

Sunday, Dec. 2, 1906.

Mrs. Mary -

What kind of Thanksgiving
did you have? Did you go to Seattle
or did Willie go to Tacoma? And what
kind of birthday did you have. Miss
Mary? I wrote home about books
here & maybe they will send you
the letters.

One thing I must tell you about.
I feel badly over it, but not as
badly as I should think I'd feel
for I say, "what's the use". I do feel
awful when the subject is brought
up. It is this: at Mauch's going dinner
Miss D.V. called for books in prompt
& I wholly unexpectedly got up. Now
it was an elegant chance for a
smart one & I know being up
must think - how could she
help making a decent one? but

How I should like to
be in the city.
The Stokes to Conger is going to be given in the city.

I never in all my life fell so
 utterly flat. Miss D. called on
 Miss Aitken just why I
 couldn't have got ready in case
 I should be called on I don't
 know. Miss Aitken did very
 well, but a good deal of it
 was drollery not wit. She is
 very angular & she does these
 droll things, sort of acting up
 you know. One of it was
 sweet & some ~~was~~ witty. ^{to my flat.} There
 she called on Miss Town-
 & she was as dumb as I, but
 she doesn't pretend to be any
 thing this way & I have told
 about my former work - especially
 helping Dr. Walker in Canada
 war, I'm certainly well
 paid for doing so. I had

Mrs D.V. say some thing about
 buck-eye representation & I
 was the only faculty member in
 your Ohio & some one near me
 said that was I, & I said I
 was no buck-eye. Then she
 did care for "our foreign-born
 member" & of course that
 was I. Well, now, I don't
 think stupid or dumb or
 any English words could
 describe me, as if I couldn't
 say some thing about my
being a Thanksgiving Turkey

or any thing. When who were
 had no good a chance? But
 no I simply didn't trust of
 any thing & simply said
 that I ~~had~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~
 Mr said I was the buck-eye
 but that I said I was none.
 I hardly knew what me
 what I was - I thought it
 was nice to be foreign - born
 & live in this country. Ours
 I said in then that I guessed
 I'd call myself just now
 a representative of Glendale.
 well, my cheeks

are simply burning & while I write this. My consolation is the one great consolation that I usually have for my troubles — that I didn't do any thing wrong, & wished any way. It's a pretty meagre consolation in this case however. Of course there's absolutely no remedy & I shall never forgive it any way while I stay here. Don't you feel for me? Could any thing be worse?

Love, to go to more pleasant subjects: Miss Bowman has an agency circular for summer festivals. She just told me & I don't know particulars

yet - but let's join. I may
 give suggestions to, but I think
 I will. It is for institutes &
 you get a salary & expenses
 & what you can make
 above that goes ^{to them} & you cut
 every thing & tie you.

Just now I have on your
 white silk waist over my
 yellow slip & my suit-skirt
 & the sleeves turned under the
 slip over & tied with that old
 yellow ~~is~~ velvet ribbon I have.

Last night I made several
 little pen & ink menus or
 invitation cards which I'm
 planning to give some of
 the Rows. They are those
 babies like the ones in the

7
Lalie's Home Journal + say under
them to go pray with me. I
shall make me or two dozen.
They won't cost me, but a
few cents & I think they are
awfully cute for some of
their spend + they take such
a short time to make.

Yesterday I went to the theatre
with two of the girls. We went
in on the eleven night + so
took benches in the city.
They got a thing or two but
I we didn't really have
time to go shop. I got one
little thing. The play
was The Mountain Climbers
+ the actor Frances Wilson.
It was very good, but as a
man I think he is terrible

unattractive. The play was
 entertaining - the house was
 laughing most of the time. I
 smiled, but you know I
 didn't feel like laughing. I
 can hardly ~~squirt~~ out a
 laugh at things like that,
 but then you know I never
 laugh at jokes any way - I
 think they are awfully good^s
 but they don't make me
 laugh. I don't care for comedy
 I mean what is considered
 very funny play. I don't
 like to see people make
 fools of themselves even on
 the stage. May, I usually
 feel as if I didn't appreciate
 Shakespeare, but I guess I

do more than I think I do,
 for these things seem so utterly
 flat to me. Now this for
 instance was funny largely
 because of the kind of gesture
 people make it. That seems
 so cheap to me. The play
 was a very nice one, not
 the least thing objectionable
 about it. We intended
 to see Julia Marlowe & Southern
 in June of Ark., but we found
 it was John the Baptist &
 as Ellen had seen that and
 as we could get seats cheaper
 for this we went to this though
 I should rather have seen the
 other I think & I think Eliza-
 beth ^(the other one) would, but then I wanted
 to go to a modern play & so

was perfectly patriotic. John
 the Baptist is by Sudermann
 I think. I have heard his
 name so much & know so
 little about him that I should
 have liked to see it also for that
 reason. Many, I don't know
 what I think about the theatre.
 I don't know whether people
 ought to refuse to go because
 of the life the theatre people
 live or not. That is certainly
 the chief objection to a good
 many plays. Now for *videlicet*
 this play yesterday about
 as much as Shakespeare: it
 had none. It wasn't par-
 ticularly ethical & yet it wasn't
 unethical. Shall I let you

the plot is just a word? This
 man, Mr. Sibson, has been
 of having a good time in
 Paris while he lets his wife
 think he has been climbing the
 Alps & making James for
 himself & for a birthday present
 she has published his letters
 home about his travels, awful
 escapes etc. which he has
 copied out of other books. When
 the birthday comes she arranges
 to have the book already in
 circulation & she has brought
~~for~~ his two Paris guides or
 virted ~~James~~ the alpine
 society etc. - each of course
 puts him in a ~~most~~ po-
 sition, till finally he goes to
 Switzerland to perform a
 still unaccomplished feat

& his family go to watch him
 (The guides are the same. When
 he found them at his London
 home he made a confession
 to them & paid them for
 helping him keep his secret.)
 There the real Alpine ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~Chamber~~
 who is author of most that
 he has in his book comes
 too. He has previously
 fallen in love with one
 of the daughters not know-
 ing that she is step daughter
 to this plagiarist of his
 book. This fact saves
 the man in the end for
 the exposure stops prosecu-
 tion against him in order
 to get his daughter. Mr.
 Sissay is an awful coward

That is the essence of his character. He of course was presented by Frances Witem. Well, it seems to me I could write as good a play.

Well, I've been having company & now I guess I'll take a little nap & I haven't written home yet. - Mercy, if I say - for Miss Lyman told me the most ghastly possible story.

She's making a set of tires over my design that ran into the ground so this summer & they are secret & are planning to give them to Mrs. Borman.

I send this letter from Ambria. I'm planning to get Curley a pear of fish. I think

I must go to the "city" before I go home, but if I write I could get me at home probably. Do you know of any thing Willie wants? What can I get him for Christmas. It's nearly mid time to be getting the things for the whole members of the family, isn't it? An answer will be almost too late, but then I'd be glad for it, for you know how hard it is to get things Willie likes and you may know.

Love, good bye.

Very lovingly.

Ellen.

Miss Watters says I have a very good line in drawing (when she saw the little cards yesterday) & ought to study art.