March 20, 1894.

Dear Mama:

My father that I have been working on for several days, is done at last, and I am relieved.

I have one examination to prepare for, Thursday afternoon, and have the class review and prepare for the real examination, so we will have our examination in his class, and some of the questions will be out as a certain number of questions. Then she gave us a certain time. Then she gave us a certain number of these questions each and had the class meet each day, and had the class meet and review and prepare for the test, in preparation for the real examination, some of the real examinations, some of the real examinations, some of the real examinations, some of the real examinations, some of the real examinations. But when the last review was over, he told us we had...
been having our examination, and he hoped we were satisfied with it. He had been examining us all along, and we didn't know it. He delighted in such quizzical and unexpected turns. But we were glad we were not to have anything more.

Friday night I was invited to tea at the Von Holst's. The great doctor is in Boston delivering lectures, and his son is also there studying, so no one but we in our family was at home. Mrs. Von H. and her daughter, Mrs. - is an American, a Peacean graduate, whom Dr. Von H. married in America when living here as a young man. They went to Germany.
almost immediately and last lived there ever since, so that she is almost Germanized. The children too are quite thoroughly German, they speak excellent English, but with a curious inflection. They are strange people in some ways -- so simple unminded. Seems to think that everyone must be deeply interested in their domestic pleasures. Of course, they seem to have many. No one goes there without being asked to listen to a catalogue of life to listen to a catalogue of health.

Dr. Don holds health. He made the daughter in his discomfiture, the daughter in the house. The small size and high need. The inconvenience.
In the difficulties of house hunting and moving, the high exorbitant price of music lessons, etc., they are more afflicted than almost anyone I know. Here I think they have not been taken up in society quite as they expected, and that troubles them.

They had a small company only about a dozen, & tea, sort of a funny supper in which there seemed to be a great deal of gravy and chicken swimming in gravy, and more gravy poured over it; for turkeys that were mashed, but seemed to have been most neat and raw over everything; cake.
a soup in some kind of fluid in which it had been cooked, and
big cups of tea to wash it all down with! Dessert was some kind
of a custard-like pudding. But we went out in small bands
and lady with a gentleman and
found our places by means of cards. After supper we had
music by a very fine pianist
who was there, and by Miss M. H.
who sang very well indeed. They
are extremely fond of music, and have a
most accomplished, and have a
great deal of it about them.
Miss M. H. already gives lessons,
and talks a good deal about
having to do something herself
having to do something herself
for her own lessons.
Thus after the music is played a highly intellectual game in which one of the company was blindfolded and given two large wooden spools. The rest then circled around him until told to stop. Then to make a line at any one of them, and tried to identify the person by means of the spools. It was almost impossible, as the spools seemed to convey none of the peculiarities of the person, and it was not allowed to touch with the hands. I understand Miss Miss X always introduced some game like that of their companions. Seems to think that is the right way better than others. But this same
was quite amusing, as people looked so funny feeling of the victim with those long wooden spoons.

Saturday night I went to such a nice place — Mr. and Mrs. Cranes. They are wealthy people who are much interested in the U. and have given money to it. Every other Sat. night they have an informal reception, which they invite a good many students to. I had not been university people before, and was very glad to go. They have a lovely house, and we met charming, cultivated people. It was a treat.
least trace of artificiality or formality. They almost al-
way have some one there to accompany the company. This time
it was an "infant phenomenon" little girl, nineteen, who played the
harmonium respectfully. Miss Box held also song. A good many University
people were there, also some
from outside. Mr. Crane is a
great traveller and is about to
think for Siberia and Central
China, just on a pleasure
and exploring tour. Goes alone, except for native guides.
I forewarn Lewis so often, as the
other University people who go.
Dread to have standing invitations.
Sunday morning I heard John Fiske preach on the Mystery of Evil. It is the great historian you know. Most fascinating style. Then dinner. Uncle 8's for dinner—they are not at home, but Daisy is here. Guess she is with the old people. She has a pretty hard time with Grandma. Nothing suits her, and she fusses and interferes a great deal of the time. Daisy thinks she influences Frances against her. I wouldn't be against her. She has to do the marketing, and is deluged with advice on diet and every other move she makes.
Course she is an another per-
some house, and is really
subject to them, but it is
extremely hard to try to
over life according to some-
body else's standard. She says
she could get along with
Grandpa well enough, but
it is Grandma who is so tyring.
She feels pretty well, except that
she tires her out for all day
and rises at the uncanny hour
they insist upon for breakfast.

I am going to the Grand Opera
with her some time this week,

Can't stay upstairs for 1100, and
everyone is talking about her.

University and some reflecting. Nothing
the marvelous happens. However,
could make it easier. However,
kind of performance not worth going to at all. Because the Sunday paper had a caricature of two of the singers, in ludicrous attitudes, the old gentleman seemed very well and was very nice to me. Urged me to come as often as I could, and actually gave me a hug.

Sunday night I went with Sunday night I went with Henry some friends to hear Henry George. It was great. Single person interesting, and good

Saw the Cheezy Show. Certainly one idea that is ethically just: speculative land values are artificial, have no basis in
The wellbeing of the country. I feel ought much better. At this rest. Of course I don't know.

Mr. Pike has been in the library most all day today. Seems to be studying on something. He said they had a "splendid letter" from you lately. Seemed much pleased with it. I thought he looked somewhat thin and pale.

Must stop now and go to work.  

As ever,  

Madeline
Meh. 24, 1884.

My dear:

Knowing how my absence will pay upon you, I thought I better write you a consolatory line.

I am staying with Kayes and Jean for the most part this time, and am observing as much as I can. Kayes is working most of the time from seven to eleven, and one to five. He has not been at work for a couple of days, but he seems to be improving the shop. He earns 21.00 last week——

and was very glad of it, and now glad you and I.

I am glad you know to print. You see I do too; so perhaps between us———
Of course they must get up at six o'clock—Jeanette said ruefully yesterday that she had had to do that even since she was married, and she likes to sleep in the morning just as well as I do. It is every bit as hard for her as it is for me. She has twelve of Remy's horses to wash every morning. She is a handsome girl, and of course likes pretty clothes, and new ones. Yesterday she was very tired and was muttering over her old things and that she had spent only about $10.00 for herself since she was married. She has never been accustomed since she got up in the morning to give account to any one of her parents and coming
or ask anyone for money, or neglect her time besides any one else. She has been entirely successful in herself, and the comfort of home that she found is rather hard to accommodate herself to other lives. She lives her freedom. So does she.

She is extremely ambitious, too, and I am not sure that Hayes is going to satisfy her fully. He is inclined to be some what easy going. Simple, home

If he hadn't a spur, I am afraid he wouldn't exert himself very strenuously. She told me today that it would
She also informed me that she didn't think I would ever be married—that it wasn't necessary. She thought I was sufficient unto myself, that I was fitted for another life, and that I didn't need marriage. Maybe so; but yet—I was a little inclined to think yesterday that things!
the rose had faded a little,
and the glossy green, gray
of real living had begun
to come out, even before the
bridal year is over. It seems
monotonous, somewhat; there
isn't much to do but house-
work for her and typing-setting
for him, and I thought maybe
they wished they hadn't, or
that it wasn't as nice as
that it wasn't as nice as
it seemed very nice indeed.
As I write, he is standing across
the table from me with his
face against hers, and she
doesn't look as if she didn't
notice that he
changes his cook for supper, as
that they are very jolly to
each other for the most part.
He is very thoughtful of her
mother, if she is tired, pets,
and soothes her, and praises
her cooking! She really does
very well in that line, so it
can't be much of a strain. But
I suppose a man—had 0 training
cooking, that wasn't good!

She said the other day that when
she went to work in the morn-
ning, he thinks the work-
ing, he thinks the work-
ing, he thinks the work-
ing, he thinks the work-
ingen, he thinks the work-
ingen, he thinks the work-
gen stops all day—
have anything besides all day—
can take a nap, and rest—
herself. But when he stays home
for a day, then he sees her
the same with them as with
other people: part of the time it is nice, and part of the time it isn't, and you never can tell which way it is going to be. But perhaps after the while they are glad they did it.

On the whole: that's about the best that can be said, I guess.

Keyes asked for you, and announced that he always liked you; that you had such solid qualities, and were so good and kind. I answered discreetly. Of course, tonight he asked me if I was writing home. I said no. "Well, give them my regards," he said, and walked away.
you are married, I hope it will come true and I promise to comply.

My train gets me at 9:30, I believe. I shall have my aunt and cousins from Northand with me; that would be quite a surprise—perhaps you would parthecome? They will go with me of course; they are going in to shop.

I wonder if you will fill any work to do this vacation? I can be mending all the time. Don't like to spend it, of course, and what is worse can't do it very well.

I know how you will miss me if I won't be there. You know your sentiment is the largest part of you.
The Lawrence, Oct. 22/94.

Dear, I write just a note to close a letter received from Lena sometime ago. Be sure and send it back home and don't ever let her know you have seen it. I send it to you that you may know her inner thoughts. A little more about the will be likely to tell them to you the letter made me cry as I have not done for months—the last park of the. My dear, dear little girl so blindly groping for the one thing to make her happy!

and I am so fon of her to make her see! Do you sup- pose she ever well? And yet—

I feel somehow as though
She is getting a little nearer all the time. Even this letter makes me feel so, but it is not desponding, but only incomplete. She comes to be good, and she is pushing on towards something positive, not lost in a mist of doubt and negation as sometimes.

Dear, perhaps you wrote me yesterday, and I shall put a nice letter Wednesday. When do you get my letters marked on Monday?

I think you are very nice. I sent Mama the letter Miss Haff loaned you, and she said, "It reflects a great deal of credit on him in many ways. He is a strong young man, as we know." Sterling silver—that's what you are. But that is expensive!
Miss Madeleine Wallin
Lawrence House
Smith College
Northampton, Mass.
trivial writing remain good.
On great effort in everything
would be to get near to a
good informed library. You
will notice from my article
that I take to consult a
library frequently.
Since I began writing
for the papers and knew of
four times only four arti-
cles they did hurt one.
In the ones of these articles
they had articles on the
same subject in the paper
in the next morning, which
may account for this not
using mine. If I could

Chicago, Oc 30 91,

My dear Dear child,
I am good,
you are to me—how sweet and
warm alike—my precious jewel.
I would like so much to have
you with me, to feel your sweet touch again.
If this for an hour, for I
do feel somewhat deflected
somewhat.

There is no good answer.
My feelings ought not to be
less by the fact that I was
let out by the telegram for
I didn't want to read copy anyway. When I had the audacity to write for a position as editor of the Minnesotan, I would not have dreamed I might soon be writing editorials for the Chicago Record, as I am doing. Still this is depressing inasmuch as the field is as yet uncertain, I don't know what the possibilities are. For me in that line. The past week I made $12. Can I double that? Is the question. If I could be make $2.50 a week writing editorials I ought to thank my stars.
along with you and it is
affirmations on either.

The decision is an important
one for me and for you, per-
haps, and I want any opin-
ions you may have on
the matter.

I will send you a copy
of the paper. You will see
the editorials are sophisti-
cated. I will work another article
which I will more believe.

Willis (who is Olympia
Brown Willis) wrote, you
will see it is not in good
Taste, and it is worse than
will be apparent to you.

I was fired by the
editorial for editorial work
as it failed. I like and I
can just pitch in and
work and at it, it will all
be a preparation for
further work. To come
Blatant. Even if I can't make
as much as 2.50 for
while, I will not give up
discouragement. If this kind
should fizzle out, how...
mean, I would feel blue, wouldn't I?

Meanwhile, the framing deal is hanging fire, but is not so hopeless as it was. When I was up there, Mrs. Willis had some desires to accept an offer of $30 a week. I am not sure what about decided it was the best thing for me to go there and was going up yesterday to try to sum up the deal. However, I got a letter from Mrs. Willis saying she did not know whether she could pay so high a salary. She didn't want me to come up.

I could live in $20 a week quick enough, but there is no use in being in a hurry. I think the town would be a pleasant place to live and in some respects it seems as if this were my opening and that I might go there, even at a smaller salary, again. On the other hand, I may have my opening before I get there. Again, I might not find the owner, Mr. Willis, pleasant to get along with.
unless I want to specialize exclusively in finance, and I
don't believe I do, I might as
well pick out the work I
like. If I can, and stick to it.
I asked him under what he
thought my chances of work-
ing into something on the
second were. He replied that
naturally he would not have
much hope, but I had aston-
ished him by what I
had already done and so
he didn't know what to say.
I asked you read "Billy"?
I can't tell him. I am reading
it now.
not acquainted with the local
situation.
I think, however, if I were to
make a good arrangement, I had
better go to Racine.
Your uncle Thomas would
well impressed with Racine and
gave me letters to two factions
persons there.
I don't like what I
wrote you about your father's
letter very well. I hope you
wrote as I did my letter.
As he just told him I
was pleased at the contents.
he took as his articles adopted
suggestions.
I want you to read an article in the last Outlook on "The Newspaper Proprietor." If you have one of your own, it would be a good thing if you could cut that out and send it to your father. She may not understand, as that indicates, how soon that discharges are frequent on the metropolitan papers.

Vanderlip has been very good to me. He thought there was a vacancy in the financial editing in the Times and offered to look to the matter and secure it for me. He could finance it. Vanderlip's own department wasfeasible, and he said he would hold me up and see that I did the work all right. I got the sum of it. That was very kind of him, but I must think it over. What he needs most speak about it. There is no use in my going into that work.
The Chief was quite pleased when he realized he had your oldest photograph and I had sent, and I don't know as I regretted the old fellow his pleasure at all, for I knew I will get me later. Disproportionate in no particular way, some way that it was not fair for him to get a picture and lose not. He replied: "Yes, it is you get enough anyway."

The Chief thinks I am not so devoted to you as I ought to be, I fear. I wish I had been more to dwell on mines steady, which he review of Thursday I took dinner.
I went to my folks and got my clothes to board with Miss Mach and
visited a while after dinner, and then went down to stay all
night with the Chief. She
thinks I am sickles and said
she would write Miss Walling.
Of course, she has had me, I think
as nearly as much as your
would have me, but the Chief
does not understand how
a person can visit more
than we girls. He is a good
true friend of yours. My
Dear One, and I like him for
it. God bless you, my dear angel,
are you happy? I am so
stranger a human. I think of you.
Oh, fellow men had a true heart.