What is the subtle charm which pervades a house where people have lived? You seek it in the rain in the bridal cottage, where every bit of furniture and of decoration compels your gaze, its polished and fleckless surface. There is an air of respectability about the place; you are brought here to admire, and there is no escape into the comfortable unconsciousness of the other house you have in mind. When you gaze at the beautiful new sofa, whose cover blends so expressively with the carpet, you think with regretful longing of a forlorn old lounge, with a chintz-fellow, and a convent that doesn't match anything in particular. But it has sheltered many a weary body, and the hollows in its rickety old frame seem grooved expressly to fit the tired backs and aching heads.

There is a chair in the new house, too, that awakens vague longings while you for tattered and rusty comfort, while you perch upon its immaculate seat, and wonder whether your dark garments are marking the white and gold of its upright back. The order, too, is oppressive. There is no one to make any disorder such. Unhusband, and the sweetness of the new establishment is still strong.
M. Wallin.
apr. 3/94.
upon his soul. No trail of cape and jacket through the sitting room; no litter of magazines in the parlor; no healthy shutting of doors or rush of feet over the staircase. Nothing but cold, deadly Order. You are conscious of a mental shiver; and as the mistress draws down the shades to protect the delicate fruits of the rug, you remember a certain old-fashioned room, where the carpet is faded in a great spot before the sunny, open windows, and where the tattered chair and rusty lounge are older than some of the people who use them; where the breath of daily living has quickened every shabby thing with responsive and comfort-giving life.
Madeline Wallin
Daily Thme,
Course 5.

Apr. 3, 1894.

Old Thme - Thme -

This charms - Too -

long -
It is really very embarrassing to have a gentleman's card brought to you when it was intended for someone else. If the maid hands it over, you go to the door, the long narrow pasteboard is handed to you, you scan the next script. The name is a familiar one, but the personality has never been known only afar off. Perhaps it is a Doctor, or since the last promotion, once a Reader. You have met him at the Monday receptions; you have admired the classic sweep of his brow, and the aristocratic curve of his moustache; you have secretly thought that among the apologies for masculinity which seem destined to darken your pathway, here at last is a Man. Should he sometime call—well, as he extends your meek hand, could he know your appreciative soul? Who knows what might happen? Your bang is slightly disarranged, and you select a bit of dust on your dress. Only with orderly locks and flickless gown may you venture into his presence. You decend; you advance with an admirable mixture of womanly reserve and
Madeleine Wallace
Daily Theme
Course 5
Apr. 4, 1894.

A Blum

Vivacity - Minimizes
rise of the 
Adequate vocabulary.
The power of the spectacular to intensify a moral impression was very forcibly brought to my mind a few days ago, while watching the presentation of Faust by the Grand Opera Company. Two or three points stand out with especial vividness in my recollection. In the opening scene, the darkness stage, the setting, bore all that ministered to fanciful life, and be-
drew only the solitary occupant, the in-
tellectual hermit, the weird, nut-like figure
restlessly pacing the room which his inqui-
riant spirit had made for him a prison;
and the piercing voice of the tenor roars, sharp
with the despair of a spirit spent in search for knowledge and power;—the
combination of these elements—of gloom
and earthly dejection makes an admirable
background for the entrance of the brilliant
nephosthalian, which in diabolic light, lent its
a red flame of
unbridled, upon the scene. The cup of self-
destiny is staved, the vigor and beauty of youth
return to the heart frame of the scholar, and with the
(Continued)
Madeleine Wallin,
Daily Reme,
Course 3-
Apr. 5-94.

The Picturesque in Faunus.

Clara - Vivie - Meli - Juini.
As the opera progresses, the subtle connection of Mephistopheles with every innocent pleasure and pure purpose of either Faust or Marguerite, is especially significant. The bowl of flowers, which forms the central setting of the stage during the garden scene, and from which Siebel plucks his offering of pure love, bursts into red flame when the demon rises - a hideous mockery of the gentle radiance of moonlight.

Again, where Faust's full reverence for the sweet innocence of Marguerite, watches her, enraptured, as she disappears from his sight, the fatal shadow stains the moonlight on his path, and the contemplation of Heaven's Fool! echoes and shocks his uplifted spirit into a woe-some material flame. And, at last, when Marguerite appears at the window singing her love to the night wind with utter unconsciousness that she is meeting her doom, the burning emotion of Faust is visibly turned to vivid desire our eyes, and as Mephistopheles gapes on the consummation of his hopes, the flower-bank bursts once more into a hellish blaze.
An interesting question of courtesy came to my notice the other day. How would you decide it?

Four university girls went one evening to the opera, provided with tickets for standing room. On the way home they laughingly discussed the probability of assistance from the usher in obtaining seats later in the evening — apparently a frequent occurrence with the purchasers of standing room. On reaching the opera house, the usher modified his first negative refusal by a back-handed gesture which left him neither by two dollars, and the young women by the possession of two dollars and a half seat. No sooner had their plan succeeded than one of the number repeated the trick. The reply never suggested itself to her; the distinction between her party and certain individuals more or less intimately connected with City Hall was uncomfortably vague. The opera ceased to have charms for her; she said to her companions that she wished to talk to the usher that she regretted what she had done; then to leave her seat, and occupy the standing-room for which she had paid. They told her that such a course would be extremely foolish, and she said: "Yes, but she knew some..."
Perhaps it is early in the quarter
to begin to ascribe benefit to a par-
ticular course—especially to one which
is decidedly experimental. But it seems
to me that I can already feel the
result of the work in daily themes.
Since coming to the University, my
work has been pretty constantly in one
line, and I have intended to keep it so,
believing that the time for specialization
had been reached. But I find that the
contrasted work in English gives me a
frenziedness, a stimulant, a color, for all the
rest of my work which I would not
have thought possible. It furnishes
me with quite another vein point;
draws upon me in ways which my
special tasks do not at all, and
quickens what in me are very dor-
mant powers—observation and
imagination. I find that I go to my
tasks for all principal studies with a mind more
that I give keenly alive—more open to impressions
in time.
Madeleine Wallace
Daily Theme
Course 5;
Sep. 10, 1894.

English Compositions
its Advantages

Pleasing reading
Appreciation - Don't
underline words
At the County Jail

Strong
It was raining day at the county jail when we went down the steep staircase and across the damp courtyard into the grimy building where the guests of the city are entertained. The corridors, and waiting rooms were filled with prisoners who had not been removed from the filthy cell: most of them were women, and many had market baskets on their arms, containing some addition to the prison fare. A hoarse shouting attracted our attention as we entered; by listening we discovered that the names of the prisoners who were asked for were being called out by the guard. A large central cage, protected by heavy, close-meshed wire netting, occupied the larger part of the room. Here all the prisoners who were called for were allowed to assemble, and each one talked with his friend as best he might through the close wires of the cage, which scarcely admitted a good view of a single feature of the face. The air was rank with tobacco smoke, and foul with the stench of hundreds of lungs. The women leaned against the outside of the cage, peering between the bars. The men, with pale, dull faces and listless air, leaned against the wall. But those women! How little feeling, what was there to say?
The page contains handwritten text that is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a page from a document, possibly containing paragraphs of text that are not clearly visible.
He wears eye glasses attached to a black cord which dangles conspicuously beside his smooth shaven cheeks. His clothes are in excellent taste, and always give the effect of being quite new. I think he gives them to the tailor at Warner's; they are the least worn. I doubt very much if he would allow them to be sent to the Central Relief Organization, for they might accidentally fall into improper hands, and thus put a premium on panzernence. 

He investigates the matter personally, I am sure. When he walks, his head project slightly backward from the line of his body, and his spinal column is exceedingly straight. If he meets you on the street, he first looks rather closely to see if you are a proper person to speak to, and then he bows formally or gracefully. If he bows formally, the head is in his neck alone; if he bows gracefully, the curvature extends to his waist. But in neither case does he smile. At receptions he is a little apt to stand apart with an air of polite indolence, but sometimes he volunteers remarks or says, and then
Madeline Wallin,
Daily Cheese,
Course 5.
Apr. 21/94.

A Pig.

Clear-cut, definite.
I can see your man.
with the addition of whatever extra feature may be provided for the occasion. These "extras" vary widely in character, from the report of a returned missionary to an autobiographical sketch by Joseph Jefferson. Music is a frequent decision, but there again there is a difference. Sometimes we get selections from a sacred oratorio, and sometimes love-songs with a good deal about lips and eyes in them. The times when chapel is suspended to give place to departmental meetings I suppose do not count, as we cannot be said to have chapel at all then. But taken altogether our meetings for divine worship cannot be said to lack variety.
Madeline Wallin
Daily Theme
Course 5
Apr. 24/19
If a description of Chapel service as it is means a description of our Chapel service as it is, it will be harder to do than a description of Chapel service in the abstract, or as it is customarily forced. The ordinary exercise of this nature carries out more or less successfully what is conceived to be the essential idea of the service: a meeting of students for the purpose of worship, and the elements which enter into the exercise are as a usual thing pretty closely confined to the accomplishment of that purpose. But in our Chapel service, such a variety of elements enter that it is difficult to describe it as a unit. When it is purely of a religious character, it consists of a responsive reading, a hymn, a selection from the Scriptures, a prayer, a closing hymn, and a postlude, during which the audience remain seated until the Faculty upon the platform have passed out. When it is semi-religious in character, it consists of a modification of the above program (more or less being omitted as circumstances require).
The criticism I would offer upon our chapel service is two-fold—our part as to the form, and the other as to the substance. In the formal part of the service, it seems to me the selection of hymns might be improved. I speak of this from the standpoint of the audience rather than from that of the choir, for I do not mean to criticize the hymns from a musical point of view, but from their adaptability to student use. It seems to me a good many of them are above the heads of the congregation, and while beautiful in themselves, are too difficult to be attempted by an untrained body of singers, required to read them off hand.

As to the other half of the criticism: it seems to me that the essential idea of such a service precedes the "attraction" which is to be regarded as a sort of fill which must be taken in when the main fare is offered us and without that element, and the people put at the thing we really came to hear.
A chapel service to be the best possible, must
be ideal in essence and ideal in form.
The essential idea, it seems to me, should be
unqualifiedly one of worship, and not of social
intercourse or of intellectual entertainment. But
granting the fundamental principle, the manner
of working it out in practice presents a much more
complex problem. To my mind, the word "worship"
has a very broad significance, and easily includes much that
is not usually found in religious services in this country.
Personally, I should prefer not to hear the bible in-
routinely used as the scriptural reading. So we, there
are other Holy Scriptures. I would have but one prayer,
but that of a different quality from those we ordinarily
hear. It should never ask for natural things, nor for
indiscriminate blessings. It should avoid cant phrases,
reverently,
and should express simply and directly the idea of a direct
relation between the individual and Duty, and the devout desire
for a greater realization of that relation in the daily life.
There might be either one or two hymns, but they
should be such that the congregation can sing. A new
lynn should be sung repeatedly at short intervals
until it is learned. Both hymns and prayer, and
in fact the
much as possible, every reference which could offend any element of the audience. By that I do not mean that it should be liberal enough to be acceptable to any orthodox Christian sect, but that it should contain as far as possible nothing except the common ground of reverential thought of our Supreme Being which is found in almost every religion under the sun. The responsive reading, based as it is upon the Psalms, I would sometimes omit. To me, an occasional talk about some spiritual subject would be an important element of the ideal service, but I would have it based on fundamentals and not on doctrine, and I would have it short, vigorous, wise, and human.

Music should certainly be included in the ideal conception, but the character of it should conform to the essential principle of the service.

The outside attractions of a non-religious character which are now given us in chapel, and which are certainly too valuable to be lost, I would like to see presented at the same hour, without the ordinary chapel exercises. The mixture of the two seems incongruous.
Last night about nine o'clock, the studious quiet of the libraries at Cobb was broken by a shrill cry, indistinct at first, but presently distinctly clear upon the night air.

"Murder! Murder!" wailed the voice, the last syllable trailing out into a broken, helpless sound curiously pathetic and at the same time blood-curdling. The students rushed to the windows as soon as the words were understood, and some of the bold ones hastened in the direction of the shouts now dying away. "Did you see them?" "Have you caught anyone?" floated up from the excited group on the campus. A crowd of black figures and a chorus of loud voices told us nothing of what had happened, and we were obliged to wait until some one should return. In due time we learned that a student had been knocked down and robbed of his watch, letters, and small change; and that his assailant had escaped with the body.

The man was not seriously hurt, but I shall not soon forget that fateful cry upon the still night air: "Murder! Murder!"
Murder!

Strive for freshness of wording—Effective subject.