Confusion to the contrary that was
since this morning. This is the fourth
line I have heard this morning fresh
with the same results as so far so I
am concerned. The matter is really
painful. It is a fine man, but not
meant to be a preacher. A splendid
piece of flint just to a wrong use.
A voice that is rich and sympathetic.
Benevolent and persuasive in the
pulpit; an eye that is warm and
enchanting. Benevolent cold and fra-
pin if not meant. The man is
doing a work to which his heart
does not give grace. Such Gallantry
is use of language! One should
not say in the pulpit nor elsewhere.
What it is not time for himself to
sacrifice its effect there, but it done
Annie to place me self where I
am not to live to himself and at the
same time say that he is expected to.

I have heard for more pleasing de-
crees from men of smaller intellectual
attainment and of less symmetry of
person.

But I got pleasure and a beam
from a beautiful child who sat
in front of me from the beginning
of the service to the close, he devoted
himself with utter obscurity to all
that was around him, to drawing pictures.
The perfect freedom and absence of
self-consciousness in the boy as he
strove that which interested him,
was in striking contrast to the
man on the pulpit.
Monday, Apr. 18, 01.

The heaviest fog this morning did have our trains, this year first of the year proves to be a world-beater even in the matter of fog. I fancy London would have to make an extra effort to cut it. This morning's fog in Chicago. I think I have ever Cincinnati do her best, but she can not equal Chicago in the solids impenetrability of her fog. One could not see from one curbstone to another. A house or a tree across the street was invisible. It was eerie to approach a group of people to hear the voices cut off by the fog. I found the voice of the people, not being able to see lack this as they approached. When they did
ome within the range of view, people hunched in an abrupt,zigzag way and peered into each other's faces as if they were making acquaintances.

The ground was covered with a heavy frost. The trees, fences, and other objects of the fences were thickly covered in fine frost crystals. I wished for the burst of sunlight to reveal the beauty of the frost. The fog made breathing difficult. The effect on the trees and branches was like the effect of heavy smoke.
Tuesday, Nov. 19, '01.

I have been neglectful of Church relations since I have been in Chicago, amounting to the purpose and disinterest of some of my Church people; not that I am unwilling to meet the requirements of my friends but that the stress is inadequate. Hastily I have felt compelled to forsake Church socials, but a sense of duty, strengthened by Dr. Harper's talk on Romans 12:1 in Chapel yesterday morning, led me to attend such a function tonight.

Being a stranger in the congregation, the pastor for the evening had complimented me by asking me to receive milk for her. She had also asked the girls to assist at the lunch table. I was anxious to impress them with the importance of being
Prompt at social engagements and so much that one must be at the station on time for a certain train. But fate was against me, leaving time unable to meet the requirements of the Reader. In English I find it E, I was compelled to pay my respects to the revision of Camel and the Colonel's son before I could feel at liberty to engage in evening festivities. When my revised theme was properly endorsed I saw a light of relief and an anxious glance at the clock and made all possible haste to reach the station on time for the last train that would enable me to meet promptly by my engagement with my brother. We reached the station just after the train left. The girls directed themselves by being a nickel Sharpel and
Marching themselves on the flat machine.

The result of the constitutional trend
that none of us can cease to complain
that Chicago is unpalatable. While
we waited for another train, a dozen
or more persons arrived at the station
with the same purpose that brought us
out. So we reached the home of our
hostess, not the last guest, though
something like two quarters of an hour
later than I had agreed to be present.

Mrs. — is a charming person, and
she has a beautiful, hospitable home.
Everybody was there without regard to
age or occupation. The usual
welcoming features of church socials
were on the program. But to the end
of pitchforks into a race, I got
one person in line into the race.
It is hardly necessary to say I did not get the prize, which was the case. How queer that the Putting should to obscure the nature of a principle. Eminent judge, Church people can print founds for a valuable glass case, and have a Joannes and a group of young for thinking Cape. My guess as to the number of peanuts in a bowl came within time. The correct number, the person who won the prize came within four of the correct number. But the thing that interested me most and that I have not yet satisfied my mind about was the number of single nails that were put into a beautiful glass of molot. I guessed that fourteen be put into and I felt absolutely
antee that the fifth column came on our floor. To the astonishment of
every present but hundred and thirteen
nails were dropped in one by one.
They were not just the kind of nails
I had in mind when I made the guess,
but I should not have guessed to many
some of the kinds that were used. I knew
enough about Physics and Chem-
istry to understand why large mass-
less of salt or sugar, or any soluble
be just into a vessel filled with cold
without charming it to our floor, but
these nails are not porous and can
not occupy molecular spaces. There
is no principle except our face limited
that will account for the number of
nails that came of matter held it
was remarkable for much above
The time of the races the water was poor.

I shall be obliged to decline all additional purses that do not come on Friday and Saturday night.
Wednesday, Nov. 20, '01.

came out of Cobb Hall today at noon and found Prof. M. on the lift. As we talked some more for some distance the cane, the proposed that we take the walk together. He asked how it felt to be in school again. I have been feeling all the time that he wanted to ask the question. I told him feeling strange, with a rapid oscillation between feeling and humor, comedy and tragedy, but with rather agreeable. Some unique little man that used to relish his acquaintances by his ability to repeat Shelley's Cloud as to appreciate Hawthorne, later it was George Meredith, now it is Wordsworth. A living listening to the
Kindness of Ann Meredith's advice to work one thing in life and that
me. Refused to get older. With
standing grey hair. Just like little
girl at the lake with the tread
and movement of a boy.
Thursday, Nov. 21, '51

I considered the matter over this morning and decided with regret to "let" English I and play widows and were a cold. The effort to elicit the cold seemed futile and the confinement became intolerable. I went therefor to my eleven o'clock mass.

Again this afternoon at three thirty, I determined that such air would do more good than cooing, so I went over to the University to hear Mr. Sullivan lecture on Railroad Management and Operation. At midnight I met Dean Balbo, who it always pleas-ant to meet and with whom I had a chat as we walked along. When I reached the lecture hall, I saw only me woman. I made
She did to ask her to let me sit by her
since we had arranged to be the only men
who offered to bring railroad freight,
the cheerfully granted my request saying
that she was beginning to feel quite
alone. Soon I saw across the room
one other lone woman. In a few mo-
moments the hall began to fill rapidly
the number of men increasing by
the time the lecture arrived, it was ap-
parent that the hall could not accom-
mmodate the audience and we rejoin-
ed to the Chapel. The man who intro-
duced Mr. Sullivan was not intended
for that function. He was quite out
of his element. Instead of being a
university man,
the lecture was admirably plan-
ced and systematic. Evidently
Managerial power is not defined from a strong sense of analysis and proportion, and ability to present a subject. The lecture was quite interesting given an outline of the entire lubrication system of railroad organization and practice. All the time the speaker consumed over one hour was too much for the audience, and his details about the last was a little trying. But in the whole, I am sure the lecture increased the intelligence of the audience on the subject of railroad management and that it also increased their respect for the ability and the just sense accompanied with the benevolence of the men who operate railroad.
Friday, Nov. 22, '01,

Finding when I started back school this morning, so I returned to my room for an umbrella. By ten-thirty it was raining in earnest. I went over to Foster. To hear Miss Price, Miss Price speak to the G.W.C.T.A. She spoke at a disadvantage, the weather, and the additional confusion occasioned by the rain. Miss Price needs to be seen to make the best impression. The air of modesty behind her own an unfortunate background. I shall hope to hear her under more favorable circumstances during her stay at the University. One novel evening in the June of '99 I saw her conduct a major recital on a beautiful lawn in Asheville, N.C. Her audience was composed of school girls seated on the
the grass under mile spreading forest floor. The setting sun heightened the mountain tips and theatred the barn with its shade. One thought of the beautiful smile, "As the mountains are high, about Jerusalem, in the midst of the gathering twilight this group of fresh young girls in clamber summer gowns looked like a ray of brightness left behind by the departing sun, in the center of the group stood this face, graceful young woman bending forward, in her earninettes, with her slender white, white hand raised to impress the bulk that stood in her soil and issued from her life. The tender earninette's of her eye, the gleam of color on her chin cheeks, the contempt and gentleness of her countenance framed by her soft dark hair was a study for an artist. She was so
Persecution as Dinah Mousi, whom I fancy she resembles. She seems to me a most charming one.

Two years is a short time, but I fancy even in that time the ordinary features are less soft and the color of the cheek less vivid. Since the intimate mystery of youth of girlhood must go, may a deeper depth of character and experience shine out upon the Eminence of God in every man and woman, and light not less delighting than the ephemeral beauty of youth. I have been wondering whether justice and the love of beauty and religion are identical. Do girl morals common sense and religion the love of beauty? I suppose William Arnold meant to answer this question when he said: "Religion is morality touched with emotion."
Mr. Price, Dr., and R. S. appeal to me very strongly on much the same way. They give me exquisite pleasure and exquisite pain. They are trying to teach me the higher truths of life and of God, and I am fascinated with their beauty and their art. I would look for the sea's inner light that shining through them makes them beautiful, and I fear I have only a little delight in the beauty. To be sure of the genuineness of results, ministry of the gospel should be at least forty years old and perfectly plain, and made of fact in appearance. And that seems not fair. Should not the cause of light be more than what advantage there is in the form or personality of its advocate? The form to influence people will last long,
with Miss Rice and B. 3 - but I am
reminded of, when the magnificence of rice
and "the look which beames upon
the blind disciple" are replaced by
four his rich and musical and the
tiny lines of advancing years, Dr.
and continue to have much from.
Perhaps the whose message he year will
not permit such change to come when
the message has been behind what fur
that made to have the messenger waiting.
What a present it would!

These people have made the same
jokes for that characterized Prof. Dean
mood; but only Prof. Drummond the
joke forward. Surely Ethereal. He turned
jungle of all that appealed to the
Dewey mind. I have never been any
other eye that might have belonged to
the Lord—so intimate, so extra-human
they were a light on those that never
shone on land or sea. But the eyes
of the Christ must have been more
ful, perhaps, because he had a
larger view.

If blasphemy is attributing to another
from the mouth of the Holy Spirit, does
one commit blasphemy in asking if
the powers of certain types of religious
leaders be not in part due to the separate
the lines make to the personality of the
leaders? As a rule these leaders
have asked for the guidance and power
of the Holy Spirit, and they firmly believe
they have it and that its power
is due all results of their work.
Are they correct?
Saturday, Nov. 23, '51.

A dark, rainy day following a night of rain. Began work soon after breakfast. In a short time the rain and remained to luncheon and to dinner, I ran three or four very little miles today. Had the day been bright, I should have felt compelled to go to the city. I was not inclined to take the trip, and so I was grateful for the excuse to stay at home. Went to forty-fifth Street this afternoon and made some purchases that will delay the necessity of my going to the city until next week. As I entered a store I was compelled to face a most forbidding looking one. He looked about the mouth as red dogs are said to look. The faces here usually endured
to many instances of the fatal bite of mad dogs that I now fear any
dog with suspicion. This was a large, clean, sleek, black dog—amost
objectiviable, and most loathsome—fearful. After I came home it
and I read until dinner was ready.
Mr. Smith took the girls to San Fran
this afternoon. They are foolish
to stay to the Yonkers concert. I am
sorry to have missed it myself and
I have heard them miss it.
Sunday Arrr. 24, '01.

Another uneventful day indoors
with cloudy skies. Neither
A good day to stay at home in
my mind.

Wrote letter on the afternoon of
evening.

Monday November 25, '01.

The usual routine today.
Greatly enjoyed the reading of Paul
in August 1 this morning.
Prof. was particularly brilliant
and enjoyable today, but time
and energy permitted him to make
an electrical wire which was to
me so formal and significant
that it quieted me for
the remainder of the day.
took the girls to hear Ardèche this evening. It was wonderful to see the immense body of people assembled in the auditorium to hear me singing, and to think that one woman had the physical and artistic force to bring to the satisfaction of a large audience. I had never before heard Ardèche so early in the season. This perhaps explains the fact that to me her voice had more color and expression and was more pleasing than I have ever before heard it. I was most pleased with two of the French numbers: Les Filles de l’Aube by Déléz, which she sang with great brilliance and spirit, and then by Bachellet, which she sang with immense feeling of sympathy. Ardèche
not only expected but she knew
she had not seen her
since '94 and but to reminded
that four years is a long time
She is greatly changed. Always
of large frame, she has grown
enormously stout. The delicate sea
foam and white sage the me
when I saw her last week she
made her prettiness her appearance
than the heavy junk more. She is
in stout and stout to was juck
with juck effect, she was most
peaceful and pleasing and
evidently enjoyed the cordial
reception. The record to firelights
and bugle corn near the
dock.
Tuesday, Nov. 26th, '01.

Another fog this morning, but quite insignificant compared with the fog of November 18. The rear square between Fifty-eighth Street and the Midway, the brooding urn, the trunks of bare-leaved maple trees, the enveloping fog, through which the early red sun was endeavoring to shine, reminded me of V.A. Lindsay's 'Mid
enchanted morning scenes. The wood here had lost yellow and more violet in the coloring. I heard Miss Price again this afternoon. She spoke simply and beautifully. I think, however, her
personal association with very young people, and her fear lest she lose lunch with them, prevents her
expanding and enlarging in thought as she would naturally do under other circumstances, it
forms rather a pity: she has the capacity for fuller growth, and I believe in the end she
would accomplish as much good in life by considering the terms of her own urgent mental de
velopment. Even young people are not absurd. They know maturity when they are it, and their sense of
friend demands thought that those
opened with more years. They
do not expect a mature woman
to speak to them as one of their
fellow minds: speak!
Wednesday, Nov. 29, 61.

The air was full of premonitions of snow this morning, with occasional fine flakes thinning to the earth. About the middle of the afternoon it turned thick and fast for a few minutes, covering the ground to the depth of half an inch in incredibly short time. I stopped in my way home from school, just to make a business call. When I left the school it was gray and dusty; when I came out again, I found the ground covered with a sheet of white and the snow falling so rapidly as to shut off our vision at a short distance. The joyful voices of school children, welcoming the first snow of the year, sang out with the cheerful greeting to a snow-covered atmosphere.
Thursday, Nov. 28, '01.

Made an effort this morning to attend Thanksgiving services at First Street. Before I entered the building it was apparent that we would not be able to get into the auditorium. People were crowded about the entrance, striving to get within hearing of the speaker's voice. A group of men kind of standing with their arms folded and made room for others to get farther into the hall. I took advantage of the opportunity and got near enough to see the decorations of flags and banners. The speaker may have been impatient to get comfortably seated, but seated as I was, I failed to be satisfied. Mr. Smith and the girls failed utterly to get into the hall and I come for my
a harmonious study in gray. From the fourth floor of Cobb Hall, the distant buildings to the south are outlined with unusual distinctness. The huge smokestacks make their contribution to the study in gray by sending out massive columns of smoke, which make a pleasing contrast with slender columns of flame from a neighboring factory.

The air is dense and still, and huge dark broken columns of smoke stand, faintly gilded, above the city roofs and spires, and make a pleasing contribution to the study in gray. Busy street flares are Jimmy to Jimmy city silence.
Mrs. Smith and I went to the Southern Club tonight. I was desirous of learning how many Southern people are here and what interests they represent. The affair was quite informal. I met a number of friendly Southern people, but since very interested people whom I have met in the University were not at the organization seems to need non-exclusively Southern leaders. There are people here from nearly every state in the South, Texas, Georgia, and the Carolinas, and some of them particularly well represented. I met a young German from Virginia who said in speaking to a Mississippian that it did not seem to her that one who did not come from Virginia was from the South. Virginians usually feel so, but not all are so prone to locality. I think the majority of Southerners are either reactionaries or materialists.
place to come one else and must be
search of them. Soon after leaving
the hall, I heard the band playing
America and a full volume of
song accompanying. Having mixed
the service in which we were deter-
minded to be beforehand at the laying
of the cornerstone. Accordingly, we took
our positions on a large line not
many feet from the cornerstone. The
longest that was to be done and
heard what was said. Several
hundred people, not a few of them elderly
people, manifested commendable ele-
cational intent and zeal by standing
for three quarters of an hour in the
sharp wind and melting snow. The
tide was brilliant, but the air was
chill.
Monuments are always a bit painful to me. What kind of memorial must one build to ensure being really remembered? It can only be a simple idea. How many students entering a memorial building ever think of the donor? Is it not better to make the gift wholly for the sake of the cause without expecting grateful remembrance?

Rather than decline Mr. Tracy's invitation I went to the football game and met Mrs. Smith and the girls. We could hardly get onto the grounds to dance. The cheering constituted all that amusing could do to secure victory; but the greater struggle and agility of the Memories was triumphant. Evidently ordered in football is not confined to any age.
or condition, I should enjoy it more if accidents were fewer and we
heard less of overstrained hearts and other impaired organs. In what
way would the real efficiency of a university be lowered if it had
no professional football team? I
wonder what is the philosophy of the
interest in physical struggle and if in
the process of enshrine it will become
extinct?

I hope enough seats will hold at
$75 dollars today to put a roof on
the grandstand before next year and
to stop up the leaks under foot.
These changes will make attendance
upon the game thereafter safer and
more enjoyable.
Friday, Nov. 29, '01.

A most glorious November day, bright and clear and so warm some even tried with the kind of day when every thing seems possible. Took a short walk this morning and spent the remainder of the forenoon at work.

Tonight I went with Mr. Stearns to hear Dr. R— lecture on the 'Ring of the Nibelung.' The lecture was most interesting, he was entirely full of his subject and in full command with it. His formulation of the plays was most grand and dramatic. What a mix of prose and verse it is. The interpretations of the myth so expressive and helpful. I wonder if the myths lead to the ancient any of the significance now attributed to them?
Saturday, Nov. 30, '01.

A beautiful day. A short walk. The forenoon spent in the Library. The afternoon chiefly in my room. Saw a man in the neighborhood, who helps a boarding house, out cleaning the own steps in the fresh morning air. The glow of health in her cheek and in her eye more truly refreshing. Everything that her knee fairly home with cleanliness in the morning sunlight. So much healthier and happier she appeared than the many women who are struggling to break free from their made in their own homes and who are toiling themselves in the effort to secure bread and wages for their rents. The struggle to avoid work or the choking under doing are more fruitful to the nervous system than the mind itself.
Sunday, Dec. 1, 01.

A pleasant walk this morning in the crisp air brought me to the theatre
online before the service began. I had
not before attended Sunday morning
services at the University. Intended to
observe the class of persons who attend
these services, I took a seat where I could
see the people as they came in. The number
of elderly people both men and women
surprised me. Indeed, I could scarcely
think that the audience could
with justice be called a student au-
dience.

The speaker for the morning was
the Reverend Dr. Thomas of the People's
Church. It was the first time I
ever heard Dr. Thomas speak, though I had long much admired
In turn once I read a certain sermon of his delivered in 1880 in reply to Rev. S. B. Egermeier. Dr. Thomas spoke from the pulpit: "My people seek for lack of knowledge." The sermon did not measure up to the possibilities of the pulpit, it was good and enforced helpful truths. Dr. Thomas looks like a medieval saint. He is quite unique and rather interesting perhaps as much because one remembers what he has accomplished as because of what he says now in his lifework.
Monday Dec 2, 01.

An unusually busy day, all in the line of the unfailing daily routine—except for a walk with a friend to the Fifty-third Street Station. Met over to the English Library this afternoon and met with the disappointment that I frequently have; the books I wanted were not.

Tuesday, Dec. 3, 01.

A beautiful gray morning, with the grey clouds forming over the earth. At eight o’clock the sun was just able to disclose his whereabouts by making little 

[Text continues on the right side of the page]
A harmonious study in gray. From the fourth floor of Scott Hall, the distant buildings to the south are outlined with unusual distinctness. The atmosphere is dense and still, and massive columns of dark smoke from huge smokestacks blend in unison with towering columns of silver steam from power masts rising unbroken high above the city roofs and spires, making a pleasing contribution to the study in gray. Busy men and women are beginning to fly in every direction.
Wednesday, Dec 4, 01.

Went milking out to breakfast at seven fifteen and getting to school at eight o'clock. I am likely to get better acquainted with December morning skies than my sisters in the subject. But since one of our family has an engagement at eight o'clock, we must all manifest this unusual energy in early rising. One has very much the feeling of a heroine, having open the heavy doors of Isaiah Hall and to see by the rooming lights which is just sufficient to make visible the face of the clock, that the hour hand points to eight. Our comprehensive line for the shortened morning wash is that the Clock Room is at this early hour quite solitary,
and one may be as deliberate as he
makers without feeling that she must
move on to make way for others the
a little later. Count rapidly on. The
first five minutes on the classroom
is a delight of perfect quiet, and
one feels that with a sufficient elas-
tine of such opportunity for quiet study,
one might eventually be able to con-
struct a paragraph which would
violate neither the laws of unity, co-
herence, nor proportion. But much
must be made of the five minutes,
for at the end of that time Miss
- then advise quiet. She is
probably the original of the
Buzzy - saw - Girl. I have seen her
is quite another to be
Dr. Parker gave this morning his last
Division meeting on the quarter.

The talks have certainly been most stimulating and helpful to the class
of students for whom they were intended. The President’s style could
rarely be called glowing or elegant, but it is certainly clear and definite.
Thursday, Dec. 5th, '01.

This has been an interesting day and enjoyable understanding the imperious part I played in the early part of it. I realized early in life that if I would escape the gloom of Oxford, I must culture the inner self that seeks its chief pleasure in the excellence of other people's performances, the resignation, and that expects little from its own.

Stimulated by the unusually interesting hour yesterday morning in English, I confess I wrote not last night the work assigned for today, and returned with an unusually clear conscience. I reached the lecture room this morning at an early hour and in the interval before 8:30 o'clock accomplished a bit of work that
for some time has been tappign me
from day to day. Comforable in the
thought of having this fragment at last
out of the way and with the conscien-
tnes of having at least made at thor-
ough preparation of the day's work an
my capabilities armed with I anticipated
the class hour with pleasure. When the
line of work for the hour was indicated
I reached for my note-book and tried
it only to find that I had the wrong
book, and that my care fully prepared
outlines were more than five blocks
from that line of need. It soon became
apparent that the members of the class
must to be examined in routine and
that there was no hope of escape
from detention and suspension. I
felt like a guilty thing accused
as the coils in which I was to be enucleated gradually came nearer and nearer. To make my condition worse, the same mishap had befallen one of my fellows yesterday morning and I knew what was in the instructor's mind of such unpardonable able sin. If only instructors would once get hold of the wrong book that they might have greater sympathy for the frailty in their students! In my case, I felt entitled to whatever clemency was extended to the derelict kindergarten on the score of temple childhood. I am beginning to think that there is such a thing as being too old to go to school. After my humiliation I rallied at best I could and found great pleasure in the hour. The discussions were most interesting. Endeavoring to make my
I made a stepping stone to higher things and not a milestone about my neck. I put in the most hours and the least at first hard and fairly successful work.

In English 40, Prof. appeared with his lungs full of ozone and buoyant energy apparent in every line and manner, and announced that he was capable of five hundred words a minute and as many ideas and that he expected his class had had unfailing ears and nimble fingers. The theme for the morning, so you like it was evidently much to his liking, and for me there was pleasure upon my mit, wisdom, and brilliant intellec.

It was delightful even to one who had fable ears, a slow registering brain.
and Clancy fun; to an usher,
who did not have a notebook to
educate against examining day.
It must have been electrifying.

A walk home with pleasant com-
panions, luncheon with the girls, and
a return to the University occupied
the next hour. From one o’clock to
four I spent pleasantly at work in
the English library. At four o’clock
I went to hear Mr. Louis F. Jachens lecture
on “Railways as Factors in Industrial
Development.” I had some misgivings
about climbing that hour to their lecture
since it ended in a mere a small
of entertainment. I was strongly of the
opinion that I might better spend it
in the open air. That opinion was
strengthened when I saw the uti
whose appearance did not, to me, indicate either managerial ability or platform power, but gave me the impression of a man of fine physical courage and of the right kind. There was nothing in the address that matched particularly of the teachers, but certainly the speaker made his point with his audience and left with them a fairly good idea of the part that railways play in making up the industries of this country. It must have been very sug-
gerative to young men who are about to enter upon a business career.

The speaker not only instructed his audience but he entertained them delightfully. He ended his address with the words, 'We had not had so much fun for a
month, the audience applauded and laughed until their faces were so red in laughter that scarcely any one was able to hide his teeth even by the time the side walk was reached. At least one person found the laughter a most excellent appetizer for the dinner that was awaiting the return train.