MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

BOSTON JUN 5 6-PM 1910 MASS.

25. Juni 1910

ORIC BATES, ESQ.

~~CONDON & CO.~~

~~CAIRO, EGYPT.~~

c/o Paul Brandt

~~Jaffa~~

Syria

~~EGYPT.~~

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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

June 1, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Son:

"Let us talk about the weather", for indeed it is so mad that it is hard not to discuss it. I shall presently be walking on crutches, for I rise with a crick in a new place each morning, and even Mrs. Homans declares that for the first time in her life the weather has got the better of her. She is inclined to suspect the comet, "Who knows," she says;"there might be too much or too little electricity in the air." Yesterday it snowed in Pittsburg and people dropped from heat prostration in the street in San Francisco. They are widely apart, but the latitude is not so different.

This afternoon we are to go to Falkner Farm, the Brandegee place, to see an out of door "Educational Dance" founded on the "Remnant of the Rose" (!) I hope that the performers are provided with double underclothes, for they are probably to be in clinging draperies. I have clad myself in my thickest winter suit, and regret that my ulster is packed away.

June 5. I have been suffering the tortures of the

condemned in my nigh hind leg for a week. A queer sort of rheumatism -- saving Lilian's sensibility -- is about, and I have been having it to the top of my bent. That phrase is particularly inappropriate, however, for it is the bendings below which are important. When I tell you that to sneeze gave me a leg-pain that was like the stab of a creese you may see that I have not been in a jubilent condition.

I made up my mind that it was idle to give in to this absurdity, and so I went the Mrs. Brandegee's on Wednesday, to the Tavern Club fête on Friday, and am bound for luncheon to Mrs. Slater's at Readville to-day. I am enough better that this morning I can walk with much pain straight away, and when I am once seated I am quite comfortable. I do not think Mrs. Allen did much in the way of poetry in her lines:

> How much the heart may bear and yet not break,
> How much the body suffer, yet not die;
> I question much if any pain or ache
> Of soul or body bring our end more nigh;
> Death chooses his own time; till that be worn
> All evils may be borne.

but she did come close to life.

In the course of a long and ill-spent life I have

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seen may fool things, but few so foolish as the "educational dance." Its real interest lay in the fact that it was done by working girls and folk who need to have the æsthetic side of life developed, but I am not sure that it was wise to bid the most critical part of Boston to see it. The setting was exquisite. We looked across a little pond to a slope beautifully green, beginning at the pond in a tiny meadow just big enough to hold a great chestnut, and reaching backward, set on one side with masses of rhodendrons in full bloom and on the other melting into a pretty copse of willows and hardwood trees, to end in low hills wooded with oaks. The effect of the chorus, coming in an "open formation", that is as a scattered group, each dancing alone or with one or two others, was charming on their entrance and even better when they retired at the end of the pantomime. For the rest it was possible to praise a few of the costumes, but the whole was futile. The Dreamer had the motions and the grace of one of those toys which are moved by a weight swinging under the table, and the rest of the principals were about as poor. The whole thing was wonderfully Bostonian. A num-

ber of kindly souls have advanced the money to have this sort of thing taught in the working-girls' clubs and similar organizations, and it is in its way an excellent thing. In one aspect it is foolish, it is certainly not utilitarian, and the performance Wednesday was, as might have been expected, completely futile; but I like the way in which in Boston a thing may find support on some basis other than utilitarian, and if many of the things taken up are foolish -- as they undoubtedly are -- I had rather live in a community capable of foolish mistakes in the right direction than in a society conducted on the entirely proper and commendable and utterly inhuman principles of Mr. Gradgrind.

The Tavern fête was at Wellis, at the place of Eliot Hubbard. It is a beautiful country, and we had of course a very jolly time. I was glad I had the spunk to go in spite of my badly behaved right hind leg, and I think I was better rather than worse for it. There were more inquiries for you than you deserve, and various men -- of whom Fred Vinton is the only one I remember -- wished to be remembered to you.

Gaugengigl has recently finished the portrait of a man

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with a large expanse of shiny bald head, a head not unsuggestive of an ivory dome or a roc's egg. The man's wife came to see it, evidently a little nervous as to the result of Gaudie's artistic dealing with that slippery ball, but when she saw the portrait she was delighted. "O Mr. Gaugengigl," she exclaimed fervently, "I can never be grateful enough to you for giving my husband's head a dull finish!"

Mr. Gilman wrote to me the other day, asking if I would be willing "to cooperate in the Sunday Docent Service at the Museum by giving a half-hour talk in one of our galleries soon on some Sunday afternoon." I was not in the least willing; and I wrote to him that I was leaving town so soon that I could not do it.

I am sending you a lot of enclosures. I think they all explain themselves. They are for the most part of no great importance, and the scandal one you will not wish to read through; I did not; but I thought you might be interested in a purely vicious way to see that Peck the slimy has at last come to some sort of justice.

I have no summer plans, and as long as I am so lame I shall of course go nowhere. I hope every day, however,

that I shall escape from this affliction. It is really foolish for me to have said so much about it. You see that a trouble that does not keep me from picnics and educational dances is not really very serious. I like to delay starting on the summer campaign as long as possible for thus the summer itself seems to be shortened.

I have accepted an invitation to go down to Pride's Crossing for the Higginson-Wendell wedding on the eighteenth, but whether I go or not is yet to be seen. It is one of the things which one does not and then not for the fun of doing it but because it is a mistake to drop out of the current. One of the things, in short, of which life offers a choice variety, which are to be done for the sake of not leaving them undone. I think you have a sort of inclination to snort in contempt at the idea of a life planned on the basis of doing things because they had better be done than because one is inclined to do them, but I am a hide-bound Puritan and cannot help it. It is no credit to me, for I was born to it as to a straight nose.

Always with love,

Dad

Tony Just a note
if - not - about
the Lord's Prayer
I was
Thanks for the
Hymnes
The first part
very much
to
Chas. Manuscript - interested
in both - I am so much
pleased with arrangement
of - his capacity.
However I think you
are probably right - in
thinking it - unbecoming
to - publish it - The
trouble is - not to make

would not benefit this.
Pom Baby is one of
26 to have the Mumps.
The school is closed to
the glories of graduating
in a trained gown are
not for her. Remember
you are promised to
go to early Saturday.

Yours always sincerely
J. Raymond V. Hendricks
May 31st 1910.

Mass. General Hospital
May 28

Dear Professor Bates

I am very sorry that I cannot take dinner with you tomorrow, on account of a previous engagement. I hope to see you some evening soon, but my time is quite uncertain.

A few words of Orie's success reach me once in a while. He is certainly making a great hit.

Yours truly.

Harrison B. Webster

TROPICAL EXPLORERS HOME

Dr. Alfred M. Tozzer and R. E. Merwin of Harvard Mave Been Six Months in the Tropics

Dr. Alfred M. Tozzer, instructor in anthropology at Harvard, has completed his research work in the tropics and has returned to Cambridge. He was accompanied on the trip by R. E. Merwin, a graduate student at Harvard. Most of their time was spent in Guatemala and British Honduras and they brought back with them a collection of articles from four ruined cities which they discovered, as well as many entomological specimens. The expedition was conducted under the auspices of the Peabody Museum.

League of Republican Clubs in New York on June 24 and 25. This was announced by telegram from John Hays Hammond's office in New York to President Henry Davis of the Ohio Republican League, according to a despatch from Cleveland. It is planned to make the New York meeting the start of the congressional campaign.

andler &

In order to accept the position as business manager of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York city, Jerome D. Greene has resigned as secretary of the Harvard corporation. His resignation will go before the corporation for action at its next meeting, June 13. Mr. Greene will begin his new duties the first of July. He will have charge of the business administration of the laboratories of the institute and of the hospital connected with them. The institute is located at Sixty-sixth street and Avenue A in New York city and its growth has been such that for nearly a year the trustees have been seeking the services of an administrative expert.

[illegible]	94⅜	95
Cent. R. R. of N. J. general 5s....	122½	122
Chesapeake & Ohio 4½s.....	100½	100
do cv. 4½s, w. i.....	94½	94
Chicago & Alton 3½s	69½	69
Chic., Bur. & Quincy joint 4s.....	95⅜	95
do gen. 4s.....	97⅛	97
Chi., Mil. & St. P. gen 3½s.....	92¼	92
Chi., Rock Island & Pac. col. 4s..	77	77
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Colorado Industrial 5s.....	77	77
Colorado Midland 4s.....	73	73
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Delaware & Hudson conv. 4s.....	98	98
Denver & Rio Grande 4s.....	93½	93
do ref. 5s.....	92	92
Distillers 5s.....	69	69
Erie general 4s.....	72⅞	73
do prior lien 4s.....	81¾	81¾
do conv. 4s, series A.....	75	75

YALE AND HARVARD

"How can you tell a Yale man from a Harvard man?"

"Well, a Yale man always acts as if he owned the world."

"Yes?"

"And a Harvard man always acts as if he does n't know what vulgar person owns the world, and furthermore, he does n't care to know." [Cleveland Leader.

The bill was reported to the House by Representative Brown of Medford just before adjournment and had its first reading

Gratuity Resolves Killed

The perennial fight over the resolves to grant gratuities to Joseph G. Warren and W. F. Willis of North Bridgewater was carried on by Mr. Keith of Plymouth in favor, for the Military Affairs Committee and Crosby of Middlesex, for the Ways and Means Committee, against. The Senate

Dear Sir:-

In reference to the set of Payne's ARABIAN NIGHTS about which you telephoned Mr. Clarke this morning, beg to say that there are a number of reprints of this work to be found among the Second Hand dealers. The Lechford edition we presume is one of these reprints. They can be purchased in the open market at the rate of $1.50 a volume. We doubt whether a dealer would be willing to pay over $10.00 or $12.00 at the most for the set.

We have not at present sufficient interest in the set to purchase one.

Yours very truly,

W. B. CLARKE CO.

Fraser/s

Dear Sir:-

In reference to the set of Payne's

ARABIAN NIGHTS about which you telephoned us.

Clarke this morning, beg to say that there are a

number of reprints of this work to be found among

the Second Hand dealers. The Leonard edition we

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We have not at present sufficient interest

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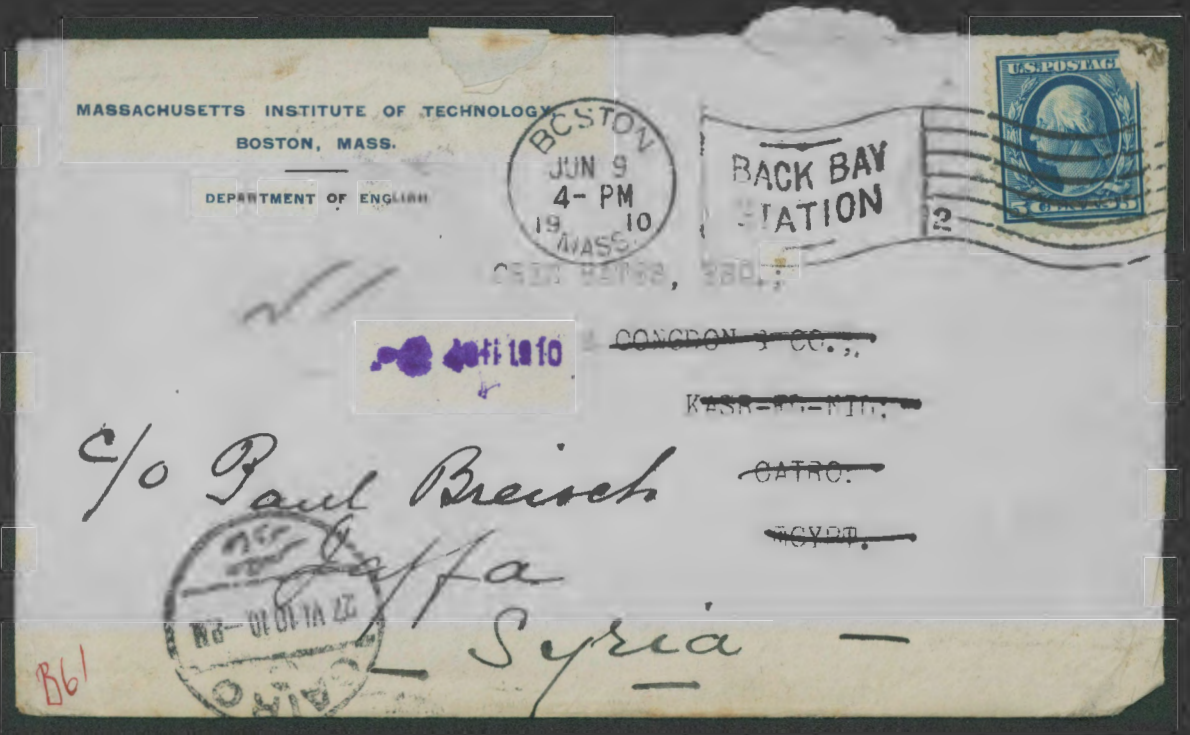
Yours very truly,

W. B. CLARKE CO.

Fraser/g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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

June 9, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

Yours of May 22 came this morning. I am extremely sorry for poor Bebe, but I trust that by the time you receive this he will be well on the way to full recovery. It is difficult to send sympathetic messages across th world: the congratulations arrive at the moment condolences are in order, and at a time when sadness has been pretty well out-lived comes the note of pathetic sympathy written at the antipodes when news came of disaster already over for the worst when the information reached the writer.

As for your debts, -- it is of little use to say anything. You will forgive my reminding you that there has perhaps not been a moment within the past five years when you have not been entirely confident -- and expected me to be -- that you would be entirely square within a period which at its longest has never exceeded two years; and that on the contrary the debt has steadily mounted. As for the $600., I supposed, and I understood you to say, that when you borrowed the $2000 you paid that up. I am utter-

at a loss to see now what you did with the money you have had, from me and others, since you went to Egypt three years ago. A good deal of it has been wasted, a good deal spent on things that you had no right to buy, -- of some of which I could make you a list if it would do any good. You tell me to be cheerful about your debts. You must remember that I have no possible cause to be cheerful beyond your assurance, and that that I have been given so often that I simply cannot feel that it means anything more than your good intention and invincible optimism. Do you think it is pleasant for me to worry or to nag? You have it in your power to make me cheerful, but you can never again do it by word or by good intentions, -- at least not until you have by substantial results proved to me that you have really learned self-denial and self-control.

It is an enchanting day, the first for weeks. It is, it is true, cool as September. In a letter from Nahant yesterday James speaks of everything as "stiff with frost." The strawberries all about after being pushed forward by unseasonable warm weather have been nipped by the cold, and other things have shared the

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same fate. I have been crippled with sciatica most of the past ten days, but yesterday found myself able to walk without pain. Today I am lame again, but not very badly. The Tavern Club has gone on its fête maritime, but I was not in shape to take a hand.

Last night the Walkers dined here -- on Mrs. Walker's invitation. Mr. Walker abused Mrs. Bradley's drawing, and I told him that while I could not judge of the likeness I had much rather look like her picture than like the one he made of me! It was not over civil, but he provoked it, and it so came in that it was not so bad as it sounds.

I am a little amused at your surprise that you I did not expect you to remember Lang's present, since it is, so far as I know, the first time you ever in your life remembered anything of the sort.

In regard to what you say of America, frankly, you both hurt and irritate me. If you feel as you say you do, for the sake of consistency and for the peace of us both, stay on the other side of the ~~world~~ globe. I am more proud of being an American than I am of anything else in the world. It is easy enough to see scores of glaring faults in one's own country as in one's own relatives, but, God save the mark! what is there to compare with

the United States in the history of the world? It is because I am so fond of it and proud of it that its faults hurt me so much; but at the bottom of my heart there is never a moment when I am not so glad to be an American as to be ready to go down on my marrow-bones and give thanks! We saved the Anglo-Saxon breed when we took it out of narrow, insular conditions and gave it room to expand. As for its being overwhelmed, you might as well speak of the leaven which the "woman took and hid in three measures meal" as lost!

I love you more than anything else on the earth, but when I think of your coming home with your strong English twist and that beastly English accent which you contract as you might contract the itch, I confess that I shrink! My own nerves are pretty well worn out, and I fear that I should show it until you would have small joy of me!

As for your coming home to take up the curatorship if you can get it, you should know your own business best. To my prosaic mind it would seem rather an extravagance on the part of whoever paid the bill to be at the expense of a trip from Egypt and back for so short a time; and I am still inclined to think that you cannot afford to refuse

the Egyptian offer. To discuss the matter, however, is only to run the risk of being needlessly unpleasant. You have never asked my advice about it, and I had better not have offered it.

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I have after some difficulty disposed of the Payne to Burnham for $5. Jordon and Marsh are offering new sets of the same thing -- "special numbered edition", printed in them, "limited to 250 copies", -- for $15. The pirates that got out the edition for the bamboozlement of freshmen so over-stocked the market and printed so many that they finally had to unload.

Lang's gift in in New York still. The movements of the customs' department are hardly to be looked upon as over swift.

I fear this epistle will not strike you as over cheerful. I have no news, good or bad. Leverett has been in town for a few days, but goes back to Muscongus at once. He is to look for a boarding-place for me, and I may go down there in a couple of weeks. Mrs. Homans wants me to go to Bar Harbor for July, and of course I shall do so. In August I shall dig somewhere. Each summer I dread worse, and find more intolerable. That is the natural result of age, so don't worry about it.

Horace Lamb told me the other day how the "Dot" chocolate was named. It was made in the first place for a German confectioner, and many attempts were necessary before it was exactly to his mind. At last he wrote:"Dot chocolat is all right", and "dot" it became from that day.

Ellen has just appeared at the library door. "Are you writing to Mr. Oric?" "Yes". "Give him my sal-a-mans, as he says himself." "Ellen", I comment," if he gets salam twisted up in that shape, he will think you were drunk." "Sure, Mr. Oric knows me better than that; but he may be after thinkin' ~~XXXX~~ the one that wrote the letter was n't altogether sober!"

It seems to me that you let Reisner fleece you if you pay him £8 -- still more if it is £10 -- a month for board. You will grumble about it afterward, why not have the firmness beforehand to stand out? You know what he is, and you are only weak if you let a man swindle you a second time.

As for the papyri, I am sorry that ~~it~~ could not come here; but in the first place ~~this~~ is hardly in the line of the Museum, and in the second, you know there is no money available. Why should you blame the Museum for not doing

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a thing it could not afford to do? If it has not the money, the opportunity must be allowed to pass, and that is the whole of it. Only a spendthrift corporation would for a moment have thought of doing otherwise.

-- Ellen has passed the door again, with the remark: "That 's a terrible letter you 're writing Mr. Oric, putting all that noise into it!" I do not know whether the spirit in which I have written has given an extra ring to the type-writer. I have been in earnest, but certainly I have written without malice.

One of the Tech boys who write to me is with the Telluride Power Company, at Provo, Utah. In a recent letter he comments on the difficulty of getting workmen who are anything but poor machines, and quotes a patrolman's report, which came in filled out as follows:

REPAIRS: Work done? By Lehi Smith.
Material used? By Lehi Smith.
Remarks. Required by Lehi Smith.
Signed. Lehi Smith, patrolman.

The second page of his letter I enclose, as it is rather graphic.

I have been agonising over the Freshman pamphlet for next Fall, and it is now a work of most remarkable excellence! By the way, Pearson came to me the other day with a pamphlet report in his hand, and remarked:"What you said would happen has happened." "I am always doing the Cassandra act", I answered;"what is it now?" "Don't you remember that when we made the break in entrance examinations you said that in about five years the other colleges would begin to take it on, and that Harvard would get the credit for it. " "Of course," I returned."That was so sure to happen that it took no great powers of divination to predict it. " "Well, it has happened," he said; and showed me the report of a teachers' convention of some sort in New York where Harvard had been praised for this new departure wherein the only share Harvard had was timidly to copy what the Institute had done boldly! It is amusing, and fortunately it is not the sort of thing for which I care a fig. It would be justice if the Tech could have credit, but personally I am only amused.

Greet your other father from me in the most approved fashion, and think as kindly of a doddering old man as you are able. I am old and pernickerty, but I mean well.

With love,

Dad.

The power-transmission business is monotonous for the most part, but, at times, it has its diversions, as was demonstrated the other day. Our Grace Plant is a 20, 000 horsepower installation,

completed just a year or two ago and up to date in every way save for the fact that, due to the long pipe line, the flow of water through the water wheel must be changed very slowly. The shiftman was standing in front of his switchboard, manuvering the huge oil switches in various parts of the powerhouse, by means of the little control levers under his hand, and the big generators were buzzing around behind him, three hundred times a minute, one carrying, perhaps, ten thousand horse power. The shiftman had almost completed his work, for opening the paralleling switch would put everything normal. He reached for the paralleling switch control lever, but got that of the generator switch instead. The generator switch opened and the waterwheel, with its ten thousand horsepower unleashed, shot up and up in speed, with a shriller and shriller hum. But just for a second, then came a report, a flash of fire and the generator was a pinwheel of flame. The insulation had broken down and then ten thousand horsepower was being used in burning the generator up. Masses of molten copper began flying round the station and the shiftman was driven from his post. He ran to try cutting off the water and then another boy, more resourceful than he was, climbed in through the window, pulled the field switch and killed the generator. It was an hour or more before the machine came to a standstill and then they found the iron and copper on one side of the machine eaten away and fused, just as a blow torch would eat into a cake of wax. It will be a couple of months before the machine can be reconstructed. One does not realize until something like this happens, what enormous forces are chained up in the machines and sent hither and yon by a light touch at the switchboard.

I am looking forward to little this summer, beyond the usual diversions here. I want very much to visit home, but summer time is construction time and I very much fear that it will be impossible for me to get off.

I hope that you will find a spare moment during your summering, when you may send me a letter.

Sincerely,

Hugh Postoreya.

Boston Girl Engaged in Paris

From Paris announcement has come of the engagement of Miss Mabel F. Norton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hubert Norton of Boston, to Harry E. Dickinson of the Egyptian survey department, the headquarters of which are at Cairo. The wedding will take place in Paris some time this month. Miss Norton is with her parents at the Hotel Majestic, Paris.

day, at least to avoid drastic break; to try to get a better perspective, to get out of hysteria and to take calm thought. So today the volume of business was moderate and net changes from Saturday's closing were not pronounced. What tomorrow may bring is another question, though it would seem that, whatever develops, stocks have been sold out freely,

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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

June 12, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Bay:

This is the third consecutive day of forcing rain, I have not ventured to take my rheumatic leg out, and as I could not well go without it, I have stayed in. Ellen is also rheumatic, and as cross as a sivas: tika. Last night John, Mary, and Emily Bates dined here. The girls are visiting in Haverhill and John is on his way home from Iowa. They were equal, all three of them, together to about four words in fifteen minutes. It was like endeavoring to carry on a conversation with three friendly rag-dolls. I regretted keenly that I had never

cultivated the art of the rentril-
ogrist, that I might put remarks
into their mouths. I wonder if
in the bosom of John's family
intercourse is chiefly carried
on in pantomime!

John, jr., has improved. He is
less rustic in looks and car-
riage. They are all good, whole-
some folks that nobody need
be ashamed of as relations, but
to entertain them is a good deal
of a chore.

Uncle John Chapman goes on
as usual. About three weeks
ago I went up and saw him
and dragged him down to dine.
It is no longer of use to try to
get him by note or telephone. In
the course of the evening he said:
"Hello, I've done you today the
greatest service one can do

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a fellow ~~my~~ being." "Yes," I said, "in what way. The greatest thing we can do for anybody," was his reply, "is to give them a chance to show whatever is best and noblest in them. Now I've treated you shamefully all winter, and you came up to see me just as sweet as if I had given you not the slightest cause for offence. I gave you a chance to show what was best in you." What can one do with him? I have not heard or seen anything since to indicate that he is in the world.

The number of weddings is so great this spring as to indicate that the return of Teddy has given rise the younger generation to consider that he, like the Almighty in Genesis, has given the command to "increase and multiply," and they wish, when he returns with

his multitudinous spoils, each to say proudly: "I, too, have not been idle!"

Mrs. Humans wants me for July and the early part of August, as I may have written you. After that she makes of her house a sort of retreat for clerks and seamstresses and other vacationless creatures, to whom she is kind beyond words. She is real worth, and her hyperstenical, deeper-high-church sister, giving jewelled crosses and golden altar-vessels to the church, to the sham!

Carita's marriage has turned out a ghastly failure. Lottie has now confessed to me — when I heard it otherwise — that Young, the man she has married, is a hopelessly selfish animo. He is not vicious, but just the most exaggerated

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sort of a selfish egoist. It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Moor fought the marriage tooth and nail, and stared it off for two years. Since the marriage he has grastered himself on them, and refused to leave. They are now moving out of their own house rather than to have the scandal of going to law to get rid of him. It is very dreadful! Poor Lottie; she is a noble woman and she has had a pretty hard time of it. She deserves to have had some comfort in Capri.

Mrs. Homans tells an audacious mot of Walter Furness' which is not bad. Pictures of two grandmothers hang in the drawing-room at Wallingford, one by Sully and one, more modern, by an artist named Chase. Someone

commented on the great in=
feriority of the newer portrait.
"Yes," said Furness; "it is evidently
much better to have had your
grandmother Sullied than
Chased."

In the second chapter of Knickerbocker's "History of New York" is mentioned a philosopher who, "with no great delicacy to this respectable planet and its inhabitants, insinuates that some day or other his comet -- my modest pen blushes while I write it -- shall absolutely turn tail upon our world and deluge it with water!" My pen is not, like that of Irving, a goose-quill, yet I also should blush were it not that this prediction seems to have become simple history. Halley's comet has done it!

With which valuable and deli=
cate classical quotation I had
perhaps better stop!

Always with love,

Dad.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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JUN 18 1910

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UN MILLIEME
POSTES

B 68

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

June 14, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

I have just been through a period of excursions and alarums. While I was smoking my after-luncheon cigar I heard Ellen coming down the stairs with a portentous rumbling, in which I could catch only disconnected words, of which "horse" seemed to be the most conspicuous. In an instant she appeared in the doorway, bearing in her arms your saddle. "For the love of God, Mr. Bates", she exclaimed in the tones of a tragedy queen, "why don't that fine boy of yours bring home a horse to keep in the closet to breed moths? Here was I boasting that we had n't had a moth this spring, and here is the closet crawling thick with 'em from this saddle! I declare to God this family will be the death of me!" I know little about the powers of the horse in the line of breeding moths, but the saddle was alive with them. I stemmed as well as I was able the tide of her indignation, and directed that the saddle be swamped with benzine. This will probably make the moths more prolific than ever, but I will at least do the thing up so that they

will ~~at least~~ be confined to smaller limits. "You'll tell your son from me," commanded Ellen," that what with the having his horses in Egypt and his saddles here he 's driving me mad, and ~~XXX~~ I'd wish he had some sense if there was any chance of the wish coming true!"

When the tempest had subsided with the saddle and a bottle of benzine to the backyard I took a brief nap; and no sooner was I up again than Mrs. Swan, Mrs. Bowditch, and Elizabeth arrived in an auto. Elizabeth was as pretty as a picture. They were on their way to see the Burrages, for poor Dr. Burrage has broken his leg. It does seem as if everything which fate could devise happened to that unfortunate family. Mrs. Bowditch had meant, she said, to have me lunch with them at the Somerset Club, but did not get to it so many other things came up. Elizabeth had heard that you har sent her a message, but what it is she has not heard.

Tom Barber has arrived from Peru with a cargo of mummies and other things which Mrs. Swan declares are almost as bad as his snakes.

Later. Excursions and alarums continued, although I was not present at this circus. It seems that Archie, the

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ratty little kid of Gaugie's janitor, and another boy who according to Ellen is worse, set upon a smaller boy, a stranger, and undertook to thrash him. The fracas brought together Eliot Ware, the Lees who live in the Hill house, Ellen, several passing strangers, and a policeman or two. Ellen describes herself as crying out to the stranger, who she says must have been Irish he fought so well; "Go for for him 'em! I'll give you $2. if ye'll draw blood from the either of 'em!" I came home to find her looking as if she had been through a street-fight herself, so flushed and excited was she. "I'd have done it!" she said in regard to her offer of a prize for the first gore; "God! I'd give half me month's wages this minute to know that little feller 'd knocked the blood out of either of them nasty little sneaks!" I never saw the savage come out in her so. What with Mrs. Evans getting arrested and fined for disorderly conduct in distributing strike-handbills after having been refused permission, Otis Place is getting to smack too much of the slums for me! I am hardly in key with this sort of a setting.

Bunty came to see me the other evening. He had not much to say, as he is pretty closely confined to his work, but he was as wholesome and friendly and straightforward as ever.

I am told that at the Museum they are on the look-out for a curator of pictures. The scheme is to keep Potter as a restorer, but to get a man who knows something about paintings to have charge. It will be interesting to see what they hit upon.

I discovered in your closet today the cloths I so carefully made and marked for you to do up your clothes in packing. I am sorry that you will not use them, for they save a good deal in the freshness of things. It is about of a piece, however, with the rest of my efforts to impose my ways upon you. Don't think that this means that I am offended, for it does not, the very least in the world.

June 18. Your letter of May 21 has just arrived. You are hardly just to your grandfather. He was what he was, but you cannot fail to respect his ability, his devotion to truth as he understood it, and his kindliness. He irritated me beyond words, and he outraged my sense of justice; but I have no doubt that I got on his nerves, or should have, if we had had much to do with each other. He was very proud of you. May Bates, who knew him in Casteen when she was there at school, said the other night that he

would talk of you and what you had done and were to do without wearying.

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One thing in your letter moves me to reveal an awful secret. Bunty told me the other night what his chauffer said of you! I understood why you did not repeat it to me, and I did not mean to say anything about it, but the "esq." business forces it from me! I will of course address your letters as you wish, but to think of your so losing not only your sense of values but your sense of humor (or even sense of humour) as to write what you did, shows that you are more English than the English. If you had an island -- or a mainland -- down in Maine, what would it really mean? Nothing but that you had foolishly put into unproductive soil money that might be better employed. Perhaps in Asia or Africa it might be bragged of to produce an impression of importance, but you are certainly man enough to lie in honest and straightforward fashion if you wish to do it, instead of such silly beating about the bush: so that can hardly be a reason. Of course if I hear of land in the market I am willing to tell you, but I am hardly likely to hear of anything except the portions advertised for summer-settlers, which

Whatever "esq." means to you English, to us Americans is is a dimple not: ten of courtesy.

will hardly be what you are interested in.

Don't be cross at this!

Mrs. Bowditch has just left at the door a big bundle of wonderful roses from their place . The whole room is fragrant with them. It is very good of her. She is a dear woman, and when she is old she will be like her most enchanting mother.

I am due this afternoon at a musicale at Grace Lamb's, but as after one pleasant day it is coming on to rain, I am hardly inclined to set out into a country by ways I do not know. Still, I have been at my type-writer all day, and suppose I should try for a mouthful of fresh air somehow.

I am glad we are to have the new group, but I hate to lose the trio. It is very dear in itself, and it is naturally in my mind associated with your finding it, so that I have a personal feeling of proprietorship in it. . How completely has the valley temple been excavated?

Since I sat down to write has arrived a dividend from the Harv. Coop. for $41.84.

Always with love,

Dad.

CABLE ADDRESS, "GAUGING"

Core & Herbert,

Forwarders, Weighers and Commission Merchants.

99 Front Street,

New York, June 15th, 1910

Mr. Arto Bates,

4 Otis Place,

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of June 14th, received and contents noted.

We certainly hope that the package from Cairo, Egypt will not reach you in time for a christening. As we wrote you, this shipment has been very much mixed up, due to several lots being shipped together and correct papers not being sent from Cairo, Egypt. We hope, however, that we can advise you of the forwarding of your package within the next thirty days.

Yours very truly,

CORE & HERBERT

I waited a fortnight and then wrote to these people that as the tray was intended for a wedding present I should regret that it arrived only in time for a possible christening. This is the reply. They seem doubtful whether it will get to me even for that!

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

1 Juli 1910

ORIC BATES, A.B.;

~~c/o GORDON & CO.;~~

~~CAIRO,~~

~~EGYPT.~~

c/o Paul Preisch

Jaffa

Syria —

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CAIRO
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B 64

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

19 June, 1910.

Dear Boy:

I am afraid I shall have to ask you to marry a Syrian, or a Greek, or some sort of an oriental. I went yesterday to the Wendell-Higginson wedding at Pride's Crossing, and the strongest impression I brought away was a feeling that the American girl was lacking in beauty, in distinction, in grace, and in charm. This may be because the present fashion of dress is so hideously trying to most of the misses, it may be because I am growing not only old but oldest; but when all allowances are made on these scores I still think I should prefer a daughter of the East to the type I saw yesterday.

As Mrs. Wendell had strongly insisted that it was to be a very small and quiet affair, I was of course prepared for what I found, all the world and his wife, all his daughters, and most of his sons. Mrs. Wendell was delightful. She fairly clucked with satisfaction. Even Barrett oozed the same enviable emotion. I really had a pleasant time, despite this pessimistic opening. I sat by

Mrs. Emery on the train down, with Teddy and Dorothy Pierce in front. Miss Pierce, I may surprise you by saying, seems to have softened and improved. I think Mrs. Emery has probably been good for her.

On the way up I had the great honor of sharing a seat with Evert. He is not a beauteous being, he is so fat; but he is otherwise about the same. He takes his trumpery collection of photographs of forgotten actors so seriously that one can but wonder. One recalls Yeobright's reply when his friends remonstrated with him for taking up with a plebeian occupation: "The more I see of life, the more do I perceive that there is nothing particularly great in its greatest walks, and therefore nothing particularly small in mine of furze-cutting." Hardy has succeeded in "The Return of the Native" in picturingly perfectly the wrong-headedness which comes from a lack of a sense of values and an excess of self-confidence. Evert really is of opinion that his collection is of a consequence at least as great as that of the finest museum. Of all the family he is the one with whom I had never a moment of sympathy or of patience.

Monday. June 20.

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Yesterday I went out to Wellesley to lunch with Holker Abbott. Mrs. Wirt Dexter and Katherine McCormack, and Mrs. Clews of New York and Washington were the ladies, besides, of course, Holker's sister, Mrs. Fay, and her daughter. Gaugengigl and Ned Warren were the men. Ned is a perfectly unreasonable anti-Roosevelt, and Mrs. Clews another, so that the talk was a good deal of it tiresomely abusive. Mrs. Clews said that once at a hotel where she and the Longworths chanced to be staying at the same time, Alice was anxious for a fourth to play bridge, and in despair came to Mrs. Clews:"I know you abuse my father at every opportunity," she said with characteristic impudence,"but will you play bridge?" "Fortunately my antipathy does not extend to the whole family," Mrs. Clews replied," and I will play with pleasure." Mrs. Clews formerly lived on the part of the Avenue which was decorated on Saturday. She declared that she wished that she still had the house so that she might have covered the front of it with toy-balloons!

Mort Prince and Bob Andrews appeared in Mort's new motor after luncheon, and brought me home. Incidentally we made a giro through Western and the neighborhood. The neatness and completeness of the villages in the neighborhood of

their good taste and beauty , is hardly to be excelled in the world. An English village, of course, is likely to be more picturesque with thatched roofs and so on, but as far as everything can go which is modern our Massachusetts small towns can hold their own against the world. I could not but contrast them with the the wretched, dirty, triste villages I saw by hundreds in France last summer; and I was proud of my native land.

When we got down to Riverside the spectacle was really amazing. It was a good deal like a comic opera setting, so unreally gay was it, and this effect was heightened by the fact that in a number of boats were Victor machines, discoursing music,—canned music, of course, but the very best of its sort when it was picked. The canoes literally numbered hundreds. All were of gay colors, and in them were pleasure-seekers in raiment of colors far more numerous thay the out-done rainbow ever dreamed of achieving. All was color, music, laughter, and movement, with the exquisite setting of the trees and the river. It was not æsthetically subtle, but it was wonderful in its way.

Tonight I dine at Mrs. Dexter with Mrs. Clews aforesaid. I hope Ned Warren will not be there to continue to

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abuse Teddy. I did everything I could invent yesterday to get the talk away from the tedious topic, and I should "outgrabe in despair" to have to begin again.

Mrs. Sturgis writes me from Paris -- though on the eve of setting out for London -- that they fell in with a Frenchman who had known Barrett Wendell when he lectured in France, and admired him much. In the course of the conversation it was remarked that Mr. Wendell had the reputation of speaking very good French. The Frenchman shrugged, of course he shrugged, and answered:"Oh, well; I could understand him. "

June 29.

Ellen, in my humble opinion, has surpassed herself. My friends, I am sorry to say, are not entirely pleased with Mrs. Bradley's drawing, and Mr. Gaugengigl commented on it that it showed all my weakness and none of my strength. Ellen, who knew that he had seen it, asked me what he said; I contented myself with replying that he did not greatly care for it."Neither do I", quoth Ellen, who at first gave her verdict, as I wrote to Mrs. Bradley, in its favor. "I think it looks like Johndarsh!" I cannot pretend to represent her pronounciation, but the astonishing creature meant Joan d'Arc! And,by Jove, she has a certain amount of reason!

I have just invested in a new type-writer; or rather

have made an exchange, paying, of course, a bonus. I dare say it is an extravagance, and that I could have made the old one do. It is behaving wonderfully well now that the thing is done! I am glad to have the new one, but I begrudge the money. I really could not afford it. I do not dare to think what would be my condition if I were struck down as so many are, and could not work. It is of no use to worry, however, and I shall try not to fret over the new machine. I have at least just got $50.— for a couple of editorials enough to pay for it.

Mr. and Mrs. J.Randolph Coolidge, jr., have the honor to announce the marriage of their daughter Julia to John Howe Richards. The groom is the son of Laura Richards the writer, and so grandson of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

I enclose what at present is the latest bulletin in regard to Langdon's tray. I shall go down to see if it is not possible to get the thing through before I go away. I leave for Bar Harbor June 29, and I have just written to engage board at Masconeus for August. Leverett found the place for me, and my landlady has a big shell-heap on her own premises. Of course I hate the whole of it, but the heat here is already dreadful, and I am as black under the eyes as a congo belle.

Always with love,
Dad.

"HARVARD SEVEN"

[VERSES FOR THE TRIENNIAL OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN]

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Across the rush of the rolling brine
The fight roared hot and dire.
A dozen ships of the foeman's line
Lay round in a burning gyre.
A dozen ships with their flaming lips
They spat on our decks their fire.

The clouds hung dark o'er the plunging barque,
And, oh, the gales did blow!
The shot shrieked loud through sail and shroud
And the waves thumped loud below.

The captain on the quarterdeck
To bo's'n Jack he calls:
"How stand the men in the cannon-den?
Who lives?" cries he. "Who falls?"

And he shouts again; "Come ho! come ho!"
But answer was there none.
And a grimy bo's'n's mate spoke low:
"He sleeps beside his gun."

"By faith, then stir up bo's'n Jack!"
The sailor's voice did quake:
"He sleeps too sound, too sound, alack,
I fear he will not wake."

The captain clinched his iron hands
And a tear rose in his eye.
"By faith, we 'll sweep o'er many a deep
Before his like we spy."

The grimy sailor spoke again:
"The day is very black.
There 's nineteen good and stalwart men
That sleep with bo's'n Jack."

The captain clutched his good steel blade.
"The foe hath bartered dear!
Fling back their muttering cannonade!
Fling back their pittering fusilade!
We 'll sing them a burning serenade
That Death himself shall hear!"

And all day long and all night long
And ninety days and nine,
The good ship sent its flaming song
Into the foeman's line.

And one by one at wheel or gun
Each fighter had his crack!
And flung his song in the teeth of wrong
And stood by the bulwarks, brave and strong,
Till he slept with bo's'n Jack.

And when the hundredth day was come
The Lord of the Golden Port
He came like a flame, and the waves were dumb
And the foeman's ships they lay like scum
Where the scavenger gulls consort.

And the Lord he cried to the man beside
The wheel and the loyal dead:
"Your ship has stood as a good ship should.
What name does she bear," he said.

"There's a book I keep of the lords of the deep
In the Port of the highest Heaven."
The man spoke loud, and his eyes were proud:
"They called us Harvard Seven."

March, "Princess Ninetta" ..... Strauss

JUDGE INVOKES TURKISH LAW

Sanderson of Worcester Unravels Curious Marriage Tangle

Worcester, June 28—The complicated marriage conditions of Sadie Kapigian of Holliston and Krikor der Minassian of Milford were given legal ruling yesterday, in the Superior Court, by Judge George A. Sanderson, who heard the evidence recently in the petition of the wife for an annulment of her marriage to Minassian on the grounds that he had a wife in Turkey when he married in this country. The judge finds that the libellant is not entitled to annulity of her marriage to the Milford man. In the evidence, Minassian admitted that he had a wife in Turkey when he was married in this country, but produced an expert on Turkish law, who testified that in Turkey, when the woman changed her religion and married a man of that faith, any previous marriage was null and void. On this basis Judge Sanderson rules that the first marriage of the libellee was not in force when he married wife No. 2, and Miss Kapagian is not entitled to decree. The case will be reported to the Supreme Court at the request of both parties.

Not Responsible for Child's Death

Associate Justice Charles J. Browne, in the East Boston District Court yesterday discharged Edward A. Clifford, a Boston Elevated Railway motorman, who was arraigned for the death of Albert Gigliello, three years old. The child was run over by a car operated by Clifford.

Former Chief McLaughlin Buried

Former Chief of Police Frank M. McLaughlin of the Melrose police department was buried yesterday afternoon from Trinity Church in that city. Rev. Paul Sterling, the rector, officiated, an interment was in Wyoming Cemetery. Six police officers acted as pallbearers. Among those present were representatives from the local Grand Army post, the Knights Templars, and the police department.

YOUR BEST COMPANY FOR VACATION DAYS

you will find in a book

"Nathan Burke"

By **MARY S. WATTS**

is a whole community of the most delightful people—best of whom, of course, is Nathan him-

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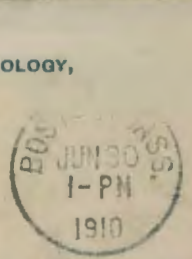
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



ORIO BATES, A.B.;

25 Juli 1910

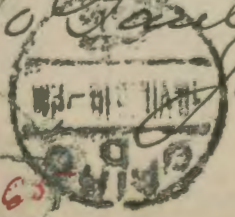
~~CONDON & CO.~~;

~~KASR-EL-NIL.~~

~~CAIRO;~~

~~EGYPT.~~

c/o Paul Breisch
Jaffa
Syria



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JAFFA
CAIRO

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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

June 25, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

I have given one more forenoon to the complications of getting Lang's tray, and I trust that now at least all is going right at last. The trouble was much increased by the fact that Congdon did not send a separate bill of lading, but lumped the tray in with a lot more things. I am to stay at home on Monday in case my signature should be needed, and I have paid $21. 72; I am promised the tray on Tuesday. It has been a very exasperating business, and I shall be glad to be done with it.

Nothing has happened this week except the hot weather. Today is luckily divinely cool with an east wind, but it has been very bad. I dined last night with Mrs. Burrage, after sitting a while beside the bed upon which Dr. Burrage is extended in a plaster cast, with sand-bags hung to him in the effective but most unpleasant modern fashion.

Sally and the kid were here yesterday, and Ellen is a wreck accordingly. The boy is a buster, and of course he is spoiled. Sally would spoil, if it were possible, even

the very elect.

Class Day yesterday was quite according to precedent, -- a beautiful day except for a tornado of a thunder-shower about five o'clock to ruin the lanterns. I did not, of course, go out. I am sorry, dearest Boy, that you have no pleasanter memories of your own class-day, yet in looking back I do not see how I could help my own absence or afford to give you the money to "spread", -- even if you wished to do so. It is , however, so far past now, that it is idle to bother about it.

I have not seen Uncle John from the night he dined here and told me he had done me a service by calling out what was best in me. I shall send him a p.p.c. when I go to Bar Harbor next Wednesday, but I cannot keep tagging at his heels when he so resolutely avoids me. I am more sorry than I can tell: but I do not see what I can do. I have dragged him to dinner when I could; but except for that I have not seen him for the entire winter. The fact is that he has shut himself up so long that the habit has become too much for him, and I commend his example as a warning if you ever come to your grandfather's habit of doing about the same thing.

June 27. My new type-writer has come, and it is wonder!
How long it will take me to know what all the levers and
screws and jack-bobs are for I do not know. It is so ar-
ranged that it will comb hair, tie
shoes, run errands, and preach sermons if one but knows how
to manage it -- which I DO NOT !! However, I have hopes
that in time I may learn, despite my age.

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I am really but a child if I am to be ranked by my ex-
travagence and ventursomeness. Willoughby so pathetically
urged me to take a camera with me to the shell-heaps that
I have invested in one. It is not a very expensive one as
cameras go, but I wait with curiosity to see what I make
of it. I bought it this morning, took a trial roll of six
plates, went out to Reservoir this afternoon and snapped
them, and am to see the results before I go to Bar
Harbor. Whether any will be printable remains to be seen

I took out of your book-shelves the other day your
Beddoes, and I have been struggling to read "Death's
Jest-book", and incidentally to enlighten myself why
the man's verse is preserved. I failed in both attempts,
as I have failed before. I can only suppose that the oc-
casional -- and rare -- flashes of imagination are held
to balance the crudity, the dullness, the uncouthness

of the rest. If I had to read Beddoes I should insist upon having an expurgated edition, expurgation not dealing with indecency but with incapacity. Perhaps ineptness is a better word, but at any rate I should wish to have about nine tenths cut out.

The whole illustrates strikingly a sort of tendency on the part of literary men of a sort -- Gosse, who edits this being a good sample, -- to be rather precious in the way of pretending a mighty admiration for men who have , it is true, something real, but on the whole are not the real thing. It seems so knowing and critical to dwell impressively on the virtues of writers whose defects are patent to everybody. I dare say I go to the other extreme, and have a tendency to care for nothing which is not first xxx rate throughout; but I do not think literature is aided or advanced by the advertising of these second grade men.

I had to stop here in my haraunge -- which word was meant to be harangue -- to see what B-368-S in figure five it. You may be interested to know that it is the "marginal stop actuator", but what in heaven's name it is for or what it does I have not discovered! It has some mysterious connection with the "marginal stop rack adjusting screw" and the "marginal stop key lever", but what I know no more than I know why the space of the line above

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is spaced altogether wrong. The writing is on this machine always actually in sight. This of course a great advantage, but at the same time it is a little disconcerting to one accustomed to the old machine. You see I have not got the hang of getting the beginnings of the lines even.

Ellen is as glum as possible about my going away. The effect of my generosity in giving her her full wage last summer and letting her go home is that she will never be satisfied with anything less. She is a most unreasonable creature. The disconcerting thing is that she is in some ways so much more intelligent than the ordinary servant that I can never keep it in my head that after all she is a fool. I am so tired of domestic details that I am all but ready to go and be a man! and if you do you will be (This visible writing puts me all out in regard to the spacing!) as usual most scornful, but I may mention that J. Marshall has published (in English) in Ant. Denk. II, (whatever that is!) the beautiful Chian head in the Boston Museum. He holds that it is an original by Praxiteles.

Wednesday morning. I have delayed this hoping to be able to say the tray was in my hands. It was to have been delivered yesterday. This morning I have a note from the agent to say that I shall have it by noon. Meanwhile your line from Sebastineh has come. I am glad to know that you are in good condition, but my heart faints at the thought of another article on R. and Egypt. Do you suppose that there is a journal in America which has not had one? I may find yours of an interest so surpassing as to excuse another word, and I will do the best I can for it; but you are sending coals to Newcastle.

Geo. Abbot James sends you his love.

I start this afternoon for Bar Harbor. If the tray is not here before I go, I shall have to write Lang to get it. Ellen will hardly be up to managing. I am very sorry, but I have been as nagging as mortal could be, and done all the hurrying up that could be done.

Later. At last! I had to pay 75 cents more, but I have the tray. It is very handsome, and I will see that Lang gets it at once. Don't do it again!

With love,

Dad

BOSTON, June 5 1910

Mr Ida I Pakis

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Public Weigher

OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

150 MILK STREET

TELEPHONE, 2422 MAIN.

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F E Martin