

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



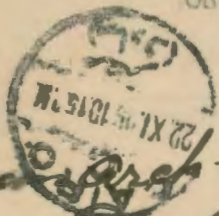
ORIC BATES, ESQ.;

~~CONCORD, MASS.~~

~~NEW-LED-NID,~~

~~SLIGO,~~

EGYPT. *upper* —
— —



Mubia Arab. Survey
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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

Nov. 5, 1899.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

Don't you remember
The Fifth of November,

Gunpowder-treason and plot?

I have nothing of importance or interest to be worthy of record on a day of memories so exciting; but I can only send the customary small-talk in the hope that so far away it may have the interest of trifles from afar, such as bits of embroidery or trinkets brought from distant lands. I am up to my ears in work as usual, but none of it is of a sort to make letters about. Even my skill -- such as it is -- in romancing can hardly make second-year literature and conferences of absorbing interest.

Tozzer has gone to South America to grub up the remains of people who are interesting because they lived so long ago. Sometimes it seems as if the only way to be really interesting is to ^{be remembered to} have been -- and we poor wretches who hardly make out to be at all in any big sense have small chance of achieving that.

Arthus Pier and Miss Hall were married yesterday afternoon, but I had a lecture, and did not assist. Besides, I think an afternoon wedding is in poor form anyway.

Mrs. Wells -- this letter is as scrappy as Lilian's manuscript! -- is to lecture before some sort of a club at Andover, and has just told me her title -- "Chippendale Unitarianism". She is greatly pleased with it, and it is delightfully humorous. I hope her audience will realize that it is good enough in itself to justify her in speaking.

You are invited to the Putnam's ball, which takes place on Dec. 5, but you will hardly celebrate your birthday in that fashion.

Arthur Hill, I grieve to say, was beaten by the Steel Trust interest in the election. It is a disgrace to the county, and as usual I am glad I was born as soon as I was.

Hermann has written me a very kind letter, though I did not spare him. Whatever he may turn out as a poet, he is a thoroughly fine, sweet fellow. He says:

Please give my love to Oric when you write. And won't you please send me his address? The knave hasn't answered about six notes and letters I wrote him last summer, to his various clubs, his house, etc., so I want to scalp him by letter in Egypt.

Jan. 7.

The wedding present of Winthrop Ames to the Peers, by the way, was a six weeks' trip in Europe. It was very pretty of Winthrop.

The new opera house opens here on Monday night, but as nobody has bidden me, I do not attend. Of course every seat in the house which is even tolerable is in the hands of the stock-holders.

Clip, also by the way, asked me whether you had the films of the pictures he took in Egypt. Of course I know nothing about it, and told him so. If you have any remarks to make I will transmit them.

The Schaeffers are on the ocean and will be here this week. I am curious to see what they will say when they examine Lilian's manuscript and mine.

I have been making one more heroic endeavor to read "The Ambassadors", but it is hopeless. Henry James' novels are to me a sort of instantaneous photographs; clever, indeed, and careful to a fault in their microscopic examination of what he sees under the glass. Art, however, is not science, and if his psychology were perfect it would still seem to me to be outside the region of aesthetics. I am so made

that the bewildering blends of essay and novel, of philosophy and emotion, of science and aesthetics weary and irritate me. I will take philosophy straight, and not try to imbibe it in sugar-water of fiction. In all of which I am, as usual, entirely behind my time. I perhaps pay for my very enlightenment, such as it is, by belonging to the present; so I am perhaps abusing the environment which makes me of a perception sufficiently keen to see wherein the same environment is deficient. -- I said I had been trying to take a course of Henry James. Behold how entirely deplorable is the influence of James upon one Bates.

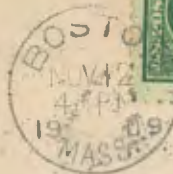
I am sorry this letter is so dull. So am I dull, but I am well, very busy, and going on the old tread-mill way with a step ^{at least} not perceptibly lagging. I think of you more than it would be useful or wise for me to tell you; and now as always I love you more than anybody else -- man or woman -- ever will again.

Had.

BOSTON, MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.,
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



STATION 2

Eric Bates, Esq.

~~J. Cougdon & Co.~~

~~Mubian arch. Survey, Khartoum, S. S.~~

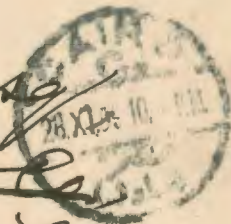
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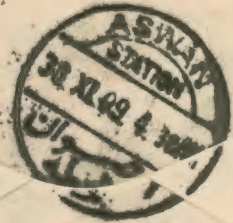
Cairo

Upper Egypt.

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*differ from tea in that while it
insults, it does not cheer. — A
poor thing, but mine own.*

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Nov. 9, 1809

*With love,
Dad.*

Dear Boy:

Your letter from Shellal arrived today. If I spoke of Miss Cabot as having married Charlie Sturgis I was in error. He married Miss Bowditch of Albany.

I met Mr. Lane on the Public Garden this morning. He asked about you, and expressed much interest in your fortunes.

Nov. 10. Yesterday we opened the Museum -- four thousand of us. It really looked very well. The exceptions were the hideous walls of the Morse room, the purple of Potter's^s madness, and the court of ancient sculptures, which Fairbanks had botched in spite of the committee. The Egyptian room looked well in spite of the wall, which ~~looked~~^{is} just plain dirty. The alabaster heads -- especially the smaller one -- are fine. The pity of having the mastabas in the middle of the hall was more apparent than ever, of course, when the place was filled with people, but the whole effect was good.

People were pleased, I think. Ned Robinson was on,

and everybody was there. I dined last night at the Chip Sturgises, and Waddie Longfellow, who was there, told us the unpublished fact that Mrs. Richard Evans had given the Museum \$150 000. It comes in good time.

Mrs. Loring, who has come back to her house, asked to be remembered to you. Chud is to be at present in New York, but she hopes that he may get back here before the winter is over.

The new opera house was opened on Monday night, although I was not permitted to assist at that function.

It is thought to be a great success, fine in acoustic properties, and good to see.

On the same night the new millioraises theatre in New York (of which Winthrop Ames has charge) opened, and did not make a success. It is so poor acoustically that most of the play was inaudible, and of course Julia Marlowe as Cleopatra was little better than ridiculous. Oddly enough Jack Wendell was picked out by the New York critics as the one who best succeeded in overcoming the difficulty of making himself heard. I hope that the very ~~di~~ defects of the place may do something toward forcing American actors ^{into} ~~toward~~ making some efforts toward trying to improve their enunciation.

B15-

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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

Nov. 12 -

BOSTON, MASS.

Your second letter from
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
Shelton came yesterday - the
Meirby bill was correct. You
paid the June bill (3:95) and
left the July.

Last night I went with Mr.
Heron to the new opera-house,
and saw "la Bohème." We had a
box directly opposite to the stage,
and so of course at the back
of the house. So wonderful is the
place in its acoustics that we
heard perfectly the softest note
of voice or orchestra. The house
is charming. Wheelwright (Ned)
and Haven did it. Ned did
- in general - the house and
Haven the decoration. The result
is the more gratifying to Paul
Lomans because the new

theater in New York is so
hopeless a failure.

I suppose I shall go to Phy=
mouth tomorrow for Sunday.
I hate it, but one cannot be
a pig, and Anna Spooner is
so happy if I come.

I am being hailed to com=
mittee meetings constantly,
and the weather is so warm
as to be rather demoralizing.
The Schaeffers landed yesterday
and I hope to see them
this afternoon. Lillian has
returned the U.S., and says
she is paralyzed. If I have
achieved that result, I have
not lived wholly in vain.
She is really so much of
a fool that I fancy she

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BOSTON, MASS.

does not know that
her version - misstatements,
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
misspellings, grammatical errors,
rows, purple patches, slop, etc.,
was not incomparably better
than mine.

There is a species of viv-
tue of which the practice, al-
though absolutely necessary, is
utterly exasperating. I have hated
everything connected with
this wretched biography, I have
detested working over it, I am
irritated at the revolt (Lillian
had made a satisfactory life
impossible); - and I am
irritated both by having had

to hurt Miss Whiting and by her
being so stupid as not to see that
the work had to be done if
the book was to be published. There
is no satisfaction in it any-
where, — only the escape from
the worse evil of not having done
what squarely belonged to me
to do! I suppose ^{that to equity} ~~it~~ takes a
greater amount of moral
courage ~~to write~~ than I pos-
sess.

You may have heard Mrs.
Homan's comment upon
the fact that her sister, Mrs.
Pestbody, is so ^{extremely} high-church, she
is most persistently pessimis-
tic. I was calling on Mary
Lathrop the other day and she
spoke of the dark view of life.
"Yes," I said, "her religion seems to

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BOSTON, MASS.
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



ORIO BATES, ESQ.;

~~W. CONGDON & CO.;~~

~~KASR-EL-NIL;~~



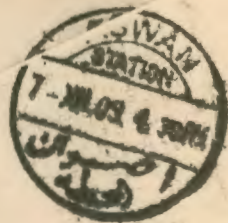
~~CAIRO,~~

EGYPT.

Upper

*Rubian arch. Survey
Dakka
Nubia*

B16



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

Nov. 16, 1909.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:.

The MSS. have come safely, and I have read both. Each in its way is good. I think the story is perhaps too thickly strewn with foreign words. A less number might have given the atmosphere, and always is there danger that the reader will fancy the strange terms are introduced to show the learning of the writer. They shall all stand, however, and I will not tamper with your copy. I will even, if any authority at all can be found (I do not think there is any!) leave the hideous slang word "coolth." I will do my best to see that the spellings of the aforesaid foreign names and words are preserved, but in some cases I am rather doubtful, and I will not swear that I am right.

You are invited to be present at the marriage of Mr. Laird Bell to Nathalie Fairbanks, on Nov. 11, at Hubbard Woods, Ill. The invitation came this morning somewhat late for the ceremony.

Leaveretz turned up yesterday, and stayed to dine.

He seems pretty well, and looks as near to robust as he ever does. He is just as vivacious as of old. He is now thinking of landscape architecture as a profession. It is pretty hard on him that he cannot go on with forestry; but the fact is that he has not physical stamina enough to do anything which even comes in sight of the strenuous.

The Scheafers are here, and I suppose will dine with me on Friday night. They are in good health and spirits, of course greatly disgusted with Lilian and all her works. They had an enchanting time in the Black Forest, and tell me I made the mistake of a lifetime in not going with them. If I had known on the other side of the water that Mrs. Homans had so much interest in Perky, I am not sure that I might not have stayed; but I could not leave her alone and I thought she needed me more than was really the case.

I went Saturday to Plymouth. Miss Spooner is exactly the same: kindly, simple, straightforward, and of a narrowness of interest which still confused me after acquaintance of over thirty years. How she can help being interested in something outside of the little circle of her personal life, I cannot conceive. It presents itself to my mind as a stupendous feat of will, when in reality it is nothing

of the sort. I cannot get it out of my inner consciousness that to achieve an aloofness so complete one must have gone through long and severe mental discipline. She has much executive ability, a good mind, and a clear head. I suspect that her determined avoidance of anything which can be called society may have its far roots in the fact that when she was yet in her mother's bosom, that mother, a country-bred woman, with little social aptitude and no social experience, was brooding a good deal at home alone while the gay and brilliant young lawyer-father was flitting about, the petted of the women and the admired of the men. It is all queer, however, but it is not in the least unfortunate for her. She knows herself to be useful in her small world -- she is on committees and things, and is a most efficient member, -- and she is the most delightfully contented person I know. She has not the capacity of great joys or poignant sorrows; but the compensation is a serene and confident life.

Later. I have been to a luncheon given by Mrs. Homans. It was to be a clerical luncheon, but Mr. Crothers gave out, and I took his vacant place. A couple of dreams told

were moderately amusing. Mrs. Helen Bell said that years ago she dreamed that she had a note from Mrs. Martin Brimer, at that time the great king-pin of social Boston, asking her to come and read Browning to a number of ladies. Mrs. Bell dreamed that she went, found about fifty ladies, and amid an impressive silence began to read. She had not read more than a dozen lines when Mrs. Brimer sprang up -- she was a portly lady, and with an expression of face which conveyed the idea of a portly, nay, of an obese mind -- and waved to her to pause. Extending a perfectly stark forefinger, Mrs. Brimer declared excitedly: "It is so obscure that it has already paralyzed my finger! Stop at once, or we shall all be paralyzed together." And with an overwhelming sense of shame, as if she solely were responsible for the catastrophe, Mrs. Bell woke.

The other dream was told by Anna Fuller, who, by the way has begun a new series of "Pratt's Portraits" in the Atlantic. When she was a girl she had been reading in "Little Women" the chapter in which Meg tries so heroically to make jelly, and it will not "jell." In her sleep Miss Fuller thought that a glorious angel appeared, and hovered over her bed. "Little girl, little girl", it said, "you were

meant for an angel, -- but you would n't jell!"

Dr. De Normandy was very interesting in telling of his talk in London this summer with various dignitaries. One of them took him off into a retired room, and almost like a conspirator, said: "We know England has passed her climax and is on the decline; but what can we do to stop it?"

I said, in reference to the possibility that the English would be forced to leave India, that if they did the world would see repeated the condition of things when the Romans left England 411 A.D. "That is queer," the Dr. said. "I made that same remark in a sermon three weeks ago."

I could have told him that I had expressed the opinion, such as it is, a good deal longer ago than that. *(And very*

likely I borrowed it!)

Please do not think that I am running down the English. I only started to tell you the talk, and it did not occur to me that it might be unpleasant to you. If it is I am very sorry.

Miss Fuller, by the way, said that nothing unconnected with her personally had ever given her more pleasure than the comradship between you and me. Of course I have known her a good ^{my} many years, although I do not see her of-

ten. You probably do not remember her, although she was at Campobello both times we were there in the Norna.

Nov. 17. I finished the day by dining with Mrs. Tyson. Henry Vaughan and Miss Tyson made the rest of the company. Mr. Tyson wished to tell me the story of the experiences of the Colod Committee, and how they were beaten by Fairbanks. He said he would resign if he couldn't have his own way; and Mr. Lane brought the Committee to give in. He said F. was so obstinate that nothing would move him, and that we could not have a row with the Director at this juncture.

Kempman Coolidge, by the way, who has behaved damnably, wishes Richard Boston for Director. Poor Mrs. Lane has a hard row to hoe. Mrs. Tyson insists, just as Howard Walker does, that Fairbanks is a double-dealer.

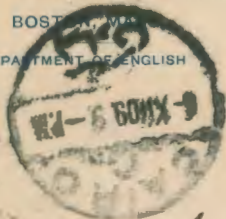
With love

Dad.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



ORSON BATES, ESQ.



Nubian Arch. Survey

Dakka

Nubia
Upper Egypt

~~CONDON & CO.~~

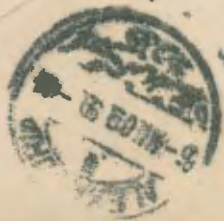
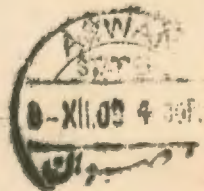
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~~CAIRO~~

EGYPT.

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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Nov. 19, 1908.

Dear Boy:

I ordered a book from London, meaning to get it to you for your birthday. By a stupid blunder at Clarke's it has not yet arrived, and cannot get to you in time. I can only send you greetings and wishes for many happy returns, with the promise of forwarding the book if it ever comes to hand.

I am a little puzzled to see why you make your people in Syria drink tea instead of coffee, but I suppose you know your own business.

Sunday: Nov. 21. Bob Wheelwright has just been in, and sends you his love. He came on for the Harvard-Yale game, in which, by the way, Yale won, 8--0. He is very pleased with the way things have turned out for him, and is getting on well.

I dined last night with the Joe Adamowskis, and tomorrow night I dine with the Billy Parkers, and go on with them to the opera, --"Rigoletto." The advantage of

the opera for us poor folk is that our friends with boxes invite us to share them.

I have at last succeeded in pushing my way through "The Ambassadors", and I am rewarded by having at last come clearly to see why Henry James has no hold on me. I knew that I hated his style -- or want of it, -- and that his self-conscious abstractions who hypnotize each other into knowing all sorts of unspoken subtelties instead of conversing were not for me in the least human. They have ink in their veins instead of blood. But stupidly enough I have never really formulated the underlying fault until now; and it is that James has absolutely no ethical feelings or convictions. Art is after all the expression of convictions about life, and ethics is the crystalized experience of the race. To be without convictions in regard to ethics is to skate over the surface of human existence as a water-driver skates over the surface of a pool. It may be dextrous, but it is not, to me at least, of any vital or permanent interest. It may be that I am saying simply that I am too much of a Puritan to care for James, but I have at least a clear idea at last of why we can never come together.

I had a delightful long call this afternoon upon Mrs. Morton Prince, for whom I have a strong admiration and an equally strong liking. She knows the Motts, and has the least possible respect for either of them. She says that although she has made it a point to avoid Mrs. Mott, has never been at her house or asked Mrs. Mott to hers, she had last spring a letter from a cousin who is the wife of the consul at Algeria (I think), saying that she had been seeing a good deal of "your very intimate friend", Mrs. Mott, who was camping down in the city during her wanderings. She is much interested in you and your work, and in archaeology in general. Bayard Cutting is an intimate friend of her son Morton, and she has shared with him more or less of his aspirations to go into archaeology; but the poor lad has just had a second hemorrhage from the lungs, and is in rather a serious condition.

She has been staying with the Joe Chamberlains in England, and was most interesting about him and English politics. Naturally she is Union Liberal in feeling, that being what he is; but she has always the saving grace of an outsider with a wise mind, so that she could not be a

violent partizan. She said that Mr. Chamberlain had said
to her more than once of Gladstone: "The trouble always^{was}
that people did not and would not discriminate the sort
of power he had. He was the ablest financier that Eng-
land ever knew, and his followers transferred that power
to everything; whereas as a statesman he was hopelessly
incompetent, and miraculously conceited." I do not pre-
tend that my memory of her memory has resulted in Mr.
Chamberlain's actual words, but the substance cannot be
greatly altered.

She is disgusted with Richard Norton's close alliance
with the Brandegees, and says that it is possible because
Norton deliberately shows to Mr. Brandegee^{only} the side which
he knows will be agreeable. She is a kindly woman, and so
seldom has any hard word for anybody that it meant much
when she added: "Mr. Norton has a genius for cultivating
the helpful rich."

Do send an occasional word to Ellen. She is really hurt
that you neglect her, and I have invented one or two re-
membrances to please her.

The "Archaeology" goes to the Atlantic tomorrow. It is
really very good, whether they take it or not.

With love,
Dad.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

BOSTON
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ORIG BATH, MASS.;

~~CONDON & CO.~~

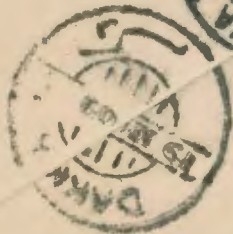
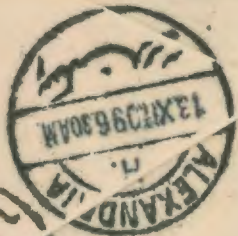
~~YACR EL NIL.~~

~~CAIRO.~~

EGYPT. *Sippe*

M. J. Arch. Survey
Dakka
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B 18



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Nov. 21, 1909.

Dear Boy:

I mailed a letter for you yesterday, and this morning comes one from you. I return Mrs. Walshes' note, and I will ask H., M. & Co. to send to Miss Walsh a copy of "Old Salem." What you say about coming home breaks my heart, but I cannot alter what I have said in letters that you must have received before this. If I ^{could} ~~could~~, I would. It is hard for me to say that I think we must live apart for a time, but I see no way out of it. -- I will not go again over the dreary ground. I will only add that I hope the articles you have written may find purchasers: but where are the ^{that are} magazines to buy thirty stories a year if you could write them? You do not think of being able to live on less than \$2000 a year -- you could not, with a wife, live on that; and twenty-six stories at \$75 each, which is a fair average price, comes to \$1950; thirty, to only \$2250. Two good stories a month would give you \$1800 -- if you could write them! -- and leave you sucked as

dry at the end of a couple of years as the skin of a street Arab's orange! It makes me weep to say it, but the truth is that except by the successful dramatist or the cheap popular novelist, no man can live by his pen today unless he is content to live in the cheapest corner of Malden or Melrose.

Mrs. and Mr. Russell Sullivan went to the New Theatre in New York the other night to see "Antony and Cleopatra." Of course they could hear almost nothing. At last a gorgeous official, in a splendid blue robe came in, saluted Cleopatra, and planted his staff firmly on the ground. The Queen addressed something to him, and he replied in the first sentence Russell had been able to make out: "Arthur Pier has come." Somewhat astonished, for although he knew the friendship between Pier and Winthrop Ames Russell could not recall any mention of it in Shakespeare; he turned to Lucy. "What did he say?" he asked. "I thought he said," she answered, "that Arthur Pier had come; but of course he didn't. When they had returned home, Russell was able to make out from the text that what had actually been uttered was:

"Half ⁺afeard to come." I tell the tale as Russell tells it, although the line in the original is, I think, Char-

I think the original is Charinac's speech. "He is afeard to come."

mian's: "He is afeared to come. "

At the Tavern's Halloween party, which was postponed on account of the Lowell dinner, which in its turn had been postponed on account of Charlie Stargis' death, I presided, and had to auction off a billiard table. It was first raffled, and I called -- on the inspiration of the moment -- for Eutie Jacques to do the drawing. He came across the length of the room, and drew his own name. It was regarded by the crowd at the moent as a put-up job, but it was entirely a coincidence. He presented it to the club, and amid much chaffing I sold it for \$100.

"At the Fourth Flag" has come. It is not so good as the other stories, but I will try its fate with the publishers.

I send you the Villon, but if you are thinking of giving it away I must call your attention to the fact that according to her unpleasant custom Mrs. Moulton has marked it a good deal, -- and in ~~ink~~ ink.

I am much afraid that an editor would balk at the many accents of "The Daugh. of Ib. etc.", but even if he does not, you may as well make up your mind that no magazine will print them all.

At the Tavern the other day a game of billiards was on, in which the players were making one futile shot after another, and scoring nothing. "This is a sort of long distance game," someone said. "Oh, no;" put in Tarbell with a droll grimace upward at the unmoved string of counters; "wireless."

Joe Millett has invented a portable sub-marine apparatus, which will come within the means of any sailing vessel. It has been tested by the Boston pilots, who are full of enthusiasm over it. He has also devised a mechanical stethoscope, or a stethoscope for machines. It is a sort of telephone diaphragm in principle, which will not respond to noises in the air, and only works by contact. Of course each piece of machinery has its normal sound, and this is heard only more clearly by the use of the stethoscope. If, however, anything is out of order, and the smallest sound of grating, jarring, or the like is produced, this is at once detected and located by the instrument, long before it would be audible to the unassisted ear. The instrument must have a wide range of application, once it is understood and introduced, and the idea is certainly delightfully ingenious.

BOSTON, MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

As the English book is not yet here, I have asked Clarke to send you "The Gates of the Sahara" for your birthday. It is not well written and parts of it are dull, but I thought you would get enough out of it to make it worth a while. At any rate it goes with my love.

Nov. 27. Your letter has come asking for the books, and with my usual promptness I have been this morning to the Museum to get the pictures. The old-time ticket-seller -- I forget her name -- sold them to me for you at the price charged to Museum folk. As this reduced the bill from \$9. to \$4.50 it was a favor of some consequence. The books I will look out tomorrow.

It would have been \$10 000 in your pocket if I could have got out of the world six months ago; for the Provident have so forced up the policies that I am throwing over my last two policies there. One I abandoned last spring but I covered it in the New England. Now I am with a sore heart forced into this. I thought you should know this, as I once told you the amount of the insurance.

You write in a dear spirit about my letter. I have harked back to the subject once or twice, because I was

so sorry for you and because I felt that nothing but the truth ^would serve. I am sorry I have hurt you by writing "Miss Welsh". It was absolutely thoughtless, and the natural way for me to speak of one I had never seen.

I made in my sleep last night a proverb which --if I do say it -- would not have disgraced Poor Richard: "He ~~whos~~ whose estate is spent money must live on spilled milk." It really sounds rather well, I think!

I am dining tonight with the Walkers for whist, and on Monday with Mrs. Homans. On Tuesday with the Sullivans, in their new house.

Another whimsical thing has turned up in the Linsey Cullen matter. Pat has sent me a cutting from the "lost" column of the Transcript, advertising the watch of a ^{and it is} landy marked "L. Cullen from her mother". As the watch was lost while the wearer was on the way to South Boston, I refuse to believe the "L." to stand for "Lansay"! Pat writes: "Have you been mistaken about the poet's sex?"

The big curator in the Egyptian rooms asked after you with affection, and said that they commented among themselves that if they had you instead of Mr. Rose to work for they should get more consideration.

Always with love,

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

Dad.

BROWNE-DALAND ENGAGEMENT

Interesting Announcement at a Tea
Given by Mrs. William Maynadier
Browne

Mrs. William Maynadier Browne's informal tea at her house at 32 Peterboro' street, Back Bay, this afternoon, is in honor of the engagement of her daughter, Katharine Maynadier Browne, to Elliot Daland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Deland of Fisher Hill, Brookline. Miss Browne is a granddaughter of the late Causten Browne.

Berlin, Nov. 24.—The "Flora" bust which Dr. Bode, curator of the Emperor Frederick Museum, purchased in England and concerning the genuineness of which a thorough investigation is being made has proved to be not the work of Richard Cocker-Lucas, according to Privy Councillor Miehe, who has just completed an official examination. Dr. Bode had already submitted to Emperor William, who called upon him to do so, the proofs in his possession that the bust was the work of Leonardo Da Vinci. Professor Miehe says that Lucas in all probability carried out some slight restoration on the left half of the

HOGARTH COMING TO LECTURE

FIRST UNDER CHAS. FLIOT NORTON MEMORIAL

Washington, Nov. 29—Announcement was made today by Secretary Mitchell Carroll of the Archæological Institute of America that David G. Hogarth, M. A., curator of the Ashmolean Museum, University of Oxford, will be the first foreign lecturer under the Charles Elliot Norton memorial foundation recently endowed by James Loeb of New York. Mr. Hogarth begins his lecture tour under the society's engagement at Halifax, N. S., tonight, and will address a half dozen societies of the institute in Canada before coming to the United States for a series of lectures. The institute's officers are gratified at securing Mr. Hogarth for the first foreign lecturer. He is an eminent archæological explorer, geographer and author, having explored Asia Minor on four expeditions, excavated the site of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus for the British Museum and conducted many other important excavations and explorations in Egypt, Crete and Asia Minor.

... was born in 1826 in New Castle, Me., where his father, Colonel John Glidden, was engaged in shipbuilding, which was then perhaps the most thriving industry of that State. He began his business career in New Orleans, where he married Emma M. Clark. Coming North, he chose Boston for his home. Mr. Glidden is survived by two sons and four daughters, the oldest of whom is the wife of D. D. Morss, treasurer of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

HAD MANY BUSINESS INTERESTS

Benjamin Rodman Weld Was Director or Officer in Various Manufacturing Companies and Banks

Benjamin Rodman Weld, president of the Lyman Mills, who has died of heart trouble at his residence on Forest Hills street, Jamaica Plain, aged sixty-eight years, had been confined to his home since July. He was a director of the Webster and Atlas Bank, Suncook Mills, Pocasset Manufacturing Company, National Rockland Bank, Roxbury; Manchester Mills, and of the Arkwright Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He was a trustee of the Institution for Savings in Roxbury and chairman of the Statistics Trustees.

Mr. Weld was born in Jamaica Plain, the son of Francis M. Weld. His mother was Elizabeth Rodman, of a prominent New

A Fourth-Year Student's comment upon a photograph of the relief showing the Parting of Orpheus and Eurydice, an Attic work of the Phidian Age.

"Relief from tombstone, illustrating a myth of the departure of a sweet singer from her husband, by the will of the gods, for a misconduct on the part of the singer".

