

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 12, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

It is Columbus Day, and our Catholic city is having a grand Catholic parade. Last year the church put some ten thousand in line on a Sunday, but the Italians and the Irish do not affiliate over well, so with great astuteness the church had Columbus Day made a legal holiday, and of course with the plea of its being a national celebration roped in everybody -- large numbers who are not Catholics included. The procession today is to be six hours passing a given point. I have seen an hour of it, and that was enough for me. Everything has been done to give the whole thing the religious air. Two thirds of the bands played as they passed the head of Brimmer St., where I had a twenty-five cent standing place on a wagon, "Adeste", and numerous others one hymn or another. The Hibernian bands, it is true, were rioting incongruously in "The Wearing of the Green", but the music was very largely religious. The cross was everywhere, and priests were as thick as the insects of Beelzebub at the Tower of Babel. The floats of

* Evening. Ellen assures me that this is not true, but that everybody was of the faith.

and ~~the~~ knights of Columbus
the Italian section were as good as I ever saw anywhere.
Most of them were scenes from the life of Columbus. It
was noticeable that Columbus, even before he set out for
his voyaging, was a grey-haired old man. I think they
were right in keeping to the conventional figure, for it
was more likely to appeal to the crowd.

I am accustomed to feel that the growth of the Catho-
lic ~~spixxxx~~ church here is a good thing because of the
crowd of foreigners who can be held through nothing but
superstition; but I confess that when I saw this train
of thin-faced -- I should say false-faced if it did not
sound so much like a Puritan cant phrase! -- ^{clerics} I confess my
heart was sick. To see the stars and stripes paraded so
to the glory of ~~the~~ Papal cunning was rather too much
for my stomach! -----

Ellen arrives at this moment. She was as wild as a
kitten in a wind before she went out, but the bleak Oct-
ober blast has taken the folly out of her. She returns
with the tidings that the time of "passing a single point"
was only three instead of six hours, but that the Irish-
men were the finest thing that man ever saw. "I declare
to God", she exclaims with fervor, "that the Irish are the

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finest men the sun ever shown on. "

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON MASS.
I dined last night at Milton to meet Miss Huntington.

She is agreeable, well-informed, and has a pretty wide
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acquaintance. She has a carefully restrained, or more correctly a well-bred eagerness for personal information. I do not think she would gossip in any unkindly sense, but she has a lickerous relish for personal tid-bits. I liked her, but, oh, son of my soul, what a woman for a confidant! I should as soon think of being confidential with a female reporter. I do not mean that unkindly; but I should trust neither her judgment nor her reticence.

I gave Elizabeth your message. And that reminds me to say what I did not say before, although I thought it. As you ask me about writing to her, I take the liberty to remind you that your relations to Miss W. come into the question. After what has happened, Mrs. Bowditch at least will inevitably be likely to misunderstand your opening a correspondence if -- I have put that too strongly. I mean only to remind you of the dangers of false constructions. I am not fishing for information, but merely trying to help you to see clearly.

Miss Huntington told an amusing tale of a president of

Oberlin whose name escapes me. He built a house, and when it was completed ^{afternoon} he summoned his friends to a house-warming. The fire-insurance was signed at twelve of the day appointed for the party, and when the friends gathered in the afternoon they were called upon to assist in saving the goods of the host from a fire that destroyed the building. The standing of the President prevented any contest or dispute over the payment of the policy, but on the edge of the receipt sent him to sign someone had penciled: "We see that the papers were signed at twelve and that the fire did not break out until two. Why this delay?"

I have a new set of glasses, but I am not at all sure that they are right yet. I shall go to the poor-house by the time the bills are all ~~paid~~ paid.

Uncle John has not been near me since I dragged him to dinner when I came home early in September. He dined here, by the way, two days before the date of your last letter, and that was four weeks and a half ago. He is incorrigible. Of course I shall look him up, but it is not easy to keep up both sides of a friendship.

Tomorrow night is the "Travelers' Dinner" at the Tavern.

It is not easy to know what to say on such an occasion, especially as Mr. Higginson proposes to preside, and if he

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does the dinner will be slow. I have evolved a scheme out

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of which I ~~may~~ make something -- if not much. I shall say that since the protective tariff has brought in floods of immigrants which have swamped out the descendents of the original settlers I thought I might be of service to ethnology by going to one of the obscure corners where some remnant of the Anglo-Saxon stock is still to be found and studying the folk. This will give me a chance to comment upon their customs, speech, manners, and morals in a mock-scientific fashion. It will not be very funny, but it is the best I can do under discouraging circumstances.

Langdon, whom I met on the street, informed me in a degage manner that he had purchased 58 Chestnut St. I do not of course know anything about his financial affairs beyond common talk, but I wondered whether the Bellamy Notes might

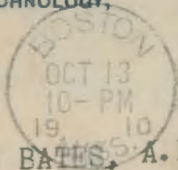
not have come to the
rescue.

I am sorry to say that Lang-
don is not very popular among
the older men of the Tavern. His
manner gives an air of self-
sufficiency which is by some
of them condemned in pretty
vigorous English. The matter is
not helped by the fact that his
father has the name of thinking
rather more of himself and of his
opinions than is warranted
by the facts, and the sins of the
fathers — alas, for you! — are
apt to be visited on the children.

I feel sorrowful to think
that another Thanksgiving is in
sight and you half a world away.
I hate holidays! — I trust everything
goes well. Always with love,
Dad.

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BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



BACK BAY
STATION



ORIC BATES, A. B.;

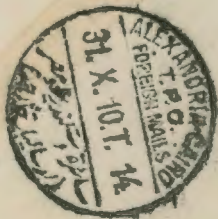
CONGDON & CO.;

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PIERCE-EMERY NUPTIALS

St. Paul's in Brookline Scene of Wedding of Member of the Vincent Club

Miss Dorothy Wendell Pierce of Brookline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Pierce of Brookline, was married at noon yesterday at St. Paul's Church, Brookline, to Frederick Ingersoll Emery, Harvard, 1902, son of Mr. and Mrs. Woodward M. Emery of Cambridge. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Leonard H. Storrs, rector emeritus of St. Paul's Church. The

bales; 1907, 379,886 bales, and 1906, 503,481 bales. The contrast by pounds and values and by export prices per pound shows:

SEPTEMBER COTTON EXPORTS

	Pounds.	Value.	Per Pound.
1910.....	399,252,017	\$54,882,811	13.74 cts.
1909.....	363,966,350	46,164,510	12.68 cts.
1908.....	348,529,855	32,485,795	9.32 cts.
1907.....	196,889,118	24,285,553	12.37 cts.
1906.....	265,105,827	25,264,325	9.53 cts.

Note the doubling of amount of cotton exported as compared with September, 1907, while value rose 126 per cent, price per pound 1.37 cents. That is, 1910

bride, who is a popular member of the Vincent Club, was given in marriage by her father. She had no bridal attendants other than two of her three sisters, Mrs. Thomas Barlow (Rosamond Pierce) and Miss Mary Pierce. Another sister, Miss Sallie Pierce, is engaged to Dr. James Lincoln Huntington, who was one of the ushers. Others to serve as such were Edward Cary Williams of Milton, Richard King Hale of Brookline, Manning Emery, Jr., Harvard, 1900, the bridegroom's cousin, William Eustis Russell, who graduated from the same university two years ago, and Lawrence Frothingham. Gardner Hubbard was best man. Following the ceremony there was a reception and breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Fisher avenue.

to reduce output by 2000 tons, or 11,000
pounds in the current fiscal year.

The Mobile & Ohio Railroad reports for
the year ended June 30 a surplus available
for dividends of \$552,586, compared with
\$437,437 for the previous year.

L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware &
Hudson Company, has been elected a direc-
tor of Wells, Fargo & Co., succeeding F.
V. S. Crosby.

EARNINGS STATEMENTS

Late Returns of Railroads and Other Cor- porations

Railroad and other earnings are reported
as follows in comparison with the corre-

of the preceding year:

MISS CORNELIA WOLCOTT ENGAGED

**Only Daughter of the Late Governor
Wolcott Is to Marry Rev. Samuel S.
Drury**

Announcement is made by Mrs. Roger Wolcott, of Commonwealth avenue and Milton, of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Cornelia F. Wolcott, to Rev. Samuel S. Drury of Concord, N. H., formerly of St. Stephen's Episcopal parish at the South End. Miss Wolcott, who is the only daughter of the late Governor Wolcott, has four brothers—Roger, who married Claire Prince; Samuel Huntington, who married Hannah Stevenson; William Prescott, of the Harvard class of '03, and Oliver Wolcott, Harvard, '13. Miss Wolcott is a member of the Vincent Club and is interested in the "neighborhood" work of St. Stephen's parish. Mr. Drury, who is thirty-two years old, is the son of the late Dr. Samuel S. Drury of Bristol, R. I., and was graduated from Harvard in 1901. He went to the Philippines with Bishop Brent, and on his return to the States was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Brent in St. Michael's Church, Bristol, in 1908. He became rector of St. Stephen's Church soon after that. At present he is vice-rector of St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H.

' Home Journal
atterns

s in
Ladies' Suits

ailored models in all colors, in-
ing, coats in semi-fitting and
ain models.....**29.00 to 49.00**

stedes, black, navy and colors,
th velvet collars and cuffs, new
ide and front..**30.00 to 65.00**

are smart tailored models, built
.....**45.00 to 65.00**

braided models and velvets.

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BOSTON, MASS.

October 16, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Sir Dr. Boy, Esq.:

I did not mean to take any part in the matter of your relations to Miss W., but you force me to say at least that you seem to me to be playing fast and loose with her. She is, and you cannot but know it, more than ready to meet you half way, and you cannot but know that a "half-suggestion" that she come to Cairo would be taken as a whole one. You probably wrote it with a consciousness that it would mean to her a great deal more than it did to you, and you might have known that you expected to get from it credit for a warmth which did not exist. It served you right that she took it up. If she had come to Cairo it could have meant nothing but a declared engagement, which is probably what she -- supposed you to mean that it should, I will say.

Now, Boy, I do not know how things stand, and I do not wish to know until something is definitely settled. You wrote me that you and she had come down to mere friendship, whatever that meant. If it was true, you had only one

square course: to let the whole correspondence gradually drop away. I am hindered somewhat from being entirely frank, but ^ythrough all this it has been evident to half an eye that you have been foolishly -- and from my point of view most unworthily-- philandering, as you would ^{write} ~~do~~ anything in petticoats; she has been morbidly in earnest, as she was about the other man, and she has in so far responded to any of your fool advances as to make situations compromising which most girls would have helped you to keep on the side of the line which means safety.

The ^uquestion now is of decency and honor. You have no right to sacrifice her to your selfish desire for somebody to play at being in love with. Either make up your mind to marry her, or drop the thing, not abruptly but surely. You certainly are not to write to Elizabeth while you keep up this correspondence. You have allowed yourself to get entangled because you have no control over your self or your tongue when a girl is concerned. You think you are not to *- or at least probably excuse yourself -* blame BECAUSE IN YOUR HEART YOU MEAN NOTHING WHILE YOU GIVE THE GIRL EVERY REASON TO THINK YOU DO. Nothing could be a more weak sophistry, and few run so near to -- qualities which a gentleman does not tolerate in himself or in others.

Your first impulse over this letter will probably be to call yourself ^Mhard names, ^Asay to your self that you are

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rotten to the core, etc., ect. It is not a very wholesome or a very manly amusement, according to my thinking, but I have done too much of it myself to be in a position to rail at you for it. Remember, however, that self-reproach and repentance are vices of weak minds. The strong man reforms.

One piece of advice, and I am done with a subject which it is painful for me to touch at all. NEVER SEND MISS W. A LINE UNTIL IT IS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OLD AND YOU ARE STILL READY TO STAND BY IT TO THE FOOT OF THE LETTER. You know that she will take what you say for more than you mean in any case, and you would be a blackguard ~~to~~ not to guard against any possibilities of self-deception on her part that you can foresee. SELAH!!

. . . .

Ellen has gone to mass, because, as she informed me, she is today making her Christmas cake, and if she does not go to church "it might go back on her." It is a beautiful bit of mediaevalism.

As for Mrs. Homans and "one d. thing," she never in the least offered it as ^{any}thing but a quotation; so that as far as that goes her reputation is safe. She is back in her

apartment; still lame, but otherwise seeming pretty well. She has about her now, however, a certain air of frailty which is new. If it will make her take care of herself it may in the end be an advantage, but it gives me a chill.

I was wrong about Langdon's house. I misunderstood him. It is his brother Roger who has bought the house on Chestnut street. Lang has taken one in Mt. Vernon Square, that place near the "fire-house". Ellen snuffs at it, but it is probably a good enough place. Langdon says it is of the size of a dry-goods box.

Yesterday afternoon Bob Wheelwright came in again, and I gave him tea. He says that Hebe -- I mean Hinckle, wrote to him not long ago from St. Paul's school, saying that he was going to N.Y. to look for a job, and expressing the opinion that this was God's own country after all.

Hebe has gone back, as you probably know, and is to be in charge of things this winter as last.

I am told that there is a hitch in N.Y. about Ned Robinson's being put in the place left vacant by the resignation of Sir Purdon Clarke. I have not been able to discover what it means, and it may be merely a baseless rumor. I heard it from Miss McLean, Mrs. Hill's sister, who spoke of Sir

Burdon with a warmth which surprised me. I thought he had been regarded as a sort of mild failure, but she said that

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he had done great things for the Museum, and that it was felt that Mr. Robinson was not equal to taking his place.

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It will be a sharp blow to Ned and a worse one to Mrs. if he is not given the ^{Appointment} place, and I cannot but think Miss McLean was somehow mistaken.

I am not clear from your letter whether the chopping-off-head majesty of your statue is your invention or only the connection of him with the head. Neither can I make out whether you meant what you wrote in regard to size -- 1:1, which would mean, I suppose, that the photo was of the size of the object. It is certainly ingenious if you invented the whole group; whether it is also convincing I am not in a position to decide.

I congratulate you on your "discoveries". In regard to ethnology -- I do not pretend to know what your chief interest in life is or is to be. I have heard you say that it is letters; but I have never been sure that even you have yet found out. Your remarks on the subject of any d--d fool and his ability to dabble in archaeology come with suspicious nearness with your inquiries about my summer's work in the shell-heaps, but luckily I am not sensitive on that subject.

You ask about my finds. I did not discover much that was new. I got some good patterns in pottery, the usual bone points, beaver-tooth knives, fish-spears, and so on. One bone thing that Willoboughty thinks may have been a rocker for the decoration of pottery -- may have been! It is not toothed, but I found also a lip decorated with an untoothed rocker, the first I ever saw. The two things may belong together, but I am a little skeptical. The pipe is of course the chief find of the year.

Your theological discussion amuses me. When it is so evident beyond the faintest peradventure that all deities that man has worshipped have been and are anthropomorphic, and so are merely the traits of man thrown up on the mists of the unknown as on a screen, why discuss whether the traits are or are not creditable to a god? They are all the material man has out of which to make a god, and that is all that can be said on the matter. You must ~~dig from~~ dig from deeper pools of ~~the~~ thought before you offer draughts of your drawing

In the cool gateway of fair Ispahan.

The snowy-bearded Sufi would smile at you as a novice in wisdom. As for your natural law and a crime, you should have been clever enough to see the flaw in the question. A

4 *Who knows enough of the law to identify a violation?*

crime by natural law would be a violation of that law. His question really was: "How can natural law permit a violation

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of the law of man?" Who can be sure that the law of man is in accord with natural law? Of course theology, to justify its own existence, has to assume that it is the quintessence of natural law, but this is mere arbitrary claim on the part of every partisan of any and every faith; it cannot be true of all, and there is no reason that I am able to see to suppose that it is true of any. My reason for doubting that any theology is in accord with natural law is simple: every theology is based upon the idea that man is the centre and final cause of the universe. Science has already pronounced such an assumption absurd, but theology clings to it in a desperate struggle for self-preservation. That the laws of any system involving a proposition so violently impossible should be in harmony with the laws of nature, in other words with the cannons of the universe itself, is unthinkable. That is the way, at least, in which the thing presents itself to my mind.

At the Tavern Dinner Henry Higginson introduced me as the "Tavern's Grand Old Man"!!! Now how do you feel? Bob Andrews in his little speech told a story which is very likely old, but which may not be. It was to the effect that a

gentleman was accosted in the street of New York by a bum who begged for ten cents and said frankly that he wanted it for a drink. The gentleman answered that it was undoubtedly his duty to discourage drinking habits, but that such honesty disarmed him. "Come into this saloon," he said, "and I'll give you a drink." They went in, and the gentleman said to the bar-tender: "Give me two whiskeys, please." Whereupon up spoke undauntedly and promptly the bum: "I'll take the same."

My first Newburyport lecture comes on Wednesday. I am to stay down all night with Mrs. Waters, and dine and play bridge at the Hales'. I had on the whole rather come home, but I shall have a pleasant time, I have no doubt.

Leaveret came in last night after Bob departed, and him I kept to dine. His mother has let her house for three y'rs and after visiting Ralph in Dakota goes abroad with Margaret. Leaveret has no idea what he shall do. That family does seem about as scattering as any I ever knew. I should think that the desire to get somewhere and stay there would become so powerful that they would take if need be a hovel in South Boston.

Good bye, my dear; don't lay up against me anything I said earlier in this, for I love you.

Yours,

Dad

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

This tale is too improper to be set down in a letter, but it is too funny to be lost.

A man in the sixties and very deaf went to call on his aunt, eighty and also in a condition ^{of the man} when

"A verbal message was nothing to him

Though you lived an earwig to carry it in."

The conversation between them was as follows.

Old body: "Why, John Henry, is that you?" I declare I've hardly seen you since I used to put didies on you."

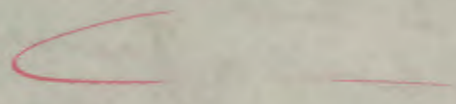
Visitor: "What?"

O.L.: "I've hardly seen you since I used to put didies on to you."

V. (at the very top-top of his lungs) "I
can't hear you."

O. L. "I said, I used to put didies
on you."

V. (evidently thinking that he must
do something to keep up his
end of the conversation). "Well,
the old place aint what it
used to be."



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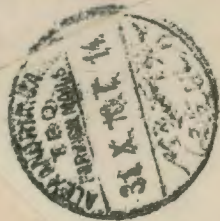
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ROCK BAY
STATION 3



Arabic Rates, A.D.;
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Cairo;
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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Oct. 21, 1910.

Dear Ray:

I have just seen Mrs. Bradley, and I was really shocked that you have not written to her to thank her for my picture. She made it as a present to you, and had it photographed for you, and you have not the common politeness even to acknowledge it. Fortunately she is sure that it cannot have reached you. Now I have expressed before my opinion of lying, but on this occasion you must lie with vigor and precision. You can say - I suggested what was probably the truth that the pic-

them must have been for-
warded to Syria. You must
now receive it back again
after delays impossible any-
where else but to be effected
in the East. Don't dare to go
to bed until you have done
this!

I went to Newburyport on Wednesday on the hottest nine-
teenth of October that the weather bureau ^{re} has even regis-
tered in Boston. I got through the lecture pretty well in
spite of it. I dined at the Hales' in a lovely old colon-
ial house, and after dinner Mr. Hale and I walked in the
charming old fashioned garden in the light of the hunter's
moon, bare-headed and in evening dress, and not too cold.
It has been an amazing autumn; but the seasons are certain-
ly warmer than they used to be. Something may be due to the
changes in theology; and perhaps the fact that T.R. is mak-
ing things so hot has something to do with it. He spoke
here last night, but naturally I did not go. He seems to
have gone stark, raving mad with egotism.

The death of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe takes away another of the old notables, and now nobody is left of that set except T.W. Higginson and Frank Sanborn, - neither of whom arouses in me any profound admiration. Mrs. Howe owed her place not to anything in especial that she did, but chiefly to what she was. She had a body of wonderful physical vitality and a mind of astonishing vivacity. She was witty and clever; she had never a conviction or a conscience, and as fate gave her ancestral habits of fair behavior she escaped possible harm from this cause and was free to enjoy all the advantages. I have often told her that she really cared no more for woman's rights than I did, but it was a convenient cause in which to employ her energies with pleasure and with the winning of applause; and to it she gave the powers of a mind of some vigor and of more adroitness.

Mrs. Bradley said that at the funeral she thought of my impudent remark to Mrs. Howe years ago, when I said that only one thing could mitigate the pain of attending her ^{obse-} ~~fun-~~ ^{quies} ~~eral~~, and that would be my curiosity to see what she would say, as I was sure she could not neglect the chance to make a few remarks.

Mrs. Howe reminds one of the so-called higher education, and that recalls a question on the last summer's entrance

examination at Bryn Mawr: "What is the difference between Milton's view of nature and that of the Romantic Poets?"

Did one ever hear of such nonsense as the idea that a girl entering college has or should have any ideas on such a subject beyond what she has committed to memory in some idiotically mistaken fitting-school? It is a rather fool thing for anybody to consider; but on an entrance exam.--
Ye gods and little fishes!

The Museum Committee, I am told, has confirmed your appointment as in charge during Dr. Reisner's absence. I will not ask what that means of any one here, -- not because I have quarrelled with anybody, but because I avoid anybody who could tell me except Mr. Lane, and him I never see, - but I should like to know. I am very much in the dark about what you really are to do, when Dr. Reisner is to come, how long the engagement holds you, and all the rest of it. I am sure that if Reisner and the Museum are concerned in the matter you take the job on starvation wages -- do you not? It would give me unholy joy if something would turn up which would allow you to decline to take on Reisner's work, so that you could snap your fingers at the whole lot, and be free from any connection of any sort with the B.M.F.A.

Monday; Oct. 24. I held back this letter waiting to hear from you, and this morning came your pleasant letter of

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Oct. 8: by which I suppose that this will reach Caiho while you are after the ducks at Mersa Matrū -- a place I of

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course never heard of. I wish you luck. I hope you are taking a camera. If you do, I may have a chance to scout your pretensions to criticise my unlucky shots. I am sorry to say that ~~XXXXX~~ Willoughby did not think much more highly of my pictures as works of art than you did, but he was pleased with them as records. As a matter of fact shell-heaps are much the same, when all is said and done, but it is well enough to have proof of it. He is insistent that it is my duty to write up the Maine heaps, but I feel no inclination to do it. I am too strongly impressed with my own ignorance.

Your account of the dinner was very jolly.

I am always glad for the color and richness that comes into your life. I hope that it will not, however, so get into your blood that the West cannot content you. "The call of the East" is generally said to be a dangerous poison.

The phrase reminds me of Kipling. He has written a sequel to "Puck", in which he gives a lot of scenes from later history. I have not seen it, but the one review I have read treats it with scant courtesy. Kipling had not the

staying quality because he was picked so young. He has never had any artistic maturity; and a continued artistic adolescence is not possible.

I have no news, except that by the grace of Heaven the dinner of the Sophomore class at which I was due on Wednesday night has been postponed to a date on which I cannot be present. I did my duty and accepted, so that the Recording Angel must have it down to my credit, and I escape the thing itself.

In some letters which I was burning yesterday was one from your mother to her grandmother Thompson in which she describes you as resplendent in cloak of crimson plush and big white hat with a snowy plume, riding a carriage of most superior style because I had upholstered it with an old cloak of brown velvet which she had discarded, and wrapped in a sumptuous robe made of two old muffs and a tippet! You may remember the picture of the coat and hat, and I remember the pride of Laala when folk stopped her on the street to admire her charge. Handsome babies, it is said, never make handsome men!

I hope Breasted, whoever he is, will offer you a job of extraordinary, gilt-edged superiority, and that you will take it! Always with love,

Dad.

"When planning to abandon airship, had stored kitty away in forward air chamber." Thus the log of the America as kept by Murray Simon, the young British navigator. "Opened it when boat was hauled aboard [the steamship Trent] and found the damn cat curled up, sound asleep. Took kitty out. You should have seen her eyes open, at the strange sight. Started to scratch and claw and howl wonderfully, but soon settled down to a breakfast they brought her." There are five other allusions in the log to the mascot of the America, a small gray kitten that was left at the hangar in Atlantic City and promptly adopted by the whole crew, but the final mention, quoted above, is the statement of prime significance. The men of the America had gone in peril of their lives for three days, and the transfer to the Trent involved more serious risks than any they had yet encountered. They would have been pardonable had they concentrated their thoughts upon themselves. Yet no other incident of the aerial voyage comes closer to the "universal heart" than does this half amusing, half pathetic episode of the recollection and rescue of the little gray kitten.

Shannon.....	12	12¼	11¾	12
Shattuck-Arizona....	23	23½	23	23½
St. Mary's.....	54½	55	54	55
Superior.....	52⅞	52¾	51½	52
Tamarack.....	60	60	62
Tennessee Copper,..	40¼	40⅞
Trinity.....	6½	7	6	6½
Utah Con.....	23¾	24½	24	24½
Victoria.....	3	3⅞	3	3⅞
Winona.....	10	10¼	10	10¾
Wolverine.....	130	131	130	135
Wyandot.....	1½	1¾	1½	1¾

LAND COMPANIES

Boston.....	5	6	5	6
East Boston.....	9	8½	9
Wollaston.....	1	2	1	2

TELEPHONE COMPANIES

American.....	139⅞	140	139	139¼
Cumberland.....	144	150	144	150
Mexican.....	5¾	6	5¾	6
Mexican pf.....	6½	7	6½	7
New England.....	135	134½	135
Western.....	17	19	17	19
Western pf.....	85	90	85	90

ELECTRIC COMPANIES

Boston Suburban....	13½	15⅞	13½	15⅞
Boston Suburban pf.	70	74	70	74
Boston & Wor.....	10½	10½
Boston & Wor pf.....	39¼	39
Edison Electric.....	266	265½	266
Galvest'n & Houst'n.	52	54	51	54
Galv & Houston pf...	94½	94½
Georgia Ry & Elec...	121½	122	121	120½
Ga Ry & Elec pf.....	87	87
Mass Elec.....	20⅞	20½	20¼	20½
Mass Elec pf.....	84½	85	84¾	85
Gen Elec.....	114	115

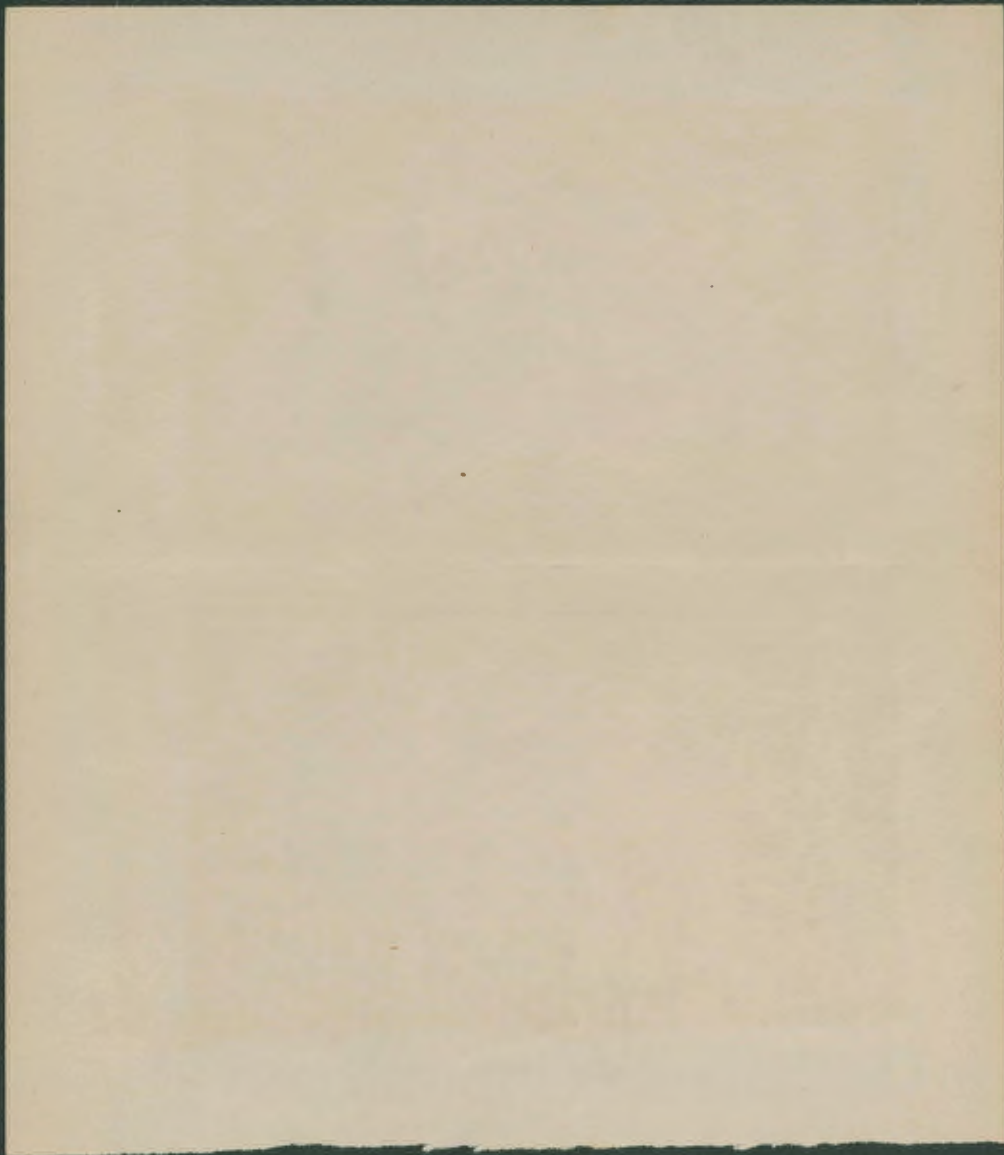
You ask -. and have asked before -- whether any money is floatigg about here for you. I do not under-

stand. Have you reason to suppose anybody
MASSACHUSETTS
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

y has made you his heir? BOSTON,.....190

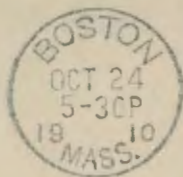
The condition of things is, as for the most part I have already told you, that since you left last year I have paid out for you in one way and another about \$350. I have received \$150 from Scribner's and \$50 from the Atlantic. How much of a balance this leaves in your favor is evident; and what other income of yours was to be paid in here I do not know.

The \$100 for your vacation ~~was~~ is of course another matter. This I shall pay on your City Trust note, and you can then use your own money at that end without the loss of exchange. If this does not suit you please let me know at once. Don't on the strength of this spend \$200! -- and don't be cross at my saying this!!!



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



Mr. Bates, A.B.;
"B" Congdon & Co.;
Kasr-el-Sils;
Cairo;
Egypt.

1386



MISS ALICE BRADFORD ENGAGED

Daughter of Prominent Concord Family to Become Bride of John Bowditch of Framingham

A reception this afternoon at the home-
stead of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. L. Brad-
ford (the latter formerly Florence Hoar)
in Concord, was arranged in honor of the
announcement of the engagement of their
daughter, Miss Alice Bradford, to John
P Bowditch, of Framingham. Miss Brad-
ford's parents formerly lived in Spring-
field, and she is a niece of former Mayor
Edward S. Bradford of that city, and is
a grandniece of the late Senator Hoar.
She is a member of the Vincent Club
and is well known in Boston society, for
the family spend the winters here, and it
was in this city that she came out sev-
eral years ago. Mr. Bowditch is the son of
Mrs. Elizabeth F. (Perry) Bowditch and the
late Ebenezer Francis Bowditch; is a mem-
ber of a prominent Boston and Framing-
ham family and is a Harvard graduate
of 1905. His father, who is now dead,
was much interested in agricultural pur-
suits and was influential in promoting
the industry through the State. The
young man is developing similar tastes
and interests. The Bowditch place in
Framingham is known as "Millwood
Farm."

Bradford Court --- Newton Centre

Apartments to let, 4-7 rooms. The last word in apartment house construction, unique, every room an outside room with a view, built around a central court of lawn and shrubs, heat from central plant 250 feet outside of building, obviating noise and dust, marble stairs, tiled baths, large closets and pantries; liberal prices and terms for eligible tenants.

ALVORD BROS., 79 Milk St.

(@)7t

o 24

7-ROOM SUITE

815 HUNTINGTON AVE.—Heat, continuous hot water and elevator service; rent \$80. Apply to janitor or THE ASSOCIATED TRUST, 141 Milk St.

BROOKLINE—152 HARVARD ST.

Suite 2, corner, first floor, modern 6-room suite, beautifully situated, steam heat and continuous hot water; rent \$42.50. Apply to janitor or THE ASSOCIATED TRUST, 141 Milk St., Boston.

BACK BAY—84 ST. BOTOLPH ST.

6 rooms, modern suite, steam heat, continuous hot water; rent \$40. Apply to THE ASSOCIATED TRUST, 141 Milk St.

(@)3t:

o 27

95 Bay State Road





77, MT VERNON STREET.

Dear Arlo:

I was glad to see a story by Orin in the Scribners - and a good one too as a starter. It must give you great pleasure to have him follow your lead in this way.

Yours sincerely

W. B. Hullett

Sunday Oct 30.

Figure 1. (continued)



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

OCT. 26, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

If your pictures are good enough and you feel like it, I do not see why you should not make for Harper's a paper on "Duck-Shooting at Mersa Martrū." Of course the illustrations would have to be pretty decent, but the magazines are at their wits' ends to get illustrated papers, and I thought I would mention the thing.

Mr. Rand, the Bursar, told me today a story which may be old. It is to the effect that a summer visitor said to a coutryman: "What do you do in the long winter evenings? You must have some hours after dark before you can go to bed." "Well," replied to old man, "mostly we set and think a while, and then we set ~~XXXXXXXX~~." ^{jest}

In the current number of Landscape Architecture, a quarterly, Bob Wheelwright has a paper on the enemies of Central Park. It is well done, but it is so local in interest that I do not send it to you.

Lang is suddenly off to Japan with his bride. I do not know particulars, but understand that the Jap. Government

has borrowed him again. He had taken a house, as I wrote you and it is now to let.

I have not seen Mrs. Warner, for they were not settled, so they have not received calls.

I met George Clymer the other day in the Public Garden. He is in the hospital, and represents himself as working hard. Mrs. Clip does not think that he will ever finish his studies or that he will be of any particular use if he does. He and Susan very rarely go any where, but stay shut up at home. I do not see why they should not stay if they wish, but their family and friends object. As I have never for a moment been able to find George interesting, I do not observe any marked difference in him now. He looked well, and rather well on toward being handsome, with a face brown from his summer.

I extricated myself, I thought, with some neatness the other day from a catch. I was talking in my class on AEsthetics, and chanced to say that something was, so far as we could tell "inherent in the scheme of things." A shrewd Jew, really a clever and attractive fellow, immediately asked how ~~that~~ I knew that there was a "scheme of things." I said that the word I did not care about if he preferred any other

but that I felt that the idea was sufficiently obvious. He was bound, however, to force me into a discussion of cosmogony or theology, or something of the sort, and I did not choose at that minute to gratify him. "Why," I said, "if we are to think at all we must accept some testimony of the senses, and if so I do not see that we can help agreeing that the universe is moving. We do not need to know whence or whither; but we all accept some form of evolutionary development, do we not?" To this he agreed. "Very well", I went on, "let use use the phrase 'scheme of things', or any that you like better, for the mode in which that progression is going on." I may or may not have been satisfied, but he at least was not able to bring forward an objection; and indeed my position was, I still think, too thoroughly invulnerable to be overthrown.

Barrett tells me that you have written a letter to Archie which they both regarded as excellent. He said very flattering things about its maturity. It may be that while I have been too near right to appreciate it you have actually ^{been} growing up! Seriously, it gave me a good deal of pleasure that he should say this.

Nov. ⁴. I have been remiss in writing this since I fancy it will lie in Cairo awaiting you. Yesterday I gave my

second lecture in Newburyport, and was most flatteringly successful. I spoke nearly an hour and a half, and if after that they were able to be enthusiastic it should mean something.

On Allhallow Eve the girls at the Stuart Club -- the house which Miss Child has organized for the studentesses of the School of Design -- had a celebration in which the trick was to have everything wrong end first. The chairs were back to the table, the forks and spoons with the handles inward, the girls all ~~ex~~ wore their frocks backward, dinner was served from the dessert to the soup, etc. It is amusing in idea, and I have no doubt that they were young enough to find it droll in fact.

Ned Robinson has been made Director of the Metropolitan. Sir Furdon Clarke was exceedingly popular in New York, and rumor has been saying that Ned would not have the place, but it is settled. I am glad for Ned.

Ellen, in describing her retreat from a contest with the butcher in which she found that she had wrongfully accused him of some misdemeanor used an expression characteristically picturesque. "And so he proved I was all wrong," she said, "and I had to come back without an inch to my tail."

I am reminded by the picture of my namesake which I forward of a ~~pitiful~~ story which ~~was~~ ^{BOSTON, MASS.} Romans read me the other day from a letter by Dr. Furness. He said that on one occasion a poor Methodist parson, a stranger, named twins Horace Furness and Howard Furness in his honor. He did not like it, but he presented the babes with silver cups. The news apparently got about, for immediately various people began to christen their offspring for him; but not greatly to his regret the twins presently died. Soon after a German turned up with the statement that his wife had produced triplets, and that they were to be entitled Horace, Howard, and Furness. The dear old Doctor, according to his own account, was for a moment nonplused; but, rallying, he said gravely: "My friend, don't do it! It is fatal! I am greatly honored, but I have just heard of the death of a very promising pair of twins named for me. The names killed them!" He pressed a \$5. bill into the hand of the German, who could only stammer out: "Ach, lieber Gott! I go home and change those names quvite quvick!"

I do not think that the Calais people dealt fairly with me, for they knew my wish that the name should not be used. The result is that I will never willingly see the namesake.

although I do not propose to quarrel.

I am afraid that the Nation letters will revive old vexations, but you had better know how things are going. Of course Fairbanks is completely the cat's paw of Norton, and his letter is just what was to be expected. It is of no account really, but it does show how much better is it for you to be entirely clear of the Museum.

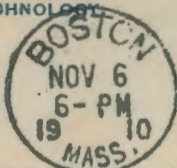
Nov. 5. Late last night Leaveret^{70th} blew in with a bottle of Benedictine, in which we drank his health, as today is his birthday. Incidentally we included yours. He has about decided to go to Washington (state), and raise apples. A friend who has been out there two years will give him a chance. He will at least go out and see how he likes it.

Your letter telling of the Fantasia has arrived while I was writing the last line. It is most dear of you to wish me to go to Egypt, and most keenly do I wish I might; but I cannot be spared here just now. My arm does not bother now, and my eyes are getting on. I really do all my work. The fête must have been delightful, although I confess the danse du ventre is to me both disgusting and beresene. You are very mysterious about your prospects. I hope something really good lies behind the mystery!

Always with love,
Dad.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



BACK P.
STATION



ORIC BATES, A. B.;

CONGDON & CO.;

KASR-EL-NIL;

CAIRO;

EGYPT.

1381



EVERYTHING CONTRARIWISE

[From the Worcester Telegram, Rep.]

Everybody Teddy spoke for is licked.
Everybody he wrote letters against or
made speeches against is elected.

tic manner with contemporary men and women—one feels the personality of the sitter rather than the idiosyncracies of the artist.

He has little or none of the sophisticated polish of Saint-Gaudens, wherein lies the chief value of his work to the younger generation of sculptors, from whom we

* * *

Dr. James M. Bates of Yarmouth, who with Mrs. Bates last week observed the 55th anniversary of his marriage, is one of the oldest physicians of the State, having practiced medicine for about 55 years. He is a cousin of Arlo Bates, the novelist, and "Sophie May," Rebecca Clark, the writer of many juvenile books. He is a native of Norridgewock, the son of James and Mary Bates, both father and grandfather have been physicians and forming with his son, Dr. George F. Bates of Yarmouth, four generations of doctors. Dr. Bates began the study of medicine with his father at Augusta, then superintendent of Maine Insane hospital. His practice began in Kennebec county, where in 1855 he married Miss Ann H. Sawtelle, daughter of the late Calvin Sawtelle of Sidney. Four years later he moved to Yarmouth and began work with his father, then a successful physician in that town and has since resided there. He has been for 50 years a trustee of North Yarmouth Academy, which position he still holds.

* * *

1158-11

1158-1

42-

me

this

Johna sent

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

Nov. 10, 1910.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

I am sitting this evening with the window open, which fact will show you that we are scarcely as yet in our winter. Things have been so hot in politics that it may have affected the weather. The Republicans have been overwhelmed by what the papers call a "landslide" all over the country, and here in Massachusetts we have, I am sorry to say, a Democratic Governor chosen who is a sort of partner with Mayor Fitzgerald, and Fitzgerald is a rascal without a redeeming feature. The cause of the great overturn is of course the tariff, which the Republicans promised in the last Presidential election to reform, and which on the contrary they have made rather worse than ever. Even the American people will turn in time, and now they have turned with a good deal of vigor.

Incidentally they have spanked T.R. until he can hardly be able to sit down with any comfort, but in all probability takes his meals from the mantelpiece. One of the humours of the campaign was that after Teddy spoke in Boston, and was said to have lost Draper, whom he sup-

ported, 15,000 votes, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee in Hartford derisively telegraphed to the head of the Republican Committee in New York: "Can we not have Mr. Roosevelt speak for one hour in Hartford? Things here are rather doubtful." The New York ^{men} went wild with joy. He forwarded the telegram to T.R., and confided to a reporter that at Hartford the Democrats were shaky and ready to listen to reason! The reporter, with unkind roars of laughter, enlightened him on the true inwardness of the request, and the Chairmen then went wild with chagrin and made frantic but futile efforts to keep the telegram from the ex-President. Then the reporter cruelly published the whole story.

I heard the other night, to leave politics, of which my soul is weary, for more interesting themes, one Signer Edgar Perera, who is by way of being an archaeologist, give a talk on "A Winter in Cairo and on the Nile." In every point of which I had any knowledge he seemed to me to be inaccurate or at least ^{complete} ~~inexact~~, and people who had been in Egypt tell me I was not wholly mistaken; but he had admirable pictures. The thing which was most interesting, however, was his singing. He had a really good voice, and he

gave at intervals the native songs. Of course I thought
 of what you had said of them. They were sufficiently

BOSTON, MASS.

wild and haunting, and vividly brought the oriental flavor
 into the talk about which I otherwise cared little.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Tomorrow night I preside at a Tavern dinner, although
 I shall not have much to do. I have one difficult thing in
 proposing the health of Dr. Monroe, who is dying of cancer
 of the bladder, and of xxx whom we are all fond. It is a
 cruel death.

I saw the Bowditches on Sunday in their Boston house.
 Mr. Bowditch was utterly uncomfortable and homesick, and
 Mrs. Bowditch said that his "Hallo, 'Arlo" was the first
 cheerful thing she had heard him say since they came in.
 In a note today she said that he is getting more reconcil-
 ed; but he had lived at Milton so long that he cannot be
 thoroughly comfortable in town.

I was asked to dine with the Bowlkers tomorrow, but of
 course the Tavern dinner prevented. I have not seen them
 yet this Fall.

The Christmas masque is practically done, and has, I
 think, turned out fairly well. The proof of the pudding,
 however, is in the eating. It is strange that none of the
 young fellows can seem to get the key. Mark Howe wants to

have Hermann brought into the Club, and of course I shall second it. At present, however, we have no vacancy.

Fred Hall has come back for the winter. He tells me that he and Mrs. Hall are going back to Paris next winter, but now he has taken a studio, and means to paint here. I of course know nothing of his progress in his art. He has grown rather fat, and it has not much improved his appearance; ~~it gives him the appearance~~ *he has too much the look* of having seen rather too much of the flesh-pots of Egypt.

The Tavern masque is done, as I said, but my head is still under water with work. It is good for me, however, to have a lot to do.

— a second invitation —

Nov. 16. I dined last night at the Bowlkers, and Mrs. B. kept me after the other guests had gone, to ask me about you. She sends you her love, and is always genuinely interested in you.

She told a story which T.R. tells of himself. When he was in Sweden the royal family made much of him, and he especially endeared himself to Prince Olaf, the heir apparent, by telling him tales of the wilds and by playing bear with him. When the potentates were assembled in London on the occasion of the funeral of King Edward the Queen

Dowager sent for him. He waited on her at Buckingham palace,
 MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
 and after ~~his~~ interview with ~~her~~ ^{BOSTON, MASS.} he was asked to see her sis-
 ter, the acid ~~XXXXX~~ ^{Tzarina} Dowager of Russia. When he came out from
 DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.
 his call on her he found Prince Olaf lying in wait for him
 outside her door in the corridor. Olaf besought T.R. to play
 bear with him. It occurred to the ex-president that neither
 the time nor the place was especially appropriate, but he
 could not resist the importunities of the Prince, and soon
 they were in a full game of romps. The boyish laughter of
 Olaf rang out merrily in the somberly hushed palace, when
 suddenly the door opened, and the Dowager Tzarina stood on
 the threshold, gazing in stony horror at the ^{hands and} 'American on his
 knees scrambling down the corridor followed by the intrepid
 hunter. T.R. declined to attempt to give a satisfactory ac-
 count of his feelings on the occasion, and the tale tells no
^u father how he got himself to his feet and away. Nothing
 could be more characteristic than this episode, both of the
 good and ^u the weak side of Roosevelt.

Tonight I dine with the Schaffers, who are in town for
 business on their way to Charlestown. They have just had
 word that their house is half burned, but I suppose they
 are about ready to go into their new one.

This letter is likely, I suppose, to be the one arriving nearest to your birthday, and I send my warmest wishes for many happy returns. I am not adding any gift, as that you have theoretically had already, but my love is not the less warm because you have no visible token.

In the current number of the Outlook G.S. Merriam tells a story of E. E. Hale which is worth repeating:

He was visiting Antioch College Horace Mann in the early days of , and in their walk about the grounds they encountered a sign reading, "Gentlemen are requested not to spit tobacco juice in the presence of ladies." Hale exclaimed against it. "But it is necessary," said Mann. "At least soften it somehow", said Hale. "Put it in Latin." "How could you say it in Latin?" asked Mann. "Why", replied Hale promptly, "Ne quid nimis -- no quid night Miss."

Mann was first president of Antioch.

Humble Ferguson came in to see me this afternoon. He is very little altered, he perhaps to a ~~very~~ temporary world seem more mature, but looked down upon from my lofty height of 7 years he

presents no great diff:
 ference. He had always, if
 my memory is correct, a rather
 ev serious air. He is looking
 for work, and would pre-
 fer to be connected with a pri-
 vate concern. If the chance does
 not offer, he will go back to the
 government work in the
 Philippines. He said nicely, how-
 ever, that to go back there direct-
 ly would be to narrow himself
 to that field of work for life.
 He met at the Zoological Con-
 gress at Stockholm two men who
 knew you, one was Hughes,
 the other, whose name I for-
 get had been in the same
 house in Cairo.

Winkble (just begun)
~~He~~ is taking a course of
lectures at the Tech, and ex-
pects to be about here for
the winter. I shall, if I can,
get him some night to dine.

He said, by the way, that
he was very grateful to you
for calling off on that
absurd bet; and added
that while both of you were
ashamed of it, he had not
the pluck to say so and
you had.

This is the latest from the inexhaustible Ellen. She
gave me the ~~next~~ other evening a fillet of beef for dinner
which I pronounced tough. The next morning it seems that she
cut out two slices from the remains of the fillet, and with fire
in her eye bore them to the butcher. She demanded how

he dared to give her tough beef. "My boss won't eat it," she told the butcher, and I won't stand it. Mr. Bates' teeth cost a fortune, and he shan't wear them out on tough meat just to please the like of you!"

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

I am reading William James' "Pragmatism". I am of course late about it, and I have not thus far been deeply impressed with its conclusiveness. He starts out with the declaration that is merely an expression of temperament, and the volume seems to be offered as a striking illustration of the fact. I may change my mind when I get farther on, but this is at present my feeling. I am not sure that he might not have more truthfully described philosophy as the vertigo of a mind revolving too swiftly within itself.

I saw Mrs. Clip this afternoon, and she is miserable because Lester Harding has given Dorothy a dog. She says it is a gentleman, but she likes it not, and it is of the aggressively and continuously friendly order of purps, so that it wishes to paw and slobber every human being within reach. Of course everybody else is too busy really to take care of the beast, and she declares that she is expected to become a sort of dog-warden. If you are ever engaged, do not present your lady love with any sort of live-stock, I beg of you. This family is expected to have more sense!

Mr. and Mrs. John Atterbury request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Katharine Susan to John Appleton Tuckerman, December 10.

Nov. 20. The Arthur Hills and the Pearsons dined here night before last, and we had a very jolly time. They all send their love. They are all such delightful people! Mrs. Hill told a tale of a worldly small girl, who after a course of infantile dancing school was taken by her aunt for the first time to Sunday School. Her father asked her how she liked it, and she answered: "Oh, papa, how could I like it? Nobody danced with me!"

I dined last night with the Walkers to play whist, and at the last minute Miss Cushing gave out, and with Katherine we played bridge. I did not enjoy the evening much.

Tomorrow night I dine with Mrs. Homans to meet a man from New York whom she does not know very well, and who does not sound very attractive from her account. Her foot is still very lame, and I do not think really gets much if any better; but of course she always carries everything off with so much dash that it is not possible to tell.

Ellen came up to say something to me while I was writing with the typewriter, and as I stopped suddenly she said "That time you must have come to a semi-colon, and I want to speak to you." This is a semi-colon in the series of letters you will read all at once.

With love, Dad.

Mr & Mrs Fiske Warren
request the pleasure of
Mr Eric Bates,
company at the Hotel Somerset
on Monday evening, the fifth of December
from nine until two o'clock

P.s. v.p.
8 Mount Vernon Place

I replied.

408 Beacon Street

Tuesday, December the sixth
from four until seven o'clock

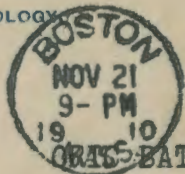
at home

Mrs. Ernest W. Bouditch
Miss Elizabeth Sumner Bouditch



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



BACK BAY
STATION



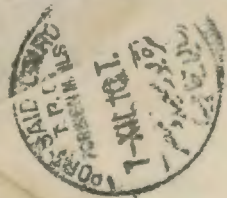
CONGDON & CO.;

KASR-EL-NIL;

CAIRO;

EGYPT.

1388



Opened by me in error
of course not read -
W. B. Longdon -

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

Nov. 24, 1910. Thanksgiving.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

Your letter of Nov. 4 has arrived.

I'm but a humble cuss myself,

With little honor, little pelf;

My son consorts with rich and great,

Who on his slightest whimsies wait.

^fI had I only half his -- feature,

I might have been a different creature!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You really make my head swim, but I am thoroughly glad that you should get on with folk, and get what you wish. I hope the trip will be -- I suppose that when you read it will be will have been a great success. If you should happen to find the tomb of old Mr. Libby himself, from whom, I suppose Libya was named, even Reisner would have to give you some little crumb of ~~some~~ credit, although Fairbanks would probably write to the Nation that your expedition had been suggested by the late Professor Norton.

I may say also that I was pleased at your struggle with the demon of extravagance. It will be flesh on my bones--

or, rather it will be p^lease to my nerves when the reward has been reached in the payment of those ghastly notes. You may not fret about them, but they are a thorn in my side.

I dined on Monday night with Mrs. Homans to meet a Mr. Burnbaum. He is a Hungarian New York lawyer, a collector of first editions, a violinist, something of a writer (for the magazines), and was the intimate friend of Clyde Fitch. He is really interesting and intelligent, although with a genuine flavor of the soil and a faint intimation that his ancestors were of the circumcised. He quoted from a friend living in Capri an amusing phrase. You know that Capri has come to be the paradise of Germans who are hopelessly de-
classé, and of wealthy folk of other nations who are at odds with the seventh commandment. This friend, who had been beguiled into buying property in the island, wrote to Burnbaum: "Do you know of anybody who could be induced to buy a villa in the cuspider of Europe?" It is not ever-refined, but from all I have heard I think it must fit fairly well.

The inevitable holiday is again upon us. Fortunately it is a good day, and Millie is coming. She is, as I very likely said to you in my last, to bring a niece with her.

Holidays at my age, however, are at best rather dreary reminders of what life is not.

I have not had a really satisfactory dream for some time.

I mean a dream which so interested or amused me that I woke
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

and remembered; but the other night one presented itself

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.
which was fair. It began with a Duke and a beautiful young

woman who had become his mistress, although, dream-prescient

I was aware that she was as little guilty as one could be in

face of the damning fact. The Duke had carried her down to

an old family place in the country, and now was showing her

the house. They had come to the ball-room, and the Duke told

her that he had brought her to it because he wished her to

give a ball to the county. She had paled, and looked at him

with silent reproach for his unkindness, and then had said

so softly that her voice could hardly be heard: "You know

that nobody would come." He smiled, and took from his finger

a ring. "See," he said, "this ring has the power of giving to

the wearer one wish. I had mine when I got you. Now you may

have yours by being received by the county." She had taken

the ring, and with the usual swiftness of the shifting of

dream phantasies, I found her suddenly talking to a woman

friend, and telling her this story. "In a minute it came

over me," she said, "that if the county did visit me I should

still be the thing I was; and I felt in a flash as if he had

trapped me by the power of the ring. Without stepping to think I pushed the ring onto my finger, and wished to be back where I was in life before I ever saw him." "And so you are," the other, an elderly woman, said with a kiss. "Oh the comfort of having it all undone. Only --" She stopped and looked at her companion. "Only what?" "If you only wish to be back in life where you were before you saw him, you will go on as before and meet him." "But now he will not have the ring to help him." "No; and you, if you should do as you did before, will not have the ring to help you. Do you ever think about him?" The younger woman hung her head. "I wonder sometimes how he felt when I vanished, and if he was sorry." The older took her hand with the air of being about to say something very earnestly; but as she looked at the fingers, unringed, she asked quickly: "But where is the ring?" The other drew away her hand and grew rosy red. "I gave it to the Duke," she said hastily, "when yesterday I once more met him for the first time." ...

That was the whole of it, but it interested me tremendously at the time. I wonder whether the moral which the whole tale would show might not be that the Duke needed no magic ring to help; but that I thought of only afterward.

Ellen's sayings always amuse me, and this morning she produced a brand new one. In speaking of Mrs. Evan's cook, who pretends to be American, she said: "Pooh! She's as Irish as a kisher of brogues." Of course my spelling is phonetic, and she could not help me out. She explained that it is a common saying in Ireland, and that she always supposed that "a kisher" as a sort of basket or pannier. A basket full of brogues is at least a fancy sufficiently free and fantastic to be Celtic.

Russell Sullivan brought me from Florence a new seal, the handle is Donatello's St. George, and the impression I shall try to remember to make on the outside of this epistle.

Nov. 27. "Time is old, but wags on yet." Indeed he gets on with a speed which intimates that he is far more giddy than is at all respectable at his age. The term is slipping on, and now that we are past Thanksgiving, Christmas may, so to say, be expected any minute.

I had a quiet Thanksgiving. Millie is really wonderfully well, in view of what she had been through. She absolutely refused to be sent to the station in a carriage, and as the day was fine she did not seem to need one. Her niece is a pleasant girl, and seemed to have a good time.

Late in the afternoon I walked up and down the esplanade, and I have no words to tell you how beautiful was the Whistler nocturne that Nature had accomplished. The sky was half covered with ragged masses of sombre cloud, darkening in the west to deepest leaden grey; a little dash of mulberry had been swept into the spaces between with a free brush; the water reflected it all, but with a shimmering lustre so different in texture from the sky, and in a ~~KMY~~ tone so much lower as to gain a sort of wild and mysterious quality. On both the Cambridge ^{bridges} and in the buildings along the bank the lights were ^{shining} ~~lighted~~, although enough day-light remained to deaden them into a sort of beaten gold; and their long tremulous reflections quivered in the water like fairy serpents fleeing to shelter before the night should shut down upon them completely. A thin ghost of a mist softened everything. Whistler has declared that Nature is always wrong, but that evening she gave him the lie on his own ground with the most ultimate ease!

On Friday night I dined with Mrs. Tyson and went to the opera. She wished to be remembered to you. The opera was "La Gioconda". It was fairly well sung, and beautifully mounted. I do not care much for it. It is a good spectacle

and has some charming numbers; but on the whole it is to me both musically and dramatically uninteresting.

I saw the Angels yesterday. They seem well, but both are old and frail. Dr. Angell is something over 80, you know, and Mrs. Angell not more than half a dozen years younger. We speculated over your Uncle John hopelessly, but got nowhere. I said that the theory which seemed best to fit the facts of the case as far as we could get at them was that Mrs. Conant had taken John and secretly married him; and although I do not believe this it is really possible, and it would fit well with what he has said. Mrs. Angell said that she had heard that he had lost money for someone; but so far as I know he has no trust funds except those of Miss Otis, and as he is there only a joint trustee he could at least do no losing alone.

I got him here to luncheon the other day, but it is out of the question that we should have much comfort in each other's society. He has not been near the house since I in early September asked him to meet me on the day of my return from Down East. I have been to see him without finding him, but he has not bothered to return my calls.

In a note from Frank Chase yesterday in regard to a

young woman of whose work he had asked my opinion, is this characteristic passage:

She is very responsive, as you note, and the wonder really is that, like the milk in the refrigerator, she does not take the taint of the contiguous onion more readily than she does. Oddly enough, she is not personally interesting; her personality is by no means vivid -- it seems to have been merely pencilled; but experience may ink it over instead of rubbing it out.

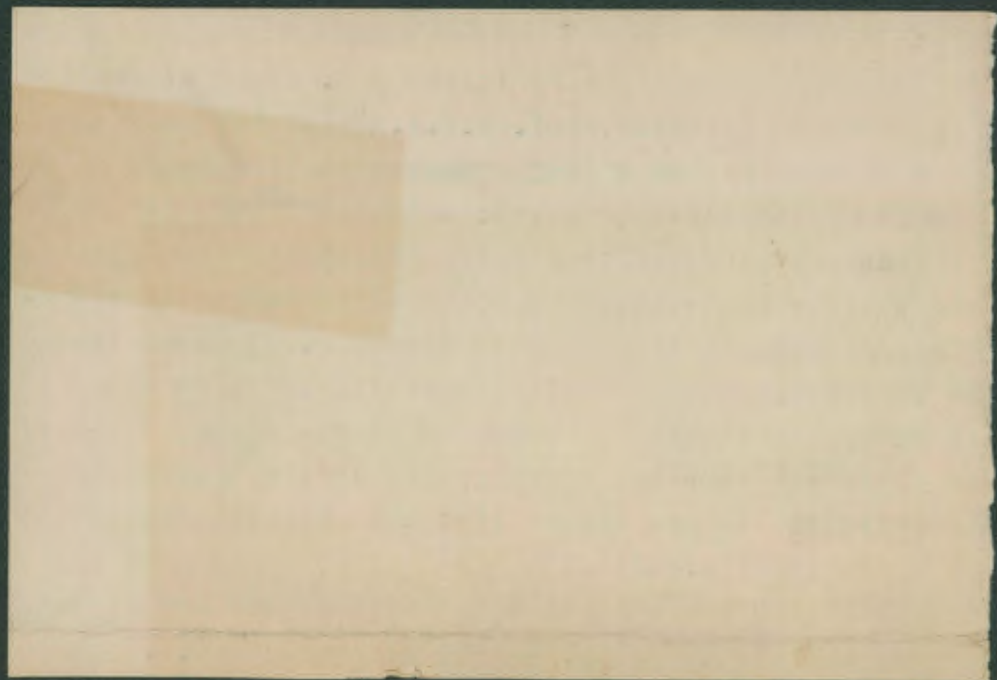
On Thanksgiving Mrs. Homans dined with Ellerton and her niece at Mr. James'. He had served some Tokai which had been in the Lodge cellar since 1838. The talk on the wine prompted James to say: "I wonder if the effect of keeping would be as good on humans." Mrs. Homans, with entire sobriety but with a wicked spark all but hidden in her eye, returned: "I cannot tell: I never was kept." Whereupon Ellerton rose to the occasion, and added: "No, Aunt Lizzie, you never were bottled up!"

Mrs. Sears says that in Paris they believe that cocaine has been thoroughly booted, and that little will be found there. Her contempt for Boston is beyond words.

Always with love,

Dad.

Among the Manichaean MSS. found at Turfan in Chinese Turkestan, Prof. F.W.K. Müller has come across one which contains a long cosmogonical fragment, an account of the death of Manes, and some other matters. A transcription and translation of it are in progress, and will be published in a forthcoming number of the 'Abhandlungen of the Prussian 'Akademie. It seems that no more documents of the kind are likely to be brought to Europe in future, as a report of the French Minister in China was recently communicated to the 'Académie des Inscriptions to the effect that the Chinese Government as a result of M. Pelliot's expedition, had caused ~~the~~ the remaining contents of the grotte of Tuen-huang to be transported to Peking. -- The Athenæum; Nov. 5.



Skeleton of an Indian Unearthed

A park department employee digging in Rockhill Park, Savin Hill, yesterday unearthed some bones, a tomahawk, two spears, a jar of beads and a number of metallic wires, reminders of the days of long ago. The relics were taken to the headquarters to the park department in Franklin Park.

he is a corporation man does n't seem to disturb the party to any great extent.

A TIP FROM COPENHAGEN

A fascinating scheme that of Mrs. Russell Sage to provide a garden suburb for small clerks, a green-embowered country retreat for the toilers in the city.

RICH COLLECTION OF PAPYRI

Professor Muller Brings Many Copies of Inscriptions from the Ancient Temple of Philæ—Important Historical Revelations Expected

Philadelphia, Nov. 28—Bringing what he calls the largest collection of papyri, rich in historic revelations, ever brought into the United States, Professor W. Max Müller of the University of Pennsylvania has arrived in this city after spending six months in Egypt. The papyri were purchased from a private collector in Cairo. The price was not divulged, but Professor Müller said its purchase had been made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Charles Harrison, wife of the retiring provost of the University of Pennsylvania. The entire collection will be placed in the Museum of Arts and Science at the university.

Besides his papyrus collection Professor Müller brought copies of three hundred inscriptions found in the ancient temple of Philæ, on the Island of Philæ. This island is doomed to destruction by the yearly inundations caused by Assuan Dam. It is believed that after the flood this winter the island will entirely disappear. It was to have these inscriptions copied and later deciphered that the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., sent Professor Müller to Philæ six months ago. He said that he arrived at the "twelfth hour" and made the last exploration of the ancient temple. "Many of the inscriptions had already been destroyed by the rising waters," said Professor Müller, "but I succeeded in copying some three hundred of those remaining. The work of deciphering will require some time."

With the addition of the collection of papyri, Professor Müller said, the Free Museum of Arts and Science at the university will be the richest, not only in Babylonian documents, but in Egyptian texts as well. Interesting data are expected to be uncovered with the deciphering of the papyri and the inscriptions found in the temple of Philæ. The inscriptions date back several hundred years before the time of Christ.

Most of the records are in ink, Professor Müller said, and he believes they will give facts relating to the decline of pantheism. As the Temple of Philæ was the last oasis for Egyptian religion, it is supposed that the inscriptions are mostly in the form of prayers. The papyri are expected to shed light on the internal wars of Egypt during the Greek period, about two hundred years before Christ. Some of the documents in this collection, Professor Müller said, date back to 700 B. C. The papyri are hard yet flexible, and much coarser than paper. Care must be exercised in handling them, the professor said, as they are easily torn because of their great age.

The Academy of Berlin sent an expedition to Egypt two years ago to copy the hieroglyphics in the Temple of Philæ. The members found that the inscriptions were "demotic," and no one was able to decipher them. Demotic, Professor Müller explained, was a kind of "shorthand" used by the Egyptians. He is an expert in deciphering this language and was accordingly sent by the Carnegie Institute to do the work.

ces for mattresses are t

make every mattress

see what is put into your ma
t, and the immaculate condi
ork is done.

mattresses \$20, \$27, \$35, \$4

SPRING BEDS

Upholstered Spring—oil tempered
The most luxurious spring made,
at top, with splendid springs, \$17

FURNITURE CO

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Bel
and

be restrained from engaging in interstate or foreign commerce.

That the court adjudge that the shares of the capital stock of each defendant corporation heretofore acquired by any other corporate defendant were unlawfully acquired, and that each such holder be enjoined from continuing to hold such shares, and that the issuing corporations be enjoined from permitting the exercise of rights incident to the holding of such shares, and that they be enjoined from paying dividends to the holders.

That the shares of capital stock in the National Sugar Refining Company, Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, Great Western Sugar Company and Continental Sugar Company, formerly held by the late H. C. Havemeyer, were unlawfully acquired by him and are now being unlawfully used by the executors and trustees under his will, who are made defendants in the suit. The Government asks that the executors and trustees be enjoined from further using the powers incident to the shares so held by them as to bring about cooperation between the issuing companies and the other defendant corporations.

That the defendants be enjoined from continuing to carry out the purposes of the unlawful combination and conspiracy, and be required to withdraw from all connection therewith.

That the court grant such general relief as may be proper, by way of injunction, receivership, or otherwise.

The original sugar combine, the petition sets forth, was the Sugar Refineries Company, which was formed in August, 1887, under the lead of H. O. Havemeyer, and embraced companies which together carried on ninety per cent of the sugar trade of the interstate and foreign sugar trade of the country.

Within two years after the formation of the original company, it is charged, the

Miss Sarah H. Crocker
requests the pleasure of your company
at a reception and skating carnival
in the Boston Arena
on Monday evening, the nineteenth of December
from nine until twelve o'clock
to meet

Miss Eleanor Crocker
Miss Clara Ballard Crocker

Fancy dress is
suggested for skating

R. S. V. P.
319 Commonwealth Avenue

See what you miss!
I am not fancy-
dressing or skating,
but I expect to go.

Dear Boy, I love your letters, and I am proud of them, but you must pardon my pedagogic comment that I cannot well endure that you should share the common and to me particularly vulgar error involved in the misuse of the past infinitive. You say: "I'd have given anything for you to have been there." What comfort you might have found in the reflection that I had been (and gone) is so little evident that I am forced to

suppose that you mean: "I 'd have given anything for
you to be there." Do keep in mind that the infinitive
depends for its time on the principle (finite) verb;
and forgive my calling this to your attention.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

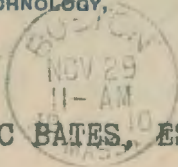
ERIC BATES, ESQ.;

CONGDON & CO.;

KASR-EL-NIL;

CAIRO;

EGYPT.



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