Mr. Wallin,

University of Chicago.

Fearing that my note of December 21 may have miscarried, I have the pleasure of again informing you that the Council of the University Union has appointed you a place on the program of the first public meeting of the University Union, which is to be held in Central Union Hall at the end of the first term of this quarter. By recommendation of the head of the department of political science, and of the committee appointed to prepare a program, it is requested that you deliver a paper on "Horse-Racing," which it is understood you have written.

Respectfully,

Charles E. Peet
President of Union.
Waltonwood, Aug. 26, 1892.

"Dear George!"

I certainly is your fault. I tried to be proper, and I set you the example, yet you wouldn't follow it. Alas for propriety! If the PhiRename quit this letter, we are doomed. And what would seem too prominent, after the many hairbreadth escapes we have had, in our lives. Let us write a book together some time: The Strange Adventures of a College Youth and Maid; or The Secret of an Editor's real Sanctuary; or Work in the House Mission Field; or-
The Life and Work of George C. Schenck, Philanthropist — any of these I am sure would furnish attractive titles. You could supply the thrilling statements of fact in your own terse, pithy, incisive style, while I could weld the thing together into the "filling-up" paragraphs; and perhaps add two or three little incidents that might have escaped your memory. If we used the last-mentioned title, I think an interesting chapter of his might be written upon that good man, of whom the world was not worthy, who was driven at one time into the active pursuit of his philanthropic labors, to take
refuge in dens and caves of the earth, where his only companion was a young female convent, who elected to share the temporary retirement of her spiritual master. Something mighty, perhaps also be said about the utter disregard of self carried by the Philanthropist, who had been known to forgo the spiritual refreshment for which his soul thirsted — to renounce utterly or more than once occasion an address of great profit to all; an address of great profit to all; who might hear it — and to spend the sacred Sabbath hours with a casually-minded young woman, who failed to realize the seriousness of things in general until the
Philanthropists had labor with her
at several different periods. All of
which was of great benefit to the
young woman, but a loss and
disadvantage to the Philanthropist,
who, however, never counted his own
inconvenience on such occasions.

As if the secret of an Edenture
Sanctum were chosen, what hair-rais-
ing tales might be told of a Green
Doge Table, a Spring-Lock, a
Western Window, an Inclining Cliff,
An Arm-Chair, a Search Mirror,
The Surprise, The Six O’Clock Runegrous,
I merely mention those names, for
of course the secret of interest in
a tale is Suspense, Awakened Imagina-
tion, and the Thrill of Expectation.
well, that will do for nonsense. I intended this letter to be strictly one of business, reserving all other lines of communication for a letter printed which perhaps will reach you before I see you. It was a lovely thought of yours to spend our Sunday hours writing home and the letter was so delightful. I will expatriate more on that some other time. I enclose the “prisoners” letter which I enjoyed very much. Thank you for sending it. I hope he will be set free, for I believe he would make good use of his liberty. The lesson of upright has been better learned in his case, but it must
have been the right way for him.

We take the Ladies' Home Journal, and I had noticed the articles you sent. But I was glad to have my attention called to them again, and especially glad that you had noticed them. I also read "Why Young Miss Defers Marriage," and it recalled some conversations we have had.

There is much truth in the article, and the women are a good deal to blame—or rather their education is. But can their standards very well be different with that education? Is it an unconscious but ineradicable accompaniment of the modern increase of requirements in every direction that girls should be unwilling to begin where their
mothers did? And with the new possibilities and standards in the way of living. I don't think they ought to be expected to. But neither, on the other hand, ought they to expect to begin where their mothers have left off. That is unreasonable and foolish. She is a housewife, and so are needed her. The woman, in every sense a helpmeet, and in no sense a dead weight, should renounce her pleasure when it is for the common interest; she should accept her share of the burden, responsibility, and privation.
And the man should see to it that in her zeal for his interest she is not wearing out her life; that she has some time and some money that she can call her own; that she is regarded as an individual with tastes, convictions, and desires as strong and as worthy of respect and qualification as his own. He should accept the sacrifices and the efforts she is called upon to make, in a large and noble spirit, appreciating what she does, never treating her endeavors as a matter of course, but allowing her always to feel that she fills a large and recognized place in his life, giving and strength and courage he could not otherwise have. In this affair —
Of mutuality! If there is such a word, it is the "togetherness" of the marriage relation that makes it blessed; it is the mutual self-sacrifice of Self and selfish self-interests; the mutual joy in each other and in common objects; the mutual forbearance, confidence, enjoyment—yes, and the mutual burden and sorrow. I thoroughly believe that trials and discomforts that come to both, and are borne in common, with the support of mutual sympathy, can accomplish more to knit together two human hearts, in enduring bonds of love and dependence, than any amount of mutual pleasure. The more I see of life, the more I am convinced—
of the power of a pure, dearly mutual
love to carry people through the
trials that must come to every
life. "God is love," and Love is
of God. Don’t you believe so,
my Dear? (You spell it with a
big ‘D,’ so I suppose I must. But
sometimes big D’s are naughty).

My "business letter" doesn’t get
on very fast, does it?

You can’t think how pleased
I am, dear George, at the news
of the advancement that has
been offered you. I don’t think
any one, unless it is your
mother, is more delighted than I
when you have a prospect of
promotion.
I think you did quite neglect to decline a position on the force, altho' I am very glad you could have gone on at such good wages. It augurs well for the future. But I am not so sure about the wisdom of your refusal to take charge of the proof room at the salary the present "boss" is getting. Perhaps I do not understand the circumstances correctly, and I beg you will not think me officious, or impertinent to meddle in things I don't understand. But one reason I am writing you is soon as that I hope this letter will reach you before you finally
decline the position. Surely the "boss" gets more than what you receive at present, doesn't he?

And would not a short time in the position of "boss" make you better able to demand higher wages for yourself and those under you than you are now? And would not your employers be much more apt to give it to you? In other words, would it not be wiser to accept the place of proof room boss at the price they are paying now and then to make yourself so valuable to them that they will give you what you want rather than lose you? Probably you have thought of all this, and know why...
you do not wish to do it. But I don't want you to go back to the case if you can help it. It makes you crooked, for me. And I like you to be as straight as you are in mind. And then, I feel that you are another step toward what you want to do, and I can't bear you go back a step, even tho' it is just as good financially. Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me you ought to take this position even at lower wages. I do want you to be "boss" of something. Perhaps that is
a purely feminine ambition - but I am ambitious - for myself and for you. I know what I want you to be - and maybe I want - let you stop with that, rather! But in order to prepare for this first ambition which I have for you, all the experience you can get in "bossing" will be necessary. You must learn to "boss" gently as well as firmly; to get at results without autocraticizing the instruments of your plan; never to yield a point that your judgment directs; but at the same time never to disregard individuality in those who work for you. You may have the privilege of scotting this feminine
advice just as much as you like; I dare say if the thing is decided already, and you will take your own way anyway. But I couldn't resist registering a protest against your declining this position, and if you don't like it, I will never do it again.

I think you have done splendidly with your correspondence this month. You are pursuing just the right course. I think — keeping out of the regular reporting until you are ready for it, but at the same time preparing the way by the new gathering. Speaking of news, I am dumb-founded at what you
tell me of Trip and Ernie Hickerson. It doesn’t seem home at all to me. I never knew she liked him, and I don’t believe she ever did before this summer. She very little come! I would as soon think of being engaged to a miller as to him. They are both dreadful flirts, and there doesn’t seem to be a bit of reality to the affair. But it must be so, if Emma wants so.

Did you write a column of U news in the Tribune (Sunday) of Aug. 31? There was a cut of the Medical Guild. I think it sounded a little like you.

I asked Papa what he thought of your taking the course in law that you mentioned, and he...
favor it. So do I. I believe it would be good for you, and you will be more likely to take it now than later. Perhaps, while economies, I fancy you will carry on more or less all your life. I hope so at least. Papa spoke particularly 3 Constitutional Law, as beneficent for you, that Contracts was good, too. I hope you will not give up this idea unless you are really convinced that you can put in your time more advantageously. I think the legal study would be excellent. Must discipline, besides giving you valuable information.
In order to provide against the possible contingency of our meeting and conversing in the future, and for our clearing an interest in common, I have sent for and obtained Dr. Ely’s book on the Labor Movement.

I have read the first two chapters and part of the fourth, and have enjoyed it very much. Papa has also been reading it and enjoys it. I think your estimate of the work is just as far as I have read he seems to me both impartial and sympathetic. It is sometimes perhaps a little wordy. I don’t know but I have made a mistake in not studying very...
have this written, but on the whole I think not. The fellow-
ship negotiations have ended
with an offer from the University of Chicago of a $300 fellow-
ship in Political Economy for
the year 1892-3, and I have
today written to accept it. The
tuition (about $100) comes out of
that sum, so it nets only $200,
but that is better than nothing,
and is an honor besides. I am
sorry it is not in History, but
I hope to do very useful work
in that department. I don't
know as it can be so arranged.
I want to talk with you.
about it. Did you know that my getting any fellowship at all was all wrong to you? Can you guess how? If you can't I will tell you when I see you.

I have heard that George Tunell failed to get his $500 fellowship at Columbia, and that he goes to Chicago on an "honoring." He will probably consider it a trickery of fate that he and I meet again—he on an honorary fellowship and I on a real one!

I expect now to be in Minneapolis about the 16 of Sept., date not absolutely fixed. Shall probably stay about a week, getting some shopping done. Don't you have any nightmares off? If you do, tell me what one,
So I will not make any engagement. I expect to be at Mrs. Gibbs, but alas! I shall have no private sitting room! No Sunday night, I am afraid. Besides, you are wicked enough to work then.

It is getting dark, and my eye are most out of my head. I really meant to write you a short business letter, and see what a mess I have made of it! The gist of it all is this: I want you to be proof-room Boss!

Perhaps I will write you a religious letter before--
Your letter made me want to be good. I feel your spirit in it, my dear, and that is always inspiring to me. You are good. God bless you!

We shall be here until about the 5th of next month. Then at Fargo. You better write me once more anyway.

Truly your friend,

Madeleine Walker
him that I had been doing some work the past year. I enclosed my thesis. This morning I received a letter from President Harris saying I could count on an honorary fellowship if I came to the University of Chicago this fall. That is as good as $150, as that is the amount I would have paid for tuition at Columbia. I think I had better.

303 Washington Ave S E
Minneapolis, Minn, Sept 11.

My dear Madeleine:

Would you really like to have me at the University of Chicago next year? It does not seem dangerous you might speak two words for yourself in advising me to go there? If so, I will make a grievous fault, though it is sweet to think you have not yet passed into
I am frank to admit that imperfections still cling to me and that I would like to be where I could see you occasionally, although I am aware that our intercourse would have to be much more restricted than when we were editors.

I must think I had better yield and go to Chicago. What think you now? Saying surely

extraneous considerations aside, I thought it would be better on the whole to go to Columbia. Nevertheless, just as a feeler, a couple of weeks ago I wrote Prof. Judson a letter asking if an application would receive any consideration at this time if I should make one for an honorary fellowship, which entitles to free tuition. So how...
Let that form the bal-
ance for me, result in a
decision to go to
Chicago this fall.
Don't you think so?
In that case it would
not be wise for me to
go to the explosive city
of Chicago much before
Oct. 1. I can stay here
cheaper. I have already
thrown up my situation
but I can use my time
to good advantage. I
I have read Mill's Principles of Political Economy nearly half through since you were here.

I would like to hear what you think.

I hope you are having a pleasant time at the fair.

Under the present plan I shall not expect to see you until about Oct. 1, I suppose.

I hope the next year will be a profitable one for us, My Darling. We will make it so, won't we?

Bless you, Dear Heart!
Papa and my uncle were waiting for me at the station, and we went up town to buy some wedding gifts for Roland. Mercury. Papa and mamma are to give her a dozen silver silver spoons and a carving-set, silver-mounted. They first select them and think they are going to be very satisfactory.

The wedding will be about the middle of October, I fancy. Wonder how it will seem to them to be really married—how they have thought of it so long. Will it be more—a less—than they have dreamed? A sweet and sacred dream it has been to them's full of happy.

Chicago, Ill. Sept. 28, 1892.

George, my dear—

Before I tell you even that I am alive and in Chicago, I want to call your attention to the enclosure. It is a certificate (10$) of remuneration for your invaluable assistance in my behalf at the panel-room in the Union Station. I am mortified at my forgetfulness, and trust you will attribute it to the confusion I think somewhat trying time and not to a chronic lack of...
business accuracy. I assume that the amount you spent for storing the satchel was ten cents. If it was more, please do not fail to let me know.

I had a pretty good night on the train - better than I usually do on a sleeper. I consider that the sleeping arrangements there are excruciatingly intolerable at all if one has a whole berth, and a section is better. There is barely room for one person and his (or particularly her) garments in one of these berths, and it is better if one can have the upper berth to put some extra articles into. However, I will stop grumbling, and say that I passed a very comfortable night.

The next morning I had breakfast on the diner, and a very good one it was, too. The morning was charming, and the scenery from the windows as we whirled along was delightful - so green and fruitful, and altogether restful to the eye. There was an empty seat opposite me, and I thought how well you would become a situation just like that. I'll tell you, my dear, if we should ever have a chance to go on a journey together, let's go into the diner shall we? I am quite sure the scenery will bore none of us seriously then.
promised to see the Prof. D. P. Political Economy and explain a little about the before Sree ami. Isn't he kind? And am I not fortunate? Oh, but you always told me that, I mustn't encourage you, or the first sting I know you will be reminding me of my mercies — something which is very distressful to the unregenerate.

Well, dear, I kept some little Sunday time and read the 13th chapter of First Corinthians it seemed some what more understanding than ever before. And somehow more that same place I saw this: There are diversities of gifts, but one Spirit, and I thought I could get a glimmer of I read it.
is ill with a disease that will probably terminate fatally. We visited her and at my father's sister's—she also lives in Edinburgh—until Tuesday morning when we returned to the city. Today we went to the University, where I matriculated. The examiner was going to insist on seeing my diploma (which is at present in France) but a magic note from T.R. Jones set that right. I am told that he is a big man at the University. I saw Messrs. Soares and Tunell, the latter of whom is employed in the examiner's office. Mr. Soares thought me lucky not to have to conduct any examinations, as he does, that predicted that they would get something out of me. In my talk with T.R. Jones last night, I decided that I would take Political Science and History, and a little Political Economy, if practicable. So I wrote off my registration card as entering for the degree of Master of Philosophy in Political Science. The course in Philosophy is the one that corresponded to our literary course. I am to see T.R. Jones again on Friday (when I am to move to the Royal. Victoria) and he has...
deep, satisfying steadfastness of that one spirit of love and loyalty that underlies all true and earnest effort toward the right. So far as it is true and earnest and unselfish, it is founded on the same spirit and all the rest is mistake and selfishness and self-deceit. A kind of conception of the oneness of humanity came over me then—how all our efforts to help each other and to bring the others along with us as we advance, have their root and reason in that beautiful tie of common relation to God—All His children. Whatever is true,
whatever is beautiful, and lasting, and satisfying, and real is the same, for there is our Spirit. Oh, my dear, I liked that! There is nothing really antagonistic in human interests, in the good that we are going to wait for ourselves when we are wiser and better, there will be nothing jarring now. Brothers, for our interests will be theirs, and theirs ours. It is a good thought and beautiful with the beauty that dwells with God.

I will write you after I am settled. A letter from you would be welcome before then. If you have written the "Bearuck Hotel, 57th St., S. Chicago, will reach me.
Ever yours faithfully, Madeleine.