ice at the scala.

Sept 8. Sunday.

Mr. Frew, who just arrived from his holiday trip into Russia, preached in the morning. It was pretty good. I must say I think Mr. Frew's preaching has fallen off immensely since I first heard him. Now he so often gives ~~is~~ facts so unconnected

in his sermons, that one is very apt to forget them.

The weather was threatening all day, and everything looked grey and melancholy. We had quite a nice walk along the quay, altho' two or three times, we were nearly caught in a shower. Uncle E. & Uncle M. both came in after tea & we had a nice family party. I love Uncle Edward so much. He has got such laughing, loving blue eyes & is so jolly. He is very nervous and impatient, I know, but one can put up with his faults when his virtues are so many.

Sept 9. Monday.

Aunt Minnie returned - Glory Hallelujah! She looks rosy & well and of course, very happy to be with her dear "hubby dubby" again. We went to see her in the P.M. and



she told us all about operas & galleries and all the sights she had seen, till we were all burning to go to Germany. She brought me a piece, which she hasn't played over for me yet, but which she says is very pretty. (not heavy). She has decided to give a musical on Saturday night where I am to play, if you please & sing also (in a quartette) Miss Rowell, Mr. Morrison, Ada, Uncle Mid & I are to perform. I feel quite proud to think I will be in so honored a group! But no doubt, it is not really for my playing that Aunt Dr. wants me so much as for practise for me, in facing crowds. I feel it is very good of her to ask me, whatever her reasons maybe.

In the evening we went to a Progressive Whist party at Cousin Fritz's, it being Cousin Jim's birth-

day. It was lovely! There is no other word for it. There were six tables all so prettily arranged. Cousin P. looked so rosy & sweet and Cousin J. was really a very gracious host. The supper at ten was awfully nice and her table & silver!! just beautiful. Uncle Mid was my partner & he was extremely attentive, so I had lots of good things to eat. Miss Sage won the first prize <sup>(Ladys)</sup> a beautiful silver frame, Mr. Schow the gentleman's, - a leather pocket book. Miss Della won the booby prize - a packet of chocolate & I won the gentleman's booby - a box of cigarettes. It was a delightful evening altho' I only scored 167 1/2.

\* Sept 10 Tuesday.

Rather quiet. Will play Chopin's "Tränenmarsch" at Aunt Dr.'s musical and perhaps two preludes of Chopin's

Sept 11 Wednesday.

Copied music & heard Aunt Dr. play nearly all morning. Stayed at Aunt Dr's for lunch. Mr. Morrison came to tea in the afternoon. We tho't he would be awfully dry but he was really very interesting & told us many things about his travels this summer in Russia.

Have been thinking over this summer, who will be my music teacher for this year; at last I have decided. Aunt Dr. says she will come over regularly once a week and Miss Kennedy will give me theory and play to me once in six weeks. I think it is a very good plan. Aunt Dr. tho't of it.

Sept 12 Thursday

Went up to a tennis tea at Flissar and had two very good sets. Came to grief once. Mr. Fowle and I started

to run for the same ball and bang we collided and I went down. Fortunately I didn't hurt myself at all, but of course was horribly cross. It was Mr. Fowle's fault anyhow for he ran for my ball. In the evening rehearsed our quartett for Saturday. Ada, I, Mr. Morrison & Mr. Fowle were the four.

Sept 13 Friday.

Received a dear letter from Miss Young. with which she sent two plays for the P. U. It is just like her to be so prompt. She says they are probably both worthless and I fear they are, but she is going to look about for one, more than she has already. What a nice friend she is! I am going to correspond with her regularly and tell her all our college news.

I have such a misgiving

I think of the beginning of next year in regard to the secret societies. I hope it won't be all a horrid night mare as it was last year. I hope + pray chrysanthy will be nice. My year will be positively miserable, if she is mean + spiteful. I will do my best to procure peace. and hope to succeed. I feel so thankful in having Miss Prime to back me up. So many P. Us. are not coming back. and such a pile of Bulgarians. I fear they will all be converted & As before they arrive here. Let's hope for the best however, and not look at the dark side of things.

Sept 14 Saturday.

The great day of the musical. Had a few games of tennis (my last) and enjoyed them immensely.

The musical was a great success.

I played really quite well altho'

I was nervous, of course. Our quartett seemed very popular and we were enjoyed twice. I hope we can keep up the same quartett and sing again together. There were lots + lots of people there about 50. The stairs we covered, and the halls besides the dining room + drawing room, were full.

I played Chopin's Trauermarsch. Mother came up for Sunday. She is rather tired but I hope, will get a good rest before going back.

Got a letter from Grace quite unexpectedly. Memor.

Sept 16. Monday.

School again — Came in a vanca to school with Miss Rowell +

Glad. Very few girls were there at first — only a few Bulgarians, but they all arrived by degrees.

Sept 17. Tuesday. Got a dear letter from Caroline. In the P. M.

an English girl arrived here, who is to be a student. Her name is Roselind MacLachlin. She is my room-mate and an awfully nice girl. She is very musical, much to my joy, so I am anticipating my number of good times together. Esther Henschinsky, Miss Kerwood's niece is here too. She speaks English very well but is rather jettled and spoilt.

Sept 18 Wednesday.

Played the hymns both in the morning and evening. Am getting quite accomplished. Aunt W. came & gave me a lesson.

Sept 19 Thursday. Roselind & I played some duets together. which were "scrumptious". She also played a piece or two to me & I to her. Am getting to like her very much. She is going to be a P. U. too which

is glorious for me.

Sept 20 Friday. Had P. U. meeting and I settled some business with the girls. Played duets. Practised a lot. Got another letter from Carrie also a p.c. from Grace. Sept 24. Tuesday.

My birthday. I have not written up my diary for days & days. This last week has been such a nice one. I am getting to know Roselind better and like her more. We are reading "Rebecca's Chronicles" which is very clever and entertaining.

I myself have just finished reading "Prudence Palfrey" by H. B. Aldrich and have found it such a charming little story. The style is especially fresh and jolly, and I enjoyed reading it immensely. It is not long and the end, extremely exciting.

I had a beautiful birthday,  
my presents being as follows  
Mother an umbrella, Glad, note  
paper, Aunt Dr. music holder,  
Aunt M. 2 medjids + a lovely cake,  
Aunt Jessie, a purse + Mother of  
pearl tablet, Renee a mecca stone  
brooch, Nucle Mid a penknife. Rose-  
hind an inkstand. Miss Dodd  
invited me to go out to see the  
scutari mosques with a party of  
teachers + two gentlemen from Hissar  
we saw two mosques, one tiled  
with blue tiles, the other larger but  
not so beautiful, to my mind. The  
party was not very interesting I must  
say, altho' I quite enjoyed myself.  
Sept 28 Saturday.

Played duets. Am learning to  
be much freer and more confi-  
dent. I think duet playing helps one  
a great deal in music.

I have been reading "Chronicles  
of Rebecca" with Roselind and we  
do enjoy it so much. When I look  
over my diary, especially this  
last one, it is so dry, that I think  
I must be as bad as Alice Robi-  
son in "Rel. Chr." who wrote just  
the commonplace events and never  
had any thoughts that were worth  
while.

Am trying to read "The French  
Revolution" by Carlyle and hope to  
be able to finish it altho' it is rather  
stiff, but will do me not end of good.

I can not begin to really enjoy  
school + lessons till after the P. U.  
opening meeting. The O. A. are fish-  
ing like fury and making me  
miserable! but there I must not  
talk, <sup>or write rather</sup> for it <sup>is</sup> quite upset me.  
I hope the thing will soon be  
over + done with.

Sept 29. Sunday.

Had a very nice day, Mr. Slodd who is passing through held the service in the A.M. Wrote a letter to Carolina 12 pages - quite a feat. Read aloud to Roselind a little.

In the evening Mr. Flicks, the secretary of the Am. Board of Foreign Missions, addressed us about the study of the Bible & really I enjoyed him very much. He had a fine clear-cut face & such a lovely smile. He reminded me very much of Mr. Hill. Miss Maden was in the seventh heaven of bliss for he knew some of her beloveds of Monastir. She got so excited! Mrs. Flicks was also here and we, (the C.A.) all went into the parlor after the address & were introduced, in a long line.

Oct. 7. Monday.

It is a long time since I wrote in my dear diary, and now I must write it and tell all about the happenings of late. I have just come back from a lovely spree in Bebek - Last Saturday evening. Ethel gave a Grieg evening, which was very nice indeed. I played the "Voglein" - very badly, let me add, as I was extremely nervous. Aunt Dr. played so well. Everyone is very musical at present in Bebek - Aunt Dr. gained inspiration when she visited her dearly beloved Dresden.

Have been reading a most enjoyable & exciting book called - "The Memoirs of Baroness Cecile de Courtot." It deals with the time of the French Revolution. It is written in diary & letter form & extremely interesting.

I am very busy these days mostly about P. N. When the initiation is over I can breathe a little again, in the meanwhile, it rather weighs upon me.

Mother seems tired these days. I can't find out why, perhaps she misses Mr. Patrick - altho' really Miss Vivian is taking her place admirably and is such a nice cultured, refined lady withal. (I am sure it is because she is of English blood!)

Oct 9. Wednesday.

Miss Slodd took her art classes to Stamboul to-day to see the Museum + Hippodrome. I, of course was obliged to come too, much to my distress. We went over in caiques, but it was quite calm + so I enjoyed it. Notwithstanding the shouting of the men, the horrid Stam-

boul crowds we had to pass thro', it was quite nice. The Museum is ever a source of great interest. There we saw the tablets of curieform, the iridescent tear bottles, the great Egyptian mummy cases + the beautiful sarcophagi. The one sarcophagus that was the best was that called "Alexander Sar." But one that is almost as beautiful is that of the weeping women. Sculpture is a great art and appeals to me more than architecture, I think but of course not as much as painting.

We had our tea in a cafe' just opposite St. Sophia. Our refreshment was - a melon, tea and simits. We saw a number of grandees get out at the mosque to say their prayers + we heard the call of the muezzin. Everything was very oriental. What troubles me is that the faces of the

people here are all so unpleasant. I looked for pleasing faces & found only one or two during the whole expedition. The countenances here show degradation & deceit, a great deal & I think it is a very deplorable fact.

We came home in a boat that was all on one side the whole way from the Bridge to Sautari and was packed full of people - mostly soldiers & officers. Well, my woes were many! but I breathed again when I stepped in to the hallowed precincts of College.

Oct 10. Thursday.

The most important thing was my preparations for the P. U. initiation which takes place on Monday. I feel worried with the responsibility of it all.

Roselind is a very enthusiastic P. U. and is looking forward to the opening

meeting. She is a dear! and really very musical.

Oct. 11. Saturday & Friday.

We were invited to Miss Slodds' to tea and had lots of fun, trying to be prim & yet have a sumptuous feast. We played bobbing for an apple which was rather silly, but the most ridiculous of all was the collection of prizes we received - mine was a most marvellous cup arrangement, about as old as the hills. When we all came down to go into the garden - we met "Mother Hogier" standing in her usual position at the Study Hall door, like a dragon of old, ready to pounce upon the first offender. She asked us why we were late in going outside for our usual hour's fresh air. We said we had a party but she mercilessly wrote down our names to report us, for that was no



excuse in her eyes. How we laughed!  
We watched for the event to come  
off, but it never did - no one was re-  
fused at all.



Oct 12. Saturday.

I worked like a Trojan all day  
on P. U. caps, ribbons etc. &  
finally by eight o'clock when it  
was time for the auspicious mo-  
ment. The initiation was very inter-  
esting of course & full of fun. Our  
old girls were so nice & the new  
ones filled our hearts with joy to  
think that they were ready to lend  
a hand - in the carrying out of  
our society's ideals. I hadn't pre-  
pared any kind of a speech - but  
made up a short one on the spur of  
the moment. Miss Prime's talk was  
best of all - so full of humor and  
solid good sense as well as noble  
sentiments. She indeed is a tea-

sure to our society. We were all very  
happy when we said goodnight - all  
so glad to be P. U. - I hope our  
year may be happy & prosperous,  
full of good deeds & great achievements.  
Oct. 17. Thursday.

My diary, I fear is running dry -  
My mind seems so "dormant" and  
unresponsive! I feel as if my thoughts  
were not worth anything anyway &  
even if they were I can't express them  
well. It was only to-day that Miss  
Jenkins told me, that my choice of  
words was not good but rather care-  
less - Oh dear! when will I learn.  
It is something I want to know so  
much - how to express myself  
well in my own language - and altho'  
I read literature - it seems to do me  
no good. I fear my diary proves only  
too sharply, my lack of a broad  
vocabulary and good use of it. How

can I attain this? Oh dear me - I really must try to do it.

I am at present making a book of famous men, with a quotation for each, ~~for~~ every day in the year. I am quite interested in it and hope I will be able to finish it.

I am reading Bowells' Life of Johnson, a ponderous volume, but I hope to get thro' it. In between whiles I read a book called "A Modern Madonna" by Caroline Abbott Stanley. I can not say if I liked it or not. I must say it was very exciting but parts of it were very silly, and untrue to life. There were no grand descriptions or passages that thrilled one - except perhaps one or two. It was highly recommended by Miss J., but I think, I am not old enough nor well enough acquainted with

that style of story, to pass a judgment on it.

I am full of my music these days. A day or so ago I had a lovely long practise on the piano in the Chapel, every minute of which I enjoyed; but sad to say, after every lesson from Aunt M. I get the blues. She has a sort of depressing influence on me. She criticises so much that you feel as if there is no hope on earth for a poor mortal! However I recover in a few hrs. and then I can begin to practise.

I had just finished reading a charming book - called "Memoirs of Baroness Cecile de Courtot." It ~~deals~~ <sup>was</sup> with the most interesting I have read for a long time and the best of it was that all of it was true - it actually happened - I wish I could write a diary that would interest people long

after I am dead.

To-morrow is monthly holiday. Aunt M. has asked Roselind & me <sup>for</sup> her house - I am looking forward to it with delight. Perhaps there I'll have more ~~ideas~~ to write in my much-forgotten diary.  
Oct 2<sup>d</sup> - Monday.

We have had a beautiful monthly holiday. On Friday evening Mrs. S. Sellar gave a dance to which all of Bebek was asked & some of Thissar. I had a lovely time and danced a great deal - until my feet quite ached. I felt like the princess who wore out her slippers every evening at a ball. Roselind was very strange at first but got to know people later on & got a few dances too, altho' I am sure she didn't enjoy herself half as much as I did. At the end (we stopped at 11) the gentlemen carried

Mr. Sellar on their shoulders & the ladies, Mrs. Sellar. Such a row as they made singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" & hurraing. Really it was enough to frighten the whole village. Next morning we got up at 9 - a dreadfully dissipated hour - We all started for town at ten, for I had to get a new coat. We went to Carlmann's and after having tried on about two dozen coats, been inspected by each member of the family in turn, & looked at myself in the tall mirrors in every possible aspect, we decided on a gray one, which I must say is quite pretty. Of course, going to a shop where there is such an assortment makes one long for a lovely cloth one, but as it is ~~my~~ I am very well satisfied. We then proceeded to Tokathian's where we had a scrump

trious" lunch. and then on home-

We started in the afternoon for  
Glissar to play tennis. I must say  
I didn't enjoy myself very much.

Nearly everyone had gone off on a  
picnic, so very few were left to play.

To tell the truth I can't bear Lou.

Fowler to play with and he was then  
in full force - The woes of the after-

noon were capped by the loss of  
my sweater. Suddenly when I want-

ed it after my first set, it had dis-  
appeared. I could make it out at  
first, but at last came to the con-  
clusion, I must have dropped it on the  
road. I fear I will never set eyes  
on it again.

Dr. Van Milligen preached a beau-  
tiful sermon on Sunday morning.

I like to follow his sentences - you  
never know how they will end - you  
can just hear them blossom out

like flowers & his similes are always  
so fine.

There was quite a famous painter  
called Mr. Eckenbrecher staying at  
the Shors & we all went in at 2 o'clock  
on Sunday to see some of his Con-  
stantinople paintings, which were really  
very nice - the one I liked best was  
a sunset, and Gerk-Sow. He paints  
both in oil & water colors -

I had my music lesson on Monday  
A.M. Felt blue after it as usual - I  
don't know anything yet, & when I play  
before Aunt W. I feel as helpless &  
powerless as a babe! I must practise  
very diligently this year. We came back  
to Sutarri alone, changing at Beelik-  
tache. I must say the journey was  
very enjoyable. Rosehind seems to have  
enjoyed her holiday very much. She is  
a difficult kind of person to know.  
Sometimes she is very aggravating &

other times I just love her - I hope I do all I can for her, she must be lonely way from home -

Oct. 23 Wednesday.

Trigonometry lesson was very nice - much more interesting than I ever thought it would be - Miss Holmes is nicer than she seems at first acquaintance. I do hope I will be able to get well on in Trigonometry.

This evening when I came to the dormitory I saw poor Rosalind weeping in bed - It was all because of the medal which she said was given unjustly - I tried to comfort her but I am not good at that sort of thing.

I feel sympathetic, and awfully unhappy but it is very hard to express my feelings. I think if I were upset in any way, I would like to be left alone but people are so different one never knows what they like.

Last night received a letter from Grace - very nice. Will write her soon -

Oct 24 Thursday

We had our Composition class + the short rhyme, I handed in was mercilessly criticised by Miss Jenkins - She read us a most interesting selection from de Quincey entitled "On Sudden Death". The style of which was very admirable - I find as I become more acquainted with literature that, the art of expressing one's tho'ts in the best way, is the accomplishment of a scholar, who has studied long and hard before he can produce the desired effect. I think one of the ways in which I can attain <sup>the use</sup> a larger vocabulary is by writing my diary with particular care + tho't.

- Our French Society had its first meeting this afternoon. Mlle. Robertot, after having greeted the new members

gave a charming talk on a French authoress, Eugénie Guérin - of whom I had not heard before.

Oct 25. Friday.

Miss Jenks referred us to a book "The Struggle for German Liberty" by F. Bigelow, for our Contemporary Hist. and I began to read it but found it so extremely interesting, that I have continued and am determined to finish the whole three volumes. The style is very good - the entire book reads like a novel - with most exciting episodes and victories. I fear I am no very great admirer of Napoleon. We cannot help acknowledging his wonderful military genius, but he must have had a very small soul to be capable of the treachery, falsehood + absolute baseness, which characterized his conduct in Prussia in 1806 and onward.

I never knew Queen Luise was such a very noble woman - She indeed was a wonderful queen, and the Germans may well be proud of her. How infinitely superior she was to her husband!

I was so anxious to peruse this book, that immediately after school, I went, with it under my arm, into the garden to search for a secluded spot where I would be undisturbed. I found a most charming nook - far down the garden in front of one of the wings of the Preparatory school. where I had a delicious hour, all by myself. I mean to go there often - I am away from the supervision of the terrible Miss Hozier and she can never question me about, why and what I <sup>have been</sup> was reading. I have decided to devote an hour every day to reading the

books in which I am especially interested, whether they are in reference to my studies or not. I will set apart the hour from six to seven; I have quite a list of books in mind at present which I want to read some time soon.

"The French Revolution" Carlyle

"Women + Economics" Stetson

"Opium Eater" De Quincy

"Life of Johnson" <sup>Bozwell</sup> Rossetti

"The Blessed Hamozel" Rossetti.

Our Century Club was very enjoyable this evening. Next time we are each to look up a ruler's life + character etc. and give a short biography in the meeting. My ruler is The Kaiser of Germany - The reason, I chose him was because I am at present reading "The Struggle for German Liberty" which is the history of his immediate an-

cestors. I hope I may find sufficient material to fully master my topic.

Oct 26. Saturday.

A lovely long day, full of free hours, which I made the most of by reading my "German Liberty." After school I retired to my newly found nook, in the garden where I read to my heart's content. Mrs. Hozier, so I learnt afterwards, had looked all over the grounds for me. I played a short game of basket-ball, more out of duty than inclination. I feel these days, less + less inclined to play and more inclined to pass my time reading or writing. I suppose, it is age, which comes upon me!! Chrysanthy's animal spirits are more in evidence, <sup>than ever</sup> this year, notwithstanding her being a Senior in a responsible position. She has a great contempt for me because

of my apparent indifference to outside games. I believe her energy and sportiveness grow with her years.

Oct. 27, Sunday

A beautiful day. The ~~of~~ air is as balmy as spring. It is the kind of day that one makes resolutions, notwithstanding the pleasant weather. However, I got quite depressed towards evening, for no apparent cause. But just "like that" as the girls say.

Our Bible Class was very slow. I do not feel so free with Miss Vivian as I did with Mr. P. Our sermon was by Mr. Frew. The new girls saw him for the first time. He caused them no end of amusement, for I saw them vainly trying to hide their smiles when he was especially vehement or especially switch in his pronouncement. I did not care much

for his sermon but I believe, that was more my fault than his. I am afraid I cannot reap much good from his sermons, as I have not much respect for the man himself. He seems so extremely concealed that it is absolutely painful to be anywhere near him. He treats Gladys and me like veritable babes, if he deigns to look our way at all. Carrie, I think likes him very much - but then she saw him in an very different aspect. For the every day man & the preacher are totally different persons -

Oct. 28 Monday

A very enjoyable day, which I spent doing very little but enjoying myself. The D. A's had their opening meeting. Mystery and secrecy reigned supreme, nearly all day - and in the evening every one was decked in their



best Sunday go-to meetings. Chrysanthus's waist was diminished to three quarters its usual size. They all seemed to be having a very happy, gay time, and did not retire till the deliciously dissipated hour - ~~else~~ half past ten.

Oct. 29. Tuesday

Have had no letters from any of my friends lately. Why have they ever forgotten me?

Oct 31. Thursday

I have become acquainted with an entirely new man of letters (for me) - de Quincy, his name. He was the subject matter for our comp. class. After having read "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater" my admiration & interest were so aroused that I could not help reading further works of this fascinating author's, and ~~was~~ starting a life of him, by

Masson, a Scotch critic. de Quincy is delightful reading. His harmony pleases the ear, his subject matters holds the attention, and his realistic & descriptions, at once call forth admiration. I wrote a criticism on his "Confessions" for Miss Jenks, which she was ~~grace~~ enough to honor with the comment "good". I took great care in the choice of my words, for it is one of my great faults to use common place & vague phrases - To study a great man's works, like de Quincy cannot but inspire one to care in writing, altho' at times, one despairs altogether of ever attaining good style! at all!

Oct Nov. 1. Friday.

Played basket ball, which I enjoyed very much, but I liked my book better.

Miss Meaden has not been at all so well lately. She has had

frequent attacks of violent pain. She was treated for it but, altho' she seemed cured for a time, her trouble has again begun to make itself evident. Mrs. Hozier seems to take her illness very calmly, and it is only now that she talks of sending for a doctor. I sincerely hope, there is nothing serious the matter with her.

Nov. 2 Saturday.

The event of the day was a Halloween party given by Miss Hodd + Miss Prime to a number of girls. We ate chestnuts, bobbed for apples, + drank cider. We hunted for peanuts which were hidden about and I managed to collect the most. We tried to see what our fortunes were to be and I invariably came out as an old maid - so did Chrysanthy, so we were comrades in distress!

Nov. 3 Sunday.

Our sermon was by Mr. Shroovian

on "The Prodigal Son, - rather good. In the P. M. I went to the cottage where I read to Miss Meadenitch + Esther Henuchevsky, who were both in bed. The book was "Sandy and they were quite interested. I, myself getting quite excited over it, altho' it was the second time, I read it.

The Senior held The C. A. meeting in the evening which I must say, was anything but interesting. - and such English. Chrysanthy is the only brilliant one in the class.

Nov. 5 Tuesday.

Guy Fawkes Day. Remember - remember the fifth of November, gun powder, treason + plot!

A chill, wintry day. Alas, I fear we have said goodbye to summer days - the wind howls at night and the water numbs our fingers in the mornings. We have all put

on winter clothes.

Nov. 10. Sunday.

The service was held by Mr. Huntington of Theodorus Hall. It was very excellent. The preacher was not sentimental or emotional, as so many tend to be, but straightforward, sensible, practical & manly. I enjoyed the sermon exceedingly, notwithstanding the anticipation I had of mistakes on the part of the pupils, as well as the preacher.

I am, at present perusing a German book, "Mädchenjahre" in the hope of its aiding me in the knowledge of that language. I use my dictionary frequently but do not lose interest in the story, which is very enjoyable, altho' it is written for young readers. That sounds as tho' I considered myself extremely aged but when a book has on its title page "Für

Junge Mädchen", I feel I have past that stage.

Nov. 11. Monday.

I accomplished very little considering I had all the day, at my disposal. Aunt W. came and gave me a lesson which was fair, to my mind, at least.

Miss Griffiths called me, in the A.M. I rather quaked inwardly as I entered her registry, & my forbodings were some of them reasonable for she straightway asked me if I to Rosalind talked after 9.P.M. and of course I had to "up + 'fess" that we had been doing so. She said she was very "disappointed" to think we should so, break the rules, and I promised solemnly to sin no longer but ever walk in the "straight + narrow path"! Rosalind and I have had beautiful evenings chatting softly after the bell, wait-

ing for Inladen, but now alas they are all  
over, and finished. We religiously jump-  
ed into bed, and extinguished the lamp  
this evening, on the first reverberation  
of the last bell, that greeted our ears.

I have had no letter for centuries.  
Each day, I fly wildly to Miss Kirova  
when I have heard the mail has  
come, and invariably, I am miserably  
disappointed. It adds to my woe to see  
more happy mortals tear open their  
epistles with unrestrained glee, and  
I groan inwardly.

Nov. 14. Thursday.

Our lesson to-day in Senior  
Composition was truly delightful. The  
comps we read, were liked by the pow-  
erful Miss Jenks, and she made us both  
wild with joy, when she said "You  
have done very well indeed with your  
subject" (meaning the imitation of de  
Quincey, <sup>on</sup> which we have had two lessons.

My two imitations were 1st "A Dream",  
second, "On Poetry". Chyso has done re-  
markably well for a foreigner - better  
than I sometimes, I think.

The B.A. society has issued the first  
number of a monthly paper the "B.A.  
Chronicle". I must say it is very crude  
as yet, the most amusing piece was  
"The Medal" three scenes, by Esther  
Slimchewsky. I think it is a  
tremendous amount of work for the  
girls, whose ~~work~~ <sup>time</sup> is so fully occu-  
pied, and I'm afraid it will die  
out soon.

Nov. 18. Monday.

We have just returned from month-  
ly holiday, which we spent at Cousin  
Crizzel's and which we enjoyed to its  
fullest extent. Cousin G. is a dear,  
as I have said before, and she  
has the nicest, well arranged house  
I ever saw. Everything goes smooth-

ly and quietly. I read nearly all the time. "The Roman Singer" by Maizon Crawford, I read from cover to cover. It was a sweet story, sweetly told. M. Crawford is a very agreeable author. Romance, & excitement, pervade all his books, and they invariably end <sup>well</sup> to the satisfaction of all parties.

Uncle Edward came down on Sunday eve, and entertained us with interesting tales and jokes. He is a dear man - I love him very much indeed. On Friday evening Aunt M. and Uncle M. came to dinner and on Saturday there was a big crowd - Aunt M., Aunt F., Mr. Weakley, and Miss Howells. Mr. Weakley was quite interesting - but I fear his self-esteem jars on me at times. I meant to ask him about a debate we are going to have in History class - but I asked Uncle Edward

instead. Sad to say, I found he favored the opposite side. Our debate is on Resolved: That Napoleon was a blessing to France. I am on the affirmative - much to Mother's surprise - I rather fear for my side however, as Miss Kazandjiff & Meade are my helpmates altho' the former is a plodding student, and no doubt ~~to~~ will have a great <sup>many</sup> points.

It was indeed a hard task to drag our selves away from Bebek. Monthly holiday is but a dream. It begins, grows and dies in the twinkling of an eye.

Nov. 22. Friday.

There is a concert in Thissar to morrow and of course I had made up my mind to go, <sup>+ bought my ticket</sup> when <sup>to</sup> and behold, by the evening mail, I received a ticket and program, I have not the least idea who it is from, but

the handwriting is entirely strange to me. Roselind has been teasing me about all sorts of gallant, young gentlemen! I have a feeling that she knows who sent it. Perhaps it is no one interesting at all, but some girl here at college. I will find out to-morrow when I go, if possible.

I have been reading "The Lady of the Decoration", a light little tale brimming over with fun + slang. Nice for amusement but nothing else, I wear.

After the concert I am going to stay the week end in Bebek. Glory Stalilya! I am quite a giddy-giddy these days, and often go on the spree.

Quite an accomplishment for such a "stick in the mud" creature as I am. But, as I have often remarked, I am in a sort of dormant state. I feel I change every week.

Mrs. Mladen has to sleep in B. H. so Mrs. Kirova will take her place in our room. I like the change in one way, and yet, Kirwitzka is not so interesting as Mladen. I do hope Mladen will be able to graduate, poor thing, it will indeed be the irony of fate if she is so ill as not to be able to take her diploma in June. After all these years of painful study + sacrifice. I am very, very sorry for her. Mrs. T. does not seem especially anxious about her, either, which makes me wild!

Got a letter from Grace - the same as hers always are - lots of incidents and very few thro'ts. How different are my Carries! Only she seems to have forgotten me altogether. I dare not reproach her, however because she is so penitent, that I can't bear myself!

# ROBERT COLLEGE

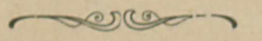
Y. M. C. A.

## CONCERT

For the Poor.

Saturday, November 23, 1907, 2.30 p. m.

- |                      |                           |               |
|----------------------|---------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Orchestra . . .   | Serenade . . . . .        | TITL.         |
| 2. Bebek Chorus .    | In the New Year . . . . . | MENDELSSOHN.  |
| 3. Cello Solo . . .  | Mazurka . . . . .         | POPPER.       |
|                      | <b>Mr. Stano.</b>         |               |
| 4. Vocal Solo . . .  | A May Morning . . . . .   | DENZA.        |
|                      | <b>Mr. Moore.</b>         |               |
| 5. Violin Soli . . . | a) Romance . . . . .      | SVENDSEN.     |
|                      | b) Humoreske . . . . .    | DVORAK.       |
|                      | <b>Mr. Floros.</b>        |               |
| 6. Bebek Chorus .    | Remembrance . . . . .     | MENDELSSOHN.  |
| 7. Cello Solo . . .  | Serenade . . . . .        | LEON CAVALLO. |
|                      | <b>Mr. Stano.</b>         |               |
| 8. Orchestra . . .   | Gypsy Rondo . . . . .     | HAYDN.        |



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which made them feel very awkward, if one could judge from their faces.

I did not find out who sent me the ticket. It is still a dark mystery. But I have a feeling who it is. I think it is either Mr. Alimawos or Mr. Odian, two seniors whom I met last year at the Junior Exhibition. I am dying to know who it was! Perhaps it will leak out. I do hope so, I'm sure. It would be quite interesting to have an admirer among the boys at college! Of course, I may be all wrong in my suspicions, but I have a presentiment, that I am not.

When I came back to college I found a dear letter from my Parrie waiting for me. It just set me right with all the world. In

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to walk up onto the platform

she wrote a poem which I think was excellent so will put it in here.

In Autumn.

When the mellow autumn tells,  
Of the passing year, a story,  
And each leaf + tree is bathed  
In a throbbing, radiant glory:  
When through all the western sky,  
Twilight's flush of pink is burning  
And the clouds are blushing red  
And the leaves to gold, are turning.  
Then I know this beauty rare,  
Is a symbol of God's kindness.  
And my heart + soul are filled  
With a silent grateful gladness."

C.M.S.

It is so sweet + pure; just like Carrie to write like that. I have occasion to thank God daily for giving me such a blessed friend.

Have just been reading

"Ground Arms" by Bertha Tow Suttner, a very powerful book denouncing war. It gained a peace prize lately and I am sure will do a great deal of good in showing people how barbarous, horrible + frightful are the consequences of war.

Nov. 26. Tuesday.

Received two letters - one from George which was the queerest specimen imaginable, the other from dear Miss Young - the latter was especially welcome.

Nov. 27. Wednesday.

Oh, glad, Miss Kennedy and I went up to Bebek after school for the concert in the evening. I stayed at Cousin Grizzel's and glad at Aunt M's. The concert was at 8:30 and I enjoyed it very much but I must say it was a bit of a disappointment. The piano on



which Mr. Hegyi played was dread-  
fully metallic, and after the concert  
was over I was hustled off so quick-  
ly, that I had time to speak to no one.

I have put the writing of the  
envelope, in which my ticket to the R.C.  
concert came, on the opposite page.  
It may serve as a clue someday.

Nov. 28. Thursday Thanksgiving Day.

Glad + I came home early in the  
A. M. in time for our Thanksgiving  
service at 10. Mr. Allen held it and  
spoke quite beautifully. Our anthem  
was a great success. Miss Vivien was  
kind enough as to ask the Glad + me  
to partake of the teachers' dinner up-  
stairs, which was delicious! In the  
evening there was dancing in the  
parlor and I wore my new dress—  
which is quite "feachy." It is soft  
green stuff, made in a gimpé style  
trimmed with Brussels lace. How



Grace + some of her friends.

Miss E. Thomson,  
American College for Girls,  
40 Bible House,  
Scutari.

The Dark Mystery!



ever I came to the conclusion that dancing is awfully tame with girls - the lack of cavaliers was seriously felt. alas! we were a party of females. no man graced our festivity!! Retired at 10.

<sup>Nov. 29.</sup> ~~Fri.~~ day not much on. Am getting ready for Xmas.

Nov. 30 Saturday.

Began reading "Mauprat" by George Sand - It is quite interesting but very rough - in the beginning.

Dec. 1 Sunday

Our sermon was by Mr. Chambers but it was in the evening and everyone was very sleepy, the poor preachers actually nodded, I read & wrote all day. Have ordered 6 books for Xmas presents, from England which I hope will be here soon. Mother was away all day in Bebek but returned in

the evening.

Dec 2 Monday -

A biting day - Aunt M. arrived bright and early. Rosebud, Glad & I had a jolly time in P.M. making Xmas presents in Mother's room. I am beginning to feel Christmas already - Oh it is such a happy time! so full of love and good cheer. It is by far my favorite festival - I prefer it to either New Year or Easter.

Our P. U. meeting in the evening was in the chapel and I think the girls all enjoyed it. Oh! I hope I am making a good president - I wish I knew the personal opinions of <sup>the girls concerning</sup> myself.

Dec. 4 Wednesday.

We had a charming lecture on "Louis Agassiz" by Miss Robinson. I enjoyed it every word - a new man came into my life and now of course

I am anxious to read his life. Everyday books are added to the already huge pile, that I want to read - I hear, dear, life is all too short for the things one wants to know and accomplish. Miss R. is a sweet lady - I know very little about her, and had a sort of prejudice against her because she was great friends of Nellie Sumner - a girl whose friendship is anything but desirable. However perhaps Miss R. only does it out of kindness - anyhow I am finding out that she is a real treasure.

In the evening Miss Rowell & Miss Kennedy gave a charming musical soiree in the chapel which we all enjoyed.

Dec. 10 Tuesday.

Have been very disappointed in Rosalind lately. She has proved herself so spoilt & babyish. She

thot she was ill for a while, and the prodigious sighs she uttered were meant to melt all our hearts but strange to say they only hardened them. She said she could hardly move, she was so ill - yet I noticed when she received a packet from home she <sup>so</sup> forgot herself as to be quite skittish, until she remembered she was an invalid, and put on the "dying-duch in a thunder storm" air. This morning she sighed five times trying to make us believe she was ill - but she soon got up.

Oh! these English girls - why don't they control their feelings - A little while ago, Rosalind did not get a letter for 10 days & every body knew of it - She cried & sobbed every night in the S. H. right before all the girls - When her letter came again at last

she was hilarious & gay again & did not seem in the least ashamed of her giving way.

Dec. 12. Thursday.

I have been very busy lately preparing for "Yuletide" - Glad & I have been very spry, and are quite proud of ourselves. I have bought nearly all my presents.

I tho't I would stay at school this monthly holiday, to try and write something for the P. U. - but Mother's says I can never do it & so I have decided not to try. I am looking forward to a week end in dear old Bebek. I do hope people will be nice & cordial.

"Mauprat", I find very interesting. Altho' a French book takes me quite a while to read yet I must say I enjoy the feeling I have of being able to master a foreign lang-

uage - Bernard Mauprat, the hero of the book is very fine - I wish I had known him. Edmée is good too, altho' she is a much more passive character, but extremely independent and original, for the heroine of a French novel.

My class essay in Sociology is "The Condition of the Negro in the U.S." so I am plunged at present in diverse articles on the negro in general. It is a subject of keen interest - & a very vital one to Americans. I, of course have had no personal experiences with black people, yet I am anxious to know about them. The facts I learn about them make me feel more brient to the race prejudice & hatred of the Southerners altho' I do not justify them. Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery" is a powerful example of what a negro

can do, if he but makes up his mind. However I do not think I would like to know the man himself - I think he must be very dictatorial + a bit conceited - and besides he married three or four times, the awful creature.

That he has been of infinite benefit to his people, cannot be disputed, + very likely he has been the inspiration of many lives, but I'm afraid I could never be very much carried away with him as some of the girls are, who read his book.

There was an Armenian bazaar in the garden to-day at which there were some few nice things and a good deal of trash.

Dec. 16. Monday.

I have not written my diary for days. We have just come home from monthly holiday, which we

spent at Aunt M's. We had quite a good time but very quiet. On Saturday evening the Powell's had a musical evening which I must say was a fearful bore! I enjoyed the trio but Mr. Sarcen's songs were awful and I never like Miss Kennedy's playing very much. But the disappointment was made up by a lovely musical at Mrs. Belart's on Sunday afternoon. Miss Belart, who has just returned from Germany, sang a number of songs. Aunt Dr. & Mrs. B. played two duos. The gathering was rather stiff but the music was splendid.

The weather has been very sultry - uncomfortably warm, and here it is the middle of December. The south wind blew hard all day, and the

water was very rough.

Musicals + music lessons always make me depressed, except when I am in especially good spirits. My music l. on Monday had the usual effect. Aunt M. has given me an "Arabesque" of Schumann's Op. 18. which I must say I didn't like at first but I am sure I will as I continue to study it.

Received a very nice letter from Carrie + one from Flermine's J. She sent some plays for the P. H. but they aren't any good, I think. Dear! what shall I do? This seems a perfectly hopeless search. The poor P. Hs. seem to be coming to grief and I am president.

The week we are entering is one of the most enjoyable in all the year. Everyone is busy for

Xmas. I have quite a no. of presents, here's a list.

Mother - brooch (with Glad.)  
Gladys - "Shakespeare's Ch." + wr. paper.  
Aunt M. - doilies + serviette ring  
" M. - two Armenian handkerchiefs  
Renée - "Ivanhoe"  
Rosahid - Westward Ho -  
Helen - Armenian Handkerchief  
Grace - "  
Carrie - "Cranford"  
Miss Young - Calendars  
" Kennedy - "  
" Rowell - "Colbridge's poems."  
" Maden - "Emerson's essays"  
Aunt J. - blouse case.

Dec. 17. Tuesday.

It was Rosahid's birthday and I kissed her on both cheeks + gave her a box of fudge which I made last night. She is in

teen to day, but such a babe as yet. She got a very nice fur from home besides gloves, a book, hand-ries etc.

In the afternoon it turned suddenly cold and by evening a thin layer of snow lay on the ground. The wind blew a biting blast from the north, that made us rock in our beds + howled round the room like a pack of wicked spirits. I believe Winter has really come with its snow + ice.

Dec. 18. Wednesday.

We woke up in the half dark of the morning. It was bitterly cold. The water actually hurt our hands + we had to do our gymnastics every now + then to keep us warm. But outside the snow lay over everything, quite a thick covering. The wind still

howled + raged + the sky was as though made of lead.

Mr. Frew gave us a lecture on "Russia". We wondered whether he would not fail us on account of the weather, but he turned up, as merry as ever. His sermon was tolerably interesting but I think he went a little too far in many instances. He is the kind of man, whom you fear will just step over the line, into vulgarity. He is not really coarse but he borders on it, so nearly sometimes, that he makes you fear worse things to come.

Dec. 19. Thursday.

Miss Griffiths, who has been seriously ill for some weeks past, left for America to-day. Poor thing! I felt very sorry for her - she seemed so ill + thin, - a

picture of sickness. Miss Jenkins & Miss Summers have helped her a great deal. I am sure I don't know what she could have done without them. She was taken in a sedan chair to the carriage. She leaves for Naples to-night. I hope she gets well, but — how can I hope she comes back? I don't hope it, there is a possibility but not much probability.

Not long ago I wrote to a French girl in France, who applied to "Les Annales" for an English correspondent. I rec'd a p.c. to-day <sup>French</sup> in which she acknowledges my letter & says she is sending her answer to it in English, in a few days. Her name is Marie Remondet and she lives in Dijon! I feel greatly interested in her & <sup>think</sup> ~~feel~~ she surely she is a lady. Who knows

what our friendship may come to. I am terribly keen on French these days. I have finished "Mauprat" and have begun another French novel. The French table inspired me, I think. I am having a "French rage" just as I had a German one not long ago.

The famous French "fête à vue pistre" came off after prayer. I had to recite a poem of L'Etoile par Alfred de Musset. I was horribly nervous before hand but seemed to gain courage when the time came. I went thro' it without a hitch much to my joy. It is an extremely beautiful poem, so full of true poetry. I will write it here. It seems to me that I can never forget it I learnt it so well.



## "L'Étoile"

Pâle étoile du soir, messagère lointaine  
dont le front sort brillant des voiles du couchant  
de ton palais d'azur, au sein des firmaments  
que regardes-tu dans la plaine?

La tempête s'éloigne, et les vents sont calmés  
La forêt qui frémit, pleure sur la bryère  
Le phalène doré dans sa course légère  
Traverse les prés embarnés.

Que cherches-tu sur la terre endormie?  
Mais déjà vers les monts je te vois l'abaisser.  
Tu fuis en souriant, mélancolique amie,  
Et ton tremblant regard et ses de s'effacer.

Étoile qui descend sur la verte colline,  
Triste larme d'argent du manteau de la nuit  
Toi qui regard au loin de pâtre qui chemine  
Sands que pas à pas son long troupeau conduit.  
Étoile, où t'en vas-tu dans cette nuit immense  
Cherches-tu sur la rive, un lit dans les roseaux  
Ou t'en vas-tu si belle à l'heure du silence

Tomber comme une perle, au sein profond des <sup>eaux?</sup>  
Ah! si tu dois mourir, bel astre, et si ta tête,  
Va dans la vaste mer, plonger ses blonds cheveux  
Avant de nous quitter, un seul instant, arrête,  
Étoile de l'amour, ne descends pas des cieux!

Joy of joys! The Junior class of Robert  
College has invited our Junior class  
to a "social" in Science Hall at 7:30  
on Saturday. All the class was read  
with delight! The ladies of Hissar  
have offered to put us up - I hope I  
can go to the Ormiston's. Now the  
thing is, will "The Towers" allow  
us to go? I rather think they will -  
at least we all hope so, with all  
our hearts.  
Dec. 2! Saturday.

The dear things - they have  
allowed us to go. Miss Dodd &  
we six Juniors, Lafitka, Suba, Arpine

Jarouhi, Helene + myself started  
 off for Hissar right after school.  
 We went to Kouskoundjouk + got  
 on the 11:50 boat. It was quite dark  
 by the time we reached Bebek scale.  
 Two Juniors were there to meet us  
 Mr. Arditi + Mr. Glascoloff, we  
 learnt afterwards, for we did not  
 know who they were in the dark.  
 We tramped along the Quay pick-  
 ing our way amongst the pools  
 + mud. and at last reached the  
 top of the hill, hot and panting.  
 Miss Dodd + I much to our joy  
 were conducted to the Vernistons  
 Helene went to the Mannings, Arpine  
 + Jarouhi to the Shoyers - + the two  
 Bulgarians to the Pans. After din-  
 ner which was very nice, we went up  
 to Science Hall. It was partitioned off  
 we were taken to the smaller hall.  
 The + Mr. Glascoloff introduced us



Miss Dodd's Maids.

to all the Juniors - we shook hands  
 with all most religiously. It was  
 indeed a "social" and not stiff or  
 formal. The program was mostly  
 music + two dialogues - Prof.  
 Van Mullenger gave a most de-  
 lightful speech brimming over  
 with fun + humor. We had  
 tea in the middle - and the

way we had it was very novel. Each lady was given the name of a book & each gentleman an author. & the author had to find his book and take her to tea. I was "Robinson Crusoe" & Cyril was Daniel de Foe. I was rather glad I had not got some awful foreigner. Herbert Gates was there - and as Ada did not appear, he spoke to me quite a deal. Right in the middle of one of the duets we heard a loud "cuck or ick's" which made us all laugh. Some mischievous youth in the dormitory made the noise especially for our benefit. The following morning the boys came down to see us off. I met a number of seniors - Mr. Hassoff, a Bulgarian, rather go a head, and not shy. Mr. Arditi's rather a nice boy, and clever

in acting for he acted a dialogue of Mark Twain's extremely well. Mr. Journa djieff, a small boy, with ~~so~~ a pathetic face - one of his eyes is not quite right - no doubt he is teased about it. Mr. Papadakis, a very good looking Greek - but I didn't speak to him much. Mr. Rombikis, a plain, spectacled boy well meaning & attentive but rather a bore. I was sorry the Seniors were not there, but I heard they were offended because only four of them were invited instead of all, as is usually the case. Mr. Arditi's informed me that they would have monopolised too much had they come (Ha! ha!) On the whole I had a ripping time & am very anxious to go again, but I suppose that can't be for ages & ages - worse luck!

Dec. 22. Sunday. When I got back to dull old Scutari, I found two letters waiting for me - one from Grace + one from Marie Rivoudet. My new French friend. The latter was in English + so funny! She had taken a great deal of pains to write out all my corrections for me - she also sent me her photo which I have put in here - She looks very Frenchy but nice just the same. I think she is wealthy for her family has a country home and a crest.

Dec. 23. Monday.

I wrote to Marie almost immediately - quite a long letter. I will wait with a good deal of impatience for an answer.

Our comp. lesson to-day (for we had lessons to make up for Tuesday P.M. which we lose, on account

of Xmas-) was dreadful. Both Chyso + I had written them (the comps) in haste and without much care - Miss Jenkins simply "chewed" them to pieces - Shame me! it was heart breaking after the praise she has bestowed upon us the last few lessons. "My new friend."

Felt quite demoralized after my R. C. dis spree yesterday + day before. I am awfully glad we are going home to-morrow for Xmas - Hurrah it has come at last!

Dec. 24. Tuesday

Such a bustling + bustling, such a jacking of bags + a losing of tempers! Really it was dreadful. Lessons were scrambled thro' pre-



resents given, to people here -  
+ at last after numerous mishaps  
we got to the scala laden with  
our various + sundry parcels.

The weather was quite mild - not  
at all like Xmas Eve - + yet the  
Xmas spirit could make itself  
felt + we all were gay + joyous.

I went to Aunt Br's + after dinner,  
up to Uncle Walter's where we found  
the whole vil-  
lage, babies includ-  
ed. The tree came off about ten  
minutes after our arrival. After  
we had marched in, Grand came  
in dressed as Mrs Santa Claus in  
a white gown + spectacles. She  
showered down an umbrella full  
of sweets for the grown ups. Then  
went out + fetched Santa Claus  
who was rally - with his sack  
of toys. All the children got some-  
thing. After the tree came, a small

Japanese operetta which was  
extremely effective, although it  
was rather spoiled by giggling at  
the end. After that we went  
down to the Sherris tree where  
we heard such lovely, exciting news.  
Miss Rowell is engaged to Mr. Far-  
cen! I am so glad. I love Miss  
Rowell very much + Mr. Farcen  
is so simple and frank, they  
just suit each other down to the  
ground. The Rowells girls + Miss  
Sherris gave a play, written by  
Mr. Farcen - very nice, some-  
thing like the "Gouvernante" by  
Körner.

Dec. 25 Wednesday.

Christmas morning dawned -  
a glorious day, mild + sunny.  
"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"  
we could almost hear the angels  
sing in the clear still air.

The breakfast table was gay with interesting parcels, that Santa Claus left at our places. Mine were - a basket suit case + ribbon from Mother, a box of paper from Glad, a necklace of silver from Aunt Dr. + Uncle Dr. Later I got - "Aurora Light" + a brooch + chain from Aunt F., scissors + corsets, cards from Aunt Dr., a hat pin holder in silver from Aunt E. + a silver pencil holder from Renée. One of the nicest things I got was a card from Mr. Blain. One tho't he had forgotten us altogether, but were overjoyed to find he had not. We both of us wrote long letters to him thanking him, + both asked him to come again to Constant for the summer. O! I wish he would! It would be simply splendid!

Mr. Frew gave a mournful sermon in the A. M. which pleased many people but angered Mother very much.

A dinner of all the family and then a walk were the next two numbers on the program. In the evening after dinner we went to a party at Alfred Sellais. It was awfully jolly. There were games and theatricals galore. Uncle E. acted in a charade "contest" + he was splendid. Mr. Shorr dressed up as Adeline Patti and gave a recital which was killing! We got home about 1.30.

Dec. 26 Thursday.

We were up before sunrise at started for school at about eight. We felt quite demoralized + longed for more Amases. Got a calendar from Hermine F. but it was all

damaged so couldn't use it.

Jan. 2. Sunday.

It is days and days since I touched my diary - days, so full of tho'ts and events - Examination week - came with its accompanying fangs - and passed slowly away leaving us all to heave a sigh of relief and exclaim "One less exam week before I graduate - Only three left!" and then - then I'll be really a lady of the world; I will have entered Grown-up Gate.

I had only three exams - German History, Sociology - Miss Jenkins said these two latter were "perfectly splendid." His. 98 and Sociol. 99. It made me very glad. I hope to be in the ranks but it is doubtful. I must say I have not strained myself over much with work this semester. I don't really deserve to be

high.

I got a sweet photo of Grace but she looks cross & spoilt as usual - also a snap-shot of Martha. This latter is very nice.

I have been reading considerably lately. This year I have read already four books. First "The Scarlet Letter" which I enjoyed very much especially for its deep thought and fine English - Hawthorne is an author with whom I am but slightly acquainted - but I am sure I will grow to like him. Second "Pechen d'Islande" by Pierre Loti - a sad weird story of life at sea - It is heart-breaking at the end - but still the hero & heroine are neither of these very dear to the reader - The style is excellent - even I can tell that. I enjoy reading French

and can do it with such compara-  
tive ease, that I will do much of  
it, if I can, this year. Third "Blame  
Cave" by Sudermann, a translation  
from the German - The story, as  
can be seen from the title is laden  
with sorrow & care from beginning  
to end. There is no relief from  
the pain of it all, during the whole  
story, except perhaps the very last  
part. Fourth "Audrey" by Mary  
Johnston. This last is a fascinat-  
ing book altho' I think it is long  
winded in parts and not true to  
life. Still it is so charming that  
you can't help liking it and lov-  
ing its characters - Oh, I do like  
the hero Mr. Marmaduke Howard  
so much - The time of the story  
is during the settlement of the  
early Virginian colonies. The  
character of "Evelyn" is very noble -

I love her very much - Of course it is  
only a light novel - not one that  
will stay long with you like "Alton  
Locke" or "David Copperfield" - but  
still it is charming, I must say. The  
worst of it is, it ends up so sadly.  
I felt quite depressed when I finish-  
ed reading it, so went down to  
the piano to work off my melancholy.

We are in Bebek now spending  
our holidays at Sunnyside. Mr.  
Shwight called to-day. He is a very  
nice man - & such a gentleman,  
different from the ordinary Ameri-  
can. I think he is very interesting  
but I always feel so stupid &  
heavy, when I meet him. He must  
think I am as slow as they make  
them. I wish I knew him better.

I have found out the "Slack  
Mystery" - the person who sent me  
the ticket to the G. M. C. A. concert



at R. C. It was that awful Mr. Odian - a Senior whom I simply can't bear. This way I found it out was that he sent me his card with a Merry Xmas on it & the writing was identical - I have thanked him for neither. I often meet him on Bebek quay. He doffs his cap & I bow w/d religiously. I also often see Mr. Alianos another Senior who is heaps nicer than that Armenian. Some of my class mates - Mr. Arditli, Mr. Blacaloff, Fournadjieff, Papadakis etc. I suppose I will meet one of these days. Boy are very interesting - I wish I knew more. There is a terrible scarcity in Bebek - really it is quite appalling.

We had our second show to-day. It was horrid & wet & slippery going to church - & the

sermon didn't affect me much. I seem very hard & stony these days. Services don't appeal to me much. I wonder what's the matter.

Jan 13 Monday.

Practised three solid hours! I made a resolve to do so every day during the holidays. I did not ~~right~~ write my resolution down and for that very reason, perhaps it will be kept.

In the morning we went for a brisk walk with Aunt M. & Evelyn to Anoutkeny for a yard of trine. The air was exhilarating, the streets tolerably free from mud & the sky blue, so naturally we enjoyed our walk. In the P. M. we went for tea to Mrs. Edwards, who shocked meet our astonished gaze when we entered the library, but dear Miss Juko. She is staying with Mrs.

Edwards all the Xmas holidays. Mrs. E. was in bed & Mildred played hostess. Aunt Fanny walked in after a bit - oh! it was stupid - stupid. Nobody talked, Aunt M. went in to see her mother-in-law, and there we were left to twirl our thumbs in silence! Mildred was as heavy as lead, Aunt F. sort of quiet, Miss Jenks trying her best to make conversation, & glad to mum! We sighed with relief when we left & regained our spirits as we came down the hill.

I began reading "Chipmunk" by Stanley Meyman - have not got into it as yet. It looks as tho' it would be rather nice.

Rec'd a letter from Grace - enclosing the list of the books she read this year. They outnumber mine & are very interesting, some of them. She does not limit herself only to

stories, but enjoys solid reading as well.  
Tuesday Jan. 14.

Went for a long walk on Bebek hill. The snow which fell two or 3 days ago had not melted and it was difficult walking.

In the P. M. the whole family including Uncle M. (It's Greek New Year - therefore a holiday.) to Mrs. E. again for tea. This time it was better. If Mildred had not been there all would have been well - but alas she was such a weight on the company - Cuthbert, too seemed somewhat dumpy - Mr. Cobb, a soft sort of tutor from R. C. came in for tea & entertained us a bit but finally he escorted Miss Jenks on a walk - I wished him joy in spirit of course - There was a glow over the whole party. My feelings felt bottled up & squeezed down so that

when I got away the reaction set in, till I was quite skittish. However the depth + abundance of the need kept my tho'ts busy, and tempered my good spirits. I feel in a composing mood - I wish I could write but Bebek's not the place - there is no corner where one can take refuge alone and undisturbed. Tomorrow we go to Aunt F's. Mother will join us there and no doubt we will have no end of a nice time.

Jan. 22. Wednesday.

We are again installed at college - much to our sorrow for we all longed for a few more days of holidays.

Aunt M. has gone to America! I can hardly believe it - and I feel, sort of dazed - it is so strange. She left by the Orient Express on Monday afternoon. She accompanied Uncle Mid - who is obliged to go on

very important business. They will be gone about 6 weeks perhaps two months. Of course all her plans, lessons, music etc were knocked on the head - She has left me a heap of things to learn, so I will have plenty to practise.

On Monday morning at about nine o'clock Cousin Grizzel's little baby girl was born. We are all rather sorry it is not a boy - The name has not been decided upon. We are all so happy - Cousin Jim seems scared of our congratulating him and hides himself when we approach.

There is to be a dance on Friday in Lemme hall - I can hardly live till the day arrives. I am going to try and get off to go up. I am sorry to say I will be all alone as no one else is so keen, as to break into their school work to attend it.

Jan. 24. Friday.

I have been waiting for this day. Lessons + studying were out of the question. I started for Kus-cudjook sala at 1:30. and after waiting ages + having several adventures I arrived at Bebek in time for tea. The dance came off at 8:30. I had my green dress - with low neck + tiny chiffon sleeves. I must say it looked awfully nice especially when it was all set off by Aunt M's white boa, which she was good enough to lend me. The hall was very nicely got up, and we arrived on the scene almost among the first. Lots of people came - Right at the beginning of the evening we got quite a scare. Silda's dress caught on a petrol-lum stove + over it went - the gas spilling all over the floor +

some of it on fire. We got quite excited - I rushed towards the door which Mr. Fowle had flung open - Cousin Jim however came to the front + threw a carpet over the whole thing. It was over in a jiffy, yet it left a quavery feeling in me, at least for about half an hour. I danced heaps - I danced till I was tired - then rested + danced again. There were so many men that the girls had a beautiful time. Here are some of my partners - Uncle Robert - Uncle Ed, Wally, Cousin Jim Douglas, Mr. Mason-Meyers - Mrs. Morrison, Mr. Fergusson - Mr. Matthews, Mr. Gates, Mr. Fowle, a Greek (I've forgotten his name) Mr. Sella - I had a very nice conversation with Mr. Matthews towards the end of the evening. He is very nice - but a bad dancer.

He was most surprised to find out I was a schoolgirl! Uncle Ed. took me to supper. He was in a fine mood & entertained me greatly. There were two sets of favors - Paper flowers for the lady gentlemen & paper bouquets for the ladies - Mine bouquet was green to match my dress. The supper was everything good - cakes & jellies, salads, fruit, sandwiches, lemonade, Sherbert, wine bouquets - all delicious. I had a glorious time, simply glorious! I left among the last at about 3:30 A.M. and the dock struck four as I got into bed utterly "fagged." Next morning I was awakened by Aunt M. at 7:20. It was pretty hard getting up but excellent training for the will power. I packed my belongings, got dressed & went down for breakfast, all

by my lonesome. It was a horrible morning. The wind blew in fierce blasts from the north, - the rain pelted down every now & then. I hastened to the scala at 8 o'clock - hoping to meet Herbert Gates there. He had promised to <sup>accompany</sup> meet me at Kouscondjouk. However he did not appear. I suppose his will power was feeble - rather! At K. scala no man appeared to meet me, as Mother had promised so I pushed my way through the crowd of Jews, & started to trudge up the hill - I got to college after, a good deal of shivering & slipping, at 9. All day I felt dreadfully sleepy - & wore out but oh! it was worth it. I'd go again any minute.  
Jan. 30. Thursday.  
To-day the college ranks were

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o.

So, at last my ambition is fulfilled.  
I can get no higher than first, but I  
can be a much better scholar than  
I am. So, God help me - I'll be  
first again + a good student.

5. Anka Popova.

- Seniors - Chrysanthy Eliou
- Juniors - Eveline Thomson
- Soph. - Helene Petrides
- Fresh - Lucy Azvazadouroff
- Subs. - Nowraik Tchiblakian

Honorable Mention.

- Miss Kirouva
- Miss Gurekian
- Miss G. Thomson
- " P. Eliou
- " Renee Yovanagar.

Mr. + Mrs. Sardis.

Jan 31. Friday. After long months of  
waiting - I got a letter at last from my  
dear Mr. Sardis. such a nice letter  
he enclosed the above. Oh! I was so  
glad - glad! I had feared he was

not so well - I could not account for his long silence.

Feb. 2. Sunday. A mild balmy day Blue sky and warm sunshine to greet us - a strong south wind blowing all day.

Our sermon was by Mr. Chambers - on the 1st commandment - it was very earnest as his always are.

I wrote to Carrie in the P.M. - towards sunset, when I was sitting outside near the ruins of B. H. The air was still, the girls' voices coming to me but faintly, everything seemed quiet & invited meditation & thoughts.

My days seem very full, just now. My thoughts are many - yet I seem to write so little in my diary. I think it is often so. The most important of ~~our~~ one's feelings & ideas are seldom written down. My diary seems especially barren - I long to make it

more interesting.

Feb. 3 Monday.

The other day I got a long letter (for him) from Uncle Walter congratulating me on my scholarship - and also giving me some excellent advice about getting "stuck up" - if I may use the vulgar phrase.

I have just finished reading "The Shuttle" a fascinating story by Mrs. Burnett. It deals with England & America and international marriages. I found it extremely interesting - I got quite excited at the end. I think the villain is too wicked & the heroine too clever for real life - My favorite character is Lord Shunstan - a true Britisher. Oh! Aren't they fine - the English? So proud & upright & unconquerable!

I answered Mr. Sandis' letter right away. I do hope he does not mind my prompt replies - oh I do hope I don't



From "The Shuttle"  
Betty + Lord Shunstan

wear me with my lengthy epistles.

Feb. 5. Wednesday.

The most important event of the day was a lecture by Mr. Brown on "Guatemala". The day was horribly stormy, windy + wet - but notwithstanding all its disagreeableness we were obliged to troop down to the Chapel. I must say the lecture was worth listening to. Mr. B. was a little nervous at first but he got accustomed to us after a bit. He seemed a very nice gentleman - How much one can tell of a man by hearing him lecture! I like his face very much - I wish I knew him. Very often he talks just like an Englishman not at all like an American. yet his own nationality comes out very conspicuously when he says - "arrest" and "keep a-hold" - two expressions which are really bad

grammar.

Mother left for Bebek. I slept with Gladys and had a great time reading - "Les Bouffons" - a french play by Zamacois.

Feb. 6 Thursday.

Had Comp. which was extremely interesting. Miss Jenkins taught us about the triplet - I got into quite a poetical mood - as read Mrs. Browning's Rhythm of the Duchess May - it is awfully nice - and poetical. We are having such interesting fascinating poems in German at present Schiller's Ballads. To-day we had "Der Ritter von Loggenburg". Oh! It is so nice!

Feb. 7 Friday.

Am copying the O.A. Chronicle for C.A. it is a tedious job, and badly paid. I guess I won't do it another time. I have been attempting poetry



# ALUMNÆ CONCERT

AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

GIVEN BY

Miss. Marika Belart (Contralto)      Mr. Joseph Stano (Violoncello)

Mr. Passaro (Violon)

Saturday December 28, at 2: 30 p. m.

- |                            |                     |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| MAX BRUCH: . . . . .       | KOL NIDREI          |
| PETER CORNELIUS: . . . . . | SIX CHRISTMAS SONGS |
| GIORDANI (1753) . . . . .  | CARO MIO BEN        |
| NERUDA: . . . . .          | DANSE SLAVE         |
| POPPER: . . . . .          | GAVOTTE             |
| BRAHMS-JOACHIM: . . . . .  | HUNGARIAN DANCE     |
| WIENIAWSKI: . . . . .      | POLONAISE           |
| HUGO WOLFF: . . . . .      | a. VERLORGENHEIT    |
|                            | b. DER FREUND       |
|                            | c. DER GÄRTNER      |
| SÁINT-SAËNS: . . . . .     | THE SWAN            |
| POPPER: . . . . .          | TARENTELLA          |

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them.  
Mr.

Kasloff, a queer specimen - I had lots of fun talking to Mr. Rombakis + Arditti they both seem nice. I didn't even glance at Mr. Odian - I simply can't endure him! Mr. Alimarus - I spoke <sup>to</sup> only once - I was rather sorry I could not have had a longer conversation with him, for he is quite nice. The R. C. boys are planning great slouigs, I hear. I suppose we will have more chances of having a gay time there, before the year is over.

As we went over to the S. H. late last night the ground was all covered with a thin layer of snow, and it was awfully cold!

Have heard a perfectly glorious piece of news! Mr. Blair is coming to Bebek again this summer! Hurrah! It is just splendid - we will have no end of a nice time.

Odian, Mr. Arditti, Mr. Kasloff, Mr. Fournadjeff - and made the acquaintance of one more Bulgarian

Feb. 9. Sunday.

A day in which I accomplished absolutely nothing! I read a little, wrote and talked a little - all to no purpose it seemed.

It was the day of prayer for colleges and each class chose a teacher to conduct a special prayer meeting. Miss Dodd had the Juniors & Sophomores - in the drawing room. She read us quite a nice story, of course full of good advice & flaming morals. Then after the Soph. Jun. meeting she invited the Juniors up to her room separately where we had to pray. Oh it was awful - I can't bear praying in public like that. I felt so wicked & rebellious I just prayed a cold prayer, I know like some lesson, I hated. The other girls did not seem to mind it much - poor things I felt awfully sorry for them.

It is a wild night. The wind howls

round the house, in a weird, gusty manner. Wind is a gruesome sort of thing. It is so powerful, so merciless. We have been having especially strong gales lately & I hate them so. I've just heard that the "Susitama" on which Aunt W. & Uncle M. sailed was in a dreadful storm - & that they were 36 hours late - Poor, poor Aunt W. - How I feel for her, being tossed about on the dreadful ocean.

I finished "Les Bouffons" - which I enjoyed extremely.

Feb. 10 Monday -

Quite a busy day what with tidying, Harmony, lessons & P. W. At last have decided what to give for the P. W. entertainment. It is to be the "Chronotopoletrion" - a thing the P. W. gave about 15 years ago. It has 16 female characters in it and altho' Miss Young has been awfully good about

sending us plays, yet we have decided to give this one - I am taking no part in it, as I want to train the girls & help get everything off well - I feel the great responsibility of it all, & I will give a great sigh of relief when it is all over. It was very hard not to take part. I know I will often feel a pang of, shall I say "jealousy" before the thing comes off. It is hard to see girls getting congratulated on their successful acting - while, I, the president have only the dirty work. The girls seem quite enthusiastic - those that take part are highly delighted but alas, I fear the others, harbor bitter feelings. I am very sorry for them all but still I do hope & pray that there will be no quarrels or hard feelings. Hear me, will I do it well - Oh God - help me, for I am so inexperienced and I do so want to do

everything the best way and in the most tactful manner.

Harmony is very interesting but I am dreadfully ignorant but I am trying my best to learn - Miss H. holds me in contempt - I know, yet I enjoy the lessons extremely -

Am anxious to write some verses these days - The inspiration does not come. The Muse of Poetry cometh not, from her realm of cloud & dreamland to converse with a humble schoolgirl - Ah! poets have joined it - difficult - to summon her. Will she come to my call?

Feb. 11 Tuesday.

Tuesdays are now my days on duty so naturally, not very pleasant. It is disagreeable work, forever nagging at the girls, & telling them to do this & not to do that. Another reason for my not especially enjoying Tuesdays is the fact

that on Wednesdays I have Trigonometry, which I have to study like fits. I cannot bear Trig. - it sets my teeth on edge - especially as that awful Frenchman knows such a lot!

I rec'd two p. cs. from Mimi - very nice ones of Notre Dame de Sijon - I am expecting another one of her entertaining letters one of these days.

The day was fearfully cold - the wind blew chill from the north. Now in the dormitory, as I write it is howling out side, coming every now & then in great gusts that seem to sweep all before them. Sometimes our house literally rocks with the wind - Oh I hope it won't be so to-night.

Feb. 17. Friday.

To-day is St. Valentine's Day but in this heathenish place it is not kept. so I got none.

Had a beautiful free day which I

used in reading. Miss Jenkins has lent me "Slow the Other Half Lives" a most interesting book on New York tenements by Jacob Riis. The details of it are very distressing - oh what misery, what crime are present under God's great blue heaven, and in God's free air. It is shocking - dreadful - And the poverty is appalling. If I only had money I would give something or do something for those poor, suffering, sinful fellow-creatures - Jacob Riis, I admire very much. I am going to read his "Making of an American Citizen" when I have finished this. Sociology is getting more & more interesting, altho' Miss Jenkins sometimes makes things to personnal by her remarks.

In Century Club we discussed the catastrophe that has just occurred in Portugal. The king & crown prince have both been assassinated. It is

dreadfully sad. How can anarchists be so utterly senseless, so entirely mistaken as to think that by killing a king they will improve the state of affairs. It seems men are still beasts ready to kill and slaughter just as much in this 20th Century, the age of progress & enlightenment as they were in the Dark Ages. What do these arbitration assemblies consist of? People will kill, kill, if not a man then a fox or a bear. It is just the Jewish quality that lives in every human being. "Peace & good will" seem very far off yet - & there seems to have been comparatively little progress towards it since the angels sang it on the hills of Bethlehem. Why will we not be brothers? Why do we hate? Why can't we love instead? Alas! Wiser heads than mine have been troubled by these same questions - yet they still

remain - unsolved - unremedied.

Friso Sunday Feb. 16.

I finished "How the Other Half Lives" & started "The Making of an American" - This latter is fascinating, charming - beautiful! I could do nothing but read all day & I fear sadly neglected my friends both here & far away, in consequence. Friso is becoming one of my heroes I think - altho' he is such a terrible American in his views & language.

I am very pressed for time these days. P.H., lessons & heaps of other things fill my days to the brim. Sundays with its' their long free hours are very welcome & it is always with a little sigh that I see the sun die away in the west & night descend & usurp the throne of the beautiful day. Monday does not possess the charm & romance of Sun-

All day ~~the~~ sun-bright shone on her  
It made her glad + gay,  
She stopped to gather as she passed,  
Life's pleasures on her way.

The second lived in eastern land,  
Afar across the sea,  
Beneath the crescent + the star.  
Beneath the cypress tree.  
The ruins of a bygone day  
Lay round on every side.  
The signs of ancient victories,  
Of pomp + fallen pride.  
The spirits of departed years,  
They whispered in her ear  
Forgotten tales of long ago  
Told by sage + seer.

She told the winds that passed along,  
To take a message sweet  
Unto her friend across the sea  
And lay it at her feet. !

The kindly breezes bore it on,  
Until they reached her door  
And, saying softly in her ear,  
"She loves you ~~ever~~ —" blew no more.

Albys + I in the  
lunyside garden  
with our coats + muffs on

Glad + I.

Feb. 19. Wednesday -

Here is a photo of Aunt W.  
took of us - quite a while ago. I  
am good but Glad not so -

Had great news to-day. Aunt  
W. very likely is going to San Fran-  
cisco! How I wish I were too

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\*Feb. 21. Friday.

To-day was the beginning of monthly holiday but I decided not to go to Bebek but stay here and have a nice quiet time alone. Glad + Mother started off after tea + I went to the M. H. where I practised  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hrs at a stretch and stopped only because my back was so tired.

In the evening we went i.e. the seniors + one or two others to the Allen's to a George Washington Party. The hatchet at the top, was one of many we were to find hidden around the room. I found five but Miss Kozandeva got 7 + the prize which was a dear little magnifying glass. We then played "art gallery" a very interesting game - one that I had not played of before. Mrs. Shimovian was there. - oh we had

great fun. We came home at 10:15 and could not get into the college for a while as all the doors were locked. However, after having pounded for a while on the B. H. door, we were let in by Athanas in negligé apparel. I had a beautiful long read in bed, notwithstanding the late hour.

I must say one of the best things of this monthly holiday is that I can be alone all the time. One only appreciates privacy + solitude after one has had to live with others in close company for years. Everything is quiet - all the books at my disposal, hours to do anything I wish, in, heaps of time + rest - oh! I like it, say what you will. Bebek is not restful. It is awfully nice do not let me underrate my cherished relations but oh let me be



alone! and have time - heaps of time to think.

I have put the "art gallery" on the next page. It is quite cleverly got up.  
Saturday Feb 22.

A long care free day - full of little nothings & rest. In the morning I spent about an hour on arranging Mother's room, dusting & cleaning with unwonted zeal. I copied notes & arranged my books, read & talked. In the P. M. went to the chapel to practise but I was not in the mood so soon came away - I felt sleepy & languid. I cannot tell if I am lazy or tired, at any rate I feel in a floppy mood -

I dozed off into a blissful sleep at 2:30 & was lost in the land of dreams till 4! just think of it? I was late for tea naturally & had to partake of my

Scutari

Gallery of Art

— " —  
New Paintings

by

Famous Artists.

"Tcham Konak."

Feb. 21<sup>st</sup>. 1908.

three thirty nourishment in grand solitude, except for the amused servants. The rest of the afternoon was spent lolliing & lounging & dozing - a dreadfully demoralized way of living usually, but once in a while perhaps it does not matter.

I have many day dreams these days. I suppose all girls have them at my age more or less. & the same great & puzzling questions confront them as they do me. What am I going to be? Who knows the real plan of my life? Will I ever be really worth while? Will a fairy prince ever come to claim me? For I have a fairy prince - an ideal hero. What girl has not? and yet I may wander all this life & never, never find him and again I may meet him in a few years. and recognize him at once.

Which will it be? How often I long to have the gift of seeing the dark mysteries that lie before me <sup>in the future</sup> and yet I often, on second tho't feel thankful that I have not got that dangerous talent. I feel all in a muddle. I don't know what I want to do or be. That is one thing that I lack - a fine enthusiasm for one thing in life, a fixed purpose, on which I can concentrate all my faculties. Perhaps it is only given to the great soul to love one thing above all others, & is not granted to the average soul. I don't think I want to be great - yet - I don't know. Power & power, conscious superiority & excellency are sweet - to frail human creatures. But they shall never gain mastery over me - never. I work quite hard on music

but I often despond over my short-comings. I can't read quickly at all - and Rosalind who is so much younger than I, knows heaps more. Everything is so slow, so gradual that at times it quite exasperates one. Slow & painfully we all have to learn the great truth "There's no royal road to learning." - nor no short-cut, I find - it takes time - time - like fruit, minds, ideas expressions of the 't's must ripen before they are worth anything. I am so young, I am just at the beginning of things, is it strange that I should feel impatient for the time when I can excel? -

Feb. 23 Sunday.

A beautiful day, as to the weather and my enjoyment of it.

I took out E. B. Browning's letters from the library & am so engrossed

in it, and her poems, which I read as they are mentioned in the book, that I can think of nothing else - & do nothing else but read about her without ceasing. What a wonderful, blessed thing it is to be a poet! To see, to hear, to feel with greater power than the common herd - to seek truth & find it - oh! it is a noble, inspiring mission to have - Mrs. Browning's life is as fascinating as can be - I wish I might have known her, & yet, perhaps it is better as it is, for me to make her acquaintance now, after long years, for I am so very much lower than she - we could never have been friends. What learning, what literary knowledge she possessed! It quite appals me - I love literature & poetry but I know absolutely nothing - my knowledge is but a drop in a fathomless

ocean. One of my dearest desires is to be literary & to live in the midst of, and correspond with true poets & authors. It is a vain wish - but at least I can stand afar off and view the gorgeous crowd, and gather up the crumbs - that fall — what little right - I have to be proud of my productions. It is perfect mockery, to think I can write - and yet how I long, & long to use my pen skillfully & well!

I have enjoyed my monthly holiday very, very much. How I wish I could have two more days of it! I have appreciated to my fullest power, the quiet & solitude I have dwelt in these two days. I wish I could have more like them in my school life. I feel I need them as much as I need food. I crave & hunger for time & books & tho'ts

that are true & noble. But to-morrow the girls come back, there will be no more time for dreaming, but the practical work-a-day world will force itself upon us, with all its ugly duties & uninteresting details - but I am getting gloomy - & my life is anything but that. It is instead as happy & joyful as any girl on ~~earth~~ might wish for.

Feb. 25. Tuesday.

The second concert for the Organ was held in Bebek & I of course had to go. It was held in Uncle W's Hall, and was more splendid, I think than the first. I enjoyed Mrs. B. playing immensely - she has so much feeling. Miss B. & Mrs. S. & did much better than at Scitauit. I had quite a fine time altho' I miss Aunt F. terribly.

What ~~are~~ abominable ink!

for us all to go together to Bebek now  
that both Aunt Lillian and Aunt  
Winnie are away. We seem so many  
and put people out so. I would  
much rather stay here at school.

Observe on the opposite page my  
picture with my two daughters. I do  
look old and motherly! They say it is  
very good of me, but the girls are not so  
good.

March 3 Tuesday.

I begged some ink of Rosalind  
and so have again returned to my  
fountain pen - alas! there is little  
improvement.

To-morrow is Charter Day. We  
are all busy preparing. Each class  
has ten minutes in which to perform.  
The Juniors are to have pictures  
five in number - representing  
college life 1. The Prep. 2. The Stu-  
dent 3. The Basket ball girl. 4. The  
rehearsal

Miss Eusheff  
Miss Geo.  
Miss Shirdjan

"Renée & Seila  
with their school guardian."

Actress. 5. The Graduate - I am  
<sup>(me)</sup> sure I don't know how it will turn  
out. Ros & Glad are going to help  
us. No doubt Miss Dodd will lose  
her tempers but that is to be expected.  
How wicked I am!

Got a nice letter from Grace but  
her's usually show little character. They  
all have much of a sameness. She is  
always saying "your life is so different  
from mine, you know" but that does  
not make much difference, to my mind.

I have just heard a beauti-  
ful piece of news which has made  
me "mad with joy." Miss Young is coming  
here this year! expect ed about  
the first of May. It seems almost  
too good to believe, my breath is quite  
taken away. I hope I can see a lot of  
her & know her better than I have  
done before. It is a great state secret  
- none of the girls know it yet.

March 4. Wednesday Charter Day.  
Charter Day came round again bring-  
ing with it many memories - mostly  
pleasant ones. The first thing in  
the day was the small service at  
morning prayers. Mr. Vivian gave us  
a very short address - and we had an  
anthem Jubilate Deo - which went off  
tolerably well. Dinner, for all but  
Juniors, Seniors, Alumnae, & guests  
was served at 11:30 - whereas the big

Miss Thomson.

1890

1908

American College for Girls  
at Constantinople



"Dominus Illuminatio Mea,"

Charter Day

Wednesday, March 4, 1908

Alumnae Luncheon came off at 1 o'clock.  
(see program.) I was at Mother's table  
with the Juniors, Miss Rowell + Miss  
Kennedy + Miss Holmes. If it wasn't  
for Miss R. + Mother, I don't know how  
I could have lived thro' it. Miss H.  
sat next to me. What a cross, sulky  
ill-natured creature she is! I do not  
see how poor Mother can stand her  
there all the time. I see that a col-  
lege training does not really change  
a person very much - It all depends  
on the individual after all - Miss  
K. is almost as bad as Miss H. She  
never says anything pleasant + vice  
to make people feel happier because  
of her presence, but is always ready  
to say something cross, or criticise  
something or somebody. Has she  
absolutely no feelings? I often won-  
der. and then again she is so nice.  
Sometimes, I am quite bewildered.



My two daughters!



There were several speeches after the dinner, the best being Mrs. Prime's, the worst, Mr. Liechman - and he was down on the program to address the girls. Rubbish! He acted worse than a school girl, I think

Breta! and such a rotten (To say nothing of the dog.) speech, too. Mr. Vivian and all the Americans in short must have been thoroughly ashamed of him. We sang two songs with- out accompaniment, "Oh! Slappy happy Fair" and "Slumber," both quite well, so they say. It seems to me our efforts were wasted on such an audience made of up of Despina, Electra, Mrs. Davonda, Nellie Summers and such like!

We were a long time over dinner and went directly from there to the lecture by Mrs. Glodd on "Try-pan Cities", in the chapel. It was, as I had expected, a regular "Schummerlied." After tea, which I had in the drawing room, I played tennis with Cornelia + had a good game tho' I got very tired. Aunt M. + Uncle R. came to the entertainment in the evening.

It came off at 7:30. and if you ask my opinion of the whole I would say, it was bum! This was the order of the program.

1. College Song ("Alma Mater")
2. Freshman Class.
3. Sub-Freshman Class.
4. Junior Class.
5. Senior Class.
6. Sophomore Class.
7. Charter Day Song.



First - the Freshies had a number of Negro songs sung behind a screen in which was painted sun flowers, whose centers were the blacked faces of the girls. Second the Subies - had tableaux of Nursery Rhymes - rather babyish it struck me. Third Juniors I explained before. Four Senior Class gave a most successful play called "A Love of a Bonnet". Anka was simply splendid, being the grand lady in picture-hat + veil. The Sophomores gave parts of "Cherry Blossom Land" - a Japanese operette which was a great success. The best of the whole evening, I think.

Thursday March 5.

Miss Sloyan gave an address on "Vartan", the Armenian hero. In the P.M. rec'd a dear letter from Mimi, also a little book, "Aline" by Paul Bourget, from the same. It was in-

deed very kind of her to send this letter. I immediately sent her a grateful letter. I am waiting <sup>from</sup> her to wish one from her; she promised to write soon.

March 9 Saturday.

Miss Powell invited me, to go up to Bebek for this week and as there was to be a German play up at R.C. Renée Valerie + Elza were also asked. We went up on a late boat, + after dinner started out for the college. I was delighted to find some of the boys, I knew among the German students. The program was varied containing Trios, Quartets, Aus sprache, + two plays. Tea was served in the middle. We found our partners for tea in the same way as in the Junior Social. I was "Percival" + my writer (I've forgotten his name) was Mr.

Arditti. It is my private opinion that he arranged that we should be partners because he was one of those whose business it was, to distribute the slips of paper. He was extremely attentive - and we had a nice conversation on books + various other school matters. He seems very gentlemanly. Mr. Casaroff, with his queer laugh also spoke to me. Then, too Mr. Slasloff, Mr. Fowle + Mr. Raymond all said a few words. It was very nice, I must say. After tea came the long play *Der Tode Barou* which was skirringly funny. Mr. Arditti acted splendidly, but perhaps a little too bisentally. The whole performance was over at a little after ten. Miss Sarcen seemed very excited but it went off beautifully + he surely must have felt proud.

March 10 Sunday.

Miss Rowell took the three girls back to Kourboundouk early in the morning, + came back for church. Mr. Frew had the sermon which was quite good. but as I can't bear him, I can only just tolerate his sermons. After lunch Uncle Robert, Mr. + Mrs. Sellar + myself went over to the fire tower in a varca, or at least to the bottom of the hill in a varca + walked up, from there. There was a perfectly glorious view from the top. The Bosphorus lay so far beneath, all sparkling + blue, the hills were purple in the distance the wide Marmora widening out to the south under the burning glare of the sun. We got home about five. In the evening there was music in the drawing room. Mr. Sarcen, Miss Rowell + Mrs. Sellar played - two violins + a piano.

The Shores & Sellars came in and we had a very gay time. It does one good to see Mr. Farceu & Miss Rowell. They are so very much in love. Miss R. is quite changed - she is so much warmer & merrier - how wonderful & beautiful a thing it is to be in love - to have really found your fairy prince!

March 9. Monday.

I spent a long lazy day doing nothing. I read a little of "L'Idole Inconnue" & enjoyed it very much. I did not feel like school & bit - but one good thing is that in two weeks comes monthly holiday, & on Monday the 23<sup>th</sup> I am going to indoor meet at R.C. Hurrah! I hear the Juniors are going to have the foot ball banner presented to them. I will appear in our colors if I

can.

March 11. Wednesday.

Was rather dreading the day as I had Trigonometry in the morning but much to my joy, I got off quite well & knew my lesson nicely.

In the P. M. we had a most interesting lecture on Turgeneff by a Russian lady - I know very little about foreign writers, & nothing whatever about Turgeneff. Dear me! there seems so much English & American literature my breath is quite taken away - I am in a rage, day & night, finding dozens of books, I want to read but have no time for. This lecture however will be a spur to read a little Russian literature.

March 16 Monday.

I began to read a short story of Turgeneff's called "A Fear of the

Steppen" - Oh how queer + crude it is!  
Tho' I have read hardly a score of  
pages - some of the descriptions actually  
disgust me. I wonder how it will  
turn out in the end. Perhaps if I  
read "Fathers + Children" it will suit  
me better.

Got a letter in French and a  
sweet little book from Mimi, called  
"Aline" by <sup>Paul Bourget</sup> the other day. It was awfully  
kind of her to send it me + I immedi-  
ately wrote her a letter. How gen-  
erous + warm hearted these French  
people are! (I find I have already  
<sup>written</sup> ~~found~~ this in my diary.)

I am getting on tolerably well  
with the T. U. play. But oh! it  
weighs down upon me, tho' I try  
to forget the responsibility of it, by  
throwing myself into it heart + soul.  
If I only had heaps more leisure  
+ time to give to it!

Felt in a crazy mood last night -  
This was the result.

Seriolet -

I got a "billet doux" to-day,  
It's from - but you don't know!  
Oh! don't be jealous, now, I pray.

I got a "billet doux", to-day,  
You think you know? Well, guess away.  
- That's wrong, that's wrong - I told you so.

I got a "billet doux", to-day,  
It's from - but you don't know!

It is quite nouseusical is it not?  
Mother announced it "silly" - I am  
much of the same opinion.

March 18 Wednesday.

The day was darkened by the usual  
Trigonometry lesson. I spent three  
solid hours on it, and could do  
hardly anything. I have given up  
in wild despair + cry aloud in  
anguish "Take it away! Take it all

away." I have not got a mathematical mind, alas. In short I hate all maths. I fear my Trig. marks this semester will pull me down like fury. I can but sigh - really I can't do it. Nobody explains anything. The books does not show a fellow how to go about a thing. You just have to invent a method out of your head. When you are like me, who has not Geometry for ≡ years - who can doubt that I am in a precious muddle. Besides I can't bear Miss Holmes - Oh! dear I can't bear anything - anybody at present. Don't let's talk about it any more.

Am banging for a letter so - but none comes -

March 23. Monday.

We have just returned from our monthly spree - cross + bored to come back (I speak for myself!)

The indoor meet at R. C. at which Glad was it be maid of honor with Ros - did not come off on Monday, to-day as was expected - at which of course I was read. It is to be on Wednesday now - much to my exasperation for I am sure I don't know if I will be able to get off, & of course, I am simply dying to go.

We had a very quiet time on Monthly Holiday. I felt quite dumpy - I read "Our Mutual Friend," almost half which is quite a feat as it is a great fat book. We were quite upset at Mr. Larcen's getting the news of his Mother's death, by telegram at dinner on Saturday. Poor man we all feel so sorry for him, but he has a sweet comforter in Miss R.

Was awfully disappointed not to find a letter waiting for me.

I felt like the little boy who said  
"No body loves me. I guess I'll go  
into the garden & eat worms."

March 24 Tuesday. A stormy  
wild wintry day, much more like  
Winter than Spring. Was on duty  
so did not enjoy my day, especially  
as I was worried to death over  
that horrible trigonometry.

On Charter Day, I wrote a poem  
a rhyme rather for our class pictures  
which I never copied into my diary  
so will do so now. It was read  
while the tableaux were going on,  
illustrating the five different  
stages of college life. As each is  
read, imagine a frame, containing  
a girl dressed and posing according  
to the verse. It is not much good -  
I spent very little time on it, but  
will keep it, for old sakes' sake.  
Here it is:-

### The Preparatory.

With two long plaits done neatly down her back  
She starts her journey on rough learning's track  
With steps both slow & painful.  
She looks up to the mighty Senior class,  
In fear & trembling. But each haughty lass  
Sweeps past, with look disdainful.

She learns her lessons faithfully & well,  
And hurries down to school with every bell,  
And works to desperation.  
She screams at tag & shouts when playing <sup>Ball</sup>  
She makes such noises, in the Study Hall,  
We long for our vacation!

### The Student.

Upon her books she pours, all day, all night  
At brilliant noontime & by candle light,  
Flark hear her sadly moaning.  
"What troubles you," we ask "oh studious lass  
You're surely not afraid you will not pass"  
We're answered by her groaning.

'Tis sweet, oh maiden, I'll allow  
To wear a laurel wreath upon your brow,  
To be the first in college.

But really you will frighten everyone,  
If you continue as you have begun  
Absorbing so much knowledge.

### The Basket Ball Girl.

Hurrah! for Basket Ball she wildly cries  
As soon as school is done, outside she flies  
With shouts both loud & lusty.

In Spring, in rain or shine, all sorts of days  
With zeal unfaltering she readily plays  
On muddy ground or dusty.

A glorious victory is dearly won,  
A rapid game 'tis difficult to run  
She comes by many bruises.

She plays until her face is flaming red,  
She's knocked about, gets bumps upon <sup>her</sup> head  
But oh! she never loses!

### The Actress.

The actress clad in bright & gay attire,  
She passes by. We cannot but admire  
Her gestures & her graces.  
She acts the lady sweet with gracious mien  
The duchess, gorgeous dame or stately queen  
In furbaloes & laces.

Her acting surely never proves a bore  
When from all sides is heard, "encore, encore!"  
And vigorous applause.  
She's master of her art, that we'll allow,  
As she draws forth from us a tear or sigh  
By her dramatic pauses.

### The Sweet Girl Graduate.

The climax of her college life is reached,  
The Bacalaureate sermon has been preached  
She's given her oration.  
She stands upon the threshold of a life  
All new & thrilling. Able fitted for the strife  
The pride of any nation.

divided is her heart 'twixt joy + pain,  
like April, 'twixt the sunshine + the rain  
Oh! heavy is her sorrow  
To leave her Alma Mater. But what joy  
that no sad thought of parting can destroy  
awaits her on the morrow.

March. 25 Wednesday.

Glady + Rosalind + Miss Holmes  
and a few of the other girls went up  
to the sports - indoor meet. I could  
not get off, + was very disappointed  
but they say I did not miss much.

I feel pressed + worried these days  
but heard a good piece of news.

The Junior Exhibition is coming off  
on April 18. - the day after our  
holidays begin. I think we will  
have a gay time there. I am look-  
ing forward to it.

April 2. Thursday.

Have not written for long enough.  
Am rather busy + dumpy these days.

My tooth is troubling me considerably.  
I am obliged to visit Dr. Taber to-  
morrow, much to my deep anguish!  
However, I must not make myself  
and all around me, miserable about  
it, as I have done so often before. This  
there is nothing I hate more than dent-  
istry, & it is one of the inevitables of  
life. I must grin and bear it.  
Got a letter from Grace enclosing

this:



Grace + her 3 Brothers.

I can recognise Frank. The others do  
look funny - but of course I must



not judge on their appearance only from a snap-shot. Got a very nice p.c. from Mini - a letter of hers came a few days ago, but it was atrociously written. She seems to be getting careless with her English. I could not tell her so, for she is always so polite + flattering to me about my French - but at least I did not compliment her.

Am deep in "Our Mutual Friend" have almost finished it. I am enjoying it immensely - Oh! dear dear Dickens as I get more learned, I am liable to let a little contempt fall upon thee, my once-dearest favorite - but oh! thou art great - and I love thee very, very much indeed!

I can always return to Dickens + get a new inspiration a new joy in living from his pages.

I like the character of Jenny Wren very much + the Chumb is a perfect dear. I think I like Mr. Eugene Wray-

burn, very much, notwithstanding his seeming indifference + scoffing manner. I like him because he has so many faults, such human faults. Bella + Lizzie both have good points but Dickens women, always lack an indefinable something, which makes them, not the highest - they might - be. <sup>his</sup> the only woman I think that - is truly fine + great is Agnes David Copperfield. The others are too liable to "bursting into tears" + fainting fits.



Ros + Dow Charter Day  
1908.

April 10. Friday.

Have sadly neglected my diary.



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Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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