

Munich, Bavaria.

Sunday, Sept. 25, 1904.

My dearest family, —

The cold weather has broken and we are having misty mellow days like September in Woodstock. Mr. Welch and I have been to Church, and heard the fine old German hymns again, and this time we could sing too for a little girl lent us her prayer book. The service is very similar to that of the English Church, but the music much finer. It is like "A mighty fortress is our God" sung slowly and in unison.

From Church we went to the Pinakothek and looked at pictures for a little. There were paintings by Rembrandt, Rubens, Jünger, Ruysdael, Holbein and other masters. To know them well and the history of the men and women painted in them would be in itself an education. And besides all the incentive they give to know the history of bygone days, they are in themselves as lovely as the music we have been hearing. I only hope I can remember half of the beautiful things I am seeing.

The Greek marbles from the pediment of an Aegina temple are worth a long journey to see. They are statues of fighting and fallen warriors very pathetic and yet reserved in their appeal to your feelings. I think I shall go in again tomorrow to have another look at them. They were found by a band of travellers in 1812, who it is said hired some peasants to dig them out while others

they paid to pipe to them while the work was being done. Think of getting fine statues as easily as that! Now the Bavarians are digging further so that no stray hands or feet should be left behind.

(Woodstock must be I shall be interested to hear where Mrs. Kingsbury and the Nebraska family have decided to alight. If Miss Clark plays the organ well, it will be a great boon won't it? It is splendid to have 57 pupils. Will the Bowers stay in Woodstock until Mrs. Mardy and Dorothy go?) Kuriakoula will be greatly interested to hear of Dorothy's going to school in Woodstock. Thank you, mother, for the clippings from the Patriot and Independent. I was very glad to see the Roman Archeology piece before arriving in Rome.

The opera Tristan and Isolde which we heard Wednesday was too beautiful to attempt to describe. Do you know Matthew Arnold's poem 'Tristan and Iseult'? It tells the same story only takes it up from the end only. Swinburne has a poem based on the tale also. But lovely as it was I know I shall like Tannhäuser better which we hear tonight. How I wish Anne and all of you could hear it!

I am planning to leave Munich Thursday, to spend one day in Verona and Saturday to arrive in Florence. I have stayed longer here and seen less than in Venice,

largely because I have had so many odds and ends on my mind. I have had two gold fillings put in my front teeth. Luckily the cavities were in behind so that they don't show. I've had a skirt made, as I wrote, and bought several necessities, so that I shall wend my way southward with my clothes and teeth in order at any rate. My watch has been regulated too, and a small stock of films photographs and open texts laid in, to say nothing of three weeks of cold weather, as a change from the summer weather which I shall probably find still on, on the other side of The Alps. I wish it were a month and not ten days that I shall stay in Florence. And in Rome too, I suppose I shall feel the same. But by November first I must be back in Athens. It will seem like getting home again.

It has been very nice to have escaped ^{pensions}, so far in this trip (pensions.) I think I must live in one in Florence, but I must say I get tired of sitting down to meals with sixteen people, especially when the sixteen people have changed sixteen times in the last few months. Here the Graf, the Gräfin and I have been most cosy. I shall remember my stay here as a visit in a family and not in a boarding house.

Munich is a very pleasant city to take walks in.

its streets are wide and open and it has many open squares with statues or fountains. I fear I have spent too much time walking in the English garden or looking in the windows of the marvellous German bakery shops. Sausages, beer, breads and puddings are at their best in Germany. We have had a new pudding for dessert every day, and each as good as the last.

I do hope that all is going well with you now, and that no fresh troubles have arisen. Keep well both of you and accept much love from

Yours,
Ed.R.

What's your golf score, father?

Piazza Vittore Immanuele 3
Florence, Italy.

Sunday October 2, 1904.

My dear father and mother, -

When my train pulled into the Florence station yesterday evening it was half past five. Cook's office closes at six, but I decided to try to get there before and get my letters; I arrived just in time, and found two Smith girls with whom I had a little chat, and better still I found a tolerably fat packet of letters. From Woodstock came, - a postal dated Sept. 1, and telling of Clarence's arrival from the hospital, (this had gone to Greece, then to Paris, then here) a second postal dated Sept. 20, with the news that Clarence could go back to Yale, father's Sunday letter of Sept. 18th, and mother's Tuesday letters of Sept. 13th and 20th. So it is a little more hopeful when writing to me than when sending up a balloon. It comes down pretty much at an appointed time.

The last large packet of newspapers which you sent, mother, reached me the day ~~before~~ I left Gournia. I remember that I had mounted my horse when the postman came, so that I had to look some of the less valuable ones over hastily and leave them behind for Miss Bryd. She however wrote of how much she

enjoyed them. I have twice received clippings in letters, and twice archaeological articles from the Independent. The second one came yesterday with the two wedding invitations. They are all fully appreciated.

To think that crabapple jelly is waiting for me in the cellar pantry! It makes my mouth water. And the time is beginning to seem very short to me. You have my sympathy, if you are having dentistry done. I wish you could go to as quiet, and skillful a little dentist as I found in Munich. He pulled a wisdom tooth for me in the twinkling of an eye. My bill for two gold fillings, treating and filling an ulcerated tooth and pulling a tooth was only 28 marks or \$5.60. I hope you will come off as easily both as to pain and price.

I should think Clarence might well look "pale and thin". How a person can be cut up and a month later be walking about, and driving to East Woodstock, I can't understand. It's almost a miracle as father says. If a person outlives the operation, appendicitis is rather a good clean disease to have, isn't it? (I'd rather e.g. be in Clarence's shoes than in Mrs. Hardy's. Will you give my regards to her, and tell her that I found her and Mr. Hardy's names in a register-book at Tai-dei-Cadore in Tyrol?)

You must plan to go to Boston and hear Tannhäuser. But not before you have read the story through once or twice and had someone play the music to you, i.e. the simple ^{not for} motives. You will then have a great treat before you. The story itself is as fine as a Bible story; it tells of the struggle of the lower and higher natures in Tannhäuser, the higher feelings being expressed by the theme of the Pilgrim's Chorus. He wins victory through the aid of a pure maiden Elisabeth, who prays to die that she may intercede in Heaven for his soul. It is just after her death that a knight, Wolfram, sings the 'Evening Star,' in which he tells the evening star to greet for him her soul as it takes its flight toward Heaven. I hope I shall live to see Tannhäuser many times.

Tuesday and Wednesday it rained in Munich, but as I was in picture-galleries for the most part, that mattered little. Everybody has been having colds except me. I carry a handkerchief for form only. — I think there was little which I saw in the galleries of which I can well tell. I spent a good deal of time studying the Aeginetan marbles and the Greek vases. The last afternoon I was in Munich I met on the street my successor, the Bryn Mawr student who has the Garret European fellowship for 1904-1905. She is to study in Munich. She looked so frail and utterly worn out, that

I wanted to tell her not to look in a book for a month. Whatever I am not which a European fellow should be, I at least am not pale. My Cretan colour has stayed by me all summer. Why a person should exhaust their health for study, I can't understand.

I left Munich early Thursday. I am now a thorough old-maid as to travelling. I have a large pocket in my new skirt, and two on the inside of my rain coat, and carry with me my letter of credit, purse, tickets (three from Munich to Brindisi & I had on this trip, worth about \$25,) address book, account books, various memoranda and keys, baggage checks and lead pencils, and a fountain pen done up in blotting paper. Occasionally an apple, a piece of bread and a slice of cheese may be added. If I lose in style because of bulging pockets, I gain in comfort. It is very amusing to see how a little experience makes travelling go smoothly. Yesterday at Bologna there was a great rush for the Florence train. I could find no facchino (= porter) to put my luggage in for me, so I stood on the station platform watching the people scramble over one another, and shouting to facchinos to get their luggage in first. Foremost in the scramble was a group of six American ladies whose luggage was labelled Dayville, Kentucky. Everybody looked as if

he had lost his best friend. It soon appeared that another car was necessary, and five minutes later when facchini were plentiful I secured a window seat in the new car. Together with me were a group of people whom I couldn't place at first. They spoke English with an English accent, but I was sure they were not English. Their conversation soon revealed their country, for they began to talk of Melbourne where the feeing system (which had entirely taxed their patience) was beginning to come in. They were Australians on a European tour. The poor things had been hustled about over the face of Europe, from one hotel to another, until they could scarcely remember whether they were just going to a place or had just come from it. I asked them how long a voyage it was to Australia, and they cheerfully replied that it was six weeks from Naples. It made my travels seem quite insignificant. In speaking of the Alps one of them said "New Zealand is just as fine. I haven't seen anything finer than the mountains there." Would you like to join me on a mountain-climbing expedition in New Zealand?

I had at first planned to go from Munich to Florence in two days with the intervening night spent at Verona. But on further perusal of Baedeker, I decided I must stop over in Bologna one day to see the ar-

chaeological museum there. I am very glad that I did, for I found a prehistoric vase-fragment decorated with a pattern exactly like one on my sherds I have been writing about. It is not too late to add it as a footnote. I had time to see a splendid old Gothic church and two leaning towers in addition to the archaeological museum. Then I ate a luncheon, and went for the train. It was nearly as exciting approaching Florence as it was last September when I first got sight of Athens. I was leaning out of the car window this time, wondering if it could really be true that I was to see the campanile of Giotto, the Duomo and Palazzo Vecchio of which I read in the days of Mr. Matthew's reading club. Yesterday evening I had time for unpacking only. But to-day I have climbed to the top of the Campanile, been to Mass at the Annunziata and this afternoon taken a walk in the Boboli gardens. I wished while out there that I had brought a book or writing materials along. A lovelier place I have never seen, full of fields of daisies, long shady walks, rows of cypresses, and now and again fountains or statues, with stone benches to sit on. Best of all was a roof terrace from which there is a lovely view of the city and the hills that surround it. There was a garden up there too, full of roses and dahlias, and a broad balustrade where I sat some time looking across fields of olive trees and grape-

vines at a perfect Italian sky with filmy clouds. Later on the way home I walked a little way beside the Arno and then came back in front of the Palazzo Vecchio to hear a band play. So one day in Florence has really truly been ^{wonderful} and there is prospect of nine more.

My boarding place (\$1.00 a day) is on the fifth floor of a large house in the middle of the town. The family consists of an Italian gentleman and his wife, a little niece and a young Swiss fellow. The Italians know only a word or two of English and no French or German, so the poor Swiss must often interpret from Italian to German for my benefit. I hope however to be able to pick up a little Italian during the three weeks I am at Florence and at Rome. I expect to get to Rome Wednesday evening, Oct 12, and to stay till Wednesday morning Oct the 26. I shall, if all goes well get to Athens at 5.30 p.m. on Friday the 28th.

I had forgotten to speak of Verona. I was sight-seeing there from nine till one when I left for Bologna. I saw a well-preserved Roman amphitheatre, some Gothic tombs, and splendid Romanesque and Gothic architecture in churches and loggias. I have several postcards of these sights and of Munich pictures which I shall soon send on to you. Tomorrow I shall see pictures I think. I went around to the Or San Michele to-day to see our St. George,

that Miss Jessy gave Anne and me so long ago, but I find there is only a copy there now in situ. The original has been taken to the museum.

It is time to go to bed now, so no more. Take good care of yourselves and don't work too hard.

Very affectionately,

Edith.

Florence, Italy.
Sunday October 8, 1904.

My dear father and mother,

We have just been having a merry time at the table. The Italian signora has been dictating some Italian recipes which I wanted. The Swiss boy translated them into German, and I wrote them down in English. There was a good deal of talking over such words as 'parsley', 'saleratus' and 'almonds', but we managed to get them written at last. I bought a cook-book in Germany to have the recipes for some of their good puddings. Isn't that quite domestic for an archaeologist?

It is raining a little but not enough to prevent the Swiss boy and me from taking a walk a little later to Fiesole. I have had all the pictures I can stand today. I enjoy them thoroughly but two or three hours of study is all I can profit by. After that I forget everything as fast as I look at it. I have lately been trying to write out a characterization of each famous artist so as to make me look more closely, and I've found it a very useful method. And I've also taken great pleasure in ~~using~~ using Grant Allen's guide-book to Florence. In a city like this where there is so much to see, it is easy to waste time and mental energy

in looking at unimportant things, unless one has spent years previously in preparation with definite ideas of what ~~he~~^{one} wants most to see. Grant Allen shows ~~you~~^{one} the sights in historical order in the first place, and that makes the general impression left in one's mind much more intelligible. He advises ^{one} you what pictures or churches to spend the most time with, and what to pass over more lightly. Eight of my ten days have gone and I am just half-way through his guide-book. This is somewhat drying, but at least I have not hurried but can remember long happy mornings spent with a few of the best sights, and that is better than to have seen everything in a hurry.

Memorable among the things I have seen this week is the cloister of San Marco where Savonarola was prior, and where Cosimo di Medici (pater patriae) retired to end his days. As you know, it is decorated by Fra Angelico, each plain little arched cell having its own touching picture of Christ's death or resurrection, or of some other gospel theme. It was with some relief that I left all this piety, lovely as it was, and went to see the chapel in the Riccardi palace where my lords and ladies used to say their prayers. The four walls were covered with paintings of the visit of the three wise men to the young Christ. Christ with adoring angels

was over the altar: on the other three sides were the ~~Four~~ gens, each wall having one wise man with a great train of followers following behind. The landscape, the caparisoned horses, and many oriental touches like monkeys and turbaned Turks and hunting leopards combined to give it a freedom and exultant pleasure in life which were impossible in the other church paintings.

I have been three times to see Botticelli's Allegory of Spring and each time I admire it more. Grant Allen calls it 'perhaps the loveliest picture in the world.' Perhaps you would like to read his description. He says: — "This exquisite allegory has been variously explained. I give my own interpretation. It is probably one of the four panels representing the seasons. In the center stands the figure of Spring, who is therefore significantly painted as pregnant. To the extreme left, Mercury, the god of change, with his caduceus, dispels the cloud of winter. (Perhaps, rather Favonius, the west wind in the guise of Mercury.) Beside him on unspeakably beautiful group of the three Graces, lightly clad in transparent raiment, represent the joy and freshness of spring-time: on whom a winged and blind-folded Love, above the head of Spring, is discharging a fiery arrow — since Spring is the period of courtship and mating. The figures to the right represent the three spring months. To the extreme right,

March, cold and blue blowing wind from his mouth (notice the rays) lightly clad, and swaying the trees as he passes through them. Next to him, as if half-escaping from his grasp, April, somewhat more fully draped in a blue and white sky. On the hem of her robe, green Things are just sprouting. She seems as if precipitating herself into the lap of May who, erect and sedate, fully clad in a flowery robe, scatters blossoms as she goes from a fold of her garment. March blows on April's mouth, from which flowers fall into the lap of May. The obvious meaning is "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers," — a Tuscan equivalent for which proverb still exists in Italy. The action of March's hands probably represents the old idea that he borrows three days from April. I will not attempt to say anything about the aesthetic beauty of this exquisitely spiritual and delicate work. It is one of those profound pictures which must be visited again and again, and which gain in intensity every time you look at them. As to place, it was painted for Lorenzo de' Medici's villa at Castello: notice it as one of the first purely secular paintings, with Renaissance love of the nude, which we have yet come across. In another place he says that "Ghirlandaio paints faces, but Botticelli paints souls."

Monday morning. We had a pleasant walk to Tiesole

yesterday afternoon, and afterward I went out to take dinner and spend the night with Mrs. Wear at her new villa. They have established themselves in a fine three storeyed stone house, surrounded by a lovely Italian garden and overlooking the city, and they pay for it all only \$30 a month. It is entirely furnished. For an experienced cook they pay \$3.00 a month, and in case she does extremely well \$3.20 a ~~month~~^{month}. It seems almost incredible. Their garden is full of roses, they have three Swiss cows and hens, and it is all so cheap. It is quite a change from the Dakota wheat farm where they were all brought up.

I stopped at Cook's office on my way back and found your letter of Sept. 27th. It would doubtless have come earlier if I had written earlier at just what date I was leaving ~~Munich~~^{Munich}. (I wrote to Clarence on Friday sending it to New Haven in the hope that he could return. I wonder if he will be there when I come through from New-York to Putnam. Don't make too many pickles mother, and tire yourself out. Are you sleeping well as a regular Ring? I was sorry indeed to hear of Mary Grosvenor's death.)

Whether I teach or study next year will depend on the position I get. I do not need any more residence study at Bryn Mawr. If I can get a thesis

about done before I return, all the studying that will be necessary will be re-reading Greek plays etc. and studying up history and grammar preparatory to the doctor's examinations. In other words it will be entirely review work, which could be done at home or in conjunction with other work. I see no hurry about it. I want time enough to get it all up in shape without worrying.

I am going down to the kitchen now to see how they cook their rice with tomato sauce. Then I must go over to the Uffizi Gallery armed with a free entrance permit which arrived today from the American embassy at Rome, tied up in red ribbon.

Day after tomorrow I go to Rome, and two weeks from then I sail for Patras, so you can think of me on Friday Oct. 28ⁿ as taking her lovely ride from Patras to Athens.

With a great deal of love to both of you,
Edith.

* This is the message that the Forum speaks:
"We may be ugly, but we are antiques"

(D.L.P. 1938)

Rome, 15 Oct, 1904.

My dearest father and mother, —

Where do you think I am writing this letter? Nowhere but in the Roman forum, seated on the steps of the base of the Phocas monument, and looking toward the ~~the~~ rostrum, in which the holes still remain where the rostra were attached. I have never wanted father with me so much as to-day and yesterday, when I have been here in the forum. It is hard to see why I am here and he at home earning money, instead of his being here and my being home.

In front of me to the left are the eight columns of the Temple of Saturn, standing as quietly and securely as if they meant to hold their position 2000 years more. Over the top of the rostrum I see the old record house or Tabulario into the tower of which I climbed yesterday, and got a fine view of the city. To the right is the arch of Severus, and some of the recent excavations described in the article in the 'Independent', which you sent me, and which I have with me now for reference.

The ruins of Rome are less beautiful [★] than those in Athens. A bit of a Greek sculptured cornice is generally a marvel of workmanship, while in Rome it is careless coarse and often in bad taste. However I'm getting

more and more interested in these buildings, and regret more and more my poor memory which does not seem able to retain history. I had to look up the battle of Cannae the other day.

The forum is swarming with visitors, for the entrance is free on Sundays. Three Carabinieri soldiers with their great napoleonic hats and tall plumes are standing near by, and there have just passed three young priests in long black gowns, the button straight down the front to their feet. I took them for Italians, but they were Germans. One sees all sorts of students from every nation, and each has its peculiar costume. Young American boys are among them.

The sun has gone down behind the tall buildings up above the forum and that means that if I am not to get chilly I must walk around. Before, the sun was almost too hot.

After I stopped writing, I went over to the rostrum of Julius Caesar, and said to myself as much of "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" etc. as I could recall, while standing in the place where the great funeral oration was made. I doubt if Antony would know the place today. So many of the Forum ruins are of later date, and there are no mountains round about to look the same as they did in Caesar's time. One of the greatest charms of Greece

is the way the great sites are untouched by medieval and modern civilization.

I arrived in Rome Thursday afternoon. At the last minute I decided to stay one more day in Florence so as to see the Bargello collection thoroughly. So long as I live I shall not forget Florence and her pictures and buildings. The Campanile and the Duomo about which I read such glowing accounts years ago are less effective because surrounded by high modern buildings, but the Palazzo Vecchio, the Bargello, the Strozzi and Riccardi palaces, and the interiors of the older Gothic churches are most impressive. The palaces are all built as fortresses, of huge blocks of stone, with great rings for tying horses. There are hardly any windows on the first floors, for windows were dangerous in those troublesome days. All this you will see in the post-cards I shall send.

The last day I was in a Florence museum, I saw such an amusing scene made by a group of our countrymen. It is the sort of thing one always hears Europeans say about Americans, but I had never grasped before how ridiculous it was. Six typical New York business men suddenly burst into a small room of a museum, as if shot in by a gun. One had a Baedeker which he proceeded to read aloud in a very loud and somewhat nasal voice, prefixing every sentence with 'now!'. The numbers

of the statues had been changed since Mr Baedeker was written, which caused considerable confusion. But they were very earnest about it, and finally succeeded in finding every number, though they had no eyes for the statues above the numbers. I heard one call an Apollo, a John The Baptist. "Well, that finishes this," said the reader when the last number was found, "shall we see another gallery now or the Duomo?" "The Duomo" all agreed, and out they ran again, leaving the guard and a German boy overcome with laughter.

My journey to Rome was uneventful. I thought I should never get packed. My luggage was full when I came, and I have now a new skirt, a renovated hat, half a dozen epide books and photographs to carry. I am established quite comfortably in an Italian family. They are a little more pretentious and a little less pleasing than my Florence friends, but they do very well. A handsome fifteen year old boy is an addition to the circle; he has suggested an all day excursion for Tuesday, which I think will be fun.

The first afternoon I found my way to the American School, and got acquainted a little in the library. I have not met Mr. Norton yet, but hope to soon.

The next morning I went first to Cook's for mail and got mother's letter of October 1st enclosing a Bryn

Maur communication. Indeed you did just right in cabling and writing. I would be most ungrateful if I found any fault. Those days in Venice when I did not know what was the matter, I did not worry because I knew that if anything bad had happened, I should have received another cable. It was the very best way possible to hear the news.

(What hard times they are having in Bridgeport! I do hope both Katherine and her father will come out all right. Poor Will and Alice!)

I'm glad you didn't say anything to Hamilton about prices, for Miss Boyd says that \$10 was good pay. Her brother who works in the Congressional library often writes small articles for weeklies and \$10 is an average price for him. And Hamilton told me before how much they paid ~~for~~ per 100 words. I haven't enough good pictures to write on the Dolomites. When I started I hoped to write on "Lumbering in the Dolomites," but through the lumber country I was riding in a stage which naturally could not stop for me to run down to a brook and climb over fences to get pictures. One must travel leisurely to get photographs, because the sun is so seldom right without a walk to another point of view. I have used my camera little on this trip. It is an expensive luxury, and unnecessary where postal cards are obtainable.

I have two articles planned, one on Dr. Dörpfeld's new theory of the Grechtheum, the other on Greek village life, in which I could use some of my Cretan pictures.

In the same mail with mother's letter ~~he~~ came a letter from Dr. Heermance, and that leads me to confess that my paper on the Gournia sherds was not finished until the last days I was in Munich. In that heat of Athens, I could not bring myself to send it off to print. But with only a little work in Munich, which I really enjoyed, I finished it off and sent it to Dr. Heermance. He now writes that he likes it very much, and ^{as} he is a man not given (unlike Dr. Hoppin) to compliments, I feel well-pleased. He also asked me to speak on this pottery at an open meeting of the school this winter, which I shall do if Miss Boyd consents.

I am eager to get back to Athens, and to take up work again. I think now I can make faster headway with my thesis. Dr. Heermance says that there are seven students at the school, and two more coming.

Ted Tiemann's mother has made me another sweater which is now on its way from America. Did you ever see such kind people? My red one is pretty stretched and faded, so I shall be glad of a new one.

So much for the mail that greeted me on my first visit to Cook's.

See pho large photograph



I next went to the office of the minister of public instruction to apply for a free entrance permit to museums. He informed me I must present a photograph, so I crossed the street and had my picture taken without even taking off my hat. ^{*} Enclosed is one of the six copies which I got for 80¢. The hat is my last year's hat bought in Athens and fixed up in Florence with two wings given me by Miss Byrd. The coat is the raincoat bought in New York with Clarence. The Hall mount, you will see, is still with me.

Later I went over to the Pantheon, which is truly a noble building, the best preserved in Rome, and yesterday I prowled about the Capitoline, and forum.

I hardly know what to do about sending postals. I am so afraid they will get lost. I have about 150 from Florence for you and Miss Butler. I have been trying to find someone going over to take them. Although perhaps that is not altogether safe. Margaret Vanderbilt took all my Venice ones, done up ready to send, but you have evidently not heard of them yet.

In the Capitoline museum, I ran across a class-mate, a Miss Lindquist. I am going to see her this evening, and perhaps she will be able to take them for me.

You asked me to drop you cards occasionally, mother. There is little chance left now for retrieving my reputation. But I will try to send one from Patras and one from Brindisi.

Rome is a big city. Venice and Florence were towns. There are few side-walks, and the drivers have the right of way, so that one must dodge continuously. Perhaps I am getting old and peevish, but it tries my temper always to have a driver crack his whip at me, and make me squeeze up against a wall. So it does also when the small boys stick postal cards in front of my face and say "Want to buy, la-dee? Fee-fee for one franc." That is all the English they know, so they say it over and over again while walking perhaps a block beside you.

The men are disgusting. At least many of them are. They always stop and stare at me. Italian men are passionate, and Germans are tyrants. So give me a good polite American gentleman.

No more this time. I want so much to come home and see my family again. I am only ten days from you now, and I have often thought of sailing from Naples to America instead of from Brindisi to Greece.

Lovingly, Edith.

(P.S. 1. I have sent pictures to Anne and Clarence. E.H.H.
P.S. 2. Mother's card came this morning (Monday). Good for Clarence. Yes he will doubtless see Mr. Caskey, who said he would keep an eye open for Clarence this year. E.H.H.
I have brought lots of beautiful photographs for you all. But am going to wait till I come, I think. Wouldn't you?)

Rome, Italy
Oct. 16, 1904.

My dear Sister: --

I am inclosing several documents which may interest you. The first a photograph of myself, which I was obliged to have taken to get a museum free entrance permit. The coat is a raincoat I bought in New York the day before I sailed; the hat is my best hat of last winter (American manufacture) made over in Florence with two wings given me by Miss Boyd.

(The enclosed quotation I thought might interest you in view of our last talk on unselfishness. It is from a dear old leather-bound edition of the Imitation of Christ which I found in Florence.

The receipt is one I wrote in Florence while watching my signora Nencioli prepare the Italian dish of rice and tomatoes which is so much eaten in Italy.)

The letter from Dr. Heermance arrived yesterday. I was greatly pleased with the words "I like the letter very much." You know I rather slipped into both the fellowships I have, so that I have often doubted if I were really able to do this sort of work. Now I feel encouraged. Imagine my making a half hour address to the assembled archaeologists of Athens! I can hardly wait to get back and get started again on my old piece of work, which I hope to make before spring into a doctor's thesis. I shall attend no lectures, and simply write. A splendid chance. I am so anxious for a good position in 1905-6. Mother has written of all father spent for Clarence, and I long to begin to earn again and to cease to spend.

(I suppose the Fowlers will be coming to see you soon.

I warn you that they don't like babies!)

I feel as though every letter should give you a little glimpse of the glorious things I am seeing. But the longer I stay in Europe, the more matter of fact I am. I thrill less and study more. So I fear I am getting into the habit of not writing so many descriptive and enthusiastic letters. The pictures I have seen in Florence will stay by me till I die. I like best Botticelli's two round coronations of the Virgin, Filippo Lippi's Madonna, Bambino & youthful St. John, and some of the Adorations of the Mag. picture which paint trains of camels, hunting leopards, monkeys, delicious trees etc. Such are Gozzoli's in the Ricciadi Palace and Gabriel Tabiano's in the Academy of Fine Arts.

((Ted Tiemann's mother has made me another sweater. It hasn't arrived yet. I think it's white.))

When the Florence postal cards reach you, look long at the inner court of the Bargello. Or look it up in any book on Florence. I sat long on a stone bench there and wondered if I could ever be undignified again. One feels like walking and talking like Francesca di Rimini (e.g.) or like the lords and ladies who trooped on to the stage in Tannhäuser to the strains of the march Eloise used to play.

(I have not heard from you this week, but I trust all is well with you. Give my love to all your household.)

The day I arrived in Rome, and yesterday too, it seemed as if I could not begin the work of sightseeing again. My legs are now so tough I can stand for hours, but I longed to sit and sew or read. I visited lazily the Pantheon, got my mail at Cook's, and read twice in the library of the American School. My landlady is more pretentious and less pleasing than in

Florence. But today I have become enthusiastic again.
I have been down to the Forum and got to work
reading my Baedeker etc. and discontent is gone.

Begin to study now to come abroad and don't come
to Rome without knowing Roman history, and something
about the history of art and architecture.

Affectionately

G.D.N.

1st Enclosure with previous letter.

Athens, Greece
3, October, 1904.

Dear Miss Hall:

Your note and your ms. both arrived on Saturday. I like the latter very much. You have got much more snap to it than in its first form. Is it the effect of a bit of vacation?

Will you not consider the question of presenting the material to the Athenian public at one of the School's open meetings this winter?

I send your ms. and your drawings to Professor Sterrett as directed in your note of instructions dated 23, August, and I enclose you herewith a copy of the letter I have written him. (Have you heard the result yet of Miss Boyd's negotiations with Mrs. S? (??))

We opened up day before yesterday with seven people on the spot, and two more due to come shortly. Miss Berenson seemed very glad to have met you and to have been coached by you. By the end of this week we shall be in (the) Peloponnese.

Remember me to my friends at the Roman School.

Yours sincerely

I. W. Heermance

In E.H.D.'s writing
Is it a dear? He does
everything up in shipshape.

2nd EnclosureAthens, Greece
4 Oct. 1904.Professor J.R.S. Sterrett
Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.

This letter c'd be omitted

My dear Professor Sterrett,

By registered mail I send you, as Associate Editor of the Journal for the school at Athens, the text and drawings of an article by Miss Hall, the Agnes Hoppin Memorial Fellow of the school last year. The work was done by her as a member of the school and was her fellowship thesis of the year. Consequently it falls under the provisions of the School Regulations XIV and XV. The material worked up, however, came from the excavations conducted by Miss Boyd for the Philadelphia Exploration Society, or whatever its name is, which publishes through the University of Pennsylvania. There has thus arisen the delicate question where the paper should appear, whether in the A.J.A. as seems most natural in view of Miss Hall's relation to the school (this is also the attitude of Professor Wheeler), or along with other papers about Gournia in deference to a possible imagined preference of Mrs. Stevenson.

I understand that Miss Boyd has undertaken to persuade Mrs. Stevenson to waive her share of the rights in the case, but I have not learned the result. Will you, therefore, please hold the paper, and not forward it to Professor Wright, until the question is finally settled. This is the wish both of the writer and of Miss Boyd. I wrote over two months ago to Professor Wright to make provisional inquiry if he could reserve a place for the paper in either the first or the second number of the coming year, but have received no reply, which seeing it is Professor Wright, is hardly surprising. The material is of considerable interest and a speedy publication of it is highly desirable,

especially as somewhat similar ware, but, I believe, in smaller quantities was found by the English also last spring, and priority of publication is a point dear to the discoverer. The English will publish early in the summer.

Sincerely Yours —

Rome

23 October, 1904.

My dearest father and mother, -

No letter has come from you this week, so I suppose it is waiting for me in Athens. I haven't heard from Anne for a long time, but I hope all is well with her and her family. I am eager to get back to Athens and read some American papers about the presidential campaign. I buy English newspapers now and again for war news, but I hear little from America. Yesterday I was introduced to Professor Smith of Wisconsin who left last evening for Greece to spend the winter there. I had hoped that we might arrange to go together, but he had bought his ticket for an Italian boat sailing Monday evening, and I mine for an Austrian boat sailing Wednesday evening. He is a Southern gentleman, and I imagine a very interesting man to know. He and Professor Perrin of Yale are expecting to 'tour' the whole of Greece this year.

Quite unexpectedly I ran across Mr. Dawkins on the street the other day. He is the Englishman with whom we climbed Mt. Ida. He called that evening and gave me several 'points' on Rome. His sister is coming out to Greece to visit him this year, and he suggested that we three go to the Mt. Athos monastery together. That would make a magazine article all right!

There is such a dear little Italian boy at the house. His father and mother both died when he was a year old, and he has fought his own battles ever since. The people who took him in never ~~taught~~ taught him to read, and when he was twelve he went by himself to the schools and asked admission in the first grades. Now he earns enough to pay most of his expenses and takes great pleasure in his independence, though he seems lonely. He is quite a young philosopher in his way and has picked up a pretty large knowledge of the world. He has a strong antipathy to the Catholic church, and thinks things out for himself instead, which must be for an Italian unusual. He works in a wholesale cloth establishment day times and goes to a 'commercial school' evenings. He expects to keep this up for three years! It seems wrong that someone has never given him a helping hand.

I have been sight-seeing diligently all this week. The collections of Greek and Roman statues number about twelve, and in all of them there are about fifteen worthless statues to one good one, so that it is particularly tiring to study them. The Lateran portrait statue of Sophocles with "an expression of mingled intelligence, imagination, seriousness and benevolence" on his face is very fine; so also is "the Marble Faun" and the "Discus Thrower" and many another. In the line of sculpture, however, I have seen

nothing finer than Michael Angelo's Moses. I kept thinking as I sat before it of one of Dr. Worcester's sermons in which he spoke of how Moses learned patience and adapted his ideals to actual life. It is the statue of a man with a fiery nature under control. — I have also seen the original of our 95 School picture, Guido Reni's Aurora, and of course the square or more properly the piazza of St. Peter. In the church of St. Peter itself I was disappointed. It seems to me to express the Catholic church at its worst, and to be showy and tawdry, — that is the impression the interior makes. The dome is of course beautiful, and so are the obelisk and the two beautiful fountains in front in the piazza. Rome is full of fountains, and the sound of running water is one I shall always associate with this city. I wish you could see the Sistine Chapel and Raphael's Stanza. They are wonderful and deserve long days of study. I am in despair of trying to see one half the sights here. I have only two days more and there are ruins and ruins which I have not even located yet. Tuesday afternoon I walked out the old Appian Way as far as the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. A Franciscan monk lighted a torch and took three people from South Africa and myself for a long walk through one dark narrow passage after another, leading past rows and rows of rock-cut tombs where there was almost always some little painting,

— a cross, an anchor, or a lamb to mark the Christian and his faith. The resurrection of Lazarus and the story of Jonah were also frequent as typical of the resurrection. I was the only Protestant of the party, and was not in very high estimation of the monks, I fancy.

One day this week I went up to the American School to hear Dr. Norton lecture. Dr. Hoppin used to say he was the ideal gentleman, and I was curious to see and hear him. I liked him much. He spoke of the necessity of exercising the imagination to picture vividly the life of the Romans, and of not being satisfied with accurate measurements which spiritually were nothing. That is a sentiment I am always glad to hear.

Monday Evening

Your letter of Oct. 16th has come all right with its usual weight of welcome news. (I shall be glad to meet Mr. Child. I am so happy that Miss Clark is a success, and that the Bridgeport people are getting along better.) I must go to bed now, for it is after eleven. I wish you could see one Italian garden. They do not have many flowers but long walks under arching trees, with occasional fountains and statues and stone seats.

Lovingly

Edith.

(Of course Clarence is an honor man.)

PART IV

Merlin House

Sunday, Oct. 30th, 1904.

My dearest mother and father, —

You will perhaps have been expecting a postal from Patras, or have you learned not to expect all my promises to be fulfilled? The boat was late and I had very little time to get ashore and to get my luggage through the customs before the train left. But before I tell you of the journey back I have a little more to tell about Rome, and chiefly about the Palatine Hill which I visited the last day. On all sides were the remnants of the walls of the Caesars' palaces, making picturesque outlines against the sky. Underfoot here and there were bits of bright mosaics. If I knew my Roman History better I could doubtless have located many a scene in the vaulted corridors and spacious courts of these ruins. However, history was not needful to appreciate one of the loveliest of Italian gardens which lay immediately adjacent. It seemed as if I could never tear myself away from its mossy walks and fountains. The last green path in it led to a pair of steps connecting the garden with the 'House of Livia' below, which is a remarkably well-preserved example of a wealthy Roman home. The paintings on the walls are still quite bright, and the pipes by which it was heated are still in place.

Add to all these scenes a brilliant sunset and later

a moon, and you have the background for the modern Italian character. I think even a stern New Englander might wax a little sentimental there.

I was very tired when at last I got to bed on the Austrian boat at Brindisi. I had but one day on board, during which I read 'Narius the Epicurean' and tried to get back my Greek. By the way, I met in the Prehistoric Museum in Rome while in search of some definite information about the vase patterns I had seen at Bologna, an Italian scholar who had been in Crete. When he learned that I had also been there he changed from German to Greek, and to my mortification I could think of nothing but Italian and German words! On the other hand it was a pleasure on the boat to be able to order a bath or a boiled egg without friction from the Italian stewards. The last night at dinner I sat at a side table with three men. The first was a Croat, an officer on the boat, the second was a Greek, in business in Alexandria, and the third was an Armenian Catholic priest who had just finished his studies in Rome. If you count all the languages we four knew you get, Old Armenian, modern Armenian, old Greek, modern Greek, Latin, Italian, Turkish, French, German, Spanish, Croat, Hungarian and English. The Croat officer knew the most. He was a bright young man, just married, he informed us, to another Croat living in Trieste.

The ride from Patras to Athens was marred by rain and a dull sky, the only compensations being a sight of the raging muddy torrents where before had been dry river-beds. I suppose when a person looks forward to a thing very much, he is always a little disappointed when it at last comes. I had been saying to myself for many days back "Friday night I shall be back in Athens". But when at last we got there and I was being driven up toward the Merlin, I wished that it was America not Greece toward which I had been aiming.

In the Merlin I found my old room occupied and Miss Benson rather wanting me to take another room next to hers which has the stove that heats both rooms. Mrs. Polyanidis finally gave me this new room at the same price as my old room was and less than Miss Benson pays. I cannot unpack my things before I get back from a school trip which is on this week. We go to Delphi Tuesday morning at 6 A.M., by way of Leuctra, Thebes and Plataea. Some of the party are going on from there to Thermopylae, but I am coming back from Delphi to Piraeus by boat via Itea and the Corinthian canal with Mrs. and Miss Heermance, for I have seen Thermopylae before.

I went up to the school twice Saturday. Miss Benson introduced me to some of the newcomers but I saw neither

Dr. Heermance or Dr. Hoppin. Last evening I dined with Miss Pesel, the English director of the embroidery school. This morning early a note came from Dr. Heermance asking me to luncheon, and saying Dr. Hoppin was to be there. So after church, I went up and met Mrs. Heermance, Miss Heermance, Miss Woolsey, (an aunt) and Miss Whitney of New Haven. The first thing Miss Heermance said was that she was so sorry not to have met my mother and father, that she didn't know at the time that my mother and father were then living in Woodstock. She said she would have been so glad to bring anything from you. I think I shan't agree with Mrs. Richardson about her: she is rather homely but very gentle and I imagine full of character. Dr. Hoppin is the same lively little person he always was. We are to meet in the library tomorrow and talk over Cretan vases.

I think on the whole the person I was gladdest to see was Kuria-Koula. She welcomed me with open arms as usual, telling me how much she loved me and how fat I'd grown in one breath.

Miss Woolsey and Miss Whitney are here for two months only which is now nearly up. I think they plan to leave in the middle of November. Mr. Stevens is still here; he called this evening.

I fear I shall not hear from you again till I get back from Delphi, for your letters generally get to us

Tuesday evening and we go that morning.

It is bed-time now, so good-night. It is only a little time now before I shall see you.

Very lovingly

Edith.

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Merlin House

Athens

Monday Evening
November 2nd

My dearest father and mother,

Yesterday was a busy day. Ray and I began it with singing together all the college hymns we could recall. After this concert, and after our rooms were in order, Miss Richter and I went to church and heard an excellent sermon from the bishop of Gibraltar. It was the first good English sermon I have heard since I left home, and the second in any tongue. Mr. Bosanquet walked home with us: on our way we met a fortune-teller, so we all had our fortunes told. — a great farce.

After luncheon we stopped in to see one of the ladies in the house who was ill, and then tidied up our rooms to see Mr. Post who was coming to show us his collection of Italian pictures. Five others called during the afternoon, so that there was some one with us till seven. The boys are coming to the Merlin much more than last year. Two of them have been thoroughly homesick, so we have been trying to cheer them up. We are planning — six of us — to read Greek plays together evenings, each one reading a part. Perhaps we shall do it twice a week. Isn't it fun to have so many advanced Greek students together? — Well, after seven

I hurried into some good clothes, and was ready when Miss Marsham called with her carriage at half past seven to take me up to Mrs. Bosangret's where we were both invited to dinner. There were six of us, all old friends with one exception, but we went down to dinner arm in arm, as if we were in court. How impossible that would be in America! In the evening more came in, and we had music. Miss Marsham sang, and Mr. Post, The young Harvard boy at the American school played. He promised to take Margery's place for music this year.

So the day was spent, and not a letter written. The other days of this past week were quieter. I have got a little work done, and have got thoroughly settled. Ray has been in her room all the week, and has not even gone downstairs for meals. But she is better now, and is expecting to go out for a lecture to-morrow.

The Heermances have asked us all in for dinner at the school. We shall be fourteen at the table I think. Later others are to join us for games and a good time.

Three of the boys have asked Miss Richter, Miss Berensson and me to their favorite restaurant nicknamed Mike's down-town for Thanksgiving luncheon. So the day promises at least not to be mournful.

My paper, about which you enquired whether is either to appear in the American Journal of Archaeology or in the

Bulletin of the University of Pennsylvania. But you may be sure I shall send you a copy. You need not order one.

I enclose the clipping about President Roosevelt's election, which I could not find last week.

I have just been counting my money and calculating how long it will last me. I think that with a little care I can stay till the end of April, so that I should get home by the last of May.

Miss Richter is charming. I like her better every day.

Last Wednesday Ray and I had quite a company to tea in our room. Mrs. Bosanquet wanted to meet some of the new boys so I brought it about that way.

Now I feel as if I had had society enough, and as if I wanted to get some work done, eight hours of it a day at least. To-morrow I see a clear coast ahead unless Mr. Child wants me to take his ladies and himself about the Acropolis. I have promised to do that one day this week.

It is late, so good-night with a great deal of love to you both.

Edith.

Merlin House

Athens

November 13, 1904.

My dear father and mother,—

For the first time since last February when I went to Crete for the first time, my trunk is unpacked, and all my personal property is accessible. It makes me feel very cosy and settled. My room is even prettier than last year for I have my fine Cretan rug on the bed, and my small collection of embroideries hung on the walls. I like my new room well, though I find it sometimes annoying to be living with some-one again. Ray Berenson is a witty and amusing person to have around, but she sometimes leaves the door between our rooms open when I wish she would close it.— Every time I have taken anything from my trunk, I say to myself that the next time I take it out will be in Woodstock Academy. I get more anxious every day to be back in America. When I really get started on my work I shall probably be more contented. But won't we have good times mother next spring making German puddings together! And I have so many things to show you!

Our trip was most enjoyable. We started Tuesday morning (nearly two weeks ago) leaving the house at 5 A.M., and went first by the new railroad to Chalkis. Our party consisted of Dr. Heermance, his aunt, Miss Edith Woolsey,

who lives with Mr. Theodore S. Woolsey in New Haven, Miss Margaret Whitney, daughter of Professor Whitney, the Sanskrit scholar, and author of the French and German grammars, Professor Perrin (Yale '69) whom Clarence will have next year if he keeps on with Greek, Professor Smith of the University of Wisconsin, three boys and myself. The three boys are 1) Mr Post, who graduated from Harvard last year, with the highest kinds of honors. He is a tall handsome boy with a beaming smile and winning manners. No 2 is named Shear. He is a graduate of New York University, and has a PhD from Johns Hopkins, and is only twenty-three now. He is a stylishly dressed boy with good manners, a cousin, by the way, of Arthur Tomeson's on his mother's side. No 3 is a Brown 1900 boy who studied last year in Germany. He is fat and near-sighted, but has some good points. Ray and the boys were much more lively on this trip than any of the students last year. They are not so seriously interested in archaeology as a boy like Mr. Caskey was. But you can imagine that the table conversation was interesting with such people around, even if the table was dirty, and the food poor.

The new railroad goes straight across the Boeotian plain, and it was interesting to contrast the fertility of the soil with that in Attica. Cotton is a familiar crop there. Directly upon arriving, we took carriages and drove across the luxurious Lelantine plain toward Eretria. Our course

was southerly, so that the Euripos was beside us most of the way, with Messapeion towering in the background. It is hard to say whether it was the scenery or the conversation of Professor Perrin and Miss Woolsey which gave me more pleasure. We ate lunch at the excavations and then scrambled about after Dr. Heermance through the theatre, up to the citadel and back to the museum. We slept that first night at Chalkis. From Chalkis we went the next morning to Thebes, a dirty little village, all that is left of her past glory. We took carriages again and set off after luncheon for the Ptoan sanctuary, a very old site of Apollo worship. Our road lay along the edge of the Copaic Lake, which, thanks to the skillful engineering of an English company, is now a lake no more, but a vast stretch of heavy virgin soil which will after a little be healthful and a source of revenue, doubtless, to this poor country. The last part of the way to the sanctuary we took on foot. A glorious sunset was behind us lighting up the few patches of water which remain of the Copaic lake. Dr. Heermance drove us on too fast to enjoy it, however, for it was already dark. We slept at a Christian monastery just above the sanctuary and received the warmest kind of a welcome although we were not expected and we numbered ten. They passed around the usual refreshments of cognac, water and marmalade. Even Dr. Heermance referred to me as authority on

The method of partaking of his refreshment. One drinks about half of the cognac with the host's health, then dips a spoon into a pot of jam, eats a spoonful, puts the spoon into his glass of water, and drinks a little therefrom. Our dinner consisted of two fried eggs a piece bread, olives, some few fried fish one of the monks had caught, and almonds and apples. I slept on the floor that night, and slept cold, but slept nevertheless. It was raining the next day, but we started off about seven, saw the Ptoan sanctuary, and then walked in the rain to the village below where we had left our carriages. As soon as they were ready we drove around the northern side of the Copaic lake to the Mycenaean citadel of ^{Gla?} Girclas, a fortified promontory of rock jutting out into the plain. We slept that night in Thebes, all four ladies in one room as usual. The next day was a long, to be remembered one. We visited the battlefield of Plataea. I rode on the box all the way out, and got the coachman to tell me the story of Oedipus and of the battles of Leuctra and Plataea. On the site of the battle field with all the hills and passes before us, Professor Perrin told us the story of the battle with his theories as to just how the troops on either side were arranged. I hope Clarence will work with him next year. He is such a fine American gentleman, genial, sympathetic and broad, and a humane Greek scholar. The next day after another night at Thebes we

went to Lebadea by train and from there to Orchomenos, another Mycenaean citadel. That night we were obliged to spend in a very dirty hotel, but we all slept nevertheless. Getting up at five every day as we did, and living on black bread and olives a good part of the time, we were not particular about beds. We could sleep anywhere. The next morning we started off on beasts over the pass to Delphi. Miss Whitney and I had one together. I began walking in the morning, and she walked in the afternoon. We passed by the battlefield of Chaeronea where the old trophy of a lion has recently been restored and set up again. The road got lovelier and lovelier as we got higher up the pass, near the famous cleft way where Oedipus killed his father Laius. Just along here Ray had an accident. Her mule suddenly kicked up, then galloped, and she fell off backwards, hurting the end of her spine. I think she felt about the same as I did after my fourth of July escapade two years ago, only worse because she is always nervous. The next day I stayed behind with her in a little village Arakhova, while the others went on to Delphi. We expected a carriage to come for us at eleven, but it came at six instead. Two men had to carry her down the slippery streets of the town in their arms to the carriage road, but then we rattled comfortably along to Delphi where we received a warm welcome. Delphi is as lovely as before.

I should have liked twice as much time there. The sculptures in the museum interested me much more than before. It seemed sad to say good-bye to them for good. Our party that came back from Delphi together was Mrs. Heermance, Miss Heermance, Professor Perrin, Mr. Dean, one of the students who came just for the Delphi trip, Ray, and I. We had a bright day and a lovely sail through the Corinthian canal past Salamis into the Piraeus. This was Thursday November 10. The first thing we did on the boat was to ask for newspapers; and it was there that we got the election news. (The enclosed clipping shows how it reached us.) At Peiraeus we all packed into a carriage and drove up the new Phaleron drive to Athens. We were all very tired when we got back. Basili, our Delphic host, had called us by mistake at Three; it was not necessary to be off till five, but he walked the entire household at Three.

Since getting back I have been busy getting settled and paying a few calls. Friday a Greek play, the Iphigenia in Aulis was given out of doors in the new stadium by a French company. I could understand little of the French, but I enjoyed the performance nevertheless.

I began this letter this morning directly after church. It is now 10 p.m. First Miss Marsham (the princess Ellen's governess) called, then Miss Dickson, then Mr. MacMahon, and this evening I have had a visit from Miss Richter an English girl

who joined us last week to study in the English school.

(I am waiting eagerly for Mr. Child to appear. Your letter which is sealed, mother, lies waiting in my drawer.)

It made me homesick to read the (other) letter of Oct. 24th, and yours and father's letters of the week before which Mrs. Heermance brought up to me at Delphi. I want to see you all so much, and that dear Academy. Miss Woolsey is going to take my postals home to you. I am wondering how you will spend Thanksgiving. I suppose the dinner will be over and perhaps the last scrap of turkey eaten when this reaches you. I imagine that we will all dine at the school. Mrs. Heermance and Miss Heermance are two quiet gentle New England ladies, a little old-fashioned, but very pleasant. A great deal of love.

Edith.

Merlin House

Athens, Greece

November 14, 1904.

My dearest sister, —

(I have so much to write you that I hardly know how to begin. I wish I had thought out the Sunday question so as to give you good advice there, but it is as yet for me unsolved. You know I played tennis last summer on Sunday, and that from March till November I went to church three times. I missed a good deal, I feel ~~sure~~ sure, and I am starting in regularly now. The service is of little use here, but I don't want to lose the habit and the attitude of mind it involves. For you I can only say that it seems to me that I would make the day a day of peace for myself as far as possible and that will make Paul and Warner follow. If you entertain keep to the New England habits of doing as much as possible the day before, and keep the atmosphere about yourself as Sunday-like as possible. Washing dishes at home on Sunday seemed like a religious rite. I can see how hard that will be for you, with all you have to do. But if you can, it will make a difference to your family. You say that it won't always be so, that Paul must write letters. Possibly not; yet the chances are that if he does it now he will do it later, just as if I stay away from church now, I think I shall later. But time will make the problem easier for you. When you have a good capable servant in the house, you can read books with Warner and take him to church if you want, and anyway have long peaceful days with him and Paul.)

(I was interested in the Popular Science Monthly article, and thought it exceedingly good.) Since I have met Miss Edith Woolsey and Miss Whitney on this trip, I have had fresh ideals of the grace and loveliness middle aged women can have. Miss Woolsey

is far more sympathetic and unconscious than her married sister Mrs. Heermance. And by the way, I am entirely over my liking for Dr. Heermance; I even got annoyed with the way he drove us about on this trip, giving us so little time to really enjoy things. And there is not another 'grown man' in the school that I could like, so I am confirmed in my solitary habits, and I am more contented at the same time.

I have troubles of my own tonight. Ray Berenson is something of a chatterbox, very attractive to men, at least at first, and thinking himself a charmer with everyone. I like so much better a girl like Miss Welch with reserve. Ray can't think to herself, and nearly drives me distracted by calling through to my room every two minutes, and by leaving her things around here. She has not fixed up her own room to make it attractive, and accordingly receives friends in my room. At first I said it was good for me and would prepare me for living with the family again. But I can't stand this, and tomorrow I shall have it out with her. It has made me think of and long for you, having this problem on my mind. Life is full of them, and I am bound to be a stoic, and not allow them to disconcert me. And if one is to keep them down in one's own mind, it doesn't do to talk of them, so there, no more.

I began on my regular work of writing this morning. I am going back to the old subject I was working on last year, viz. the naturalistic sources of Mycenaean design. It seemed good to settle down to four hours of connected reading after all my recent wanderings. I like a scholar's life, only I must take it slowly. My brain doesn't work like most of the others at the school; only by perseverance ^{do} I catch up to them.

I want to see your boy so. Haven't you any new Kodak

pictures for me? And I want so much to get home. I am getting alarmingly short of money so I shall doubtless sail down on you soon. Won't I be a happy child when I get sight of the "Liberty" again! Are you coming to Woodstock to visit next summer? I shall be too poor to come to Cleveland so you must.

(Marius the Epicurean is a great book. Have you read it?)

The next time I write I shall be wanting you to go and see Mrs. Fowler. Now I haven't the address, but you could get it at the college: they are living in a flat in the street where they were before)

I enclose a leaf of the pepper trees. Do you remember the red pepper berries Mrs. Gayland sent us from California which we regarded as one of the choicest specimens in our cabinet of curiosities? I'll send an olive leaf next time.

I have photographs enough to last the family years. But mother wrote of your filling the lion frame with something better than that beast. How would a picture of the Parthenon 50 x 60 centimetres (20 x 24 in.) for \$1.25 do? This you see is much cheaper, and the reason is that buildings can be satisfactorily reproduced in a rough carbon like that used so much in amateur work, while good photographs are done by a much more expensive process and the result is much softer. So I will gladly send you this, if you wish but for others wait till I come home, and look over my lot.

I have never read worse English than this I have inflicted on you in the above. I have got into the habit of writing only parts of my thoughts, and leaving the others to be supplied.

Tell Mrs. Gayland I got the towel for Warner at an *εργαστήριο* (manufactory—where poor girls work) in Canea, Crete and that I don't see yet any way to get another.

With love as ever

Edm.

Merlin House

Athens, Greece.

November 29, 1904.

My dearest father and mother, —

I have wondered this week whether you have all met in Bridgeport or whether the boys in the family kept you at home. I hope you could go, for I know how much you would enjoy a Thanksgiving together this year.

(Mother's two letters, the one enclosing father's, reached me at the same time. I was sorry to hear of Mr. Flynn's death, I sent him a postal card which I fear came too late. I hope you have by this time received the other letters which I wrote from Rome, I sent one off every week.)

Thanksgiving Day passed pleasantly here. I worked all the morning and most of the afternoon. The luncheon we had planned to have at a restaurant at the boys' invitation was given up because we feared it would be too much for Ray. Every member of the school was invited to the Heermances to dinner at half past seven. We sat down thirteen to the table, four ladies and seven men. Dr. Heermance carved the turkey at the table, and it was altogether a very jolly dinner. The students are of very diverse character and training this year. Among our number is a Mr. Newcomer who was for many years a carpenter and later a superintendent of

a canning factory. He then took to study and went to the University of Nebraska where he made Greek his specialty. He studied at Bonn in Germany, taught for several years in a small Western college and is now studying in Greece. He is a thorough American Westerner, not at his best in a drawing room, but well worth knowing. After dinner we were joined by the British school and the associate members of our school, Professor Perrin of Yale, and Smith of Wisconsin among them. We played games and charades and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I was crowned with a laurel wreath for winning a series of contests consisting of picking up loaf-sugar from the floor with spoons.

There have been no other social events of the week to record, unless calls fall under that head. I have accomplished a little with my paper. I am just beginning to write the introductory part of it to-day. Up to this time I have been reading again the accounts of the Cretan excavations, so as to have that material a little fresher in my mind.

There are several students among us this year who have been in Germany long enough to have become attached to German University customs. Accordingly they have started a 'Verein' in which different students report to the others about the work they have recently been doing. At first Ray and myself were not included on the ground

That feminine charms would disturb the scholarly character of the meetings, — so at least one of the boys told us; we took pains to tell him that if we studied with gentlemen professors and men as fellow-students, and kept our heads, they certainly should be able to withstand having two girls present once a week at the Verein. This of course was all in fun. The next day we were invited to join. Ray was not well enough to go to the first meeting. I hardly knew at first whether to go or not, but decided that if they invited me in a spirit of fellow studentship that it would be better to go in the same spirit. So, had you looked in to the school library last Saturday evening, you would have seen me sitting at a table with eleven men, listening to Mr. Stevens' report on the East portico of the Grechtheum. After Christmas I am to read my paper on Cretan pottery. Aren't we amusing children?

Sunday I went to church as I do quite regularly now, and sat in the pew with Mrs. and Miss Heermance and Mr. Shear. I have taken a seat along with several others from the school. In the afternoon I had tea with Miss Kahnweiler at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and went up to Mrs. Bosanquet's as usual for the evening.

(I saw quite a little of Mr. Child and his party. We took one drive together, and spent one morning together on the Acropolis. Please tell Miss Jessy that I received her money, have bought one string of beads for her, and have enough left to buy another. Mr. Child and I decided that I would probably get back the sooner of the two. So I shall bring them.)

Yesterday Mr. Smith, Mr. Newcomber, Messrs. Shear, Post and Haller, Gisela Richter, a German girl staying here at the Merlin and myself climbed Mt. Pentelikon. We had a good day, and a glorious long hard climb. On the summit it was so cold, we could scarcely stay still to eat the luncheon we had carried. We came back via the great cave, the old marble quarries and the dear little monastery which I had visited twice before. When we got back to Kephisia we found that there was no

train at four as we had expected, and that we must wait an hour. Five of the younger ones decided to walk to Athens, a distance of six miles. I was a little tired when I finally got home, but it had been enjoyable. Mr. Shear and I had discussed for fully an hour the question of whether the principle of being good for the sake of reward could be separated from the Christian religion. I said it could; he said it couldn't.

It is time for the mail to go now soon, so I must hurry to the Post Office. I shall expect your Sunday letters of November Thirteenth to-night.

With love as ever,
Edith.

Merlin House
Tuesday morning
Dec. 6, 1904.

My dearest father, mother and Clarence, —

If Clarence is not with you yet, he will be soon, I imagine, so I bid him a welcome home by including him in this letter.

A very unusual occurrence in the mails, brought me your letter of November 21st last evening, so that I can answer it to-day — I am so glad you went away for Thanksgiving, in spite of the financial side of the question. If you must seriously think twice before you go on a vacation trip like that, you should not be sending me Christmas cheques (sic.). I have no heavy routine of work like father's, and need no extra pleasures. Sometimes I think I shall follow father's example, and make a fuss over such generous gifts, but then I don't, and weakly spend the money. I have much more in the world now than I deserve, and the sad part of it is, I can't share it with any of you. But it won't always be so will it? You need not worry about my being changed when I get home: I am the same old penny, only a little fatter.

To prove my prosperity, I will report on my ward-robe for mother's sake. Father and Clarence can at this point take a nap. My blue dress which you feared was getting shabby is quite the opposite. It has just come back from Mrs. Richardson's old seamstress, who for fifty cents, has put a new white front in, for which I had some material left, and has repaired the skirt a little with the result that it is now in perfect order. My other flannel waist has come, and, contrary to my fears, is a great success, even prettier than my other. These two flannel waists, with my Munich skirt, my new white sweater, and the hat you have seen in the photograph make my business suit. On the street, and for ordinary calls I wear my blue suit bought in Worcester, which is perfectly

stylish and good. For dress up calls, I wear my blue dress, and the coat of my suit over it. You remember the waist Miss Jessie gave me? I have ripped the black net off, and have brought some white chiffon to cover it, and enough more for a long scarf to drape over the shoulders. This is to be paid for out of the two dollars you sent. It will be particularly useful for Mrs. Bosanquet's Sunday Evenings, and small dinner parties. The five dollars you sent me, I shall save for photographs. Just before I leave this place, I want a little money to buy pictures with.

I can hardly imagine Constance blacked up as a minstrel singer. She must have cast off her usual reserve. (Did she manage to get rid of John Grosvenor this summer? I wrote to her the other day of the death of a friend of hers here, but don't know now when she will get it.) I should like to join them in London, and pay visits in England to Margery Welch Daniel and Miss Bates, but my pocket-book will not allow it, I am afraid. I have divided up the remnant of my wealth, allowing myself so much a month, but even with this care, it will be soon gone. So much the better; I shall arrive in Woodstock all the sooner.

My doctor's thesis is actually under way. If I can only come home with that done, and with a position for next year, England and France can go to the winds.

To-morrow I lunch with the Bosanquets, and afterward play my first game of golf in Athens, a foursome with Mr. Bosanquet as partner. I am rather interested to see what I shall do. To-day I have tea with the English boys in their big sitting-room. It is scarcely a minute's walk from our library door, so that it will furnish just the right amount of interruption of work.

Sunday afternoon, we three gave a tea to the Heermances and two or three others. They all seemed to enjoy it. I was surprised to have Mrs. Heermance come, because it was pouring and she is so very, very delicate. Sunday evening we spent

with Mrs. Bosanquet as usual, reading a story of Kipling's aloud, and having a couple of songs.

Gisela Richter is a great girl. She and I are interested now in an inscribed stone we found, and which we hope has not been published. We have also found a back-yard full of antique stones, which we explore whenever we have an extra hour. Mr. Stevens goes with us Friday to see if he can find Grechtheum stones among them. We are all trying to become famous, you see.

With heaps of love, and many, many thanks for your generous cheque, I am

Sincerely your Edin.

Marlin House,
Athens, Greece
December 7, 1904.

My dearest sister: —

No letters from you for two weeks! I do hope the blue fit did not last, and that you are your self again now. How many times I have thought and dreamed in the interim of having run in to care for Warner a little, while you sallied out with Paul. I lunched with the Bosanquets today, and had a great romp with Carroll, which made me want to see you and him (him = Warner) more than ever.

By the time this reaches you it will be Christmas. I trust the parcels which will come to you via Woodstock will reach you by Christmas day. The silk is some I bought a year ago, when I first had fallen in love with Greece and all things Greek. I trust that it will not be too small a pattern. It will wash and wear forever, for it is handmade. If it's a small pattern, make it up with a front of something white. The pictures aren't much, but may serve to give you a glimpse of what I have seen until I can come home and see you, and tell you all.

Of my own life here there is very little to tell you. I am more interested in my work and less interested in people than last year. There is not a boy or the school who appeals to me much. The Bosanquet's Sunday Evenings no longer fill me with awe. I am over my fondness for Dr. Heermance. Work, accordingly, takes up more of my mind which is just as it should be. I am full of schemes for digging caves in Western Crete all by myself: Miss Richter and I are hunting for inscribed stones in a queer out of the way place we have found, a back yard full of antiques, and my paper on Mycenaean ornament takes more

and more of my time. I am pretty short of money and am afraid that I cannot stay as long as I should like, but the sooner I see you all, the happier I shall be, so there are compensations.

I played golf today for the first time since I have been in Athens. Day after tomorrow the Shicas are coming, so that tennis will be soon beginning again for me.

Our Verein met last night at the school, when Mr. Washburn the Teutonized Illinois man read us a Wissenschaftliche Schrift about a little vase four or five inches high. He was so full of big words, and German phrases (as I am now) that I wanted to laugh at him. He imitates the Germans to the extent of wearing his thin blond hair in a pompadour.

Ray is a harum-scarum little thing, sympathetic and clinging but not good to work with. Gisela is better. She and I hope to do a lot of travelling together before the year is over.

I find it hard to write letters to you any more. I long so much to see you and live with you a little. My best love and a merry Christmas to Paul, and the same to you from your devoted war-horse.

Sunday, Dec. 11, 1904.

Athens, Greece.

My dearest father, mother and Clarence, -

If this letter goes straight through to you without any mishap, it should reach you on Monday December 26, so I wish you all three a merry, merry Christmas. You have doubtless given your presents by this time. I don't like to think of a second Christmas away from home, so I will think instead of Christmas next year or better still of next May.

We are planning some festivities at the school. Last evening Mrs. Heermance kept Ray and me to dinner with them to talk over a charade we can give. I think the celebration will be Monday evening. Christmas eve I think there ^{are} is to be some smaller festivities, but just what I don't know. The British contingent is coming to the charade on Monday evening, ~~as~~ they came to the wax-works last year. The word we want to act is ass-ass-inn-ate. In the first scene we are to take off some of the street vendors in Athens, who sell from their donkeys' backs, vegetables and charcoal. In the second one of the boys is to parody Ray's fall from her donkey, the third is to be a Greek restaurant, and the fourth a dinner at Basili's at Delphi, the chief hit to be the character of Basili himself. After the charade I believe we are to attempt dancing.

I enjoyed thoroughly the game of golf I played last Wednesday. The links are rather cosy, with no large bunkers. For putting-greens they have small dirt circles, finished like a tennis court. On one hole, I asked where the flag was, and was told that if I aimed for the Parthenon I would come out at the right spot. That seems almost sacrilege doesn't it, to guide one's golf plays by the Parthenon?

All this week we have been having lovely warm days, when even a jacket is not needed. It has inspired us all to be taking drips out of doors. On Thursday afternoon, Mr. MacMahon and I bicycled around all the harbors of Athens,

Phaleron, Munychia, Zea, and Piraeus, to follow out the line of fortifications and see the foundations for the old shipsheds at Zea. It was a perfect day. We stopped two or three times to take in the glories of Hymettos and the sea, once at a tiny restaurant by the water's edge, where some kind Greek had sanded a little rectangular space, set it out with tables and chairs and advertised coffee. To me the Greek sea-shore is far lovelier than even the Bay of Naples. Coming home my tire broke where I had had it mended, so we ended on the tram! I met near Piraeus the Jacksons, (our minister and his wife) and in a second carriage the Shicas. A formal bow was enough for the former, but for the latter I bicycled along side the carriage for a little shaking hands and exchanging greetings as we rode. I suppose I shall be playing tennis more now.

I forgot to say that after golf Wednesday afternoon, I hurried to the German school to attend the first open meeting. In enumerating the different excavations carried on last year Dr. Dörpfeld spoke of the excavations carried on "von der Amerikanerin, Fräulein Boyd, und Fräulein Hall, bowing in my direction as he spoke. It nearly upset the entire American school, for we were all sitting together.

Friday I climbed Hymettos a second time. We had a rare scramble on the way down. We missed the path, and came down a slide of small stones chipped from the neighboring quarries above. Some of the way we actually sat down, and paddled with our hands to steer ourselves as we slid along, stones and all. It did not seem nearly so hard a climb as last year. I baked afterward and then felt quite fresh. I called on the Jacksons and the Shicas and later went up to the English school to hear Mr. Bosanquet give an informal talk on vases.

Yesterday Gisela Richter and I continued investigations in our back-yard of antiquities. We are doubting if it will yield

anything to publish, but we are trying to see how if one inscription found in a wash-house has been published.

When I am not off on any trips or such side-tracks, and when I am not at the dentist's, - for dentistry has begun again - I am writing at my paper on design. This coming Saturday evening I am to read my paper on the Gournia waste-heap sherds to the august Verein! It will be good practice for giving it at an open-meeting if I ever do.

We are having gorgeous sunsets every day regularly now. I wish you could see one. They are not the same as at home.

(Give my love and wish a merry Christmas to all my friends, especially the Chandless.)

Have a good restful vacation together, and write me all about how you spend it. I haven't heard from Clarence for a long time. In my next letter I will send him Miss Whitney's address. She said she would like to see him if he cared to call on her.

With much love as ever,
Edith.

Surely "the world is too much with
us late & soon."

Merlin House
Athens, Greece
Dec. 19, 1904.

My dearest father, mother and Clarence, —

I am so glad you were together at Bridgeport for Thanksgiving day. It would have been too bad this year, if you hadn't had a good celebration. I suppose you are in the midst of vacation now. I hope you have each of you a good book to read, and that you are feeling like ladies and gentlemen of leisure. If I close my eyes I can see the sitting room and you three sitting in comfortable chairs in the silence father described in his last letter, when no one passed the house all day long. I wish you and I could divide up our Society a little more evenly. I often say "the world is too much with us, early and late, etc., and long for Woodstock quiet, and you, I suppose, would like occasionally the interest of sitting down to a dinner-table of foreigners.

This week has had one or two amusing events to mark it. Thursday evening we had a nice quiet dinner of eight at the Heermances'. One guest was German, so that I had a chance to speak German a little. Last year at this time I couldn't. At all these dinners we go out arm in arm, and behave our nicest. Dr. Heermance took me out. I was glad I had my new waist ready.

Wednesday I had another kind of lark. Professor Smith (of Wisconsin, living here at the Merlin) and I had been wanting to go to Megara, I to see the pottery found there last year, and he to get the topography of the place straight. We rose accordingly at 5.30 and took an early train to Megara, intending to ferry across to Salamis from there, and then after walking the island, ferry again to Piraeus. We found in the station a most hospitable guide, a man who had been all over South Africa and Abyssinia trapping wild animals for zoological gardens. He had now settled down in Megara

recently. We walked around Lycabettos, talking English on the way out, and Greek on the way back. Later I had tea with her and her sister. If she could not speak a word of English I should like it better, because then I would learn more, but I always feel pleased to get a chance to speak Greek with a Greek. Gisela and Ray and I try to talk it often here at the Melin, but of course there is no-one to correct us. Aristides called yesterday before church, so I had another opportunity.

(Clarence, I will write you a word as soon as I get back from Aegina, sending you Miss Whitney's address. You didn't tell me how you liked Mr. Caskey. He is quiet and rather hard to get at, but one of the finest boys, intellectually and personally whom I ever knew.)

Yesterday afternoon we gave a second small tea-party, in Gisela's room. And Saturday ~~afternoon~~^{evening} I went out to Miss Notara's for music. The Shicas are here in force, which is very nice. I shall play tennis there Thursday, if the day is good.

Miss Woolsey arrives in America to-morrow, Dec. 20. I do hope she will get my packages off to you so that you will have got them Christmas Day.

I must pack my 'Rucksack' now for to-morrow. I should like it if you were all three going over with us to see the temple.

With lots of love and a happy New Year.

E.D.H.

P.S. I've been to the dentist's four times this week. I had an ulcer (perfectly painless) on my upper jaw-bone, but he has decided not to drill through my cheek to open it. Love to all my friends, especially Miss Butler. I was disappointed in the chance I thought I had to send postals.

E.H.H.

to live out quietly the rest of his days. We saw with him the museum, and all there was to see in the town, and then ~~he~~ he kindly guided us down to the shore where we looked over last year's dig, and saw an ancient flour-mill. At this point he left us, and we started for the Salamis ferry. But alas! the strong south wind, - the Sirocco - which had been blowing all the morning now blew up a fearful rain-storm. It overtook us in an olive orchard. We each took refuge under a large tree, but without umbrellas or coats. They proved poor shelters. Mine, in fact, I thought acted rather as a watershed, leading its waters down the back of my neck. I was literally soaked to the skin. In this plight we made our way back to Megara ~~again~~ through a road that had become more or less of a river so that we had once to turn into a ploughed field from which with every step we lifted five or six pounds of mud. At the railroad station I took off my shoes the first thing, and then sent out for a dry pair of stockings. We had two hours to wait for our train after our luncheon was over, but it passed quickly standing about the little charcoal fire in the kitchen to which they admitted us, and talking.

We had still another hour to on the train to sit in our wet clothes, but I didn't catch a sneeze of a cold. I feel very confident that the big band of thick white flannel which I wear has saved me from disaster many a time.

Tomorrow I am off on another trip: this time to Aegina to spend the night. About a dozen are going I believe.

Friday evening I took my turn reading a paper before the grave and august Verein. It was my paper of last summer about the Gournia waste-heap sherds, so that it was no work to prepare it. Dr. Heermance sat at the other end of the table looking like a sphinx, and they all asked questions at the end, but I survived. That afternoon I went to walk with a Miss Smolenski, a very nice Greek girl I have met

Marlin House
Wednesday Evening
Dec. 21, 1904.

My dearest Anne, —

I came back from a trip to Aegina this morning to find a lot of mail awaiting me, including your letter of Dec. 3. I was so glad to see your writing again for it is a long time since that last letter came, and I didn't know whether you were more or less blue. Now I know the cause. I hereby promise that if you want me I will come in June. I cannot promise not to bungle any less than before, for digging is not the same as cooking, and Paul must brace himself for bad coffee for a few mornings, but I should love to come. We will get the money somehow, and I will have a chance to show you all my "furrin things" and talk your ears sore. It will be such a nice change for me, just as I am getting to be more and more of a professor. And it is such a comforting feeling to know that someone in the world really depends on me a little. I sometimes feel like a single tree on a hillside. The more I can be one of your family the more it will suit me.

It is hard for you, I know, to face it all again. But you are learning and doing a lot in the world, and I shall be glad of another nephew or niece. Don't be so sure that it will be a girl that you won't have another boy's name ready.

About mother's letter or postal rather, I can scarcely see anything amiss. She missed her letter (she remarked casually in her last to me that she had not heard for ten days) and wrote to inquire what was up. Was it business or pleasure (the concerts?) or what is it which accounts for the silence? Of course you will not want explanations, but truly and sensibly,

Anne, I think nothing a particle unkind was said or felt. ^{had} You are too sensitive on that point. If you always ~~held~~ your head in the air, and went your own way, not tentatively in regard to relations to mother, she would come round. Yet don't think I don't understand, I do. And I am beginning to count the months till I can get back, - January, February, March, and April, and in May I hope to be home, June will bring me to Cleveland, if all goes well, and I shall see my dear old motherly big sister again.

We had a most glorious trip to Aegina yesterday and today. The party was a very merry one, we had one of those sparkling winter days in Greece, when the air is like wine, and we saw most interesting things. See however my letter to mother.

It is midnight now, and I must stop if I am to get up for a dentist's appointment at eight to-morrow.

I was a beast to write about Ray. We are good friends now.

I send you in a newspaper a little lace which I happened to have on hand and which may serve as a little help for the new wardrobe.

Keep up good courage, and remember that you are very dear to me, and are giving me the greatest happiness in giving me a nephew and a niece

Love to Paul, and heaps for yourself
Ed. R.

Merlin House
December 27, 1904.

My dearest father and mother, —

The Christmas festivities are over. They have left me with a tired and sleepy head due to three late nights, but they were nevertheless great fun. They began Saturday afternoon; we went from Dr. Dörpfeld's lecture on the Acropolis to a vesper service at church. The church was beautifully trimmed and the choir was singing some lovely old Christmas carols, but I was too homesick to enjoy it all. Two Christmases away from home and all my family is too much, especially when I stop to think about it. From church we went to the American school for late tea. A table was brought in piled with gifts and covered with a towel. First they gave us each a joke-present, mine a little wooden spade with the rhyme

"This is the very spade
Used by Miss Hall in Crete,
She rested not in the shade
While fiercely the sun did beat.

Not content with words
Though uttered in fluent Greek
She dug herself for sherds
For vases and sculptures antique."

And similar were all the rest. We all read our rhymes aloud, and then, to our surprise, some real presents came on, two for each of us, one from Mrs. and one from Miss Hermance. Mine were a white belt of Greek leather and a white silk scarf. They are certainly very kind to all of us.

Sunday morning I put on as many Christmas presents as I ~~could~~^{could}, and looked over the rest to make it seem as much like Christmas as possible. One of mother's chemises, a collar sent by Margery from England, a handkerchief from Ted Tiemann etc. Other gifts were a cup and saucer from

Miss Marsham, a handkerchief from Elsie Bate, and best of all while I was still in bed came a purse from Miss Boyle (an English lady in the house) and a dozen photographs from Ray and Gisela. We read Milton's Ode to the Nativity aloud at breakfast, and then started out to deliver a few Christmas presents at the school. After this hasty rally we all went to church and I stayed afterward to communion so that there was no time at all between this and a luncheon at the Angleterre Hotel with Miss Viehnweier. We had a most elaborate luncheon, — sardines and bread and butter, bouillon, lobster, little bits of liver roasted and run onto tiny spits, with potatoes, steak, with little peas etc, mixed preserves of the richest sort, cheese and crackers, and then fruit and after dinner Turkish coffee. The guests were Mr. MacMahon, Mr. Post, Miss Berenson and I. From luncheon we passed to a tea given in my room to all the inhabitants of the Merlin House. We have had very little to do with the Germans in the house, and have often felt a little uncomfortable at not including them in our celebrations. So we thought Christmas day at least we would be kind to them. They stayed and stayed chattering German as fast and hard as they ~~could~~ could, until we were all exhausted. Personally I know nothing harder than a day like this of talking. When they had gone we dressed for dinner at the American School. Dr. Heermance was ill, but in spite of that we had a very pleasant dinner, a marvel of fine cookery as one always finds here from their cook. After dinner we sang Christmas hymns for an hour or so. I was glad to get to bed when it was over. Yesterday I resolved to have a quiet day of recovery, so I sewed in the morning, and went to walk with Gisela to see a tomb just discovered by the Stadium which they take to be the tomb of Herodes Atticus. It is to be opened tomorrow with some pomp, the king being present: perhaps it will make an independent article.

Yesterday afternoon we rehearsed our charade, and in

the evening gave it; it went off very well, some of the livelier boys in forstinellas (Greek kilts) making a great deal of fun. Mr. Post dressed up as Miss Berenson and came in on donkey back singing a duet with me (Mr. Shear). You wouldn't appreciate all the points unless you knew Miss Berenson, but it was an excellent hit. In another scene we had a dinner at Delphi; with Basili waiting on table, and we all clamoring for pilafi. After the charades, Ray gave an excellent monologue, and then we had supper. By half past eleven we had started dancing in the library, which we kept up till half past twelve. So you can see why my head is a little light today. Gisela and I resolved yesterday, while walking, to lead a regular life, and above all else to keep a peaceful interior. But last evening came an invitation to have tea to-day with the Dragoumis, so for to-day the unbroken regular life is difficult.

Rather different from all this Christmas racket was our trip to Aegina a week ago to-day. At quarter to six we were starting through the dark streets to the station, I with my Rucksack on my back. Our boat left Piraeus about eight, and we had a very merry passage across to the island, singing, playing games etc. As soon as we had landed and made a bargain for the night, we started on foot across the island to the old temple from which the famous Aeginetan sculptures in the Munich museum come. The day was the first of a long series of perfect sunny days which has lasted ever since. The air was cold and sparkling like wine, and the sky was deep clear blue. I shall never forget (I hope) some of the paths through the pine woods which are so lovely on Aegina, and through which one gets occasional glimpses of blue sea both to the left and to the right. At the temple itself it was incomparably beautiful, rather cold and windy, but we found a sheltered warm place for lunch. Dr. Curtius of the German school who has excavated at Aegina, went with us, and talked to us about the temple. Then we all hunted

for good pottery fragments, and started back to the town. Dinners are such a lark on a trip like that. This time about fifteen of us sat down to a queer little table in the queerest room, and made merry over the dinner that was served. Gisela and I were roommates and slept well. The next day we visited some other important excavations, particularly interesting for me because they were prehistoric, and then I had a chance to look through all the pottery finds with Dr. Curtius. We found some pieces we were sure were Cretan importations.

I wish you could have seen us getting on to the steamer from a little sail-boat. There was a high sea running so that we had difficulty in coming alongside at all: when we did we were now in the depths and now among the stars. Accordingly we were seized at the right moment just as the goats ~~were~~^{are} seized when being loaded on, and were pulled on board from above. We found a sheltered place amidships on some boxes, tied our hats on, wrapped up in our steamer rugs, and sang at the top of our voices all the way home. — Two other Aeginetan pictures are dear in my mind. One is the long row of magnificent sponges, laid out to dry along the beach preparatory to export to Europe. In the sea beside men were washing sponges, standing up to their knees in the cold water. The other picture is of a lovely star-lit night, when after dinner Gisela and I ran away and lay down in the bottom of a sail-boat and talked over all the members of the party together.

The walk to the temple and back from the town was twenty miles. It did not tire me at all. Don't you think that rather good for a fat 27-year old daughter?

I have written to Mary Lester. I am so sorry for her. I also wrote Miss Whitney's address to Clarence. He didn't say a word how he liked Mr. Cockey, merely "He sent regards to you." Such being, however the usual fault of

Masculine minds I make no complaint.

I am so grateful to you mother for writing all the news. I love your letters.

I enclose a little doilie of which I bought four for you the other day. I will send them one by one. Perhaps they will be of use on your bare table.

Now be good parents, and don't worry nor work too hard, and think often of your Athens daughter who is longing to get home.

Edith.

Marlin House
Saturday morning
Dec. 31, 1904.

My dear Anne, —

I am sending you — again surreptitiously — a pair of little socks I picked up at a sale the other day. I hope they will reach you undetected.

It is my birthday today, and a glorious day it is, a wonderful combination of cold crisp air and tropical sunshine. If I weren't unwell I should bicycle to Marathon largely because the girls Gisela and Ray are telling everybody broadcast that it is my birthday to-day. Yesterday Ray brought in a large cake with candles where ten of us had been reading a Greek play together in the evening. They had not then found out when it was, they only knew it was near.

We have had lovely sunny weather for two weeks now. I wish you could take Warner out for a walk in it. Your last letter describing that boy's antics made me long to see him. I can hardly wait to get back to America. I find myself counting more on it every day.

About church-going, the habit would indeed be useless unless you thought you got or gave ^{some real} material gain by going. When I think it right (?) I decide that I do get such gain, and so it is fruitless to raise each Sunday the question: is it worth while? The habit simply carries out the result of my logical thinking. Since I have been in Italy, and have seen the great mass of traditions collected by men who have sought for God, I enjoy church more. Some of them are shams, but others are full of rich character and experience. St. Stephen, St. Lawrence, St. Katharine seem now like kindred lonely souls seeking for a god.

Are you doing much sewing, or have you dressed etc. enough? I should think Warner would not have worn out everything. What shall you name him if it's a boy?

(Emma's photograph was only 50¢. Why do you owe me \$1.00 for a towel? I can't remember it.) If I go to Crete again, I shall get half a dozen towels like yours, and then you can settle up when I deliver them to you. Just now, of course, I can't get them.

I have made many birthday resolutions. The chief is not to hurry. I go out to tea every other day on an average. I dined out last night, to-night and to-morrow. And there are calls, and shopping etc. to stick into every corner of the day. So I am trying to weed these engagements out, and only to do the really important things. How strange that we two are busy in such different ways. But the kind of work doesn't matter, if we both work hard and keep cheerful hearts. I can see how Warner helps here. I have no one to tickle!

Affectionately,

Ed. R.