THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

March 20, 1894.

Dear Mama:-

My paper chase I have been working on for several days is done at last, and I am relieved. Have one examination to prepare for, Thursday afternoon; then this Martin's work will be done. Mr. Judson made us think we were to have an examination in his class, and gave us a certain number of questions to prepare upon. Then he gave out a certain number of those questions each day, and had the class recite upon them, in preparation for review and the real examination, as we supposed. But when the last review was over, he told us we had

been having an examination.
and he hoped we were satisfied
with it! He had been exam-
ining us all along, and we
didn't know it! His delight in
such quizzical and unexpected
turns. But we were glad we
were not to have anything more.

Friday night I was invited to
tea at the Von Holst's. The great
Doctor is in Boston, delivering
lectures, and his son is also
there studying, so no one but
Mrs. Von H. and her daughter
Mary were at home. Mrs — is
an American, a Vassar graduate
whom Dr. Von H. married in America
when living here as a young
man. They went to Germany

almost immediately, and have lived there ever since, so that she is almost Germanized. The children too, are quite thoroughly Germanized. They speak excellent English but with a curious inflection. They are strange people in some ways — so simple-minded. Seem to think that everyone must be deeply interested in their domestic grievances, of which they seem to have many. No one goes there without being obliged to listen to a catalogue of woes — Dr. Von Holst's health, his discomforts, the draughts in the house, the small size and high rent, the inconvenient

situation, the difficulties of house hunting and moving, the ~~high~~ exorbitant price of music lessons, etc. They are more afflicted than almost anyone I know. Then I think they have not been taken up in society quite as they expected, and that troubles them.

They had a small company — only about a dozen, to tea. Sort of a funny supper, in which there seemed to be a great deal of liquid. Chicken swimming in gravy, and more gravy to form over it; potatoes that were mashed, but seemed to have been wet up with something; green gage plums, served on the plates (very moist and ran over everything); cauliflower

afloat in some kind of fluid in which it had been cooked; and big cups of tea to wash it all down with! Dessert was some kind of a custard-like pudding. But we went out in state, each lady with a gentleman, and found our places by means of cards. After supper we had music by a very fine pianist who was there, and by Miss L.H. who sings very well indeed. They are extremely fond of music, like most Germans, and have a great deal of it about them. Miss Lou H. already gives lessons, and talks a good deal about having to do something to help pay for her own lessons.

Then after the music we played a highly intellectual game in which one of the company was blind folded and given two large wooden spoons. The rest then circled around him until told to stop. Then he made a dive at anyone of them, and tried to identify the person by means of the spoons. It was almost impossible, as the spoons seemed to convey none of the peculiarities of the person, and he was not allowed to touch with the hands. I understand Miss Van H. always introduces some game like that at her companies. Seems to think that is the right way to entertain people. But this game

was quite amusing, as people looked so funny feeling of the victim with those long wooden spoons.

Saturday night I went to such a nice place - Mr. and Mrs. Crane's. They are wealthy people who are much interested in that — and have given money to it. Every other Sat. night they throw open their house for a touch of informal reception, to which they invite a good many University people. I had not been invited before, and was very glad to go. They have a lovely house, and are such charming cultured people. Without the

least trace of artificiality or formality. They almost always have some one there to amuse the company. This time it was an "Infant Phenomenon" — little girl of thirteen, who plays the piano exquisitely. Miss Von Holst also sang. A good many University people were there, also some from outside. Mr. Crane is a great traveller, and is about to start for Siberia and Central China, just on a pleasure and exploring tour. Goes quite alone except for native guides.

I presume I can go again, as the other University people who go seem to have standing invitations.

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Sunday morning I heard John Fiske preach on the Mystery of Evil — He is the great historian you know. Most fascinating style. Then I went up to Uncle T's for dinner — they are not at home. but Daisy is there with the old people. Guess she has a pretty hard time with Grandma. Nothing suits her, and she fusses and interferes a great deal of the time. Daisy thinks she influences Grandpa against her. I wouldn't be in her position for anything. She has to do the marketing, of course, and is deluged with advice on that and every other move she makes. Of

course she is an awful fer-
so in house and is really
subject to them; but it is
extremely hard to try to order
one's life according to some-
body else's standards. She says
she could get along with
Grandpa well enough but
it is Grandma who is so trying.
She feels pretty well, except that
it tires her out for all day
to rise at the unearthly hour
they insist upon for breakfast.
I am going to the Grand Opera
with her sometime this week.
I can go way upstairs for 1.00, and
everyone is talking about the
marvellous singers. Nothing
could persuade Grandpa, however,
that it wasn't a very inferior

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kind of performance. not worth going to at all. because the Sunday paper had a caricature of two of the singers, in ludicrous attitudes! The old gentleman seemed very well. and was very nice to me. Urged me to come as often as I could, and actually gave me a hug!

Sunday night I went with some friends to hear Henry George. the great Single Tax advocate. Very interesting, and how the people cheered him! Certainly one idea of his is ethically just: Speculative land values are artificial, have no basis in

the welfare of the country, and ought not to exist. As to the rest, of course I don't know.

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

Must stop now and go to work.

As ever,

Madeleine.

Elgin, Ill.

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Mch-28, 1894.

Geo Siles

My Dear:-

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

I am staying with Keyes and Jeanette for the most part this time, and am observing as much as I can. Keyes is working most of the time from seven to twelve, and one to six. He has not been at work for a couple of days, for they have been repairing the shop. But tomorrow he begins again. Said he made $21.00 last week — and was very glad to get work at his trade. N.B. I am glad you know how to print. You see I do too; so perhaps between us ______

Keyes & J. have gone to bed; they go about nine; and I am down stairs all alone: Don't you want to come and keep me company?

Of course they must get up at six o'clock — Jeannette said ruefully yesterday that she had had to do that ever since she was married. And she likes to sleep in the morning just as well as I do. It is very bit as hard for her to wake up — Keyes has to wake her every morning. She is a handsome girl, and of course likes pretty clothes, and new ones. Told me yesterday she was very tired of raising over her old things, and that she had spent only about $5.00 for herself since she was married. She has never been accustomed since she grew up, to give account to any one of her goings and comings

or ask anyone for money, or regulate her time to suit any one else. She has been entire mistress of herself; and she confesses to me that she found it rather hard to accommodate herself to other lives. She loves her freedom. So I am afraid, should I. She is extremely ambitious, too, and I am not sure that Rogers is going to satisfy that fully. He is inclined to be somewhat easy-going. Simple, home-pleasures content him; and if he had it a spur. I am afraid he would sit exercising himself very ceremoniously. She told me today that it would

takes more than a pleasant
disposition to win her. "I wouldn't
want to live with any man
would who couldn't make a
place for himself ~~for~~ in the
world and among men, and
give me a place", she said today.

She also informed me that
she didn't think I would
ever be married — that it —
wasn't necessary I should be.
She thought I was sufficient
unto myself, that I was
fitted for another life, and
that I didn't need marriage.
Maybe so; but yet — —
I was a little inclined to
think yesterday that perhaps I

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the rose had faded a little, and the gloomy, grimy gray of real living had begun to come out, even before the bridal year is over. It seems monotonous, someway; there isn't much to do that is nice — nothing but house-work for her and type-setting for him. And I thought maybe they wished they hadn't; or that it wasn't as nice as they had thought. But tonight when he came home it seemed very nice indeed. (As I write, he is standing across the table from me with his face against hers, and she doesn't look as if she didn't enjoyed it). And I notice that he

changes his coat for supper, and that they are very polite to each other for the most part. He is very thoughtful of her, notices if she is tired, gets and soothes her, and praises her cooking! She really does very well in that line, so it can't be much of a strain. But suppose a man had to praise cooking that was<u>n't</u> good!

She said the other day that when Keyes goes to work in the morning, he thinks she won't have anything to do all day — can take a nap, and rest herself. But when he stays home for a day, he sees what she has to do. — I guess it is about the same with them as with

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other people: part of the time
he is nice, and part of the
time he's sick, and you never
can tell which way it is
going to be. But perhaps on the
whole they are glad they did it.

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

Keyes asked for you, and
announced that he always
liked you; that you had
such solid qualities. and were
so good and kind. I assented
discreetly; of course. Tonight
he asked me if I was writing,
home - I said "no".
"Well, give him my regards,"
he said, and tell him when

you are married, I hope
she will come to see us!
I promised to comply.

My train gets in at 9:50, I believe. I shall have my aunt and cousin Van Nostrand with me; that won't be quite so nice - perhaps you would rather not come? They won't go up with me, of course; they are going in to shop.

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

I know how you will miss me; hope it won't disable you for work. You know your sentiment is the largest part of you.

The Lawrence, Oct. 22/94.

Dear, I write just a note to enclose a letter received from Laura sometime ago. Be sure and send it back to me, and don't ever let her know you have seen it. I send it to you that you may know her inner thoughts a little more than she will be likely to tell them to you. The letter made me cry as I have not done for months — the last part of it. My dear, dear little girl so blindly groping for the one thing to make her happy! And I am so powerless to make her see! Do you suppose she ever will? And yet, I feel somehow as though

Yesterday was a lovely day & I walked ever so far — with a nice Junior. Alie afflers on the way! Madeleine.

She is getting a little nearer all the time. Even this letter makes me feel so; but it is not despairing, but only inconsolate. She cares to be good, and she is pushing on toward some-thing positive - not lost in a mist of doubt and negation as sometimes.

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

I think you are very nice! I sent Mama the letter Miss Harper wrote you, and she said "It reflects a great deal of credit on him in many ways. He is a sterling young man, as we know". Sterling silver - that's what you are. But that is "Yiddish"!

F

Miss Madeline Wallin,

Lawrence Hall,

Smith College,

Northampton,

Mass.

discussion of jobs
on various newspapers
Hopeki.

torial writing remain good.
One great object in so doing
would be to get near to a
good reference library. You
will notice from my articles
that I have to consult a
library frequently.
Since I began writing
for the Record I have of-
fered them only four ar-
ticles they did not use.
In the case of three of these
they had articles of their own on the
same subject in the paper
in the next morning, which
may account for their not
using mine. If I ~~could~~ can

Chicago, Dec 30 94.

My Dear Dear Girl, —
Show good
you are to me — Show sweet and
womanlike — My Precious Jewel.
I would like so much to have
you with ~~with~~ me and to
feel your sweet touch again,
if but for an hour, for I
do feel somewhat depressed,
unconsciously, I suppose, for
there is no good reason why I should be.
My prospects ought not to be
less by the fact that I was
let out by the Tribune, for

The paper at Racine is not in
debt any, it is in good condition.

I didn't mean always to read copy anyway. When I had the audacity to write for a position as editorial writer on the Minneapolis Tribune, I would not have dreamed I might soon be writing editorials for the Chicago Record, as I am doing. Still this is depressing inasmuch as the field is as yet uncertain. I don't know what the possibilities are for me in that line. The last week I made $12. Can I double that? is the question. If I could be make $25 a week writing editorials I ought to thank my stars. You see the work itself will not be great. I have written one editorial a day this last week. If I can get two a day accepted, which would make me $25 a week, even that would not take all my time at the actual work. I would still have some time for laying up material for future articles - that is, studying. I am thinking seriously of going and to the University and registering for one study (if I can arrange to do so) if I think my chances for doing edi-

along with. You see there are apprehensions on either side. The decision is an important one for me and for you, perhaps, and I want any opinions you may have on the matter.

I will send you a copy of the paper. You will see the editorials are populistic. I will mark another article which I will warrant Mrs. Willis (who is Olympia Brown Willis) wrote. You will see it is not in good taste, and it is worse than will be apparent to you,

(2)

Let me hear from you soon

make as much salary writing editorials as I did as a copy reader I will be glad I was fired by the Tribune, for editorial work is the kind I like and I can just pitch in and work and it will all be a preparation for further work to come later. Even if I can't make as much as $25 for a while I ought not to be discouraged. If this lead should figgle out, how-

ever, I would feel better, wouldn't I?

Meanwhile the Racine deal is hanging fire but is not as hopeful as it was. When I was up there, Mrs. Willis had about decided to accept my offer of $25 a week. I, on my part, had about decided it was the best thing for me to go there, and was going up yesterday to try and to consummate the deal. However, I got a letter from Mrs. Willis saying she did not know whether she could pay so high a salary. She did not want me to come up until I could. Then I get $20 a week quick enough, but there is no use in being in a hurry. I think the town would be a pleasant place to live and in some respects it seems as if this were my opening and that I might do go there, even at a smaller salary. Again on the other hand, I may have my opening before me in Chicago. Again, I might not find the editor, Mr. Utley, and the owner, Mrs. Willis, pleasant to get

unless I want to specialize exclusively on finance, and I don't believe I do, I might as well pick out the work I like, if I can, and stick to it. I asked Vanderlip what he thought my chances of working into something on the Record were & he replied that naturally he would not have much hope, but I had astounded him by what I had already done and so he didn't know what to say.

Have you read "Tilly"? If not you must do so, without fail. I am reading it now

not acquainted with the local situation.

I think, Lauren if I can make a good arrangement, I had better go to Racine.

Your uncle Thomas seemed well impressed with Racine and gave me letters to two parties there.

I don't like what you wrote you about your father very well. I hope you won't send that letter on to him but just tell him I was pleased at the interest he took in the articles and his suggestions.

I want you to read an article in the last Outlook on "The Newspaper Proprietor." If you have one of yours anon it would be a good thing if you could cut that out and send it to your father. She may not understand, as that indicates, ~~how to~~ that discharges are frequent on the Metropolitan papers.

I don't know as I told you I had joined the Press club and have already paid my initiation fee - $7.50. I was introduced to Copley at the Press club rooms the other day, when he was a visitor there.

Vanderlip has been very good to me. She thought there ~~might be~~ was a vacancy in the financial editorship on the Times and offered to speak to the owner and secure it for me if he could. Finance is Vanderlip's own department, you know, and he said he would hold me up and see that I did the work all right until I got the run of it. That was very kind of him, but I wrote him after thinking it over that he need not speak about it. There is no use in my going into that work.

some time now. Help me my dear, be worthy of my girl so noble and

The Chief was quite pleased when he realized he had your latest photograph and I had not, and I don't know as I begrudged the old fellow his pleasure at all, for I know I will get one later. I expostulated in a mild way, however, that it was not fair for him to get a picture and me not. He replied: "Yes it is. You get enough anyway."

The Chief thinks I am not as devoted to you as I ought to be, I fear. Twice I have been over to call on Miss Hardy, which he knew of. Thursday I took dinner

with a young lady that
boards with Miss Maddock,
visited a while after dinner, and
then went down to stay all
night with the Chief. She
thinks I am fickle and said
he would write to Miss Wallin.
Of course, the trouble is, I don't
go out nearly as much as you
would have me, but then the
Chief does not understand how
a person can visit more
than one girl. She is a good
true friend of yours, My
Dear One, and I like him for
it. God bless you, My Dear Angel creat-
ure. You make me feel braver and
stronger whenever I think of you. No
fellow ever had a truer or nobler

do your part. I have no doubt about
that now and have not before

Of course you would
woman to take an interest in him.