Oct. 29, 1931 Tuesday.

Went out in Jackson Park this afternoon.
The air was rather muggy until toward sunset when the breeze was delightfully cool.
The sun set in a flood of red, and was reflected in brilliant scintillating sheets on the lagoon. To the north and south the color faded to a beautiful amethyst.

The grass is yet beautifully green, especially the plot between the Panolian and the Field Museum, but the foliage is rapidly going. The elms are being in early bare. The only bright color left is the hawthorn and the barberry.

In the early afternoon I went to the south side of the park where much work is being done to improve the park. The enclosed section between the men who make see the beauty of this pleasure ground...
and those who enjoy it, is very marked. The labourer, with his mother, usually faces home band and flowering English is in striking contrast to the gentleman who with driver and footman enjoys the delights of the port from his carriage. One old man with his pipe suggested Mr. Peggy in his shirts like that of J. P.
Friday, Nov. 1, '61.

I fear this matter of a note book mee from a serious me note one. I hope for so long accord. Every practical decision to make me less observant than I once was.

It is hard to get into the relaxed, unoccupied, imprescindable state of mind where observations are naturally made and registered. It is not healthful nor profitable, this giving away to irresponsibility. I can only hope that is enough of the observing faculty left to respond to cultivate and again become active.

Not only do outward objects catch my senses as they once did, but there is a mistrust of myself in committing observations or impressions to paper. The thing we would feel...
and the thing that moves me most of
just the thing about which one does not speak.

Then too either my range for obser-
borne in real large or else I make the
mislake of relinquishing to this means of
the commonplace things that justly
appreciated are not without value.

At any rate notes for one day are
very apt to be like notes for the preceding
day or for the day following, expect-
for such variations as are found
recorded by the weather bureau.
Saturday Nov. 2, '01.

I took the girls to see Nen Han this afternoon. They were delighted and I was pleased. The scenery and costumes were fine. I must think the oriental costumes must have been more elaborate and beautiful than those of the occident. I was particularly interested in the music, so winding and minor and undeveloped and so in keeping with the environment. How did the composer become to be so proficient with the time of the play as to be able to reproduce the music of the time? I thought his was a more difficult task than the staging and costuming. The singing not excepting Nen Han had nothing especially to recommend them as actors, but in the whole the performance was good. I should have diverse the carrying
Some of the scenes of Paul Revere's mother and sisters. Every syllable they uttered was distinctly heard, though they spoke easily and in only a conversational tone. What an inexpressible gift is a rich, pure voice! One wonders if her Wallace had any conception of how his work would be received. Did he realize the power that is in the story? Paul the painter and so one that never backs to withstand, and one for bear to think what will be the condition of the human race if this line ever comes when it no longer has form. The stage interior is not nearly so effective as the vocal. The vocal effects are not produced. One gets only the spectacular, in the Chorus once one used to hear.
the remaining words of Ben Stein to his horses.

Any close treatment of the Christ, as indeed all treatment of the subject with the church is very unsatisfactory, the subject will not bear rude handling.
The healing scene was good on the whole, as far as we can imagine the scene portrayed without the appearance of the Christ, and from hearing him appear all seemed blurr. No one is willing to have his own ideal marred by seeing a fellow mortal attempt to represent the Christ.
What an unutterable longing and mood of every human heart is seen those words, "When the King James," those beautiful words bring it all in! And what inexpressible pleasure it brings to those who know that it is true!
Nov. 3 '01

Remained indoors until late this afternoon. The day has been gray and cloudy. A few large snowflakes fell about the middle of the day. The first of the season, about 5 o'clock I walked to the midway, down to the last Annie and home again. The reflected flakes of the people indicated the fact in the thermometer. The sun made an effort to set clear, and the minds were encouraging the effort by scattering the clouds, which floated in every direction against a background of rich yellow. The foliage is gone; but the trees with their slender branches against the bright color in the sky made a scene of amber beauty.
The Midway always pleases me. I like the New France - a bit of Country surrounded by the City. The lights from street lamps and windows across the Midway was beautiful. I wonder what is the meaning of that feeling which did not lights always awaken. It seems a beckoning onward, a promise of home and yet there is something strangely and deeply sad about it: as if a piece of the inadequate struggle against darkness, or is a sense of coming at a distance the tips of home from which one is afraid to. Perhaps it is all due to the impression made upon a child's mind by lines in the old school readers.

When the lights grow dim, along the dark, weary
From winds and currents from sand to sand
From the sea had come.
Sunday Dec. 4, '01,

I was surprised to find ice a
half inch thick as I went to school
this morning. I had not realized it was
as cold. As I came home at noon, the
ground was still frozen with only slight
indications of thawing when the sun
shine warmed. This afternoon I saw
a little girl skating on a small
piece of ice where the rain of
yesterday had made a little pool.
I went out and jolly-dilly stuck to the lake.
It is very black and isolated out
there. The lack of the waves against
the sides was wonderful and interesting.
The lake was quite deserted. One
hansom, two women in the forms of
the phantom and a dog, were the only
remnants of life in the lake except myself.
The dog was evidently not enjoying such solitude. He tried very hard to engage me in a romp. I could at least understand this state of mind; for the old fishing boat and the new gray museum would have given me great pleasure with their

mammoth sunlight upon them or else with the Empress of Asia, her

blown draperies, hardships, and her old boat suggests! I presume a ride in an electric launch over the smooth surface of the sea would have been unbearable

and to such immune and ad

inexpressible things!
Sunday Nov. 5th 01.

The personnel of the student body in the university is of daily interest to me. The presence of both men and women in American colleges has long since lost its novelty, and the presence of people of many nationalities has also become commonplace, but I am emotionally touch with the number of people who in life who are here working to the side of some goals and jobs. The of the middle aged woman in the modern society for knowledge is phenomenal. No amount of pay hours nor of Portland's house as a delirium is her ambition. There is a true bit of desire in the contact between the flesh bound and giving life, before whom lies all the untried sea of life and the older crafts who has already been met.
out on the market and are bidding off a supply plate or for repairs. For much dissimilarity there is under a family with
from start. All take the same subject,
put in the same classes and are called
by this inclination according to the same
standards; but the motive and motive
for the various ones are so varied, the
feuds of men so unlike.

In this fleeting feature is the number
of social plate through which the
students range. One wonders in fleeting
some of the students in the clock-
room where the recess of the class
room is thrown off and they feed
with equal freedom, but it can be
referred to certain young women to
go to college. There is nothing about
them that suggests that there are any
escape from being associated with their family history. They are so endeared and we cannot suppose any lack of appreciation of what the university has to offer. But yet the fact that they are here shows that some other ambition and wish have been fulfilled. Thanks to God to some high school.
Wednesday Nov. 6.

It now begins to appear as if the campus might soon resume something of the appearance of order. The walk, which has been in process of improvement since the quarter began, are nearing completion. The annoyance of climbing over or walking around sand heaps, piles of broken rock, felled trees, mounds, rocks, groups of conifers, and all the obstacles incident to building, is not very small, but the pleasure of the walk will amply repay for the inconvenience. Referring to the inconvenience, I suppose while they were being built.

It would be interesting to see the buildings that have been begun on the campus, perhaps as the walk has. The university is a busy place.
The turtle on the campus has seemed quite in the spirit of the activity on the accide. One might sometimes for a moment, think the accide were complete that it might furnish a peaceful telling for the busy student life.
Thursday Nov. 7, 61.
I went over to Washington Park this afternoon for the first time, except the day I rode upon the amy land and playing superintending for information concerning the work in Jackson Park. I did not know where the entrance was and I approached the park at the point where the offices are located. I was rather shocked at seeing a large plate of the Falls of the Kalamazoo, whose name the park bears, lying prone upon his back near one of the stables. I wondered what had happened that the aged figure seemed in such unpresentable and neglected to the rear. On the right hand the second and third stairs was missing, which suggested
that the statue might have been blameless by the mind and probably more improved than was at men apparent.

I turned to the greenhouse, which was what I most wanted to see. The palms and ferns are beautiful and most interesting. There in the greenhouse the largest date palm I have ever seen. It must be quite eighteen inches in diameter. The display of Chrysanthemums was very attractive. One variety called "Shower of Gold" was entirely new to me. It was more interesting than beautiful. The flowers were drooping and drooping giving much the appearance of being wilted and withered. These flowers in Chrysanthemums are
always a source of interest and
delight to me. What wonderful results
the floret gets from cross-fertilization,
and endless number of forms and
kinds. A large white variety with
the claimed possible type of fire on
the outside of the crop branded with
the true white— for the greatest beauty
though yellow still comes to me the
normal and standard color for
Chrysanthemum.
Friday, Nov. 8th, 1901.

Agnes and I went to the store from this afternoon. She was very much in the mood for a Jealousy and so determined to have themselves for that occasion. Agnes made a hair Xu's to escape from being left by the train upon which we had agreed to go into the city. The clumsiness of the conductor in mailing for her at my request made me surprised. The hair was quite as gorgeous in green and yellow with a good deal of red and many flags as the newspaper had represented it. The ring was pictureque with the floor of tan bark and the uniformed jockey stationed in pictureque goodhumor at either end, and the Revels
transfers me to herb and gilt hat. The papers lay the pair of block was good and I'd no such kind. Yet of New York has ever exalted this grand horse than wine. But I try and I feel quite sure that these daily cohorts are written by some enthusiastic Chicago who has never been to the burning fair.

Little as I know of horses, I am sure that it is no longer a better show of stocks at Lexington both in the numbers of cayers and in the quality of the horses.

The artillery drill entertained us, it is quite wonderful that such evolutions should be so easily and smoothly performed on such narrow limits. It reminds much skill and daring in the men and horses.

The coachman's control interested
me very much. That a difference
that is in the sense of men! I think the
value of a good coachman more to
increase in the eyes of those who
pay this custom.
Saturday, Nov. 9, '01.
After a long debate with myself
as to whether I should remain in my
room and prepare my work for Sunday
or go over to the University to the Conference
of affiliated schools, I determined to go
to the conference. I had just regret
my decision even if the most kindly
of something lacking. The chief place
on the morning programme was oc-
cupied by Dr. Deny of the Department
of Philosophy at the University. Again
before, my Queenmore nods at
the presencia of one whom I kon
long hair, round & incipient. I had heard much of Dr. Dewey while he was at Michigan University; and his prominence (of which he has attained had led me to expect to see a large, finely proportioned man with a mallet of Peter's hair. I was surprised to see a young looking man of slight build, with a lean face and eye, but with the appearance of a good deal of industry and hard work. I have long felt in my own experience that the habits of not proceeding on the beaten track are in filling students for life. While love themselves and to meet the demands made upon them by society, I wonder if Dr. Dewey has solved the problem. Is in a fair way to solve it? Curiously enough, children have been unlimited.
Experimental work in the last fifteen years. What will it all come to?
I quite agree with the outstanding young man from Ohio who opposed
that character building was the end
of school life as it is of all life;
but when he had heard his methods
for years longer and under varied
conditions, I should like to hear from
him again. The Greeks were all
right, and men that lacked capable
minds are at work on the problem.
I thought the forenoon of the conference
of a high order. We should have
such a conference of our State College
and its affiliated high schools in
Kentucky. Certainly in a multi-
cultural council there is wisdom.
Sunday, Nov. 10, 61.

Mark to the Hyde Park Methodist Church this morning. The pulpit has just been erected by the Rev. Frank Davis, who has accepted the call to succeed Dr. Thomas at the People's Church. Mr. Micalechi spoke from the pulpit this morning. He preached the most forceful sermon I have ever heard on the text, *Judge not, it is made a very strong impression on his audience. After the service was helpful, I had no reason to leave home and remained at the class meeting after the regular service. It was my first attendance upon a Methodist class meeting. Yearning that my presence might be an inducement or have the appearance of curiosity, I asked
an old gentleman who seemed to be in charge of affairs of sacredness and solemnity. It set my mind at ease, and made me feel that it was truly solemn. The quiet mood of those who took part in the meeting, and every present into part except the organist and myself, with the entire absence of all appearance of sound, and with the evident ardour in the hearts of those men and women for spiritual truths, was good for me. Mr. Kellimlock would certainly have felt repaid for his efforts. The morning, if he had heard how the members of the class took his lesson to heart, it was an ideal Sunday morning, clear and oblivious, as fair a day
Monday, Apr. 11, '01

A dull, cloudy, unsuccessful day— and only to remain at doors.

A fine opportunity to work behind the grating fence that I should be out in the open air or the temple line to be out when one duty is in doors. Certainly the "sleeping mind" an ill-use, but the "early builder" are yet spared. There is significant hint however in the dimness of the window frame that the early and even the hunting blood may not be far off. Really I think better not more melancholy days than the beautiful days of October. They bring me close to a certain melancholy. Yet, work a day frame of mind rather than to make.
one "look before and after and dig for what is best."
Tuesday, Nov. 12, '01.

Just as I came home at noon today, I tried very hard to hide my guilty feelings with an innocent smile and a quiet voice, but he could not accept the excuse to be made. He afforded no surprise at seeing me and said he had supposed I was out of the city. By way of apologizing for my absence from church, I said I was feeling things about being very busy and not being well. He was disposed to laugh at what he termed my idle sentiment, and he readily thought some of the same quality might with advantage be given to my church duties. He accused me of having dreamed with a good fortune of the Lebanon, and advised among other things that I release
The art of "cutting" and not to take the
requirements of the instructor to imply
I wonder if he to admire his own
students. At any rate I shan't go to
church with Sunday.

But really time for church song is
a serious matter. One must have time
for relaxation and for better eating.

The other day I began to apologize to a lady
for not having returned her call. She ac-
ticipated me by saying: "I know, you
had not had time. Nobody has any
time in Chicago. As soon as one lands
here, he loses all the time he ever
had." She says they have no time for
family life and correspondence. I am
not at all sure that there is any real
gain in all this mad activity. I believe
the highest good and the greatest pleasure
could be better attained at a more leisurely pace. I says he did not want to establish his home there in Chicago, because it does not suit him to live there. It is not done to a man's discretion that he has leisure hours every day.

And that lady told me that when she lived in Virginia she took the Herald and knew all the Chicago news, but when she had no time to read the morning paper except to glance over the head lines after she got to bed. At first, I tried at least to read the head lines, now I look hurriedly at the cartoon.
Wednesday, Apr. 13, 01,

For sometime I have been interested in a handsome pair of little toys whom I frequently see as I come home at noon. They have the appearance of boys and the likeness is emphasized by their being always dressed alike. I have often tried to mistake them, but they have always been too fast for me until today they stopped longer than usual on an island of cistus lava, and I came up with them. At first they answered my greeting rather shyly. I asked them if they went to the Dryy School. They were confident and I replied with some leisure in his tone, for my most of discrimination, "Narr- to colonel Parker." I then asked them their names, I could not understand
the Christian name but I thought
the surname was telark. They seemed
as ready to fly as sparrows and I
fear to press further for the same
but they get disgusted with the
combination of the piddly and other-
nercess and leave me. I said: "Mr.
han a teacher at my school named
telark. Its teacher misscut. Their
faces fairly beamed as they said:
"do you know him? He's Papa." I
see I am in a false way to make
friends and so I did not say that I
knew "Papa" only at night. Upon my
inquiring of the same being, the boy
who had first answered one said:
"man, sk. am three years older in
him. I am in the third grade and
he's only in the first." The boy.
loudly struck his stick on the fence of Glenwood Villa to cover his embarrassment and drown his brother's disparaging statements. Said I thought the first grade must be very interesting and that I would like to come over to their school if they thought Colonel Parker would allow me to come. They said "Yes, any true friend can come." By that time we had reached the corner and I crossed the street while my little friend eagerly hurried from to the opposite corner to inspect a new building in which they have been much interested since the ground was broken for the foundation. I have never been there face it without stopping to investigate the materials and their work. They
are so fresh and fragrant and delightful. I shall love to meet them often.
Nov. 14, '01.

A dull, gray afternoon. Went over to the University to hear Dr. Taughilie lecture on the
"New Education," an introductory lecture to a series of lectures on "Specific Business
Themes." The room was not inspiring—nor even after the electric lights were turned
on; but when the President appeared, the atmosphere was white with excitement. The
floor litter disappeared as soon as apparent. I have not been there long, but introducing Dr. Taughilie,
the President sat in front of the floor not long for the course of lectures, which he declared
for the course of lectures, which he declared would make something new in the history of
education, was evident. The President is nothing if not progressive. The faculty
was very much in evidence. Instead of their presence was indicated by
interested in the subject, respect for the
Greeks, or a desire to set an example
to the student body, which, by the way, was
not set in large numbers.

Dr. Longhin did not allow any of the
frayness divined by the President to
return. The paper was forceful and interesting.
The facts which the new educators put
for itself include the breaking down of
the barriers and antagonisms that had
continued to hold apart the business and
the academic worlds, and the attracting
to universities of the younger, most vital
young men by offering such courses of
instruction as will meet their needs,
in fitting them for the larger activities
of the business world. Its work is not
to fit technical skill but to fit skill
and form (and to develop managerial
ability. We are developing in these middle American states a type of men with honor and force of character. Shall not the University share in the production of such men by giving culture to power and force of culture?

The whole scheme was most interesting and fascinating. What a beautiful place the world will be when Dr. Harper and Dr. Lyth has made all men of power men of culture also and all men of culture no longer economic but full of good, red blood, when Dr. Andrews and Miss McDowell and Miss Adams have cleaned out the slums forever and relegated to the pages of history the dependent, deficient, and delinquent. Will not this be the new heaven and the new earth?

Then what?
When the lecture was concluded, daylight had gone, and electric lights were shining from every window on the campus. The huge gray buildings, covered with lights, made a most interesting picture which I had not seen before. Dormitories, lecture rooms, library, and laboratories all seemed by the lights from their windows that nothing yet going on.
Friday Nov. 15, '01.

To me the most pathetic figure in the university is a slender, pale negro who is in one of my classes. He seems to be in a constant state of apologizing for his ignorance. He has had the good judgment to seat himself in a corner next to the wall, near but not too near the wall, to take any hint of comfort. He tries to make a point of observing those as little as possible, but it did not dawn on me that the Jerome answering at roll call to the name of Mr. Smolenski was any other than a white man until one day he was called upon to write. His voice was so unlike other voices that I turned to see, and to my surprise discovered that at last I was being visited by a racially educated! Well, I do not mind it so long as the proportion is
me in one thousand, and I think
the proportion of negroes here is not
larger than that. I can do no great
harm to a white man's school to which
negroes may come, provided the commu-
nities where there are very few negroes,
but for the good of the whites the proper
line of whites should be large enough to
set the standard and establish the true.
You wonder is that when there are good
schools for negroes, any negro will be
willing to place himself under at first
he is only supervised. I have not observed
any white man address a remark to
this negro, and he always comes and
goes alone. I think the same way
about a Japanese whom I frequently
see in the English Library. Why should
any one deliberately place himself
where he must forever be held as in-

fier? The loneliness and isolation, be-
mill make intolerable. The situation
of necessity operate against me. Full-
devoutment. I noticed the negroes at Di:n-

in standing near the left in the front of
the hall generally occupied by women.
I did not like to. I wondered what I should
do if he should sometime rest himself by
me. It would be greatly against my prin-
ciples to move my rest if I could not
more without wound the negroes feeling
by making my rest apparent and yet
that would be a little stronger rest of my
belief in the brotherhood of man than
I am as yet prepared for. It
happens by chance that four of us from
so many Southern states are placed together
in the class to which the negro belongs,
In these, had a good deal of fun over the way the matter "molded" to the people at home. We are all obliged to admit that the negro makes good materialer, sometimes his ideas from a little far-fetched if not made of the work, but once they be defended them with a good deal of consistency.
Saturday Nov. 16th, '01

Talk the girls Bheer the Thomas concert tonight. The programme was fine as the Thomas programmes always are. I most enjoyed the "Russe d'Amour." Gloriously. It is a wonderful bit of description. The music gives the scenes and the story almost as explicitly as words could. Certainly it gives the atmosphere and the emotions of romance better than words could.

It is safe to hear such music at a sort of tawny-fine ends in a family. The music is quite as enjoyable in the balcony or in the family circle at tawny-fine ends as it is below with the more offensive ends. Indeed I think apart from the gay dressing and the distractions one gets from there...
pleasure out of the music. It is a great feat of civilization to put these artistic delights and agencies of culture within the reach of such large numbers of people.

One has to keep near to one's own party in the crowds at intermission to escape the delusion that one is in a vast auditorium. It seemed that nine planets of the Night of the German, well dressed, well mannered people do.

In the whole I think Saturday evening赴 to us tells for the Concert than Friday matinée. We are too tired when the marks with it over on Friday and we have lunch to get to the concert.

The girls performed a feat tonight that only school girls could have performed. They have been wanting
to see Dr. Harper. When we reached the corridor on the first floor, I saw Dr. Harper standing with the ladies of his family in a group apart from the people. The girls were in groups of two and three. I stepped between the groups and said: "Girls, the gentleman at the left with the white hat is Dr. Harper." If I had said the man in the moon, they would not have been much excited. Before I could even think, I started to run if they had understood me, and I was the first one drawn up in a line, standing at attention within five feet of Dr. Harper's nose. They had equipped themselves with caglards and came forward, and so resemble, they looked like a regiment of ung yarns.
If they had been practicing for
six months to execute the order
"right about face", "attention", they
could not have performed the manoeuvres
with equal instantaneousness and
synchronicity. I was perfectly dumb with
mortification, for I felt fully sure Dr.
Storer knew they belonged with me. I
was to break the spell without further calling
attention to myself was the next question.
I was sure I did not know what hap-
pened, but the facts say that they ran
in a moment too absolutely, they
were placed, and that they broke
ranks" without a signal from one.
They say that each, without knowing what
the other did, turned when I spoke,
and that they had no idea Dr. Storer
was in view. They say the President
did not on the performance, but
that his daughter did see it and
that she was very much amused
and took as much liberty in going
at them, only she did it deliberately
as they had taken in going at
her father. I was too determined to make
further observations on the Harper family.
So to how they took the military lines,
I must depend upon the girls to tell. The
President’s party walked to the station
behind us and was within elbow
reach until the train came. The
girls made a point of not sitting in
the rear coach. They had a
good laugh over the amusement
and awkwardness and bidenience
of the situation. Agnew mainly
annihilated that the world en...
Family knew to Harper the best.

I thought it much more a matter for kindness that the Doctor would certainly know her.

This is not their genius known to nature, talent that can produce as many surprises as girls in their teens.
Sunday Dec. 14

Went to Church this morning. As my plans for the day forbade an afternoon walk, I determined to make my field to Church a excursion one in order to be out in the open air as long as possible. I walked over toward the Derry School which I have been wanting to visit, but have not yet found time. Some little boys in the neighborhood doubtless fell off the school, took great pleasure in pointing out its exact location. The eaves of nature study, autumn leaves, growing plants, etc., with which the mind was rich filled, most attractive. Some day I shall be out and going over to see these happy, busy little workers.

The morning was delightfully bright.
and not for cool. I satisfied my curiosity with regard to some places in that neighborhood and then retraced my steps toward church. I got very little out of the service, chiefly my own fault I am sure. The music did not appeal to me, the minister spoke in vain if some of his hearers were more impressed than I. People who are once fixed in the church going habit seem to take very little note of the quality or effectiveness of a sermon. It comes to be all that in their opinion could be expected of it, if it occupies the allotted time.

Christ might have been the inventor of cold storage or a method of manufacturing ice for any