

Merlin House
Wednesday morning.
Dec. 9, 1903.

Sweet Sister, —

Merry Christmas to you and yours!

I have sent to America via Miss Nichols, the Bryn Mawr girl whom I met here a package to be expressed to Cleveland. I do hope it will reach you Christmas day or earlier. It takes you heaps of love. I could have made better choices, had I known more than twenty-four hours before of this chance of sending. But ~~δὲν περπατῶ~~. I'll bring you home the nicest things anyway.

Your last long letter was such a comfort. Do write as often as you can, and forgive me if my replies are short and a little farther between. You see I get no news of you except directly, while you read my letters home to mother.

I am trying my best to live quietly these days and keep my head serene above the waves of German lectures and Mycenaean patterns that daily assail me. I heard Dr. Dörpfeld for the first time Monday, and understood the 'coarseness' of what he said. The wind was blowing gales, and there were crowds of Germans and Greeks about him, so that one couldn't listen with all ^{ones} their (sic) ears as one can to Dr. Wilhelm when he lectures indoors. Dr. Dörpfeld is a fascinating man, not a bit of the German type of scholar. How fortunate I am to be hearing him and Dr. Wilhelm.

It is half-past eight: my rolls and honey are eaten, indoors this morning because clothes are being hung out on the terrace, and now I must away to the school to read up on the topography of the space in front of the Propylaea, and about two sets of sculptures. I may find

a lecture of Dr. Heermance's posted. If so that cuts the morning out. This afternoon I work till four when I go to the dentist's, and later if I get through in time I shall go to an open meeting of the German school to hear Dr. Dörpfeld and Mr. Kabbadias lecture, the first in German, the second in Greek. Luckily they are both illustrated lectures.

I hope to see Lucy Richardson to-day. Have you read Mr. Richardson's book? Do get it from the library if you can. It will give you a better idea of travelling in Greece than dozens of my letters ^{could} ~~can~~ do.

With best wishes for the happiest of holidays, and a kiss for your little boy, I am

Affectionately yours,
(Edw.)

(Merry Christmas to Inez, Aunt — and the Lucases.)

Letter missing of Dec. 13th?

Merlin House
Sunday morning
Dec. 20.

(56)

My dearest mother, —

There is still half an hour before I start to church, so I can begin anyway a letter to you. It is a cold and rather damp morning. I sit at my desk with my Mrs. Fitt's shawl about my shoulders, and am none too warm then. But my window is wide open, so it is no wonder. The weather is likely to alternate now: one day is rainy and the next fine.

The week has developed nothing very exciting since I wrote to you last Monday. I have been to the National Museum every day but one, and sometimes twice a day. All my lectures happen to be held there now, either in the big first floor or in a little central out of door court below where the inscribed stones are all collected, and where twenty of us Germans and English go dripping about twice a week from stone to stone following Dr. Wilhelm and his flood of German explanation. I wish you might peek in at one of these lectures. Miss Welch and I are the only girls: there is one Romanian, two Greeks, one Frenchman, and the rest Germans or English speaking people. They are all very courteous to us. Two or three of the Germans come around generally before or after the lecture and address a few remarks to Miss Welch or me, to which I let her make the replies.

When I am not hearing lectures at the museum, I am in the Mycenaean room, leaning over the cases, and drawing patterns from the gold and ivory ornaments. I like my work much better now, and am beginning to see a bit what I am to try to do. Some of the patterns are drawn free hand from nature; others are entirely conventional. But the question is are they conventionalized natural patterns, or are they developed from linear motives? You wrote that you hardly thought it would keep me busy for the year. My fear is that I

shall not get it done by June for presentation as a fellow's paper. It seems hardly possible that it is now Christmas time: I am ashamed of the little I have accomplished. I hope to get in longer days of work now.

My plans for next summer get more and more muddled. I shall not have the money to travel except on a very small and modest scale. I don't enjoy the prospect either of spending the whole summer in small two weeks visits here and there, with packing and unpacking with every move. Perhaps it is laziness, I am not sure, but I think I should like to go into some small town and board in the doctor's family, and get to really know the life of the place. There is lots of time yet to decide however.

I have been to one dinner party this week. It was at The school last Friday evening at eight o'clock. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bosanquet and Mr. Bottle, and Dr. Wilhelm. We went in great splendor, in full evening dress (the kind father and Neel like!) and gravely ate and talked together. But it really was nice. You can't make Dr. Heermance seem fussed up or unmanly in any sort of costume.

I told him that you had seen Mr. Woolsey in New Haven, and he asked if you were there often, and if Clarence knew his nephew who is on the Freshman football team. At least he played a few minutes in the Freshman Princeton game.

The most amusing thing this week has been our plans for Christmas. Christmas evening the British and American schools with a few extras are to meet at the American school at nine o'clock. The boys of the American school assisted by Dr. Heermance, Dr. Fowler, Miss Welch and me, are to give Mrs. Jarley's waxworks to the rest of the party. It is to be a great secret to the last. I am to be Mrs. Jarley, and Dr.

Heermance my boy, the others are to be wax 'figgers', many of which we hope will be Greek ones. For example Dr. Fowler is to be Agamemnon, and is to be drawn in in a bath tub, armed with a Turkish towel and a bar of soap. While thus innocently engaged, Mr. MacMahon as Clytemnestra is to smite him from behind. Mrs. Fowler, Miss Welch and I are dividing the responsibility for the costumes among us.

Lucy Lythgo is not coming, so she has written to Cheri Klia Draghoumis. I am so sorry, and so will be Kuriakoula, their maid at the school, when I break the news to her. She has been living in the hopes of seeing one of the Richardsons again. I stop to chat with her quite often. It is good practice for my Greek, and she enjoys having someone to talk to. She can't talk a word with Mrs. Fowler, because the latter doesn't understand any Greek at all.

I have a new hat and some new visiting cards, of which I enclose a sample. They cost twenty-five cents a hundred! The hat is a great success, one of the best looking I ever had. I'll get Miss Welch to take a picture of me in it, so you can see what it looks like.

Tuesday is my day for getting letters, as I may have told you. The last Tuesday evening mail brought me father's one from Miss McClellan, Ted Tiemann, and Anne. I was much amused at the account father gave of Miss Lindeman's marriage. Will they keep up Elmwood, do you suppose?

Last evening while Dr. Wilhelm and Miss Welch played duets, I made fudge over the open fire. We ate half of it afterward while Dr. Wilhelm gave us a long account of his troubles with the director of the Austrian Institute in Vienna, and the rest of it we shall take up to the Bosanquets this evening.

Monday Morning

After church yesterday Miss Welch and I had Miss Wilson to luncheon, so that she and I could start off for a walk directly afterward. We had a splendid tramp along the Phaleron shore. We took a tram to the beach, and then walked for miles out to a point where there was a little café built on some rocks. The host was the acme of politeness and hospitality. He first brought us water, and we offered him a penny which he would not take. Then we had the favorite Turkish sweet, lakoumi, at the frightful expense of 3 cents, while he stood respectfully by, answering our questions. There was a lovely rainbow while we were there, and I asked him what the Greek name for it was. 'Ουρανόζοφ', he replied. Who says Modern Greek is not like the Ancient?

We had one of the nicest evenings at the Bosanquets last night that we have had at all. The music was unusually good, and the company a nice little cosy congenial one. They were enthusiastic over my fudge.

I had nearly brought this uninteresting letter to a close without telling you of the new accession to the Merlin House, William Sharpe, poet, critic, novelist, with a very charming wife has settled down with us for the winter. He has been in America twice and knows every man of letters in the world almost. A great big handsome man, with a pompadour of white hair, and a brown moustache and Van Dyke beard, he looks a little too grand for our humble board, especially when he has his velvet coat on, but he is very pleasant. The Stricklands who joined us two weeks ago are horrible things, silly, empty, and none too well bred. We are hoping after 'the Photographer' and Miss Hill, his niece, go away in January, that Dr. Wilhelm, Miss Welch, the Sharps, and I can get round one end of the table and protect our-

Selves against the Stricklands. Mr. Fitcher I am sorry to say goes Christmas evening.

Well, good-bye for now. My best love as always.

Cd.M.

Mr. Sharp has even lunched at Elmwood when driving through the country with Mr. Alden, a friend of his.

Merlin House
Monday evening
Dec. 21, 1903.

My dearest, —

Your good long letter which came last Tuesday was a great pleasure to me. Yet it sounded a little blue. Here are some pictures to cheer you up. They are the first ones I took with my camera. I wish I could afford to send you some of the splendid pictures I have been getting lately. But they must wait. Without explanation they would be less interesting than these, I fancy.

You spoke of my having all my time to myself. So I have, but yet I am so busy with lectures and doings that I get little time to work on my thesis. My thesis has nothing to do with architecture. I am drawing the patterns from gold ornaments, ivory ornaments and vases of the Mycenaean period, and by studying and comparing the different designs, I hope to be able to decide whether they are derived from nature, or copied from Egyptian designs, or elaborated from linear ~~designs~~ motives. I have so little done on it, that I hate to talk and think about it. Yet I enjoy it, when at it, and have done better with it lately, I think.

You asked how large the American school is: perhaps my later letters have told you if not: — Dr. Heermance, Dr. Fowler, Mrs. Fowler — faculty and faculty wives. Locoy D. Cady, Harold S. Hastings & Edith H. Hall, fellows of the school. Three extras: — 1) Professor Battle of U. of Texas, off on a year's leave, Mr. MacMahon, Wesleyan 1900 (?) (knows E. Newell) and graduate student at Columbia, and Mr. Stevens, the nice and dapper architect, who is over here to make plans for the Frechthelm.

I see a great deal of all of these, but just as much of the British school and of some few others, like Dr. Wilhelm here at the house and Miss Wilson.

It is nice to meet so many people. I am learning

more manners this year even than I learned at Bryn Mawr. I never saw so much hand-shaking, and tea-drinking and bowing before. If you go into a drawing room for tea, you shake hands with your hostess and host, then with everybody else in the room. In leaving the process is repeated, with due observance of the proper order. English people go in so deep for that sort of thing. At first I thought it tush, but I am learning that they are on the whole the most considerate of peoples' feelings.

But I am tired of writing of myself and ^{of} Athenian life. You don't know how eagerly I devour every word about Warner. It's a great relief to turn to babies. The Bosanquet baby is a dear. I'm going to take a picture of him soon. Haven't you a picture yet of you and Warner? I would like one so much. Is his nose straight? You never deign to answer this question.

(Write me of E. Montague when you hear. How is E. Newell liking Paris?)

Did I write you Miss Leftwich was married?

E. Chittenden has written me one letter which I have not answered.)

I have heard two German lectures today, each over two hours long. This evening I had tea with Dr. and Mrs. Fowler and Dr. Heermance and talked up with them the costumes for Mrs. Jarley's waxworks which we are to give Friday evening to the British School. Listen to that! I say Friday evening instead of Christmas evening. I can't realize that this is Christmas week.

Good-bye and forgive this fearfully poor apology for a letter. I would give much to see you and have a good talk. Yet I suppose we would be just as hysterical and silly another time as before. I wonder why.

Oh I must tell you at the expense of another sheet of paper how the other evening a select coterie of American

and British archaeologists were in Miss Welch's room. Dr. Fowler said something about girls who couldn't help weeping that they ought not to go to college. I was in a frank mood, and burst out with the remark when Dr. Fowler said 'I know Miss Hall never weeps': — "You are entirely wrong, I weep continuously." You should have heard the boys howl. They have guyed me ever since. Aren't men gumps anyway? I'm thoroughly tired of them and wish I had a few sensible American girls here.

Well, this time, good-bye indeed. How's Byron? One of my 'figgers' is Byron and Maid of Athens, exchanging a bloody heart.

Lovingly
Edm.

Send my love to Father and Mother Gaylord. They must be having a bully time. Tell Paul I always knew he was a born hunter. It was his new leggings that did it. He tried to cut a figure.

Merlin House
Monday, December 28, 1903.

(6)

My dear father and mother, -

Christmas is over, and a very happy Christmas it was. You will be greatly disappointed, I know, when I tell you that packages from Woodstock have not reached me yet. You see Lucy was obliged to give up coming to Athens at the last minute, so that the best she could do was to forward the package from Cairo, which she has done, apologizing and regretting very sincerely in two letters she has written me. They will reach me this week, I expect, and I am thinking it is rather nice to have some Christmas still to look forward to.

Christmas day dawned sunny and yet the nearest to frosty of any weather I have seen here yet. Miss Welch and I went to an early Christmas service before breakfast, much elated with the early walk in the clear morning air. We ate our breakfasts out on the terrace, and then came in to send off the parcels and flowers we had ready for the British and American schools. But while we were swimming in the usual Christmas sea of paper and ribbon, presents began to come in for us. Dr. Wilhelm sent me a bottle in a little leather case for water or whiskey when off on walking trips. To Miss Welch he gave candles for her piano. Miss Nelson sent us each a big box of candy. Miss Ingalls gave Miss Welch slippers and me a paper edition of Wordsworth, because I was lamenting that I had left mine behind. Mrs. Fowler gave me a beautiful big piece of embroidery. Did I tell you I had already bought a small one for myself, so that I am now the proud possessor of two? Miss Welch gave me some lovely old Greek lace, which I shall put on my dotted silk waist, I think, to cover some water spots on the front plait, which Miss Welch says she never can see, but which I see plainly.

Mr. Stevens at the school and Dr. Wilhelm sent us lovely yellow roses and violets. Mrs. Bosanquet gave us each a pot of jam.

After luncheon I went up to the school and worked a little on costumes and then came home to tea with Miss Welch, and to try to rehearse my Mrs. Jarley part for the evening. I took a nap, then dressed for dinner at the school at half past seven. Mr. and Mrs. Darrow and I were the only guests.

The evening's entertainment was a great success, everyone said. We had splendid big posters to arouse the curiosity of our guests, who were summoned in to ^{the} show by Dr. Heermance, ringing a great bell. His coat was most fetching: the buttons were as big as saucers, and on the back was the monogram WJW. Speaking of Dr. Heermance, Mrs. Richardson was entirely wrong in saying he had no social inclinations or qualifications. He has delightful manners, and is extremely kind and cordial to all of Mrs. Farley's guests. But he doesn't care for court and diplomat society as the Richardsons evidently did, nor has he the ease probably that they had.

The 'figgers' were a wonderful array. When the party assembled they were all concealed behind screens or under dusters, which one by one were drawn aside or pulled off. I managed to make myself sufficiently ridiculous as Mrs. Jarley to satisfy the audience.

Saturday we all had our pictures taken in costume. I hope they will be good.

Christmas day brought me three letters, from Anne, Ted and Katharine, and the Tuesday before brought me good long letters from mother, Clarence and Bet Bedell, so that I felt near my friends after all. I thought of you all at the time I thought was ten o'clock in Woodstock when you would be giving

presents. I'm so glad Will Grayford is with you. I think you will have a very jolly vacation after all. I came near cabling Merry Christmas. By limiting the message to those two words, and addressing it Hall, Woodstock, Conn. I could have done it for two dollars. I finally decided, however, that it wouldn't be enough pleasure at either end to pay. What fun to have a New Year's social. Good luck to it! We are to watch the old year out at Mrs. Bosanquet's. My packages will probably reach me by then, so that I shall celebrate my birthday in great shape.

Mr. William Sharp is shortly to publish in Harpers' an account of some of Shakespeare's early works; Mr. Abbey is to illustrate it.

I am wearing this morning my new flannel shirt-waist, and a fresh collar of embroidery. I feel quite drowsy. I might even rival Clarence. Ted Tiemann and Etie Bates both sent me very pretty stocks for Christmas.

Mr. Fletcher has left us for Egypt. We miss him very much. He made the most fun at table of anyone. In his place sits now a German lady, Mrs. Grotjohann, who is very fat and very dramatic. Consequently she is funny. I wonder what you would say to the medley at our table now.

Miss Welch and I made two big boxes of fudge and stuffed dates as a Christmas present for the boys of the English and American Schools.

You asked whose fault it was that my teeth were troubling me. No one's at all. My dentist here said that Dr. Strahan's work was satisfactory. It merely happened that a filling was on the point of coming out when last Dr. Strahan saw my teeth. Of course he couldn't tell of the state of things below a filling.

(The letter which you sent with Lola Derby's never reached me. It must have been a fat looking one, and it must have been

The letter acknowledging the embroidered towel I sent, to which father referred in a letter, so I know it reached you safely. Did you have to pay any duty on it?)

If you have not sent for your pictures yet. Add George Lisse of Holbein's to your list. It is charming. Also Rembrandt's "Drei Bäume."

You asked if all the boys live at the school. All except Mr. MacMahon and Mr. and Mrs. Darrow. In other words, Mr. Hastings, Mr. Cooley, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Battle do. They take their meals, luncheon and dinner, (breakfast never counts) at a restaurant down town. If it wasn't for this getting meals outside, I should live at the school too ~~for~~ probably.

I must stop now and write a letter to Clarence, so that he may get it as soon as he returns to New Haven.

I wasn't a bit lonely Christmas day, but the last two or three days before when I thought of my long line of happy home-comings from Northampton and Bryn Mawr, I felt a little down in the mouth.

I shall probably hear from you again tomorrow. Isn't it too bad that the best outgoing mail is Tuesday morning and the best incoming Tuesday evening?

Take good care of yourselves.

With much love as ever.

Edith.

Merlin House
Tuesday Evening
Dec. 29, 1903.

My dear Anne, —

Your letter of November 15th was well-timed, for it reached me Christmas Day, just at noon. I saved the last of it till just before I dressed to go up to dinner at the Fowlers, until I had finished sewing on costumes and rehearsing my Mrs. Jarley part. I hate to think of you not going off the block for a month. Yet it is not without any advantage. I often wish for a long day without people, although the people here are so charming and so well worth knowing. If you can read a lot of good and stimulating books this year, you can let people and music go. Besides there's Buster. How do his ψαρούκια fit? Does he suck the tassels? Ψαρούκια are not known outside of Greece, I believe, but even the babies wear them here. I hope the package reached you before Christmas.

I have already written for your reading of how I spent Christmas day. I was not lonely except when I thought of being away next year, too. I am happy here and am learning a lot, so much that I sometimes feel it will burst me open, — not book things, but customs and different sorts of people and wholly new ways of looking at things. You will understand a little more of it when you know the Fowlers.

I was just talking to Mrs. William Sharp (vid. a forthcoming Harpers' for an article of Mr. Sharp's illustrated by Abbey) about women studying and so on. I do think that a girl of my age has an awfully hard course to steer, if she keeps herself scholarly for a teaching career, and womanly against the chance that she may marry. Miss Boyd is coming in February to continue her Cretan excavations. I wish she would break me in to that work and take me as an assistant in her next two or three campaigns. Don't

★ F.H. was obviously very interested in dress and ^{devoted} took a good deal of time and thought to it. In later years his interest waned ~~perhaps~~ & his daughter remembers a time when she came down in the morning, ready to go to the Museum, with her dress on inside out.

mention such a thing at home, for it is hardly possible. But I should like to get to work with a woman like that. There are good riding horses in Crete too.

Does the wine-colored shirtwaist smell of smoke? I should think it might well! I've made me a new shirt-waist lately, which came out uncommonly well for the time I spent on it. I also made another little embroidery collar like that ~~for~~ one for which you mended the corners for me. I wear it with men's ties; with a very cozy effect. ★

You ask why father didn't see the future and leave Woodstock. Far better to stay, but tooust Mr. Hibbard, to keep up outside friends and get them to come and visit and lecture, to go to town occasionally and leave the school with assistants. (The idea of getting a goose like Miss Seymour is. I only wish I had said more last summer.)

As for mother she must still fuss, and we must still forget. Perhaps it is the same trait in us which wants to make us have a perfect mother as that in her which wants ideal conditions for you. As fast as you gain, she will be more reconciled, and don't feel badly if she never takes Paul wholly into her heart. Few mothers in law do. If I were to marry to-morrow some archaeologist out here it would be hard for you to take him in at once without reserve into all the inlets and outs of your life. Besides mother is not a companionable woman. That is what I so much want to be, when I'm older. Truthfulness and wittiness are two qualities that mark a good companion, methinks, and that I am trying hard to acquire.

Oh dear! the mail has just come: Miss Welch got fourteen letters and I nothing but an old postal card from Mary Fairbank in the Suez Canal. No American mail. Disgusting!

Your letters have enough postage.

Give my best love to Fred Miller when you next see him.

For yourself accept a good-night kiss and lots of love.
Take life easy and don't worry about anything.

Yours as ever

The war-horse.

For P.P.S.

1. Stays make waist.
2. As you sew, so must you rip.
3. It's a strong stomach that has no turning.

No charge.

Merlin House
Saturday Evening
January 2, 1904.

(65)

My dear father and mother,—

Last evening at quarter to six, after two New Year's calls, Miss Welch and I stopped in at Cook's office for me to ask my usual question, "Has the package from Egypt come yet?" This time the answer was yes, and I was handed a miserable thin piece of blue paper with the information that the Post Office would open the next morning at nine. I came home to my six o'clock Greek lesson impatient enough with the long delay when my package was here in Athens. At half past eight this morning I was off, and soon had signed all the needful papers in a little second storey room of the Post Office, and was hurrying back toward the Merlin, while counting the minutes it would take for me to get to my room, as if I were a five year old boy.

Nothing you could have sent would have pleased me so much as the photographs. I think I have stood at least an hour today in front of my bureau looking at them. It was almost as good as a visit with you all. What a jolly picture of Warner! I only wish Anne wasn't quite so sober, and so darkly colored. Of you mother, I never saw so good a picture. It is simply great. Miss Welch, Mr. Sharp, and Kalliope, the maid, all spoke of what a young-looking mother I had. I started my coral pin at once. I am glad you didn't make me anything. It would have been wrong to, especially after all you did for me last summer as I was leaving. Clarence's picture is good except for the background, which I don't like. With the calendar I am delighted: it certainly is a masterpiece: I found myself pecking ahead, so I pasted a strip of paper over Part II, from July 1 - Jan. 1, and hung the whole thing above my table where I wouldn't get at it except in the morning. Now mother's first message, "The Lord shall

preserve my going out and my coming in from this time forth and even forevermore." greets my eyes. Father's 'iterum iterum-que te saluto' I have deposited in a brown paper envelope which I shall keep on my table to receive the leaves as they are torn off.

The birthday money seemed like a case of mind-reading. We watched the old year out at Mrs. Bosanquet's, you know. I wanted to wear my low-necked white waist but didn't think it looked well without some soft scarf over my neck. I ~~was~~ resolved to buy one, easing my conscience by saying I would give it away to one of my friends when I got home. It cost 14 drachmas, or \$1.75. So I shall regard it now as your present, and think of you when I wear it. Thank you most sincerely.

With Glorser's money I think I shall buy a red leather frame for yours and father's pictures. They make very attractive ones here of the same leather as Clarence's psarouchice (shoes).

Now, just for business' sake I am going to enumerate the contents of the package: —

1. photographs of mother, Anne & W, Clarence. (Warner)
2. autumn leaves (I wrote Lucy just now that they made me feel as if I were home, in America.)
3. shirt-waist pattern.
4. newspaper clippings (I've read them all.)
5. handkerchief from Anne.
6. \$ from you: \$ from Glorser.
7. calendar.
8. library paste (used twice already.)

The package had to be opened at the Customs: that is why I write it all out.

Rather foolishly when Mrs. Fowler told me that Mrs.

Bosanquet was to entertain us on New Year's Eve, I exclaimed 'How nice! That's my birthday.' As a result, she and Dr. Fowler sent me some glorious violets, part of which are still fresh on my table. I found them when I got back from Dr. Wilhelm's lecture at noon. In the evening I stopped in at Mrs. Sharp's room a minute before our carriage came. She was telling me of her mother's death last summer, and of how her home had been broken up, and seizing up her brother's picture she said, "Poor chap! it's a lonely day for him today, his first birthday without mother." I said it was my birthday, too, thinking I was safe from hinting since it was nearly nine ~~at least~~ men. She immediately opened her arms, and gave me a good hug and kiss, and said she would play mother that day for me, and then she unlocked a box, and gave me a dear little enamelled pin, in the shape of a leek, the national flower of Wales. It is not gold, but is very pretty. Five minutes later Mr. Sharp sent me up a calendar signed with his name, and Birthday greetings. Wasn't it kind of them? I can tell you that such a thing hits the spot over here. No one, naturally enough, has called me anything but Miss Hall, since I left Clarence on August 29th, so that when anyone is straightforwardly affectionate with you, it is a great treat, and goes far to make up for the lack of near friends. I am having too good a time to be lonely, of course, but I begin to realize that a home is the place to live in, not a boarding house, and when I look at your pictures I realize how much I am missing in being away. Well-a-day, *tempus fugit*, and it will seem a very short time now till I am with you again.

The party at Mrs. Bosanquet's was most enjoyable. There was a good charade, a supper and then all sorts of games ending up with a reel and with *Auld Lang Syne* sung by the whole

company standing in a circle with hands clasped across, and moving to the tune of the music. It is an old English custom, it seems. Seven nationalities were represented, German, Austrian, Roumanian, French, English, American and Greek. I went out to dinner with Dr. Dörpfeld, and danced the reel with Mr. Sharp.

Sunday Evening

It has rained hard all day. Nevertheless we went to church and stayed to communion afterward. This afternoon we have been down in Mrs. Sharp's room sitting about her open fire and listening to her charming conversation. She has lived all over the world, and is at home with all kinds of people. At half past four we migrated down to Mr. Sharp's study, and had tea in front of another open fire. Later I called on the Dragomiris and here I am home again now in my cosy little room, which is excessively tidy, with a clean blotter on the table, and my books in extraordinarily neat piles, as a result of the recent passing of New Year.

I am glad to report that my work is going a bit better. I am even enthusiastic over it on the days when I get enough time for it. Dr. Heermance is exceedingly kind in helping me. I only wish I had a share of his big brain. He has a splendidly clean mind.

Miss Welch has another hard cold, and so has Mr. Sharp(e). I have been thoroughly wet several times this week, for we are having a lot of rain, but I must be impervious like the birds, for I haven't even a particle of catarrh, and am still growing fat.

I have stopped in to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and Dr. Heermance twice this week.

I am getting so I can talk Greek quite a little. I even ventured to chat a little with the Dragomiris grand-

make this afternoon. Yesterday Mr. Tannaris, who wrote the best Greek dictionary there is took Miss Welch and me to tea in the 5 o'clock tea rooms. He proposed that we talk Greek, so we ventured a few remarks, and he was most kind in suggesting and correcting our pronunciation.

After this tea with him, Miss Welch and I went to the Crown Prince's Palace to call on the governors of the Princess Helen, viz. Miss Marsham, who went up Hymettos with us. She has a delightful sitting-room up on the fourth floor.

It is time to stop now, or else you will be paying extra postage. My warmest thanks for the presents and love that came with them. I wouldn't know what to do in the world if I didn't have you and my Woodstock home to return to.

Goodbye,
Edith.

P.S. I thought of you and your socialable New Year's evening.

E.H.A.

Sunday
January 10, 1904.
My Corner Table.

(70)

My dearest father and mother, -

The King and Queen of England, The Prince of Wales, King George and President Roosevelt are all without my prayers this morning. Poor things! I deemed it wiser to stay at home; so I had breakfast in bed, with the latest Outlook balanced against the cocoa pitcher. After a bath, I went up to the American School for my camera which I left in Mrs. Fowler's room Friday, and then returned and cleaned house. To add to all this discomfort I have (had) squandered a drachma ($12\frac{1}{2}$ ¢) for a fire, a thing I rarely do.

The first three days of this week passed uneventfully. There was the usual round of lectures, and work. I did nothing on my own subject this week, but tried to write up Dr. Dörpfeld's lectures which I had let run behind. Wednesday afternoon Miss Welch had Mr. and Mrs. Bosanquet to tea, and at five we all went to the German school to hear Dr. Dörpfeld talk on the Ithaca - Leukas question. He thinks that Leukas, not Ithaca, was the home of Odysseus. Just as the lecture was ending, Mr. Bosanquet proposed a trip to Phyle the next day. We accepted with great pleasure, and the following is the day's record.

I had my bath at quarter to six and my breakfast at twenty minutes past, but I didn't have time to finish it before Mr. and Mrs. Bosanquet called for us in a carriage. We buttered our rolls and took them with us. It was dark and cold, and the carriage lurched fearfully in the streets which have been badly washed out by the recent rains. At the station we were joined by Miss Wilson, who beside Mr. Carter, a young Cambridge boy, a tutor in the family of Sir Edwin Edgerton, the former British minister, - made up the party. Mr. Bosanquet bought some hot goats milk for Miss Welch and me to take with our rolls, and we had just time to drink it before the train left.

From Anolivusia, the station where we got off, we began our climb, which at first was very gradual, through ploughed fields and occasional groups of white washed houses, surrounded by scrubby pines; it was just sunrise then, and the colors were lovely. The last village through which we passed was Xasia. There there was a little Ξενοδοχείον (Xenodokeion = hotel) in front of which we sat and drank a little resin wine and ate some dark bread as a last preparation for mountain-climbing. The son of the hotel keeper, a boy of nineteen, went along with us, with one mule, on whom we all took an occasional respite.

The boy amused me very much by coming up to me, ^{the} first thing and asking me if I was an American, for I was the only American in the party. He then asked me if I knew Miss Spalding, (my predecessor) and if I would direct a letter to her, and then followed a whole string of questions: - Was my father living? How much did I weigh (!)? When did I come to Greece? Was I married? How old was I? He is coming down to the Merlin Thursday, and will bring us some honey. I talked with him a good part of the way, and picked up a little Greek, I think.

The scenery was glorious all the way up to the ancient fort, towards which we aimed, though we curved about a good bit. All the peaks of Parnes round about us were covered with snow, and sometimes it was almost uncomfortably cold. But for the greater part of the way, my red sweater, my only wrap, was quite sufficient. We found a sheltered place for luncheon under one of the old ruined walls of the fort, where we had a wonderful view of Athens, girt about by her mountains, and the sea beyond.

The Bosanquets are very good company. Mr. B. and Mr.

Carter are trying to learn American slang, and were employing me as a coach. They have just got so they can bring 'rubber' in, in the right place.

After leaving the fort, we visited a monastery further down the mountain. I wish you could see one of these little white washed monasteries. We explored around the inside of this one, examining even the big stones, used behind the scenes for moving up and down the candles. In front of the different pictures of the Virgin were dozens of little tin offerings of eyes ~~and~~ or ears, made either by people who had been healed or who wanted to be healed. Cypress trees, and little wine kegs, were offered we decided by anxious planters and grape-growers. It is exactly the same custom that prevailed in classical times.

We had crossed a brook going up the mountain. Coming down we kept on the other side of the stream until it had become wide and quite a torrent. Mr. Bosanguet and Mr. Carter started to build a bridge, but the result was rather disastrous. Mr. Carter dropped a stone on his foot and maimed himself for the rest of the walk; Mr. Bosanguet slipped and wet himself once, and finally ended by walking about in the brook, shoes, golf stockings and all. I took off my shoes and stockings further on down, and waded across. Miss Welch tried to cross on Mr. Bosanguet's bridge but slipped in, and would have sat down on the very bottom had not Mr. Bosanguet caught her.

We got home just at tea-time, and the whole party came to my room for tea.

Oh I forgot to tell you one of the nicest things of all. At Kasiá on the way home all the Greek women were dancing in front of the village church. They were all dressed out in their gayest costumes, for it was their Christmas day, and a

very pretty sight they made. After we had watched them a little they asked us to dance too, and Mrs. Bosangvet, Miss Welch and I accepted and fell into step with them.

I forgot in passing over the first days of the week to say that on Monday Mrs. Fowler and I called on the ladies in waiting in the palace. All we had to do was to make our bows and stop to chat a few minutes in each of the four ladies' rooms. They were very simple rooms, furnished much, as I told Mr. Fowler afterwards as a retired old maid school teacher would furnish one in America.

The dance is Thursday, unless it is put off on account of the illness of the King of Denmark, who is the father of King George of Greece.

I had an amusing experience in a photographer's shop Friday. I went in to buy a film for my camera, and found there a little Dutch sailor with two of the brightest blue eyes, trying to buy some photographic supplies. He couldn't speak Greek and they couldn't speak German, so I acted as an interpreter to my great amusement.

Your letters are getting worse and worse about getting here on time. They are nearly three weeks old now before I get them. Suppose you try a few by England. The best way would be to send two postals one via England, and one not, and see which would get here first.

(I have been greatly shocked to read in the London newspapers about the Chicago theatre. Everyone at the table (I am the only American now, you know) has said at one time or another that America is the worst country in the world for accidents, and the last month's record seems to support them.)

I wish with all my heart you might come into my cosy little warm room today, and that we could have a good visit together. I miss you all a great deal, and even your photo-

graphs don't console me. Well, I'll soon be home.

Very lovingly,

Edith.

P.S. Did Miss Butler like her cards? Give her my love!

Monday Evening
January 11, 1904.

Dear Anne, —

I am sitting on the floor in front of my tiny little stove, watching the blaze through the open door, and trying to coax away a tinge of neuralgia which has settled on me in this last week of raw, rainy, windy weather. I am sleepy, for I've been out two nights, last night at the Bosanquets, and Saturday night for music at the Stones.

But I couldn't let tomorrow's mail go without a word of love to you and of thanks for the handkerchief and the dear picture of Warner and you, which have been with me ten days now. I have shown the picture to the Towlers, the Bosanquets, and all my Merlin friends, and they all say the baby is 'ausgezeichnet!' And so he truly is, the dearest, merriest, healthiest baby I ever saw. I have put the two of you on my bureau, and have squandered at least an hour in looking at you. You are not so happy looking as Warner. At first I thought you very sad, but now I conclude it is partly the dark finish of your face, and partly a half concealed look of pride at your son. Anyway it's a dear picture, one I love to look at, and I thank you warmly.

As for the handkerchief, I shall carry it to the ~~court~~ court ball which I shall attend Thursday of this week, and I shall think of you in the throng of uniformed, besworded officers, and frisky ladies, and wish you were harnessed up with me to enjoy the experiences. Think of the war-horse at a court ball, bowing to the queen! She certainly needs things like lace handkerchiefs to hold her down. But joking aside, you were a dear sweet girl to give it up to me, and I am very grateful to you.

Everything here is going well. There is the same

Schliemann was of course the greatest of
the early archaeologists. Dreaming of Troy
behind a German grocery center, he taught
himself Greek and earned enough money
to make him independent. He first found
& excavated Troy, and later Mycenae
and Tiryns as well as many other sites.

struggle to get work done, the same enjoyment of charming people, and the same occasional out-of-doors Spruces like that we had to Phyle last Thursday, the Greek Christmas Day, of which I have written an account home.

To-day I went to a museum lecture in the morning and to the library to work all the afternoon from two till seven, with the exception of a short call at Mme. Schliemann's. It was her husband of whom I was telling you last Thanksgiving, the one who excavated Mycenae and Tiryns.

To-morrow Miss Welch and I dine at the American school. The only other guest is Mr. Stevens, so we shall have a nice cosy party of six; I wonder if ever again I shall work among such thoroughly nice people where such nice happy dinner-parties and teas can take place. We have tea to-morrow at the Roumanian legation with the Shicas. I have a standing invitation to play tennis there; I shall hope to avail myself of it, as soon as this rainy weather is over.

I found that a black evening dress was entirely out of place at court, so I have had the green dress Ted gave me cut low. I think it will be a good success.

I enclose a little old bit of Greek island embroidery. I hope it won't get stolen by a customs officer. Pin it up on the wall, and let it bring to you a little of the color and happiness of his country. I hope to get a letter from you to-morrow, telling me whether Paul has used his sponge yet. So long. Keep well. Give that dear baby a hug and kiss from Aunt Zillah.

Your own as ever

E. H. Hall

Merlin House 75
Athens, Greece.
Monday Evening.
Jan. 18, 1904.

My dearest father and mother, —

Miss Welch, Dr. Wilhelm and I have just come up the long flights of white marble stairs after a little longer chat than usual over our cups of Turkish coffee. Dr. Wilhelm is thoroughly tired out, but he can't get his work to the point where he can leave it for a six weeks rest in Egypt which he had planned for an earlier part of the season than this.

Egypt is fashionable now. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler sail from the Piraeus Thursday, and Mr. Battle the day after. I shall miss them all very much. Where shall I get my tea now when I am up in the school library from two till seven? I'm sorry to say I rarely put in as long hours as that, but if I am able to keep as long a stretch as that free, I do my best work in the late afternoon after tea.

Well, I've been to the court ball, and made my courtesy to the Queen of Greece. I thought once I was going to be out of it, for, to pay me for all my boasting, I was sick in bed a day last week. Don't be alarmed; it was only because I ate too much pudding, and then went out afterward to the school to work. In the night I had a chill, and a very mild fever and headache. ~~Afterward~~ Afterward, so that I stayed in bed, and was most carefully nursed by Mrs. Sharp and Miss Welch. Mrs. Fowler came down immediately, as soon as she heard I wasn't well, and Mr. Fowler stood outside the door and told me I was to have a doctor (which I didn't), so you may be sure that if ever I were seriously sick, I should have the best of care.

As it happened, I was entirely recovered the next day and went to the ball that night. Mr. & Mrs. Fowler and Dr. Heermance took me in their carriage with them. We left the

C.D. 2

Merlin at a little after nine, I clad in my green dress Ted gave me, which I have changed to a low neck gown. Mrs. Grotjohann lent me a long fur-lined cape for the occasion. Arrived at the palace, we were relieved of our wraps by footmen in gold-braided knickerbockers and white stockings, and were ushered into the ball room itself, where a large number of people ~~was~~ assembled waiting for royalty. The ladies were on one side and the gentlemen were on the other, while up and down the space between them pranced the master of ceremonies, trying to keep a good generous path clear for their majesties. At last they came, to the strains of the Greek National Hymn: first the King and Queen, then a long line of princes and princesses and archduchesses, and then the diplomats led by our minister, Mr. Jackson.

For an hour and more after the queen arrived, we were packed tight into a crowd of ladies who were waiting to be presented. Twice the presentations stopped for royal quadrilles, which we had great fun watching because we were near enough to take everything in, even the jewels the princesses wore. At last our turn came, and we made our low bows as well as the rest of them. I doubt if I made any great impression on her majesty, enough to secure an intimate friendship in the future, but she at least chatted graciously to us for the few minutes we talked to her. After our presentation we were joined by the men, and I danced once or twice with Mr. Battle or Mr. Stevens, (the only Americans of the School who went beside above named) and talked to Dr. Heermance or Dr. Wilhelm and thoroughly enjoyed myself. The supper is served at one. Neither Mrs. Fowler nor I were quite up to it, so we slipped away at half past twelve, leaving Mrs. Sharp and Miss Welch, and the other gentlemen to dance.

still three or four.

I was all the more disgusted to spend Thursday, the Greek New Year's day, in bed, because we had the first that day of four or five days of perfect June weather. The Greeks took advantage of it to put in a good rousing celebration. They were nearly as noisy as we are on the Fourth. I had had a taste of the crowds and confetti the afternoon before, when Dr. Wilhelm and Miss Welch and I walked on Lycabettos for a while and then went into Hermes street for a few errands and to see the sights. The street was crowded close. We were pelted so fiercely with confetti, that our mouths even got full of it, and the pockets of our coats.

Yesterday, Sunday, I went for a very happy bicycle ride with Dr. Fowler, Dr. Heermance and Mr. Caskey. We stopped twice to enjoy the sunshine, once at Cape Kolias on the shore (where I went before). There we all sat on a log and sunned our backs while Dr. Fowler told us of his experiences in Greece twenty years ago. Again on the way home we stopped at a roadside *Σερβοξείον*, and sat around a little iron table in the sun. The roads were very bad all the way, but we got a good deal of amusement in trying to see who could keep on the longest when we were riding over a sea of round stones as big as an Adam cheese, or to see who could get the furthest up the opposite bank of any of the dozens or so gullies we crossed. A morning out of doors in such good company is not to be despised. You ask mother, (in the letter which at last came this morning after a journey of 22 days) which of the men I like best. Don't get any hopes up. They (the hopes!) will be dashed down if they rise at all. But squarely answered, I admire Dr. Heermance the most of any, and find him most congenial,

I think, or would, if he liked girls enough to do anything more than be scrupulously polite to them. He does so much hard work thoroughly, and is so extremely considerate and courteous to everyone, that he is really a delightful man to run across. Dr. Fowler is hardly behind him. Mr. Battle (bless his bald head) is so droll, and has such a fine sense of humor, that I find myself beginning to grin if I see him coming around a corner. A new man has arrived, a Mr. Seager, who is going to help Miss Boyd in Cretc for a second season. He is good-looking and carefully dressed, but may be nice.

Father, I think that one of the 'Just So Stories' by Rudyard Kipling might do very well for Rhetoricals. If you cannot get a bound copy of them in Woodstock, some if not all of them appeared in St. Nicholas three or four years ago. — I agree with you about Panama. The ethics of international politics are pretty complicated, I think. It is difficult to say just how far a great and civilized nation should allow her progress and that of the world to be stopped for the sake of a little scrappy South American state.

Can you tell me whether Senator Dietrich of Nebraska was found guilty of 'accepting remunerations'? I met him several times in Bryn Mawr through his daughter, who was president of the senior class, and as honest and frank a girl as you ever see.

I am delighted that my Christmas gifts reached you safely on Christmas day. You didn't speak of father's photographs, but I suppose they were safe, if the others were. I wish I could see the library: what lots of solid comfort you must take with it. With such a room, and Emma in the kitchen, even Rhetoricals must seem endurable.

Mother, I can sympathize with you now when you have toothache. I have had slight neuralgia in my face all through

The bleak weather that ended last week, it is gone now. I hope yours is too.

There is lots more to say, but it is bed-time, and I've written over 5⁴ work now I fear.

Tomorrow is a holiday because of the Greek Epiphany. The priests go through an elaborate rite of blessing the water. Miss Welch and I are planning to go.

Take good care of yourselves. Don't worry because I was ill. Perhaps I shouldn't have spoken of it. It was nothing. All the men of the school have said it was a story because I looked so well the next day.

At last good-bye, with much true love.

Edin Hall.

I go to a party, to-morrow evening.

Merlin House 50

Athens, Greece.

January 25, 1903.

[really 1904]

My dearest father and mother, —

Last week was very kind to me in the way of letters. In addition to the long-looked for letter which told about your Christmas Day, and which I answered in my last, I received two more from mother, one on Thursday, and one on Friday. I hope you did not have much longer to wait for a letter from me. You must never worry; I should cable if anything were wrong, and you would receive it three hours afterward. Mrs. Sharpe was telling this evening at dinner of how she mailed some New Year's cards the last day of the Greek year to some friends here in Athens, and of how they were received yesterday, twelve days later! If it takes twelve days for a letter to go from one house to another in Athens, we need not be surprised if our letters are sometimes delayed or even lost.

What a severe winter you must be having! Mr. Hastings' mother wrote from Nashua that the mercury had gone down as far as 40° below there. It is hard for me to imagine now how such cold feels. Outside our dining-room window, the round mandarin trees are covered with glossy green leaves and bright golden mandarins. Still our June weather of last week is gone, and one is likely to sit and shiver in the house unless one wraps up warm. I find my sweater and bath-robe of the greatest service. It is a curious climate. If one takes a brisk walk out of doors, one becomes warm & perspires even now, in January. In such a glowing state I arrived at the library this afternoon, and rather grinned at Mr. Cooley for sitting wrapped up in his big overcoat. But twenty minutes later I put on my own coat again, and was none too warm then. Almost everyone at the American school has a hard cold. Both Mr. Cooley and Mr. Hastings are in wretched health. But I'm still intact. No cold since I struck Greece. Even my neuralgia is gone, and my only

*

This is the only example of a kind
of Puritan, New England intolerance
to be found in these letters.

complaint is increasing obesity.

I am getting as fond of tea in the afternoon as any Englishman. When dinner is at half past seven, it is almost a necessity. This afternoon at the library, I was quite discouraged to see the boys begin to file down stairs to their bedrooms at about 4.30 to brew their tea, and to be left behind in the library. I was thus greatly relieved to hear Dr. Heermance's gentle voice a few minutes later, asking any of us who wanted to, to come to his room to tea. I was the only girl and there were six men, but I couldn't say it was improper if Dr. Heermance invited me, so in we all went, and Dr. Heermance poured the tea and we sat around his big open fire and were very cosy and happy together. I do get lonely often among so many men, and long for a girl with whom I can be off hand and straightforward. I am getting more and more fond of Miss Welch, but of course she has nothing to do with the American school, and besides she isn't American, and has been brought up so entirely differently at every turn, that it is almost impossible not to feel how different we are. But I must say for the boys at the school, that with the exception of Mr. Darrow and Mr. MacMahon, (who are good but ordinary) I never knew so many fine-grained men with such perfectly gentlemanly and courteous manners.

Last evening at the Bosanquets, we had our usual celebration, with the addition of a few Germans from the German school. They came in as if they were entering a dancing school, and made their stiff proper bows with their heels tight together, and then dispersed themselves about the drawing room. One fell to my lot, who understood English a little, so he spoke German and I English, and we got on quite well. We sang songs till later than usual. Miss Welch and I counted afterward that there were twelve men and four ladies present.

Mrs. Bosanquet has asked me to dinner Thursday evening. That same ~~evening~~ afternoon I have my first game of tennis in Greece. I am to play with Mr. Tod (Assistant director of the British School) in a tournament managed by the Shicas. Mr. Shica is the Roumanian minister; I don't know whether I have spoken of him before or not.

Last Tuesday was Epiphany, which marks for the Greeks a great feast day, for on that day the water supply of the city is purified by letting a cross down into it. The sea at Phaleron is also favored with the same treatment. Rather a simple solution of the water supply problem isn't it? The rite was most interesting. Mrs. Fowler and I got up on a roof near by where we could see the whole thing, which takes place in a tiny little chapel built above a reservoir on the slopes of Lycabettos. There were priests in golden mitres and gorgeous crimson robes, and small stupid boys carrying prayer books and bibles, and more still, in every kind of attire who chanted and droned in the Greek fashion of a minor key, — and there was a band, and shiftless soldiers galore, and all the city officials with velvet clad children, rather good-looking men who looked very silly afterward kissing the cross when it had been pulled up out of the water, and being sprinkled with bay wet in the water, and drinking down glasses of it. *

It's a queer country, and I shall be glad to get back to a more civilized place. Yet when I think of work I hate to see how fast the time is passing. I do hope to get a good piece of work done, but I am slow, and not keen. I realize that, every time I open my mouth on an archaeological subject with either Dr. Heermance or Mr. Stevens or Mr. Caskey, all of whom are prodigies. I am beginning to think that my only qualification for graduate work is my health. In the matter of health I can do

them all.

I can imagine how much you miss Clarence these days. It makes me heartsick every time I realize that we are all scattered and that none of us are with you. I do hope it won't always be so. — I am very glad that father finds my desk useful. He is perfectly welcome to use that or, anything else of mine which is useable. Is 'The Harvesters' a picture of Millets?

Give my love to Mrs. Chandler, or shall I drop her a postal card, to say I'm sorry. I guess I'll do that.

I'm glad Ruby liked the corals, they cost 19¢!! But that you needn't tell. I shall have to put in bits like that occasionally, I think, to stop the wide circulation of my letters.

I will write to Aunt Ada soon. She and Mrs. Fitts are the only two now I think to whom promised letters have not been written.

Take good care of yourselves, and take life as easy as you may. I shall think of father often on Thursday, his birthday. I'm disgusted that my plan of sending a good set of pictures of myself and surroundings fell through. The Darrows have my camera now. When they return it, I shall try again. In the meantime I love you as ~~much~~ much, which is a great deal.

Edith.

★ Two Woodstock Ladies.

Merlin House ⁸⁴

Monday Evening.

February 1, 1904

My dearest father and mother, -

Two new Americans have come to the Merlin, who left home on January 12ⁿ, so that we have had quite a breeze of American news. Their name is Constantinis; one of them is an older middle-aged lady; the younger is a Wellesley graduate of some ten years standing; she used to live in Greece until she was fourteen, so that she speaks the language well.

I had resolved to go yesterday to church, because mother wrote that she hoped I would go despite the disadvantages, but Dr. Heermance planned a trip, so I had a glorious day of mountain climbing instead. What do you think, that its safe to follow in the question of Sunday Keeping a descendant of Jonathan Edwards? Give me at any rate a credit mark for refusing five or six times the urgent request of the Shicas to play tennis on Sunday. You will say 'I should think so!' But here in Athens it is a different matter. No one goes to church except the English, and they because they have never thought of staying away.

Well, to return to the trip. But first have I mentioned a Mrs. Shields, a girl of my own age, Barnard '98, who is out here to regain her health. Her physicians forbade her spending the winter in London where her husband represents a phonograph company whose headquarters are in Bridgeport. Mrs. Shields is herself a Bridgeport girl though she has lived here very little: her maiden name was Lathrop. - Mrs. Shields, Dr. Heermance, Mr. Cookey, Mr. Foster, an Englishman and I made the party. We started at 8.30 A.M. and returned at 7.30 P.M. It was for three quarters of the way the same route that I followed when I went with the English people to Phyle. Then we struck off east from the path, and scrambled over high sharp-pronged rocks for an hour until we found ourselves on the ancient apex or chariot rock. The ancient Greeks used to watch for the lightning to flash over the apex and then when they had seen

it, they would make ready the sacred embassy to Delphi. Dr. Heermance said he had long wanted to visit the place, because it looked to him as if he could dangle his legs off the edge of it. And so he might have if it wouldn't have made him giddy, for we came out on a great perpendicular cliff above the wildest gorge I ever saw. We were all fascinated with throwing stones over and seeing how long it would take for them to get to bottom. Far below was a smaller rock on which a flock of goats of fly-speck size were moving about, with a dog who barked up at us savagely. All the mountains around us were covered with snow. It was one of the lovely sights which I wish I could always keep vivid in my memory, but I find them getting mixed already. It was a most successful trip altogether. Dr. Heermance was in high spirits, Mr. Foster proved witty in conversation, and Mrs. Shields good at walking. The air was clear for the view, the luncheon good; we found good springs to drink from, so altogether we counted it a very good trip, and we came home five happy if somewhat tired people after seventeen miles of good stiff walking. We reached home at half past seven and at eight we, Dr. Wilhelm, Miss Welch and I, sat down to dinner at the Shicas.

Saturday night a large party of us went to the theatre to see the Italian actor Novelli play 'King Lear'. It was an excellent performance. Theatres are cheap here: our seats cost only thirty seven and a half cents apiece.

Our tennis at the Shicas Thursday was great fun. I played with a Turk, Sandredin Bey against a Belgian, and a French lady. Our conversation was not as vigorous as our tennis. I found that 'C'est à moi?' means: - is it my serve?, so that I got that off once every four games. The rest of the time I confined myself to 'merci.' I found Europeans rather poor at tennis; I think I could make it lively for any one of them. Perhaps not though. At any rate it was fun

to be on a tennis court again and get hold of a ball and racquet again. That same day I dined at the Bosangvets, at a very pleasant little dinner for six. Quite informal because we carried our gloves instead of wore them. I went in to dinner with Dr. Schrader a German with whom I got on very well. He asked me if I knew where Mr. Richardson's home, Woodstock, was? Have you heard that what Mr. Richardson had regarded as a lame side, caused by a bicycle fall of nearly a year ago, has turned out to be, in reality, a broken rib, and that it will be quite a serious business to set it now?

Mother's letter came on time this week. I shall shower you with pictures of myself from this time on until you have enough. I get into such a routine of work at the museum and library that I let my camera go. The Darrows still have it, but I think they will return it this week.

Please remember me most kindly to Mr. Morse. I'm afraid I shan't see him again. Remember me to Harold too. Tell Miss Butler that the Christmas postals were a present, but that after this I will keep count of their cost. Would she like more from Greece?

Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe took us to call on Mr. Bikelas, the greatest modern Greek writer. He gave us each a copy of his most famous novel. Mine he inscribed with

To Miss Eliza Hayward Hall.

He had pictures of Constance Holt and Marion Bowen on one of his tables. *

Mr. Seager called on us this afternoon. Miss Welch was out, so he and I had tea together in the reception room downstairs. He told some rather queer stories about Miss Boyd. She is evidently not a very easy person to work under. She is the one who excavates in Crete, you know.

I've come to the end of this paper, borrowed from Miss Weld, so I must stop. My best love to you both. I hate to think you are not sharing my good times. I miss you and wish ^{for} you every time, I climb a fine mountain, or meet good people. A year from now and I shall perhaps be on my way.

Lovingly,

Gd.L.

Merlin House, 88
Sunday afternoon.

My dearest father and mother, -

I am writing in Miss Welch's room to chaperone her and Dr. Wilhelm while they practice Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It is raining hard, but in spite of bad weather we got out to church. I have invited Dr. Heermance and Mr. Stevens to tea this afternoon to meet our new Americans, Miss Constantine and her aunt, who used to know Dr. Heermance's aunt, Susan Coolidge Woolsey, or was it Susan W. Coolidge?

This week brought me eleven letters, so that thanks to them and to my calendar I have felt quite near my friends this week.

You asked, mother, about my work. I have now finished collecting the different patterns found on Mycenaean vases and on the small gold and ivory and glass paste ornaments which were found in such abundance in the shaft graves of Mycenae, and in other tombs which have been excavated since. I have made some four hundred drawings and am now beginning to write out the history of the different patterns. For example take a simple device like this ivy-leaf pattern:  it starts quite naturally as a growing plant etc. In its later stages it is more stereotyped like: —  etc. What

I try to do is to write out a brief account of the history of these different patterns. I am just now working on a very interesting pattern used both on vases and on inlaid work. It is something like this: —  It is used both to represent water as a background for fishes, and rocks as well.

I suppose it all seems very specialized and unprofitable, and so in a way it is. I console myself by thinking first that when Warner gets to studying ancient history, he will read in even the briefest history a very different account of the years 4000-1000 B.C. in Greece, than that which I studied, and which is still studied in schools. Not that I hope to contribute anything

myself. I mean simply that I'm in the field where good work is being done. Secondly, I often say to myself that it must be good for me because it is so hard. Doing a piece of work which has never been done before is a long tedious task, which calls for painstaking and accuracy, and for alertness, even ~~through~~ all the dull places. So I'm sure it's good discipline.

Monday Evening

Before the subject of archaeology is dropped, I may say that Dr. Heermance got a cablegram yesterday morning "Excavations possible." Until then he did not think there would be money enough to go ahead with the Corinth excavations.

We had a very good time yesterday afternoon. How I wish you could have dropped in and talked awhile with Dr. Heermance. I know you would have liked him thoroughly. I'm sure father would take to his straight-forward unassuming manners. I like him better all the time. He showed us a trick of putting a coin on his forehead and working it down to his chin without touching it with his hands. He is very fond of outdoor trips. Tomorrow he, Mr. Carkey, Mr. Hastings, Mr. Stevens and I are to bicycle to Eleusis. Mrs. Whitney (the aunt) Miss Constantine, Miss Welch and Miss Wilson are to drive. I hope we will have a good day.

I forgot in my last letter to acknowledge the papers you sent. Thank you! I enjoyed them thoroughly. I read the President's message on Panama Through. I admire him greatly. Aren't Mr. Riis's articles in the Outlook good reading?

I hope mother's cold was soon conquered. Indeed it is a great comfort to have so good a girl in the kitchen. I think of it often with solid satisfaction.

(I was surprised to hear of Mrs. Randall in town: I thought she was to winter in Northampton).

Yes, Mr. Sharpe is William Sharpe.

(I'm glad Lottie liked her beads. They cost ten cents. How much pleasure a ~~little~~ drifle can sometimes give! — that sounds rather Sunday school style. She wrote me a remarkably good letter, dignified, interesting and very girlish.)

Friday afternoon Miss Welch and I invited to tea the Bosanquet baby (just Warner's age) with his nurse, and Mrs. Stelle's two babies with their nurse. It took very little time, and was good fun for us and enjoyable for the nurses, too, I think.

We were all up at the Bosanquets again last evening. They didn't make me read aloud last night, so I had a quiet evening listening to the music, and talking to Mr. Seager on one side and Mr. Caskey on the other, both charming boys, but both in very poor health, though younger than I. I am more thankful every day for my health. Dr. Heermance is the only one at the school who can match me there.

I hope you received the picture of the wax-works, and that you don't think me 'too ridiculous'. Did you ever send back that picture of me on the steamer deck with the little girl?

Last Tuesday I went for a long walk to Pyrgos with Dr. Wilhelm. It was warm and sunny, and we found some nice pines trees and plenty of anemones, so that we felt quite in the atmosphere of 'May, the very fine month'. I fell into a brook coming home, but "then peirozi" = ('it doesn't matter!')

The embroidery which I wrote you, mother, I was to put on my dark blue waist I changed my mind about, saving it for a new light blue waist of native silk which I bought some weeks ago, and will have made up soon. The reason I thought of putting it on the dark blue waist was that I needed something to cover spots on the front plait. But in an inspired moment, the idea came of washing the dark blue dotted waist.

So I did with fels-naphtha soap, and it looks as good as new.

I must stop now and write a word to Anne. Take good care of yourselves, and think of me as having the year of my life out here, with good work, good friends and good health.

With much love.

Ed.R.

P.S. Am sorry to let a week go by without sending a picture of myself, but the Tarley wax-works picture must count this time.

Mailin House
Monday evening
February 8, 1904.

My dearest girl, -

Two good long letters have come from you since I have had a word with you and sent my love to that blessed baby. And now there is the collar too to thank you for. It is a beauty. Thank you very much. Little American touches are needed here. Very few women are beyond the semi low-neck stage here. English people go in for soft fluffy things so much, that they rarely attain to tidy neck-gear, and it is very easy not to be as particular in their company as you would be at home.

I say I do little on my subject because lectures, trips and topography reading are not my subject. My subject is 'A study in Mycenaean ornament.' How can Dr. Dörpfeld's lectures on theatres and the question of a stage help me with my work? It must be a "side work". For a beginner in research the narrower the field the better, because the more likely he is to be accurate.

There are some courses of lectures in the school; Dr. Fowler has given a course on sculpture. Dr. Heermance lectured first on architecture and lately on "The Mycenaean Age". We do not recite or report. The only way in which anyone knows about my work is from the talks I have with Dr. Heermance about it. Once a month or so I go to him and tell him what I've done and ask his advice for the next move. I've just finished drawing of the patterns from Mycenaean vases and small gold, ivory and glass paste ornaments.

(vid. Schliemann's 'Mycenae'

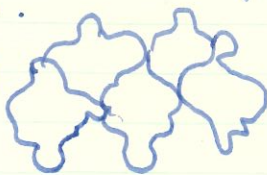
vid. Schliemann's Tiryns

" Perrot & Chipiez 'Histoire de L'Art' vols. III & IV
l'art mycénien

" Tsountas & Manati 'The Mycenaean Age.')

I have about four hundred patterns drawn. I'm now sorting them out, so many to marine patterns, so many to curvilinear etc., and writing a history of each pattern: e.g. I've been working today at this pattern for which I have some thirty instances.

I'm trying to trace its history from the time when it first appears to its latest stage



on the lovely mural decorations of Orchomenos in Boeotia.

The people here at Athens are ausgezeichnet. I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy them. If you could only go up to the Bosquets some Sunday evening, you would see in a trice what I mean. I'm sure it's good for the poor old war-horse. He even wears slippers now evenings, — has them on at the moment.

To-morrow I am to have a day off. I bicycle to Eleusis with Dr. Heermance, Mr. Caskey, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Hastings, four ladies going along somewhere near in a carriage. Mr. Seager may join us on horseback. I think I like Dr. Heermance the best of the lot, at least I like him better and better, and respect him more as I know him better. I don't feel so much at ease with him as with some of the others, but I admire him most. I wonder if you would like him. It seems so queer and almost sad for you to know none of my friends here.

(Sorry about the Ψαρούχια. A cypress is an evergreen of the tall slender shape you see in Italian gardens. The other leaves I'll send with pleasure.)

Miss Welch has just been in and taken a half hour in discussing whether we would give a tea day after to-morrow. It's now eleven, and I mustn't write more. Though I've written so little and that so badly, for I'm to be ready to start to-morrow at eight, and I must bicycle over to the Darrows first and get my camera which they borrowed weeks ago.

I wish I could tell you how dearly I love you, and how often I think of you and yours. Keep well and happy.

With lots of love to you and Paul,
Edin.

I loved the pictures of Warner, and have showed them to dozens of people. Took them up to the Bosanquet's last night.

Merlin Horse 92

Athens, Greece.

February 15, 1904

My dearest mother, -

This is to be a startling letter, and I begin it with the appropriate announcement that it is two a.m. Tuesday, though I forgot and dated the letter Monday. I have just come home from a ball at the American legation, where, accompanied by Messrs. Caskey and Hastings, I have watched royalty and diplomats and even danced with them in quadrilles and lancers. Moreover it is the second ball since I last wrote you. Saturday night we danced till three a.m. at the Shicao, and there we had the time of our lives. Mr. Shica was there at the door to greet Dr. Wilhelm, Miss Welch and me and to lament because there were so few men there. Dr. Wilhelm suggested Mr. Stevens ^{and} Mr. Caskey of the American School to fill the gap, and immediately sent a messenger to bring them. They were both in bed and asleep, but roused from their slumbers and appeared a little after eleven and entered into it with great zest. Naturally Miss Welch and I had a great time since we had three from the American School to dance with us.

So much for social affairs. In the archaeological world there is excitement too. Day after tomorrow I sail for Crete, giving up my room in the Merlin Horse. I am going to study the vases in the Candia museum. Miss Constantine, and her aunt, Mrs. Whitney, go down with me, and spend four or five days, and then leave me there to work and come home by myself. Don't think me rash; Mrs. Bosanguet, Mrs. Sharpe and Dr. Heermance all approve, though the latter is very conservative and careful, and urged me not to go until I could find someone to accompany me. Further, and best of all, I think there is little doubt now but what Miss Boyd will take me to excavate in Crete with her for the whole campaign from March till June. I shall have no board to pay for all that time, and, best of all, I shall do what Alice always asked me so gravely if I expected to do, viz. dig myself.

I mean by that, I shall have a squad of men to watch and shall keep an eye on every clod upturned so as to watch for the vases that may appear. Who knows, but that I may help Miss Boyd in the publication of her finds? But that is going a bit too far. All I'm sure of now is that she is coming, that she wants a woman for a companion, and one trained in archaeology, and that Athens possesses no one else besides myself in these lines.

Mr. Seager will make the other member of the party. We will have a nice comfortable house built by Miss Boyd near the excavations, where we will live with three servants, and entertain the scholars who come to pay visits to the excavations.

Father is by this time saying "she'd better pull in the reins, and hold the horses." I promise you I shall. I have done nothing yet in Greece which I regret, and that's saying something since I've been in some trying situations with all those men at the school. I think working with men tends to make one more rather than less careful and self contained.

I wish I had time to write you all about that fateful Eleusis trip last Tuesday. Dr. Heermance was so kind in trying to help me get my wheel patched up, so that I could follow on with him who had been detained by a dentist's appointment. He met me at the train when I arrived, and did all he could to prevent the trip from being spoiled by my mishap. You have probably by this time received my card asking you to send a bicycle tire by the Haskells, if they can bring it. Don't sew any more for me, mother. My underclothes are plentiful now, and wearing well.

I'm too sleepy to write more. I shall keep a diary of my Cretan experiences and send it to you. By the time you read this I shall probably be safely back in Athens, spending two or three days or perhaps weeks before I start off with Miss Boyd ^{again} to Crete.

Who would have thought that I would ever have come to

this, — to balls and excavations?

Take good care of yourselves and don't think I'm as rattle-brained, as this letter sounds.

Very lovingly,
Edith.

Crossos Hotel 195
Candia, Crete.
Saturday, Feb. 21, 1904.

My dearest mother and father, -

I am a very happy person this evening; it seems as if I must come home and see you and tell you of the things I am seeing these days in Crete. But letters are our only means of communication, so here goes at an attempt to picture my experiences since last Tuesday.

I wrote that I was going with Miss Constantine and Mrs. Whitney, so first a word about them. Miss Constantine is the daughter of a Greek who married an American and who was for some years a missionary in Greece. At fourteen she returned to America, went to Wellesley, and is now a teacher in the Morris High School, New York. (She knows Mr. Jameson and Arthur.) She speaks Greek perfectly, so that she is an excellent travelling companion. Mrs. Whitney is a nice little old lady of about sixty-five, who interferes remarkably little with other people's plans. Neither is as good company as the archaeologists from the American school, because they are not good walkers, and are not interested in the same things, nor as intelligent in getting information for themselves. But nevertheless we have gotten along splendidly together.

We were to sail Wednesday at eleven or twelve. But after the manner of Greeks, we were something over twelve hours late and sailed the next morning at five instead! The intervening hours we spent much more pleasantly than such waiting hours are generally spent, - lunching with Mr. Tom Russell, a bright young Scotchman in the shipping business, who was an old friend of Miss Constantine's, and who got our rebate tickets for us, going to call and drinking tea with his dear old Scotch mother, and watching the sunset from the balcony of his office which overlooked the long line of sail boats tied along the edge of the street below. After dark we were carried out to the steamer in a

row boat, and landed with our luggage on deck. We ate supper and soon went to bed, to sleep as much as we could with a squeaking derrick unloading flour and tobacco, and oars just above our heads.

Of the next day's proceedings I blush to write. I was entirely and indisputably seasick. For the first morning hours it wasn't bad; I was able to cheer up Miss Constantine and Mrs. Whitney a bit, and at luncheon time I went down to the dining room, saying to myself that if I were susceptible to seasickness, I should have found it out long before. I ate some very oily and cheesy macaroni, and then decided to go on deck, where I behaved most shockingly. I never felt sorer for anything than for the three francs I paid for that luncheon. A very kind Englishman fetched cups of cold water for me at critical moments, and tucked me up warmly in rugs afterward. I shall always remember him kindly.

We landed at Cordia at one thirty a.m. that night. We were all sleepy and tired, but even so we could not help but enjoy the lovely soft air, the bright stars, and the novelty of being pushed in a big clumsy row boat among Venetian fortifications and very foreign looking sailing-craft with slanting masts. We had soon conquered the customs, although we had the excitement of seeing two men get into a fight while our bags were being opened, and were on our way up a narrow cobble-stoned street, on either side of which we noted occasionally a burned building, bombarded, the boy with our bags said, in the recent war. You may be sure we slept well that night.

The next day was begun with an interview with our host in regard to the price we were to pay. Dr. Wilhelm, Dr. Heermancey, Mr. Caskey and Mr. Hastings had all said that we shouldn't get

rooms for less than eight francs a day. Mr. Caskey had remarked the last thing that he should be anxious to hear how much I paid. Miss Constantine left the bargaining to me, and within five minutes by dint of looking grieved and telling him I was a poor school-teacher we had settled on six francs, the price I pay at the Meilin. I was so pleased that I at once wrote a postal card to the school. It means since I have given up my room in the Meilin, I shall live at just the same rate as in Athens. Not counting the mispent three francs for luncheon, it cost me just two dollars to get here, and I hope to get back even more cheaply. If you count out the price of board for the days spent in travelling, it leaves a very small amount for extra expense. And we are having such good things to eat here, delicious fish and green things and fruit. Mrs. Bosanquet gave me letters of introduction to two English ladies here, and Mr. Bosanquet to Mr. Grans, the English archaeologist, and to some Greek gentlemen connected with the museum. After Miss Constantine and Mrs. Whitney go, I shall present my social letters, and shall feel, no doubt, surrounded by English people. I don't want too many English though; I am learning Greek faster now than at all before in Greece.

After our bargain was made, Miss Constantine took us to call on a Greek to whom she had a letter of introduction, and with whom we had some good Greek practice. For half an hour before we all went up to the museum, for me to present my letters.

Of the glories of that place I shall write more when I have studied the vases and frescoes, but you may be interested to hear that within the last four years thousands of vases have been unearthed, dating from 5000-1000 B.C. Beautiful ivory & statuettes, engraved seals, frescoes painted with naturalistic ornaments, and with

remarkably life-like men and women, tablets inscribed with writing which is as yet a mystery, bronze implements of various sorts all are spread out there in this one big room of a building formerly used as Turkish barracks. I count myself most fortunate to have three weeks to study here. If you could only spend one morning this next week there with me!

Yesterday afternoon we slept a good while, and then took a walk along the sea-wall, through the barracks and home by way of some of the dirtiest crookedest lanes I ever saw. Candia is essentially Oriental. There are Mohammedan mosques here, the minarets of which against the blue sky are one of the most striking features of the landscape. At noon and sunset priests climb to the top of these minarets and chant in a loud minor tone, a call to worship. Women may not enter the mosques. They are veiled closely. Many of the houses above the narrow paved lanes had little latticed windows for the poor things to peek through. One very charming thing about these otherwise hopeless streets is the little gardens of which one gets glimpses when a gate is half open. They are neatly pebbled (reminding me of Mriffy Grandpa Hall's drain near the back of the big house in New London) and are set out with white washed benches, one big lemon or plane tree, and neat rows of marigolds or snapdragons, that look far all the world like home.

The shops here are fascinating. I would like to have Katharine Bishop and her father see them.

You may not know, as I did not before I came here, that Crete is under the protection of the Powers, who have appointed as a governor, Prince George of Greece. Each Power has a garrison at different points in the island. At Candia, it is England. Red-coats mix in the streets with Turks, black Beduins,

Albanians and Greeks.

Both days we have been here we have had exquisite sun-sets. The moon is new.

To-day has been the best of all. We all went to Cnossos to study the excavations there. As you probably know, the biggest Mycenaean palace known has been unearthed there by Mr. Evans. He has uncovered there a very complicated building which was occupied from say 5500 or 6000 B. to 1200 B.C. It is wonderfully made and wonderfully preserved. There is a throne room with a fine (and comfortable) chair of white gypsum, around which are arranged benches for counsellors; there are baths in abundance, and, (pardon me,) water closets, the sanitary arrangements for which were not equalled again until our own time. All the drainage system was most elaborate: I crawled on my hands and knees (rather muddy!) through two great conduits which were wonderfully well built. In one instance they showed great cleverness, if not understanding of physics in the way they utilized the force of the water at a certain turning point of the drain. There is an olive press with a series of rooms for the manufacture, purification and storage of oil. There are great stone jars as tall as a man, probably for wine as well as oil; there are underground chests, there are prisons and forts and roads and courts; there is upstairs and downstairs, chambers for the ladies, and chambers for the gents, altogether enough to make you gasp and ask if it's all a dream.

When I lecture in America my piece de resistance will be the Cnossos palace. I haven't told you half yet.

The walk (3 miles) to Cnossos was very lovely. All the wild flowers are out now, and I never saw a greater variety. The anemones are all colors and are as big as poppies. We

sat down to rest once or twice, once under some almond trees loaded with blossoms, once in an olive orchard among some splendid old knarled trees. We passed a Mahometan Cemetery with its turbaned tombstones, some fine old Venetian and Turkish walls, and then farther out the loveliest green fields I have seen since I left America.

I have just reread the letters which came the last evening I was in Athens. I hope the fuel consuming cold weather has abated a bit now, and that Rhetoricals are not taking every minute of every day. They will soon be over now. How thoroughly I enjoyed them the year I taught in the Academy! If Mr. Morse is still alive when you get this, give him my love, and tell him I think of him very often.

Indeed I do enjoy my calendar. I brought it down here with me together with mother's photograph which I like so much, and a Kodak picture of Warner.

I rather hated, to be truthful, to tear up my Merlin room, especially when I realize that not till next fall will I be settled with all my possessions again. However, if Miss Boyd will only take me to Gournia with her, I shall be too happy to care about anything else.

I held quite a reception in my room the last day. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp and Dr. Wilhelm I will not see again, for they will be gone when I get back. They with Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Shields and Mr. Hastings all paid parting calls.

I must stop now, and go to bed. To-morrow is Sunday. We think of going to a Greek service early to-morrow, I shall probably go to the museum for a while, and the rest of the time read some of the many books which I brought for my evening solace and edification.

I hope you are as happy and contented to-night as

I am. Yet every day I think of being back, and of how
overjoyed I shall be to sail into New York or Boston harbour,
and take a Putnam train.

Very lovingly,
Edith.

You might give these stamps to Rilla: I didn't write her,
only sent stamps, which I collected at the dinner table when
the mails came in.

ΞΕΝΟΔΟΧΕΙΟΝ ΚΥΨΟΥ
Candia, Crete.

February 23, 1904.

My dearest sister, —

It is raining outside and we are a little doubtful whether we will be able to start on a horseback tour across the island to-morrow or not. I hope we shan't be obliged to give it up, for while my two companions are to have mules, I am to have a horse and a leather saddle used by Miss Boyd in all her tours, and I can hardly wait to get on horseback again. And speaking of Miss Boyd, there is very little doubt now but what I shall go with her to Gournia perhaps for three months. I hardly dare speak of it, but it grows surer every day. I shall have all that board, get actual experience in the art of digging, and have the time of my life.

I'm taking it for granted, you see, that you have read my last to mother telling how I came down here to study vases in the Candia museum. I shall also take it for granted that you will soon see a letter written her from here, and telling of how the boat was 28 hours late, of how I was horribly seasick, and of what a fascinating place Candia is. If you were only here to share it with me. I've just been telling Miss Constantine Main Street School experiences, in particular how my red flannel petticoat came off in reading class, and of how your motherly forethought secured a safe and surreptitious passage for it from recitation bench to your desk. And that set me thinking of our good times together, and of how fine it would have been to share some of these experiences abroad. However I wouldn't have it different. I brought Warner's picture (the upright Kodak) with me, — the only one

beside mother's, and I love to look at it stuck up in my glass.

How would you like the prospect of living from February to October in a suit-case, my wicker telescope and a steamer-rug? I confess it makes me feel a little unanchored and messy, but if I can go to Gournia, I can endure anything. Miss Boyd's house there is a new well-built 7-roomed house looking over the sea. Our party would consist of Miss Boyd, Mr. Seager, Mr. Razy (?), (a Danish architect) and myself. I've told you about Mr. Seager, haven't I? Tall, good-looking, almost of Gibson type, with excellent manners, — he still lacks something, I can't make out what. The poor boy has heart disease so that he can't stay in America winters, so he has gone in for archaeology. He is said to be rich. I don't like him as well as plain blunt Dr. Heermance with his bristly red beard, and his kind grey eyes that look out for everyone's comfort. I love that man, but alas I shall see no more of him till October! He was very careful to state plainly his objections to my coming down here alone, which I nearly did. His ideas on the woman question are in sharp contrast to Miss Thomas'. Miss Constantine and Mrs. Whitney go back to-morrow, or if we go to Phaistos, after that trip. I shall stay ten days more, I think. I've done little so far; have had a nasty attack of dyspepsia which has made me quite uncomfortable. (Don't tell mother; it's probably the aftermath of seasickness.)

(Your sewing machine must be great. Where does it stand? What is cabinet style?)

The Embroidery ^{I sent} ^{is} 50 yrs old more or less.

Never mind your photograph. You ought to see some Kodaks the boys and others have taken of me. 'Black Beauty' would be an appropriate name I think.

Have been to two more balls at the Romanian and American legations, and missed a third by coming down here. They're not much fun.

(Neuralgia gone, thanks.

Hope I got H. Lucas' name right.)

We have had the loveliest sunsets here. They make me too happy to believe. Sunday afternoon we heard the band of the English Garrison, and the Cretan band play in the square.

But of all this you'll have heard through mother's letters, so no more. My love to all three of you. I'm a very happy child.

Devotedly yours,

Zither

I never heard cats squawl as they did in the dirty little court back of my room. They kept me awake two nights. I have now migrated to the third floor where quiet reigns, and the view of the sea is glorious.

E. H. H.

Hotel Cnossos 102
Candia, Crete.

February 29, 1904.

My dearest father and mother, -

This letter will be chiefly concerned with an account of our trip to Phaestos and Agia Triada. We started Wednesday morning at eight o'clock. Miss Constantine had made very careful arrangements as to just where we were to spend each night, and how much we were to pay, and even where we were to eat our luncheons. A finely built young Cretan fellow went with us as guide.

Mrs. Whitney and Miss Constantine chose wooden saddles, of the sort we had going over Parnassus, and sat sideways, but I spoke for a leather saddle, and sat astride, trusting to my last year's practice to keep me from getting lame. I wish you might have seen us starting off down the cobble-stoned street, after we had finally got our luncheon and other luggage tied on to the two pack saddles. All the Greeks and Turks were on the sidewalk gaping as widely as they could at us. I tried at first to rise to my horse's trot, but I forced myself standing in the stirrups and leaning gracelessly over my horse's ears, so I decided cow-boy style was the best for these wretched beasts, and braced myself back in the saddle, though my teeth chattered with every step.

Out through the ponderous Venetian gate, past the lepers begging beside the road, we went, our guide trotting beside us, and encouraging Miss Constantine, who was a little afraid of her horse. At last we got out into the country, among meadows brilliant with scarlet anemones and yellow oxalis, and orchards of almond and olive trees. The flowers in Crete beat anything I ever saw. The country is more fertile than in Greece; I saw some fields of early wheat and rye, that almost looked like New England. The peasants were at work here and there, in the fields, breaking up the sods with their cleavers, or ploughing with their primitive ploughs. Once I saw a bull and a donkey

hitched together, to a plough. We saw many birds bright colored and beautiful singers, but I didn't know one of them.

But the roads! I thought many times of the dismay in mother's eyes if she could but see them. The Turks build roads by laying a strip of cobble stones about six feet wide. On level ground in good weather such a road does nothing more than fill your soul with wrath and loosen your teeth. In ~~bad~~ wet weather every crevice between the stones is a puddle and your horse invariably steps on the top of the stone and slides down into the said puddle, giving you a thorough shakedown, and spattering water to your knees. But it is not truly exciting until you come to a stretch where the road has entirely disappeared, and your horse wallows in mud to his stomach, or until your way takes you winding around down a steep mountain side, where the road looks from below like a long flight of stairs, over each one of which your horse will pause with all four feet on a stone two feet square, and get courage for the downward step. At first we shouted and shoved at our horses continuously, but I soon found that wearing, and sat quietly looking off at snow-capped Ida or the green plains below us, as if I were on a McAdam road. It was just as well, the horses are very sure footed.

At the end of three hours I was so lame I could stand the saddle no longer, so I walked a few miles. But it began to rain and we wanted to make good time to St. Barbara, our ~~morning~~ place, so I mounted again, and, curiously enough, was not uncomfortable again all the three days. The place where we ate luncheon was a long dark room with a dirt floor and no more pretentious furniture than wooden benches and tables. We opened up the windows and admired (?) a remarkable set of chronicles of the crowned heads of Europe.

Particularly pleasing was a picture of Crete (personified by a young peasant), being lifted from the ground by Queen Victoria (looking much like Mary Langdon) and Emperor William. The King of Italy was still flourishing the axe with which the chains had been shattered, and Nicholas of Russia was standing with clenched fists, and scowling at the Turk who was doing the villain's part with folded arms to perfection. We had three Turkish coffees apiece, beside our luncheon, rested awhile, and then started on down the mountain to Agious Theka. The rain had stopped, and the scenery was too beautiful for words.

The thing I shall remember longest about our trip will be, I'm sure, the house of Immanuel Glakis where we spent two nights. Imagine us tired, cold and hungry jogging along at six o'clock, through the dirty narrow streets of this Turkish village, and at last riding through a gate into a little yard full of straw and hens and dogs and cats. I wondered how we should stand it two nights there. Given the cordiality of our host and hostess did not reassure me. As I climbed up the big outside flight of stone stairs that led to the sleeping room above, I saw that several of the stairs were built of ancient bases of columns, but not till next morning did I see that the white washed wall around the little yard was topped with a row of stones inscribed with Greek letters of the old Cretan alphabet. Any one of them would be a choice possession for a museum. The dear old man can't read a word, but he has hunted the country round for relics of the past and built them into his house, and stood them up under his orange trees in the back yard, and stuck them up over the gate until his little place has become a veritable museum. Nothing delights him more than to tell of the famous people who have visited him - Dr. Schliemann, Dr. Dörpfeld, Mr. Evans and a host of others.

Upstairs it was sweet and clean. A wick in a little cup of oil was burning before a picture of the Virgin at one end; pomegranates and quinces hung from the roof, a row of tobacco ^{pales} ~~batter~~ were ranged between the wash-stand and table, and under my couch was a quantity of wheat, unground. There was one bed, which we gave to Mrs. Whitney and Miss Constantine, I taking the couch.

As soon as I had washed, I went downstairs to get acquainted, and made of course for the kitchen where the little 19 year old daughter was cooking, and her mother, ^{re-}enforced by the priest's mother, were spinning. The fire-place was a huge big one, and it was great fun to watch Sargphallias cook the omelet and make the tea for us. Better manners or more quiet womanly ways I never saw. We were better friends at once because I knew Miss Boyd who has been there several times. We talked of her and America, and got on famously. We ate our supper, — and a mighty good supper it was, especially the dark peasant bread, — in the other of the two rooms on the first floor. Great baskets of wheat flour and a huge terra cotta jar of oil, all shaped for all the world like the Mycenaean pithoi at Crossos, were the main furniture of the room. Our host sat down with us but ~~ate~~ or drank nothing save when he drank our health with a few swallows of wine. I may say here that the Greeks on the whole are the most temperate people I ever saw. I have seen one Greek a little tipsy but none drunk. Their temperance extends to eating as well as drinking; they eat very little, and that the simplest food. Well, we laughed till our sides ached at our host. He got so excited over some of his stories that he fairly shouted, brandishing his arms about and laughing so hard, and talking so fast that we couldn't help but catch his good spirits. I hope the picture I took of him will come

out well. We learned afterward that he is the pet of all archaeologists.

The next morning he mounted his white horse and started off with us to Phaistos and Agia Triada. But his presence did not bring peace, for he is always in a hurry, and his horse trotted along so briskly that we all had to take a faster pace, and Mrs. Whitney and Miss Constantine got frightened and turned back. It was just as well; three days of riding would have been too much for them, I'm sure. I shall never forget that ride after that old man. He was always a rod or so ahead, and if I fell more than that behind, he would wheel his horse around and shade his eyes with his hand, as if he were some old buccaneer looking for prey. We forded one river that was so deep I had to raise my stirrups. Then on we went under the low boughs of an old olive orchard, then across meadows to another stream, up and down which we rode in search of a place to ford. Finally we hitched our horses at a place where the stream divided, and crossed the first branch on a fallen tree, and the second on the back of a poor bedraggled mule, which benighted creature was reluctantly pulled back and forth by means of a rope. I longed for my camera which I had left behind because of the cloudy sky, which very early cleared to a brilliant blue.

We scrambled up the hill to the Phaistos excavations, where we had one of the finest views I ever saw. We could see the sea to the West, Mt. Ida to the North, and long stretches of fertile plain to the South and East. Of the excavations I need say nothing.

It was a second Knossos: the points where it differed from the Knossos palace are more interesting to archaeologists (ahem!) than to laymen.

The keeper of the excavations asked me to dine with Mr. Halbherr, the famous young Italian who excavated both Phaistos

and Agia Triada. But seeing I was alone and that he has no wife I declined and started on after my brisk old guide again. The ride to Agia Triada was broken only by brief pauses for the old man to greet his friends, on which occasions I felt as if I figured much the part of a retainer. At Agia Triada we ate our lunch together under an olive tree, drinking one another's health, and sharing our black bread, black olives and oranges as if we were old friends. He crossed himself devoutly before and after. I took a nap after luncheon and then prowled around watching the mendicants, looking over the vase fragments that were being thrown out, and wondering whether I should get tired of it, before three months at Gournia would pass. At three Mr. Halbherr appeared, having waited in his house in the village in the hopes I would call there. He seemed to be unable to understand why I hadn't come. If I had known what a gentleman he was, I should have gone. As it was, he brought up a servant and a whole tea service, and made me two delicious cups of tea in a little reed house no bigger than a doll's house, where we sat and ate off a five-inch plank and looked at the sea through the tiny door. He went over the excavations with me afterward, and saw me safely off for Agios Theka.

Of the second night and the return journey I will spare you the details, — only I must tell you that Saraphallia showed us all the homespun hand embroidered table-cloths, and napkins and nightgowns which she has ready for her dowry, though she hasn't the slightest idea who it's to be. On the support of her example I might begin!

It seemed very good to get back to the hotel. I felt much more decent when a boy had shined my shoes in the front hall, and even stylish when I had got off my muddy clothes and put on

clean things. I got very tanned. I'm as tanned as ever I got in summer.

Miss Constantine and Mrs. Whitney left that night, and I feel now that I can get some real work done. Yesterday I was too tired to do much. But to-morrow I hope to begin in earnest. I don't mind at all being by myself. Grayson is very polite. I take the Outlook down to table for company, and keep myself busy at odd hours with writing, sewing and reading.

It has seemed very peaceful to-day and more like Sunday than in Athens. The church bells rang vigorously while Prince George was on his way to and from church, and the British band accompanied him there and back.

Miss Boyd is coming down here sooner than I thought. It may be that I shall go to Gournia from here, and have the rest of my things sent on without going back to Athens. I wish I knew for sure whether I were going. Dr. Heermance seemed to think it certain.

Your letter of Feb. 9 was brought to my door yesterday morning, and I read it with my bread and tea at breakfast. It sounds to me as if you were having a pretty good winter with sleigh-rides and teas, and people to dinner. I'm so very glad if you are. I thought on some of those long hours on horseback that if I ever got home again I would stay there.

Yes, the Greeks reckon old style. It is Feb. 15th with them to-day.

Please give my love to all, and keep still more for yourselves.

Very affectionately,
Edith.

My whole trip to Phaistos cost less than the same number of days board at the Merlin!

Xanea - Crete
Sunday March 6.

My dearest father and mother, -

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So far I have come safely on my journey home toward Athens, but it seems to be a case of going no further at present. Our boat put in at Suda bay last night, on account of rough weather. The captain said that the bad weather might last two days, so all the passengers made for shore and walked or drove across the small isthmus that separates Suda Bay from Xanea and put up here at a very decent little hotel, where we are quite comfortable until our boat goes. I think that will be about noon tomorrow. If so I shall reach Athens late Tuesday afternoon, and very glad I shall be to get there.

This last week at Candia passed quietly with no long horseback excursion to break the monotony. I put in about six hours of work each day in the museum, and then came home to walk up and down the shore, where I might watch the British soldiers, - or to drink a cup of tea in the dining-room, or to practice my Greek with the little black-eyed bedroom boy. As I wrote Miss Miny Berran one day last week, it seemed a little like Woodstock, with the day full of work and nothing but your own resources to amuse you afterward. At present it all seems attractive to me. Perhaps because I have just come from the distractions of Athens.

The week was made more pleasant by my making the acquaintance of Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Lausers. Mrs. Bird is the wife of the English colonel, and though their regiment was leaving this week, she was most kind to me. For two days they were down at the 'Knossos,' and we had dinner together, and the daughter and I took

several walks together, visiting the best Turkish stores of the town, where we were feasted with Turkish coffee, and their favourite sweet, 'lakoumi'. It was great fun to watch the regiment change. The Dublin Fusiliers were going, and the Yorkshire Light Infantry were coming. Not one Dublin Fusilier left till all but the last company of Yorkshires was on shore. The barracks were patrolled and the bugles sounded as usual. Down at the quay the sights were most interesting. There were seasick soldiers, and boats full of officers' luggage — rattan chairs, beds, and what not, and piles of luggage belonging to the Fusiliers, on top of some of which were perched monkeys, acquired, I suppose, in South Africa.

Mrs. Lawson, the wife of the consul, I did not meet till later, because she was ill. She asked me to tea twice.

I left quite suddenly. Yesterday, Saturday, my work went faster than usual, and I was brought to face the fact that ^{if} I waited till the next boat on Thursday evening, I would waste five days. To be sure I wanted to see Mr. Grans, the Knossos archaeologist, and watch him open some newly found graves near the Knossos palace, but I don't think the graves will amount to much, and I can see Mr. Grans later, so I stood in my window awhile looking down at the boat in the harbour below, and then turned and packed my bag, paid my bill, said good-bye to my museum friends, and rowed out to the steamer.

It was horribly rough, and I was seasick again after the one orange I ate for supper. But I must say I rather enjoyed it last night. I felt forlorn enough till the orange appeared, and then I slept heavily for hours, even forgetting to take off my clothes and wind my watch.

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They say seasick people always sleep splendidly afterward.

A nice bright eighteen year old boy, who has a brother in Chicago whom he hopes to join in September, has been my particular guide about the place. I hope he will find someone as hospitable and kindly to him, when he gets to America, as he has been to me. The Greeks beat all for sheer hospitality, willingness to share whatever they may have with their friends, or the stranger within their gates, and they do it without a sign of consciousness.

I am much pleased with the way my work ~~is going~~ ^{went} at Candia. I am a bit sorry that now, just as I'm getting under way, I must stop for the Gournia digging. However my precious work will make good preparation for what Miss Bryd will want me to do for her, and, as I wrote, I think, it may lead to her giving me part of the work of publishing the finds.

A letter from Mr. Seager followed a telegram which came Sunday night, a week ago this evening. I wrote father what the cable from Miss Bryd to Mr. Seager said. Mr. Seager telegraphed. "Miss Bryd authorizes invite you Gournia." In his letter he wrote enthusiastically of the season before us. I certainly am fortunate, not only in saving so much board, but in having a chance to get familiar with the 'art of digging.

Miss Bryd they say is a hard person to get on with. She is absent-minded and says one thing one day, and another the next. She is evidently sharp-tongued too, judging from what Mr. Seager said. The latter seemed bound I should know the seamy side of Gournia life, and wanted

me to be prepared for harsh words, etc., from Miss Bryd. I don't think I shall mind, and if I do, I at least have Mr. Seeger who is a perfect gentleman, and very gentle and considerate. But ~~I~~ ~~will~~ of all this I will write later.

I would give a great deal to be under our Academy roof tonight. Sometimes it doesn't seem as if I could stand being away this summer. Yet I realize how fortunate I am, and we'll hope the time will fly.

Mother's postal came the day I sent father's postal. I expect a letter to await me in Athens.

Affectionately yours
Edw.