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Transcription of Book Five from the Jennie Pease D'Ooge Journals in the Eastern Michigan University Archives

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Book 5

July 1, 1893 – June 27, 1894

{#1, cover}

[The book has a brown leather cover with a subtle monochromatic checkerboard pattern, and the date range of the diary has been handwritten in ink on a white card; there are torn remnants of a newspaper classified page that appears to have been adhered to the cover, either intentionally or inadvertently]

July 1st. 1893

to June 27th 1894

{#2, inside front cover}

[Publishing information for the notebook is printed in the center of the page, with “21–” added in pencil]

Good, Better, Best.

OPTIMUS.

Note Book.

No. 1080. 21–

Blair’s Keystone Stationery.

“Passion, not Love, is blind. Her wondrous might informs with three-fold power man’s inward sight.

To her deep glance, the soul – at large displayed – reveals it’s [sic] mingled mass of light and shade.

Men call Love blind, when she but turns her head
Nor scans the faults for which her tears are shed.”

[Poem clipped from a periodical, "Jan. '94" added in pen, with two lines underlined in pencil]

'T is better to laugh than to cry, dear,
A proverb you'll grant me is true;
'T is best to forget to be sad, dear —
The heartsease is better than rue.

'T is better to be glad for what is, dear.
Than to sigh for the things which are not;
'T is braver to reckon the joys, dear,
Than the troubles that fall to your lot.

'T is more to be good than be great, dear;
To be happy is better than wise.
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes.

["Our Own," a poem by Margaret E. Sangster (1838-1912),¹ clipped from a newspaper or periodical, dated 1893 in pencil, and corrected in ink]

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day
 The words unkind
 Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain;
 But we vex our own
 With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
 You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet it might be a
 That never for me.
 The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning

¹ See *A Library of American Literature* (New York: Charles L. Webster & Company, 1891; published online 2013), Bartleby.com.

That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own
The bitter tone
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the [added in pen] **wrongs of the morn!**

—Margaret E. Sangster.

["Faithful to the End," a poem by German physicist and poet Paul Fleming (1609–1640),
clipped from a newspaper or article]

Faithful to the End.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart!
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest;
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all His creatures, so for thee,
The best.

—Paul Fleming (1609 [clipped off])²

[Clippings partially cover up what appears to be the stationer's imprint and price for the book]

"Could'st thou boast, oh, Child of weakness,
O'er the sons of sin and strife
Had their strong temptations fallen
In thy path of life?"

March '94.

{#2, unnumbered right page}

Jennie P. D'Ooge.

July 1st. 1893.

June 27 '94

{#3, blank left page}

{#3, p.1}

Saturday, July 1, 1893

Sunday. July 1st. '93.

At the World's Fair.

We reached Chicago last night at about eleven o'clock. [o'clock] – met by John & Kittie Hattstaedt.³ After reaching their home we had wafers and beer, and retired to a guest-room 8x10 with folding bed. The window looking out on the wall of the next house. Had a good night's rest however, and started quite early in the morning with John. Took the "whale-back" steamer Columbus for the grounds. Spent the day looking around. Found the "Midway Plaisance" great fun. Visited the ostrich-farm (28 ostriches), Streets of Cairo, Javanese Village and went to Hagenbeck's for a

² See [Wikipedia](#)

³ John James Hattstaedt (1851–1931) and Kittie Castle Hattstaedt (1855–1961), see [Wikipedia](#) and [Find A Grave](#)

German lunch of rye bread, white bread, beer, potato salad and hot frankforts (25¢). Rode on the Ferris Wheel, although I had declared I never could do so, before I came to C [Chicago]. Had a fine day – returning at 6:30 for dinner and visit with the Hs [Hattstaedts].

Sunday, July 2, 1893

Sunday 2d.

Attended service at Mr. Barrows' church and listened to a regular Cong. [Congregational] sermon from a Presb. [Presbyterian] minister, and also some fine music.

After dinner we had a great lark. All went to Annie Castle Burritt's where they gave a musical soirée or matinee or something. Thirty people or more dropped in and listened to Mr. Burritt's pupils perform.⁴ He has five or six dollars an hour for lessons.

{#4, p.2} Afterwards they served luncheon on polished dining table (with doilies for the plates). Served shrimp salad, cheese-sandwiches, plain rye sandwiches, wafers and beer. They have a beautiful home, and many beautiful things in it, that he has picked up in his trips abroad. Annie received in a Paris gown, with flashes of diamonds on her hands, and an unfeeling perennial [sic, perennial] smile on her face which did not seem to be heart-felt. I do not like her husband – he doesn't seem honest-hearted and sincere – but he may be all right. He certainly knows how to get music-scholars.

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Friday, July 7, 1893

Friday July 7th.

The days have been too full to write any thing. The time has not been used as carefully as I had intended. Have made too many appointments to meet people – and have been too much with Ben to look at machinery and trees and wheels, and have not been in the electricity building at all, yet, or the Art building.

One eve. we attended the great spectacular play of "America," in the Auditorium down St. The greatest show on earth. Even the ballet dancing was so far away, it did not seem so bad as I had feared. We have found some of the State buildings very interesting. Mass. had many relics of past presidents & wives, and autograph {#4, p.3} poems of different authors, with their pictures. A bed-quilt of pieces of Martha Washington's dresses etc. Mt. Vernon too was very interesting, with it's [sic] relics of Washington. But I spent too much time in the State buildings.

⁴ William Nelson Burritt, author of *A Process of Vocal Study* (Chicago: Clayton F. Summy Co., 1902), Archive.org

We also went, one eve., to see Sol Smith Russel [sic, Russell], in "April Weather."⁵ It is meant for a comedy, but he has too much pathos for that, I think.

Today, Friday, it is hot. We have had nice weather, so far.

I went out to find Jim Pease, and see what he is like – taking with me the little satchel. Ben took the large one, and we left the Hs. to go to the Dormitories. Found Jim to be a bluff, hearty, sensitive business man – assessor for Lakeside eight years – very busy with five men assisting. He was very cordial, treated me to soda-water and invited us for dinner on Sunday. Very hot every where except his office, which was the most comfortable spot I found. I left there about four o'clock and rode 8 or 10 miles to Helen Field's; when I got off the car I walked one block too far and then two more hunting for Prairie Ave. and it seemed as if I had gone miles before getting straightened out again. Reached there some time before Ben, who came from the Fair. Went right to our room and washed {#5, p.4} and cooled off and then it was dinner time. Had a nice dinner – then sat on the front piazza (4 ft. square) and visited – all except Helen, who dropped off asleep five times, so she nodded way over.

Saturday, July 8, 1893

Sat. 8th. July

At the Fair again. Meant to spend the time in the Art collection with Kittie H. But we were delayed by misunderstanding the place of meeting – then waiting for Ben, then going mit [German: with] in the forestry and machinery buildings and poking around together. I should prefer to go alone.

Met Clara Colman – fat and forty and gray. Am always surprised to find school friends growing old.

Sunday, July 9, 1893

Sun. 9th.

Went to Gunsaulus' church, which was packed – aisles and all. Consequently it was hot, and I felt faint and had to go outside. Last night I went home at seven and to bed with sick head-ache without supper. Today Ben slept so late I had breakfast after nine o'clock and got faint then, and didn't get over it again 'till dinner.

We went miles and miles to Jim Pease's, found them waiting and we were just on time – 2 o'clock. Had oh! such a mixed up dinner – but they just "humped themselves" as Ben says. Jim's wife Tessie is not much of a housekeeper I take it – nor very energetic about anything. She is going up to Salem with me on Wednesday. Jim's daughter Irene – 17 – does most of the running after

⁵ Sol Smith Russell (1848–1902), an American comedic stage actor, see [Wikipedia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sol_Smith_Russell)

the {#5, p.5} babies (2 and five yrs.) and waiting on her mother. I should like to know why they didn't take us for a ride – with their two seated or one seated carriage. Their home shows considerable wealth but no taste.

Left there about five o'clock and got caught at Street r-y. [railway] station in a pouring rain. I had my writing tablet and wrote a long letter home, while waiting. After the rain stopped we went to the Hattstaedts for lunch and then home about eleven o'clock.

Monday, July 10, 1893

Mon. 10.

Spent alone in U.S. building and Art Gallery. I realize how much time I have wasted, and begrudge the time promised in Salem. The cold storage building burned, and was the most terrible fire they ever had. Thirteen men jumped from a burning tower into the flames. I saw the flames, over the Transportation building, but it was nearly a ½ mile away.

Tuesday, July 11, 1893

Tues. 11th.

In Art Gallery all day – taking lunch at Costa Rica and dinner at Clarkdale. Had a splendid time alone. Ben off to Philological meeting with Mart. Met them down town at restaurant and took a walk – Mart going as far as Hooley's theatre with us. He wanted to go with us to see Mr. Willard in "Professor's Love Story," but he had to go and hear Prof. Hale's lecture.

{#6, p.6}

Wednesday, July 12, 1893

Wed. July 12th.

Left home and went to the Art Gallery with Ben until twelve o'clock. Then took lunch at Clarkdale Restaurant and started down street. Stopped at 35th. St. and walked to Prairie Ave. and called on Abbie Hitchcock Bartlett's house – found it elegant, brown stone, three story – beautifully furnished. I found them away but expected home this week. A very polite colored "gentleman" opened the door and called "the maid" and brought me some lemonade on a dainty silver waiter and a fan – and oh! my! it was great fun to be an old school friend of such a grand lady.

After leaving there – went down st. and did a little shopping, then took Marshall & Field's bus for N.W. depot. Found Tessie in despair because she was afraid I would be late. She is a funny, fat,

fussy female in brown china silk (very dirty) with velvet and passementerie trimmings – brown bonnet & veil and seal-skin cape on her arm. Thermometer 90°.

Reached Salem about six o'clock, ate supper and visited until Lelia R. [Runkel] came for me with a blind horse, hard-seated, no-backed open buggy. Reached Mr. Stocker's about 8:30, visited a few moments, and then went to Lelia's little house (built in next lot to theirs) where we stayed all night; her boy Guy remaining at his Grandpa's to sleep with his aunt {#6, p.7} Mary. We talked quite late – and then about 2 o'clock we were awakened by a noise which Lelia declared was some-one around the house. I do not know when I have been so frightened. Of course she imagined it all – but the night seemed about a week long.

Thursday, July 13, 1893

Thurs. 13th.

After a breakfast of bread & butter, milk, eggs & fruit-cake we went to her father's a little while, then started about 9:30 for our drive. Went to our old farm and drove in and looked around. Then to the cemetery when we got out and looked around some, visiting my mother's and Grandmother's graves, and Lelia's husband Fred's.

Then we drove around Silver lake, where Lelia bought some bannanas [sic, bananas] and we rode about 9 miles in the hottest sun of the summer, and on that hard cushion!

Reached aunt Esther's when they were nearly through dinner. It was very hot after we got the dinner work done – and we lay on blankets, on the ground, and I dropped off asleep.

Before tea I had a good visit with aunt Charlotte, and she told me many things about her life that I had never heard. Should think, from her experience of men, she would hate the whole race of man. Her husband and son-in-law have certainly done their best to give her such ideas. Poor old auntie, I feel that I shall never see her again. She is very feeble; and her stomach is affected like auntie Morwick's.

{#7, p.8}

Friday, July 14, 1893

Sat. July 15th.

Friday July 14th.

Left Salem at 7:40 and reached Chicago about 10 o'clock. Did a little shopping – got a piece of pongee silk for \$7.00 and will have enough for me [to make] a skirt like my waist and a cloak for Leonard. Went to Kittie H's for lunch and then we went to the Fair, after stopping at the Dormitories to change my dress and wash up.

Kittie treated me to the Streets of Cairo and a dance-show where the girls did a great deal of muscular dancing – i.e. stood or walked slowly moving their stomachs up & down, or side-ways in a curious and uninterestingly vulgar way. Met Lill Follet's friend (Mr. Hubbard of N.Y.) and his brother, who helped us to good positions where we could see the wedding procession and sword-play. Kittie expressed my ideas when she said she believed they were all guying us. Such senseless, inane prancings and running and dancing.

Kittie went home after six o'clock lunch, and we went to Buffalo Bill's show. A stupendous show it was. The enormous arena had in it hundreds of horses and riders all going at a furious gait [sic, gait], and there was plenty of room to spare. The riders of all nations competed for excellence in horsemanship and the wild Cossacks beat every-one. Then they had some remarkable tumbling and shooting and buffalo hunting (flat) and Indian massacres and all sorts of queer things.

{#7, p.9}

Saturday, July 15, 1893

Sat. 15th.

At 1:30 we had a family meeting at the Michigan building of the Ents, Mart & Mary and Ben & me. We talked a few moments, then Ben took us over to Louisiana and treated us to orangene, a new southern drink – very fine. Then we bade them good-bye and went to the college where a carriage took us to the station (for 50¢!) which shows that every-one doesn't have to pay exorbitant prices for things at the World's Fair. Had a hot journey until about five or 6 o'clock when we got quite comfortable. Ben had a little lunch at Jackson and I had an orange. The train was late so auntie had just about given us up when we drove up to the house. Could hardly wait 'till morning to see my babies. I went up and felt them over in the dark just to be sure they were there. Took my bath and got into bed about one o'clock.

Sunday, July 16, 1893

Sunday 16th.

A day of rest and visiting with auntie and our babies. Went in the girlie's room and they were whispering to each other because they were afraid they would wake us up. When they saw me they fairly tied themselves up into bow-knots trying to get to me quick. Leonard just gave one of his slow, ravishing smiles and said: "Ma - ma!"

Mr. Strong came over to see Ben. He was there and the Georges and Barbours and I never saw {#8, p.10} any of them except the Barbours, once. Auntie went home in the afternoon and I hope will go to the "Fair" this week. We paid her girl for three wks. 9.00 and Ben will pay her fare to Chicago & return. Poor auntie. I'm afraid she worried her life about a month shorter while we were gone.

Monday, July 17, 1893

Mon. July 17th.

Packing, washing, looking after bugs etc. preparatory to leaving home. The Ainsworths called yesterday with plans of the new Parsonage, and we think it will be very pleasant and convenient.

Tuesday, July 18, 1893

Tues. 18.

Off at 5:30; on a sleeping-car at G.R. at 10:30 and after quite a comfortable night's rest reached Charlevoix at 7:30. Bishop Gillespie & Miss Wheelock came over and insisted upon our taking with [sic] breakfast with them, although I thought there were too many of us. Had a good plain breakfast, and then buckled-to our work of cleaning and settling the cottage.

Wednesday, July 19, 1893

Wed. 19th

Found that a man had started to carry off Ben's fishing boots, some tackle, two flannel shirts and the curtain ribbons. The janitor caught him and he threw back the things into the house and ran away. Every-thing seemed to be all right in the cottage.

Thursday, July 20, 1893

Thurs. 20.

Mr. & Mrs. Smits came and we greeted in true Charlevoix manner. All went to bed very early to rest up for tomorrow.

Friday, July 21, 1893

Friday 21st.

Miss Gillespie came over when I was washing windows {#8, p.11} and said they were going out after orchids out in the country – a load of them – and wouldn't I go, too? So I finished my windows in a hurry and skipped off. Ben had Ida & Helen down in the row-boat, and Leonard

was happy playing around. He is as fond of "Foy" as the others are. We went for the Monroe girls and Mrs. Smits and Mrs. Richards & Mrs. Jones of St. Louis and it cost us 20¢ apiece and we did not find any orchids except two or three small ones. Our sail-boat came on the cars today. Out in the boat, down street with Ben. The babes are perfectly happy playing out all day.

Saturday, July 22, 1893

Sat. 22.

Ben off trout-fishing after putting the "Helen" to soak in Pine Lake. Mr. & Mrs. S. came, and we had our first good game of "Logomachy" and a good time of course. Ate all the cookies up. In the afternoon we all went out in the boat, that is: Flora, Ida, Helen, Leonard and me. Len was perfectly ecstatic about the too-too-boats. Mrs. Wood called, and Miss Higley & Lillie S. and Miss West.

Sunday, July 23, 1893

Sun 23d.

Wrote to Jim Pease, Ida & Father. I suppose Ida was in Chicago from Tues. until Sat. night, doing the Fair in a hurry.

Flora went to morning service with Ben & Ida, and I started dinner and set the table.

In the afternoon we went to service in the hall – Mr. Putnam preaching and Ben leading the singing. Walked down to the Knowlton cottage with the S.s and they came up in the eve. Helen lying on the lounge most of the time. She has considerable sour stomach now-a-days.

{#9, p.12}

Monday, July 24, 1893

Mon. 24th.

Looked so rainy that Flora did not wash.

Boys working on the boat. She leaks badly, but we hope it will soak up all right.

Tuesday, July 25, 1893

Tues. 25.

Wash-day and I did the morning work. Flora got along nicely. This is a fine place to dry clothes.

Helen & I made the pennant for the boat, that is she made the most of it while I read aloud from "The Runaway Browns," by Bunner – stupid too.

Then we went down and sailed over into Round Lake in the "Helen" – bailing water much of the time, but oh! she sails like a daisy.

Wednesday, July 26, 1893

Wed. 26.

Another bright, breezy day. Went with Miss Gillespie, Mrs. Branc [sic, Brank?]⁶ and Mrs. Torrey⁷ of G.R. to sketch. Mrs. T. did some good work, and we watched her and tried to do something, but couldn't.

I wish there was time for me to take a few lessons in out-door work. In the afternoon Ben went off again to the boat, and we stayed home. The Stanleys and the Ladd girls were here some time.

The babes were playing like little kittens. Jane Stanley, Louie & boy were down – and the babes thought he was the jolliest man to play with that they ever saw *next to papa*.

Thursday, July 27, 1893

Thurs. 27.

Leonard talks everything that any-one tells him, and is a good boy about telling mamma "dicky."

Aunt Ida has returned from a five day's trip to Chicago, and sent Ida's sun-bonnet – in which she looks like a dear little Grandmother.

{#9, p.13} In the eve. we were invited over to bishop Gillespie's for ice-cream, and afterwards the Ss. came as usual. We play Logomachy nearly every evening.

Friday, July 28, 1893

Friday 28.

⁶ Possibly Ruth Smith Brank (1841–1901), wife of Robert G. Brank, a Presbyterian pastor in St. Louis, Missouri; see [Find a Grave](#)

⁷ Possibly painter Kate S. Torrey (1849–1932); see [Find a Grave](#)

A day of excursions to Charlevoix. First came a phonogram from Frank Moore that they would be here. When it came Mrs. Putnam was here and after she had finished her visit and gone, I scurried around to get my morning's work done before they came.

Frank and Laura and little girl Ellen came and took dinner with us, Ben being in Bay View with Mr. Putnam.

After dinner Laura and I went up to see Bessie West a few moments. Then came home and Frank and Eva Bennet & Margie came to call. Then Mart. and Mary and Dr. Haff, also Henry Adams and wife and the Gillespies and Mr. & Mrs. Smits and Mrs. Richards. So we had quite a lively day. After supper we played Logo. [Logomachy] as usual with the change of playing as partners. Mr. S. & I against Ben & Helen. They beat us by a few points.

Saturday, July 29, 1893

Sat. 29.

Another bright, breezy day. Ben working again at the boat with Bastian. She does leak dreadfully. They say she out to have been calulked [sic, caulked] and painted this Spring instead of last Fall. We had invitations to sail from Mrs. Locey, our neighbor on the north side, and Miss Gillespie on the other side – the latter to sail in a fine Chicago yacht with a very select crowd. But Ben thought they should get our boat ready to take all the family out. So refused.

{#10, p.14} We got all ready and put up our supper and waited in rain 'till after five o'clock and then took a wagonette and went to the beach – which soothed the babes' lacerated feelings. Left a note for Ben to join us, but he never got home 'till seven o'clock – just before we did. Francis Higley and Lillie Strong were in for a while. And in the eve. the Putnams and Ss. All tired out (the latter) from going to Mt. McSauba in the morning and swimming and rowing in the afternoon.

Sunday, July 30, 1893

Sun. July 30th. '93.

A beautiful day. Warm in the sun, but delightfully cool in the shade. Sent off a letter to the Hattstaedts about their coming here. We got rooms for them, and now they can't board because the children are coming down with whooping-cough. Poor Kitten. They want to exchange homes with some-one up north for four or five weeks. What a chance for some-one!

Mr. Smits gave us a good sermon at Music Hall this afternoon. I went in spite of a head-ache. Helen stayed with me on the piazza while the boys went down to the hotel parlor to sing. They led the service.

Monday, July 31, 1893

Monday 31.

They came for me to sail, but it was Monday morning at our house – besides getting ready for M. & M. Baked cake and changed rooms so we will all dress up stairs instead of scattering all over the house in the morning.

In the eve. Mr. & Mrs. S. and Francis H. came for {#10, p.15} Logomachy. Mart came on late train, and alone because Mary feared she would crowd us. We had a sail in the afternoon. Mart told his experiences trout fishing – standing all day in the water, and walking to the hotel in his stocking feet. Shall be surprised if he does not suffer for it.

Tuesday, August 1, 1893

Tues. Aug. 1st.!!

The boys off early. I was up at 5:30 to put up their lunch and see to breakfast. Went in a bus with Mr. Adams and Mr. Knowlton. We all went down to the beach in the afternoon, and I tried to sketch a little, but had not enough time. Boys home late – about 7:30 and Mart had to go right home, so his fish could be fried for breakfast – and a proud & happy man he was, with his string of black bass.

Wednesday, August 2, 1893

Wed. 2d.

Mrs. Torrey, Miss G. and Jane & I went down to Lake Mich. and tried a bit of shore, and a beach-tree & birch tree. Mrs. Torrey's was very pretty. In the eve. she invited all her friends in to look at her Charlevoix sketches. We enjoyed it very much. They served Russian tea & wafers. She is such a bright, charming little lady, we shall miss her very much besides her inspiration in our attempts at sketching.

Thursday, August 3, 1893

Thurs. 3d.

Ben off after trout for Helen to have a taste before she goes home tomorrow. Mr. S. took us, and Miss H. & Lillie S. for a grand last sail – way beyond Ironton – about 18 miles in all. Returned about twelve o'clock and took Ida & Helen down to have a romp in the lake, before dinner. After dinner we went down to Lake Mich. and took the infants suppers. Ben came along after eight o'clock with between 20 & 30 trout which we had with olives, wafers etc., topping off with peaches.

The last of Helen, until we get home. She goes to Constantine alone, and stays a week while Bastian goes to the World's Fair.

How we shall miss them.

{#11, p.16}

Friday, August 4, 1893

Friday Aug. 4th. '93.

Francis Higley and I went down on Lake Mich. beach to "skatch" as Helen says. Mending in the afternoon. Have to make my hands fly to get all through so I can play tomorrow. When Leonard came down to be dressed this A.M. he said: "Tay mamma, do know? Pappa tared me!" (scared) He threw a pillow at the poor little chap and did scare him. He is precious, except when he is mean to poor little Francis (3½ yrs. old – next cottage). They are out doors all day long, and I'm afraid my son imposes upon the others some-times.

Saturday, August 5, 1893

Sat. 5th.

Francis H. and I went to Bay View for the day, leaving at 7 o'clock. Went up to Harbor Point in the morning and found that, next to Charlevoix, it is the prettiest resort up here. Took our dinner (a poor one) at the hotels and then went to Evelyn ~~est~~ Hall and sat on the piazza in big rocking-chairs, and took a nap. Then went to the Auditorium, next door at 2 o'clock. & heard Kate Douglas Wiggins read from her "Bird's Christmas Carol," "Patsy" and "The Cathedral Courtship." Also heard Mrs. Johnston Bishop sing twice, and were delighted with both. Saw Mart & Mary there, and we walked a little, then they went to the Station with us, and we went to Petoskey & bought a lot of baskets for a Missionary (Fair, or) basket-sale. Home about 8 o'clock and found three jubilant babies who rushed to hug my dress and legs – and clambered up for kisses.

{#11, p.17} We had a fine day together, and I feel much better acquainted with Miss Higley.

Sunday, August 6, 1893

Sun. 6th.

The Hattstaedts came last night, and Mr. H. came up this morning. After dinner they all came. Ben enjoyed the swing, and Louise hung on Kittie most of the time. Kittie is sweet as ever. Ben took Jno. up to play for him, at the 4 o'clock service, and we took the infants walking. Leonard is so awfully independent; he has to walk alone most always.

Went to see the Putnams and Miss H. a few moments, and she came home with me; then we went to the song-service at the hotel.

Miss Strong & Miss West, and afterwards Mrs. Knowlton, came to invite us on an excursion to ~~Iron Newman's~~ *Monroe* creek. It did not seem feasible at first – but Flora (bless her heart) was willing to put off washing a day so she could be free to look after the infants – and we finally said yes.

Monday, August 7, 1893

Monday 7th.

Off on the Gordon at 7 o'clock, leaving the babes asleep. Went up the south arm of Pine Lake, and stopped about a mile from the creek – walking to it in the hot sun. There were: Mr. & Mrs. Knowlton, Mr. Pattengill, Carrie P., Margie & Annie K., Bessie West, Lillie Strong, Miss Higley, Mr. & Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Condit & Joe, Ben & me. " " [Miss Higley] and I did not see much of the others, after we got there – as we were off sketching – or "skatching," as Helen calls it. I tried a stretch of the river – with dead birches and a few living ones.

{#12, p.18} On our return trip we all sat in the bow of the boat and sang college songs. Reached home about 6:30 and found the best babies in the world all glad to see us. Went down, after tea, to Mr. Putnam's cottage to return Francis' pencil & found that Prof. P. had sprained his ankle and was in bed. Too bad, for he had so much that he wanted to do on their house. It will look quite fine with the new front, and wide piazza.

Tuesday, August 8, 1893

Tues. 8th. ~~July~~ August.

Lillie S. and Francis off on the early train.

As Ben took the girly down town all the morning we didn't go to the beach with our dinners – but went in the afternoon instead. Kittie H. & babes went with us, and John & Ben came down in the boat & brought Leonard, after his nap. Louie Stanley came down to see if we don't want to go camping. Of course we do – but how can it be managed?

Wednesday, August 9, 1893

Wed. 9th.

Home all day till P.M. – rainy. Babes playing happily in the house – and over at Locy's. In the afternoon we took the Monroe girls sailing, and they helped hang on to the babes while I helped

Ben manage the boat. Have got so I can raise the jib and manage it afterwards quite successfully, if the infants will leave me alone. Hot day on land, but very cool breeze.

Thursday, August 10, 1893

Thurs. 10.

Monroe girls gone. I never saw such an un-responsive person as Miss Lillian M. – I never could get along, with her around all the time. Her sister Mary is very lovely and we should have liked to see more of her.

{#12, p.19} It is hot again, in the sun. The berryman said it was 97° where they were picking. Mending stockings in a hurry, so I can play tomorrow. Took a short sail after supper; then we went to see the Mahon's and Ware's – and I was comfortable with my white dress, with nothing on my head or around me.

Friday, August 11, 1893

Friday 11th.

Mending all the morning. Mr. Sprague came (while Ben & girlies were down st.) and took dinner with us. Afterwards took him for a sail – and I carried him to shore in the row-boat, just in time for his train. He had to run for it, too.

The wind went down so Ben couldn't get in to go with John after bait for tomorrow at 26th. Lake.

When I reached home, Kittie was rocking Louise asleep in the hammock, and sewing on a skirt. Am glad she makes herself perfectly at home. Letter from Helen Smits saying that she arrived home quite comfortably in a chair-car and a pillow to lie on. We feel greatly relieved to hear it. Next Sunday they will be at home in Ypsi.

Saturday, August 12, 1893

Sat. 12th.

Off for 26th. Lake at 7 o'clock in the morning – all of us, with the four Hattstaedts, three Stanleys and Willie, Mrs. M's nephew. Had a fine day, although the fishing was not good. They caught none large enough to take home. We had a royal good lunch, and Len had his nap in a hammock. Jane & I did a little sketching, and the infants played very happily, all day. Home a little after six o'clock. – oh! so tired and sleepy. Cost nearly \$9.00!!

{#13, p.20}

Sunday, August 13, 1893

Sun. Aug 13th.

A lovely, bright day, breezy and bracing – though quite warm in the sun. Ben took the infants down to the beach in the morning, and I was too sleepy to do anything but sleep.

After dinner the Hs. came as usual and Ben had to sit in the house and read his paper. It is a nuisance to have them Sundays – but never mind – they are happy, and we can stand it a few Sundays more, if necessary.

Kittie & I left the infants and went to afternoon service. Good old Dr. Branck [sic, Brank?] of St. Louis wrestled with a text about “Leaving behind the principles of the doctrine, and building without laying a second foundation.”⁸ Should like to hear Mr. Smits preach from the same text.

Am reading “Off the Skelligs” by Jean Ingelow, and enjoy it very much; but do not get much time to read.

Monday, August 14, 1893

Mon 14.

The Stanleys want us to start for camp with them tomorrow morning – but I cannot leave home – and Ben thinks on the whole it would cost too much – and we neither of us have any desire for a closer acquaintance with Miss Stanley – at least not such a close one.

In the eve. John & Kittie H. came up and we played cards and had ginger-bread and orangene. I guess John would have preferred beer.

Wednesday, August 16, 1893

Wed. 16.

Sailing nearly every day. This eve. Ben & I went to prayer-meetings but were so early no-one {#13, p.21} was there but old lady Holden. So we went down to Bishop Gillespie’s and played “Auction Pitch.” Little Miss Storrs is a regular monkey to carry on, and we have learned to like Miss Wheelock very much indeed. Poor Bird G. is an invalid and doesn’t count either way, but she certainly does keep pleasant when she doesn’t feel so, at all.

⁸ Possibly Robert Garland Brank (1824–1895), pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, Missouri. His obituary was published in the Paw Paw, Michigan, *True Northerner* on August 30, 1895 ([CMU Digital Michigan Newspapers](#)). See [Find a Grave](#).

A bad rainy day for camping – and we are glad we are snug at home.

Thursday, August 17, 1893

Thurs. 17.

Sailing as usual. Took the Hattstaedts en masse. Children are happier on land, we have decided. Leonard keeps us laughing with his talking. He said: "Mamma, do' know? I ditty all e day." (He had overheard a remark of mine, to that effect.)

And after papa had been bothering him, pretending to want his breakfast: "Mamma, don't 'et papa det my bessup."

Tonight we attended an amateur play: "Jack's Trust" given by some of the young people on the Resort. It was very good, too. We went with the Hs.

Friday, August 18, 1893

Frid. 18.

The wind blew so gusty we had to give up a picnic at Monroe Creek, which we had planned. Could not take the Hs for a last sail, it was so windy. They left on the night train; and we shall miss them. If it were not for those terrors of children we should enjoy them much more. {#14, p.22} They are so naughty and cross and Kittie doesn't seem able to control them the least bit.

Saturday, August 19, 1893

Sat. Aug. 19. '93.

Trying to make a sketch of our birch-tree and a corner of the house. Sailing and finishing Ida's waist – shortening the sleeves.

Whenever we sail, I take my work, and accomplish more than I had thought possible.

We enjoy the "Helen" oh! so much, now that I have learned to manage the jib-sail and do not feel afraid.

Sunday, August 20, 1893

Sun. 20th.

Quite warm. Had Episcopal service at Music Hall and I sang in with the choir – sang chants without a chance to rehearse them. Awful! A wordy discourse by Rev. Babcock, a friend of the Gillespie's. Afterwards we went down to call on Mrs. Knowlton. Also saw Nellie Beaman, who is here with her two children – a boy of seven & girl about 14 yrs. Ben went to the song service in the eve. but I was reading "Off the Skellig's" by Jean Ingelow. Seems as if I would never finish it. Also had my weekly letter home to finish.

Monday, August 21, 1893

Mon. 21st.

Sailing. At Mr. Miller's in the eve. with all the A. Arbor crowd, singing college songs etc. Prof. Adams had the funniest thing I ever heard. "Old Uncle Ned" with the Boston version of it.⁹

Tuesday, August 22, 1893

Tues. 22d

I wonder if I have recorded the shaving of our Leonard's head. He looks funny but 'tweet.

{#14, p.23} The sweetest boy in the world says his prayer at night just boo'ful. He goes alone, as far as "How I lay me downy seep. I pay de Lor' my tole teep" – or "I pay de Lor' downy teep" (repeated ad infinitum) and stopping with a naughty little chuckle.

Am sorry I do not keep a better record of events. In the eve. we were asked over to Bishop G's for eating some peaches, out on the piazza. Mr. & Mrs. Storrs & Charlotte go tomorrow. Met Rev. Stout and another Rev. whom I do not remember.

The youngsters were up at Prof. Adam's with Jack Stanley, and their infant bit Len's nose, and Helen's cheek when they tried to kiss him. I wonder if they did anything about it. Leonard's nose was quite swollen.

Thursday, August 24, 1893

Thurs. 24.

Last eve. Bird Gillespie was over on the piazza and we had quite a long visit. Today we took Bishop G. & daughters, Rev. Babcock, wife & daughter and Ida (leaving the others at home), sailed to the shore opposite Holy island and took 3½ hours for it. All went well on Pine Lake but after we got to the south arm, the wind was gusty or stopped entirely, so we tacked and tacked

⁹ The original version of "Old Uncle Ned" was a minstrel song written and composed by Stephen Foster and first published in 1848. See [Library of Congress](#) and [Clemons Library, University of Virginia](#).

& tacked. And the poor old Bishop got tired and sat in the bottom of the boat two different times, until he was so stiff he could hardly get up again. Bird G. was almost worn out, too – and hungry, too.

{#15, p.24} The first place we landed was hotter than Tophet – so we left the sail-boat there and rowed to a point farther on, where there was a breeze, and where we had our lunch. But we didn't feel inclined to roast corn or potatoes or pop the corn Miss Wheelock carried, as it was 2 o'clock.

The little girls waded a while – and I tried to catch a nap – for the sail had been pretty hard work for the “first mate” – besides the anxiety and the lugging of baskets – so I was fairly tired out.

Came home on the “Gordon” with Ben in tow, in the sail-boat – bailing her out and steering clear of the Gordon's stern, when they stopped.

In the eve. I was going right early to bed, but Bird G. came over and stayed 'till after nine o'clock. on our piazza. She is a great hand to speculate and query and question on all kinds of subjects.

Friday, August 25, 1893

Friday. 25 Aug.

We took out a party of six old maids whom the Misses Alexander invited. They were the most appreciative lot we have taken sailing. We found that the job got torn in the high wind on Pine Lake yesterday. We decided that the jib hung too low anyway – so we trimmed it off about nine inches and I hemmed it up, and sewed the rope on the edge again and it was quite a job too, especially as I had to sit in the row-boat to do it, and it was constantly changing position – and the rope was wet and hard.

In the eve. we had invited {#15, p.25} the picnic people over to eat the watermelon we didn't eat yesterday. They brought Rev. Stout and so we had quite an ecclesiastical crowd to play “telegrams.” Had melon, then chocolate and gingerbread, then popcorn. Bishop G. is a dear old man, and enters into games as nice as can be.

Saturday, August 26, 1893

Sat. 26.

Oh! Where is August going, so fast? Had a bright letter from Mr. Smits which we read and shouted over, crossing Round Lake. Finished mending the sail. Hot and still in the afternoon, so our family had to give up a sail. I was going to sketch the boat in Pine Lake, from Aldrich's dock. In the eve. we were invited to Gillespie's with about a dozen others – played games and ate watermelon. What makes the girls love D'Ooges so? Because they have a yacht, you know.

Monday, August 28, 1893

Monday 28.

Very windy. We started to sail, with Mrs. Beaman & daughter but could not stand Pine Lake. Cap. Wortley and the Meyers family took the opportunity to go on Lake Mich. and came back all wet. People are commencing to go already.

{#16, p.26}

Tuesday, August 29, 1893

Tues. Aug. 29. '93.

Quite cold. We put on our cloaks and went down to the beach. Leonard's pongee silk cloak came from Mrs. Farnam. I called on Mrs. Adams in the morning to ask them dow[n] for cards in the eve. but found them packing to go tomorrow at 7 o'clock. A.M. Leonard recites "One to free – bum'bee" and "Dack Horner sat i' torner" and "As I tossin Lun' bid."¹⁰

Wednesday, August 30, 1893

Wed. 30

Ben begrudged the whole of this lovely morning spent in auditing the acc'ts [accounts] of the Association with Mr. Ware. Cleared about \$5000. at the hotel.

In the afternoon we took the six old maid teachers from St. Louis again, with their friends to 17 people and had the best sail of the season.

In the eve. we invited Mr. & Mrs. Ware, Mr. & Mrs. Van Cleve and the Gillespies (Mrs. V. not coming, Ben went after Jane Stanley) – had cards – and served chocolate & cake & popcorn. Mr. Ware's 47th birthday.

Thursday, August 31, 1893

Thurs. 31st.

¹⁰ "One, two, three – bumblebee" may refer to a children's counting song; see Henry Carrington Bolton, *The Counting-Out Rhymes of Children* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1888), [Google Books](#). "Little Jack Horner" is an English nursery rhyme (see [Wikipedia](#)). One version of "As I Was Crossing London Bridge" appears as a children's nonsense rhyme in Western State Normal School English professor Bertrand L. Jones's "Folk-Lore in Michigan," *The Kalamazoo Normal Record* 4 no. 8 (1914), [HathiTrust](#).

Mending furiously all the morning. Bird G. & Jane S. over to go sketching in afternoon – but Ben had invited a crowd to sail. Went on Lake Mich and found it too calm to do much.

Took the Locys and Woods and Miss Natalia Wedemann. Ida & John Locy play very nicely. Little Jessie Wood nearly six is just a little smaller than Helen.

{#16, p.27}

Friday, September 1, 1893

Friday Sep. 1st. '93.

Raining all day and heavy wind. I went over to Gillespie's and we sketched from their window – a stormy looking result.

After tea they came for me to go down to the beach – took Flora, and found it well worth the bus fare; it was so rough, the waves dashed up to the lighthouse railing.

They have been having such terrific storms on the Atlantic coast! Waves washed twenty miles inland, and wrecks of vessels found five miles inland, thousands of lives lost.

Saturday, September 2, 1893

Sat. 2d.

Finished sketch of our cottage front and a bit of the lake. If any-one thinks it is easy to sketch the grass flecked with sunshine and leaf shadows – let them try it.

Took the Chamberlains and Southeys of St. Louis to sail – had eight babies and ten grown ups. Charming people.

Mrs. Ware called and the Van Cleves – a party call seems so out of place here.

Sunday, September 3, 1893

Sun. 3d.

Sunshine. Papa and his girls gone to the beach in the morning. A quiet day without any services. Last of such Sundays for a long time.

Monday, September 4, 1893

Mon. 4th

So hot we took our dinners down to Lake Mich. with Mrs. Beaman & Children. Ben gone trout fishing, but found the law was against him.

{#17, p.28}

Tuesday, September 5, 1893

Tues. Sep. 5th.

Ben took us out for a last sail – to celebrate Mrs. Beaman's 16th. wedding anniversary. The very best sail of the season. Coming home the spray dashed over us and got my rain coat all wet. The Locys went too – and enjoyed it hugely. Making a last sketch of yard – that is, putting on finishing touches.

Wednesday, September 6, 1893

Wed. 6th.

Off sketching all day – on the Chicago Resort – only going home for dinner. Ben thinks my birches show improvement. They all came after me in the boat, and the infants enjoyed running around on the island.

Every-one is leaving at once.

At the Bishop's in the evening – had popcorn – and made shadow-pictures.

Thursday, September 7, 1893

Thurs. 7th.

Packing. Sent off our boxes & hamper.

Called on Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Mahon & Jane. The latter has had such a good time sketching and has dozens of pictures to show for it. I hope we can have a teacher next summer.

All down street for final errands – getting a white & yellow scrap-basket for Ina Hay Lambert who was married yesterday.

The Gillespies gone – bidding us an affectionate farewell. Bird G. insisting that she will call for me next Sat. afternoon to visit Mrs. Torrey's studio, although [sic, although] I told her I might not have time to go.

Friday, September 8, 1893

Friday 8th.

Had a great time packing with hardly enough to keep things from rattling around. The hamper {#17, p.29} held so much. Off very comfortably at 2:30. Took chair-car and the babes had a fine time. When it got dark so we could not see the great pine forests – we came to some fragments or remains of forest fires. They looked very weird and unpleasant neighbors.

Reached G.R. at about 11 o'clock and found Jen and John waiting.

Saturday, September 9, 1893

Sat. 9th.

Down town with Ben & Ida shopping in the morning. Bought dark-blue cotton [sic, cotton] dresses for Ida & Helen (to be trimmed with embroidered ruffles about the shoulders), winter cloak for Ida, hat for Leonard, etc. Bird G. came after dinner and I went with her, and had a delightful time looking at Mrs. Torrey's pictures. When she got through I expressed admiration for an old darkey, smoking, and she said she would make me a present of it. Then I brought a "clover" piece for Ben's Christmas – for \$5.00. Her first price had been \$20.00 but she always comes down every year – and it was painted some time ago.

In the eve. they had invited all the relatives for a family "Kring" [Dutch: circle]. Jack Quintus & Nellie were there too. All talk was of the World's Fair. The Verdiers & Hazlewoods just returned and Quintus's just going. Served ices & cake & fruit & wine & beer. Had a little singing to wind up with.

{#18, p.30}

Sunday, September 10, 1893

Sun. Sep. 10th.

Went to the Cong. church to hear Mr. Bradley but had a howling Methodist imposed upon us. M.E. [Methodist Episcopal] Conference in town. Ida went with uncle John Westerhoff.

After dinner Mrs. DeBon & son, wife & baby came. Ben & John, Ida & Helen had gone to Ball Park. They all enjoy the babies more than ever before. All went over to Ridie's for tea. Kate had been out for dinner – and Nellie was there. Ent went back to Ct. [Connecticut] last Wednesday. K. & N. will visit me in the near future for how long? Had every-thing and ice-cream for lunch, and I had to hang on to the girlies to keep them within bounds. Ridie & John were determined to stuff them. Flora took them back about 8:30 and put them in bed.

Monday, September 11, 1893

Mon. 11th

Off in a hustle after a 6 o'clock breakfast, reaching home at 11:30. Mr. Smits met us and told us Mrs. Platt is dead – funeral at 2:30. Ben to help sing.

After dinner I unpacked 'till I got to my black silk, then went too.

Church meeting in the eve. and Ben is put in for S.S. supt. [Sunday School superintendent], greatly to his disgust, for he does not want to give up his bible-class.

Tuesday, September 12, 1893

Tues. 12.

Found Mary James washing when I came down stairs. As quick as ever – she was through a large wash about eleven o'clock. Len is having great fun discovering all his old treasures.

{#18, p.31} Mrs. Hay was in, and Mrs. Switzer, Mrs. Cowell and Mrs. Lambert. Bought a bu. [bushel] of tomatoes of Mrs. Holmes. Made 13½ qts. of soup and canned goods.

Wednesday, September 13, 1893

Wed Sep. 13. Canning again.

Girlies off for school – greatly grieving the heart of our sweet boy, who wanted “to doe tool too, Mamma!!!” He soon forgets all his troubles, though, and has great romps with George Hay.

Mr. & Mrs. S. came in the eve.

Cleaning and putting away all things between times, all day. Mr. Holmes family slept in their new home (at Sill's) first time.

Mrs. Hay called.

Thursday, September 14, 1893

Thurs. 14th.

Canning crab-apples – making peach pickles etc.

Went to A.A. for the afternoon. Found the new addition (over father's rooms) very fine. Ida working like a nailer & father too. Stayed to tea, and had quite a visit.

Father is distressed about finances. It seems, he was depending on collecting \$500. for his repairs from Hamilton, who failed last week. He will foreclose the mortgage.

At Mrs. Smits, right from the car. Did not go to prayer-meeting, it was too late.

Then the boys came home, and the Ss walked home with us. Mrs. Switzer came and brought me some flowers.

Friday, September 15, 1893

Friday 15.

Catsup & canned peaches today, also chili-sauce.

Reception at Normal for the new Principal D. Boone & his wife. Great crowd.

Saturday, September 16, 1893

Sat. Sep. 16. '93. Up at 6 o'clock.

Finishing up things – and mending. Jennie Sindicor came in P.M. for me to go and fix church flowers. Had all white & red.

In the eve. I sat up, mending 'till ten minutes of midnight, and didn't get through then.

Sunday, September 17, 1893

Sun. 17.

Quite cool so we were glad to have our little oil-stove going.

A large crowd at church and 22 in my infant class. Every-one seemed glad to have us back. The singing went off finely too. Ben had a solo.

After dinner I had a nap, & found father & aunt Ida here when I woke up. They brought a basket of sweet corn, and I sent back flowers & grapes.

The babes had a ride in the cart with papa. After they had gone we went down and Mr. Smits took us through the new parsonage. Very fine – every thing convenient and nine closets.

Flora at church tonight while I write up past history.

How Grandpa & aunt Ida did enjoy the babes – and how they did think Len has grown.

Monday, September 18, 1893

Mon. 18.

Mary James came in a driving rain – but it stopped in time to dry the clothes. Took my mending down to Mrs. Smits in the P.M. They were up in the eve. after we had returned from calling on the bride & groom next door.

{#19, p.33} Poor old Mr. Switzer makes me laugh telling how many bushels of flowers the Hays picked while we were away. He wanted to keep them all 'till we came home, I guess.

At Smits after church meeting, in eve.

Tuesday, September 19, 1893

Tues. 19th.

Cleaning attic before people are awake, mornings. Am surprised to find so little of buffalo moth ravages. Find plenty of shells and bugs, but not any thing eaten much.

Lee Smits with us today while his father, mother & Benj. are at A. Arbor. After school, I took all four down to see Grandma Higley, and Mrs. Sherzer.¹¹ The latter expects to be sick any day, and her oldest is three mo. older than Leonard – and another younger. I feel very sorry for her – she is not at all well. Took her a few roses from our yard – and one for Grandma H., who pinned it on, as she was going out to tea at Mrs. Yerkes.

Today made onion pickles and chopped tomatoes (“chaw-chaw,” Ben says) and a can of communion wine.

¹¹ Maude Jerome Sherzer (1866–1948), whose husband William Hittell Sherzer was a professor of natural sciences at the Michigan State Normal College; see [Find a Grave](#)

Thursday, September 21, 1893

Thurs. 21.

A heavy head-ache for two or three days. I might lay it to the sudden change of the weather – but am afraid I have been eating too much. A letter from Mart saying he may come out Saturday – and they may drive out any pleasant day with Mrs. Worcester, who wants to see the children. Went in at Smitses after church, with my mending, and they {#20, p.34} walked home with us. Very hot and windy tonight as if we might get more rain before morning.

Flora will stay with me the rest of this month and perhaps a little into Oct. if I do not succeed in getting another before then.

Friday, September 22, 1893

Friday 22. Sept.

A bright cold Fall day. Finished my pile of mending except stockings (8 prs.) and took them down to Mrs. Sherman's and sat a while. She seemed very grateful. Has been on her back 13 weeks from an accident on the electric cars in Chicago where her leg was fractured twice and shoulder badly wrenched. Also called on Mrs. White & daughter of Imlay city – inviting the latter to go to Missionary tea tomorrow P.M.

Also stopped to inquire after Mrs. Kirk's sick boy, and to call on Mrs. Coe, a new neighbor, and to invite Miss Chapman for tomorrow.

The babes have all caught the cold that is going the rounds. Ben had it first – but I have escaped any thing but a sore throat, which I stopped with two doses of Gels. [Gelsemium?]

In eve. we called on Mr. Sherrick and bride, Dr. & Mrs. Boone (not at home), Mr. & Mrs. Smith and Smits' (but they had retired). Have got back our silver lamp (that was in Hough's fire), but what a looking lamp! They tell us we must keep at him, if we expect to get any satisfaction out of him.

{#20, p.35}

Saturday, September 23, 1893

Sat. 23.

Ben rec. a telephone from Mart that he will be out this P.M. to play tennis and have a romp with the babes. I went to Miss. tea at four o'clock. (with two Normal kids) and introduced them as well as I could. About fifteen or twenty there – thank-offering \$6.15. It was held at Ainsworth's. Had a few slow exercises, and a nice tea. Query: Will my two candidates join?

I came home in time to pour tea for the gentleman of the house of D'Ooge.

The babes had great fun with Uncle Mart. He left at seven o'clock and Ben went to choir meeting – then home and we went to Normal Y.P.S.A. reception. Great jam.

Sunday, September 24, 1893

Sun. 24.

Rainy and cold. Ben started the furnace fire. We expected father & Ida to dinner. Had nineteen in my class, today. Afternoon Ben & Bastian went walking – and later my three infants went together to Mr. Smits for a walk and to take her some grasses for bouquet.

At service with Ben in the eve. Dr. Boone & family were there in the morning. Wonder if they will go to our church. Holmeses and D'Ooges stopped in a minute at the pastor's after church. Helen is sweet as peaches in her pretty red wrapper. Benjamin patted her around and said: "Mamma, what makes you plunk out so? Is it God or your vittles?"

{#21, p.36}

Monday, September 25, 1893

Mon. Sep. 25th. '93.

Flora sick in bed all day with stomach trouble – so I had a lively time doing the work and attending her. Better at night, so she got supper. Bless her heart, she is so good and faithful I would do anything to make her comfortable.

In the eve., in spite of tired back, head-ache and sore throat I went with Ben to a musical at Prof. Lodeman's. A Mrs. Z——ky (?) and son from Chicago. Some very fine piano music – but I wished there had been something else, to vary the monotony.

Dr. Boone & lady were the chief attractions – and very pleasant they are.

Tuesday, September 26, 1893

Tues. 26.

I have a kind of eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-ye-die ~~sort of~~ feeling now-a-days as the time approaches for Flora to leave. Really ought to make up my calls before she goes.

Geo. Hay's 4th. birthday and is in pants. I went over to look after Leonard at his first social departure, but did not succeed in restraining his ardour at the banquet, very much. They had sandwiches, jelly, four kinds of cake, two kinds of candy and ice-cream and bannanas [sic].

I went down street first time since my return and bought the young Geo. a pencil in a box with a key.

I wonder if they thought it was enough.

{#21, p.37} Ina hasn't mentioned our present to her yet. Wish we had kept it – I need a mending basket.

Wednesday, September 27, 1893

Wed. 27.

Helen is upset by the party, and ate no dinner or supper. Think that her bannana [sic] was rotten. My sore throat has gone to my lungs – heavy, and my head and eyes and back etc., just as every-one else is doing. An influenza which I had hoped to escape.

Smitses up in the eve. and cheers me up a bit so I forgot my wretched head.

A blank day.

Thursday, September 28, 1893

Thurs. 28.

Feel better, although I was up six times in the night with Leonard, who finally succumbed [sic, succumbed] to the grand stuffing at Hays.

Trying to mend, but not very much. Mrs. Ainsworth came to talk up memorial resolutions for Mrs. Platt, and Mrs. Lambie and daughter Eunice called. " " [Mrs. Lambie] almost never makes a call.

At service in the eve. and in to buzz the Smits crowd, afterwards. What comfort we four do take together, after the formality of a meeting.

Babes down to Smitses in the afternoon, & I went after them, to get my head out of doors.

Friday, September 29, 1893

Friday 29.

A blank of wretchedness. Mr. & Mrs. Smits up in the eve. Thank offering & memorial in the afternoon. \$13.75.

{#22, p.38}

Saturday, September 30, 1893

Sat. Sep. 30th.

I hear they are going to have a swimming tank in the Gym. and if I don't learn to swim it will be because I can't.

Canned five cans of pears and finished up cucumber pickles. Rainy day, but the babes had a lovely, lively day.

Last night a girl named Blanche Scott came to me and I have engaged her to come a week from today at \$2.00 pr. wk. I hope we will like her – but no-one can quite take our Flora's place. She will remain 'till the following Monday, and give the new one some help in learning my ways.

I had another application today from a woman 40 yrs. old – very anxious to come to me. Sent her to Mrs. Boone.

Sunday, October 1, 1893

Sun. Oct. 1st.

Had a fine sermon on the "Simplicity of Christ."

In the afternoon went with Ben & Mr. Smits to hear Dr. Boone lecture before Y.M.C.A. Nothing remarkable, but very earnest and plain.

Took a walk afterwards to Barbour's for a few moments. They have a funny little nervous, cross baby girl – and they are always distressed because she doesn't act good before company. She always seems to be sleepy, or tired or cutting teeth or something.

Monday, October 2, 1893

Mon. 2d.

Commenced running the house-hold expences [expenses]. Ben gives me \$50.00 a month and I use 20.00 for my {#22, p.39} personal allowance and the rest for my house-hold expences.

Almost forgot to get any thing for dinner.

Sewing with Mrs. Farnam.

Thursday, October 5, 1893

Thurs. 5th. Oct.

Nothing particular happens. Ida writes her name: "Ida D'Ooge secint grad." (2d. Grade)

This morning Mr. Worden's man came to paint and paper a little. Paper Ben's study ceiling and the back hall. But and (asleep)

We had not thought of cleaning any today, but took up the sitting-room rug and had Mr. Switzer whip it and left it up till the work is done.

At Smits' after service.

Friday, October 6, 1893

Friday 6.

L.A. Society at Mrs. Childs – eight there and in spite of my nice plans – I was put in again for president, Mrs. Childs is vice-pres. and Mrs. George Sec. [Secretary].

Saturday, October 7, 1893

Sat. 7.

A busy day. Did up my work before leaving for the picnic.

Fourteen of us walked down to the river – and divided – seven in boats and the rest walking towards Starkweather's grove.

Had a delightful time – a good dinner: Sandwiches, biscuit pickles, pressed veal, coffee (Ben made), stuffed eggs, gingerbread & cookies – peaches and grapes. Then all played "Pussy wants a tree,"¹² to settle our too-bountiful repast.

On our way home, we met our three infants with Flora and Blanche (the new one). Flora is to stay over Sunday and help B. a little, in getting acquainted with things.

¹² Likely a variation on "pussy wants a corner," described by [Merriam-Webster](#) as "a game in which all players but one occupy goals (as the corners of a room) and at a signal try to exchange places before the one having no place of his own can reach one of the vacant goals." See [this 1912 photo](#), digitized by the Wisconsin Historical Society (Image ID 4404).

{#23, p.40} In the eve. we attended Young peoples reception at Prof. George's. The Boones were there in full force, so I guess it is settled that they will come to our church. There was a large crowd out and had a good time. Afterwards, although I was dead tired, Mr. Smits said we must come down there a minute – and he brought out a great new coffee boiler, presented to Ben by the picnic party. Also a strainer. We must have them all over some evening to dedicate it.

Sunday, October 8, 1893

Sun. Oct. 8th. 93

The Worden painter worked at varnishing the parlors & hall until yesterday P.M., so we could do nothing at settling. This morning it was nearly dry, so we spread our rugs, put up shades and straightened out things.

Thought it less wicked to do so, than to have my family so uncomfortable all Sunday.

Father came out to dinner and then he took me and the babes in the road-cart, out for a ride. All (but me) got out to pick flowers – and were very happy. Grandpa as well as his babies.

Monday, October 9, 1893

Mon. 9th.

The girls are washing and doing the kitchen work, while I try to help Mrs. Farnam. She has made Ida & Helen each dark blue dresses trimmed with white, Len a flannel dress (Ida's old one) and Helen a new blue " [flannel] – made over Ida's green ready for school this winter, fixed Ida's new cloak, {#23, p.41} smaller about the neck, etc., etc.

In the afternoon I started out and made seventeen calls. They all insisted on my making regular visits, so it took me too long.

Mr. & Mrs. S. up in the eve.

Tuesday, October 10, 1893

Tues 10.

Flora off at six-thirty, and we all hated to see her go.

Wednesday, October 11, 1893

Wed. 11th.

Mrs. Childs came to see about the social. (Guess it is a good thing in the asleep) Took me with her, down street and to poke up our entertainment com. for Friday eve. Aunt Ida came out just for tea. Her green girl isn't much good working alone.

Thursday, October 12, 1893

Thurs. 12.

Pitching into Mending; and down to Dr. James office at quarter of eleven. He filled two teeth and charged \$2.00.

Saw numbers of people down street with ~~it would~~ (asleep) cloaks on and thick jackets.

It is so warm I took my mending out on the piazza.

At Mr. Smits after service as usual – also the Holmes & Barbours.

Friday, October 13, 1893

Friday 13.

Dark day. Went down st. in afternoon with Blanche & babies, and it commenced to drizzle. Settled into steady pour before time for the social at Barnum's.

{#24, p.42} We went to the pumpkin-pie social and found more there than we had expected. Had pumpkin lanterns on the piazza and around the rooms. Served pie & cheese, after sandwiches & coffee.

Ben sang and Mame Wood, and the Barnum children played. Blanche B. plays very nicely on the violin.

Saturday, October 14, 1893

Sat. Oct. 14th.

This cold drizzle decided Ben that our gas stove isn't enough, so started the furnace fire again today.

Mrs. Farnam didn't come. A splendid day to catch up with things.

Ben's sister Nell & Kate are coming to A.A. next Tuesday – so says a card from Kate.

Leonard is sweeter every day. When he wants to give a big jump down a step he stops and counts 10 first. In these busy days when I have to write up past history so much, the babes sayings and doings are neglected. Ida enjoys her work in the 2d Grade, and has read the 2d. Reader through by herself. They are all well and hearty as little pigs. Never have seen them eat so much.

In the eve. I took H's dress that I was finishing down to Smits' in the rain. Ben came after choir-meeting.

{#24, p.43}

Sunday, October 15, 1893

Sun. 15.

Dark day and cold, cold. Wore my fur and was comfortable.

The babes have gone for a walk around the block.

Blanche does fairly well, in her work. She is faithful and anxious to please.

Ladies Aid next Friday and I have charge of the Miss. Soc'y Sat. and will have to "hump myself," as Ben says.

At evening service – subj. "We are all co-laborers with God."

Monday, October 16, 1893

Mon. 16.

Bright & cold. Mrs. F's last day, and there goes \$10.00. The money has just melted away this month. Have bought and used three of Harris' \$5.00 coupons, and if Nell & Kate come here next week I shall have to go into bankruptcy.

In the eve. we (Helen S. and I) went down to see Grandma Higley, and had a good visit. She is such a dear bright old lady.

Tuesday, October 17, 1893

Tues. 17.

Nothing unusual during the day. At Mr. Swing's lecture in the eve. Subj. "The Novel in Literature." He was too sick to talk and should have stayed at home, but left out part and it was very fine. We were glad to hear him, after hearing so much about him. A very homely man, but one forgets his looks when he is talking.

{#25, p.44}

Wednesday, October 18, 1893

Wed. Oct. 18th. '93.

Funeral of Mrs. Clark (Mrs. Perkins mother). Mr. Smits, Ranney George, Sue. A. and I sang. After waiting and looking around nervously for a while, the undertaker came and tapped Mr. S. on the shoulder and asked him if we brought the minister with us. Mr. S. answered that he didn't know of any other beside himself. Then how dreadfully the poor little undertaker felt.

After the funeral, Mrs. George and I made calls on Mrs. Rogers, Christ, Cornwell & Stanbridge. The latter is the queerest woman – sat all during our call with her back to us, and looking out the window – only turning twice to look at me while talking. At Mrs. Smits in the eve. with my work.

Thursday, October 19, 1893

Thurs. 19th.

Into the mending, and making pineapple jelly – 9 glasses – a beautiful amber gold.

At service in eve. and at Smits', of course.

Friday, October 20, 1893

Friday 20.

It is too bad, after my running my feet off to get people to the Ladies' Aid – that it should rain. But it stopped a little, after dinner, so there were twelve came. Made plans for our annual tea, to be given at the parsonage, before pastor is in it. We hoped to have it next week, but they say the wood-work will have to be rubbed and polished so much, can't have it for two weeks. Had a great time trying to keep twelve chattering women down to business.

{#25, p.45} Afterwards, Mrs. Holmes and I went to look at the new mantel they are putting up at the parsonage \$45.00 – gas-fixtures \$50.00 and shades about \$20.00 all by the L.A.S.

In the eve. Mr. & Mrs. S. came up and we had Logomachy. Not many more evenings together without interruptions.

Gave them cookies and orangene.

Saturday, October 21, 1893

Sat. 21.

What a busy day! Seems as if I was on the jump every minute of the morning. At Miss. Society, where I had the meeting in charge Subj. "A chapter of Results." Had a few statistics and some pathetic stories and some items from sermons. They all said it was a very good program. I took Miss White (Imlay) and Miss Wilson (S. Haven).

After meeting, hustled home and fixed 2 doz. sandwiches for children's tea at Mrs. Childs', got the children ready and took all three. Blanche was off with her mother and relatives, and Mr. Ben I told to go to Mr. Smits' for supper.

The youngsters seemed to enjoy themselves at the social immensely. Home about 7 o'clock. Leonard behaved all the time like a little darling, and didn't make a bit of trouble.

Sunday, October 22, 1893

Sun. 22

A bright October sunshine. Blanche at M.E. church and didn't get home 'till after 12:30 on account of communion. Must make some other plans about Leonard's nap, Sundays.

{#26, p.46} After dinner aunt Ida came – and Walter & Kate. We were down looking at the parsonage and Leonard had a bad fall and bumped his nose, so it bled badly, and is all swollen. When we came home found Kate and Walter behind doors hiding. All stayed to lunch.

Monday, October 23, 1893

Mon. Oct. 23d.

Rainy morning, but cleared off in time to dry the clothes. A letter from Flora, written at Chicago where she is attending the Fair with her husband, Mr. Philip Parkhouse. She made quick time in her preparations after leaving here.

Tuesday, October 24, 1893

Tues. 24.

Nell & Kate came on 3:30 motor. The infants delighted to see them.

We are going to invite the picnic people over Friday night to dedicate the new coffee-boiler that they gave Ben.

Kate wrote the cards after I had sketched the coffee-pot.

Mr. Smits called on them in the eve.

Wednesday, October 25, 1893

Wed. 25.

A lovely day. All took a ride in the afternoon, and expect to go again next Saturday. Played dominoes in the eve. Nell is helping me good with my manding, and Kate is splendid with the children – so full of devices.

Out soliciting for the annual tea, with Mrs. E. Trim.

{#26, unnumbered insert}

[An invitation written in pencil on a small white card with a sketch of a metal coffee boiler; the boiler has tapered sides and a wide base, a bail handle on trefoil mounts, a wide spout, and a second handle at the base to facilitate pouring]

You are cordially invited to a P.O.T.H. Reunion

Friday eve. Oct. 27th '93

423 Ballard st. (over)

[A note is written in pencil on the back of the invitation, asking the recipient to write a stanza for an ode to the coffee pot]

Will you please contribute a stanza to the dedicatory ode upon the "Coffee-pot"?

{#27, unnumbered insert}

[Handwritten song lyrics, an ode to the coffee pot, patterned after the traditional German song "O Tannenbaum"]

After the German, "Tannenbaum."

Tune, Beulah Land.

O Coffee-pot! O Coffee-pot! how precious are thy contents!

Dear not alone in quiet home,

But when afar for sport we roam!

O Coffee-pot! O Coffee-pot! how precious are thy contents!

O Cook so skilled! O Cook so skilled! how blessèd is thy mission!

To tempt us in prosperity,

To cheer us in adversity!

O Cook so skilled! O Cook so skilled! how blessèd is thy mission!

The wife I know, the wife I know! thou tak'st for thine example!

She surely taught thee, one of few,

The fragrant coffee thus to brew!

The wife I know, the wife I know! thou tak'st for thine example!

The Huron bank! the Huron bank! is witness of thy triumph!

So long as we our walks do take,

So long will we our cook you make!

The Huron bank! the Huron bank! is witness of thy triumph!

Dedicated to the Coffee-pot but especially to the Cook!

(N.B. All rights reserved.)

{#27, p.47}

Thursday, October 26, 1893

Thurs. 26.

Rain all day. Blanche went to Saline to see her Grandfather, so I spent the day in the kitchen.

All at eve. service. Invited to the Episcopal reception for students, but Nell & Kate didn't want to go.

In to see the Smitses & Grandma Hull after service.

Friday, October 27, 1893

Friday 27.

Bright & cold, and we had quite a number of calls: Mrs. Hay, Miss Higley, Mrs. Smits & Mrs. Holmes.

Ladies' Aid in afternoon. I went to see Mrs. Sherman on my way. She is better, so she can walk a little by limping. At L.A.S. we looked at samples of shades for parsonage and postponed the annual tea 'till November.

Ida's spelling words instead of speaking them amuses us greatly. We had pudding with custard sauce and she said: "Mamma, I don't want any q-s-t-r-d on mine."

In the eve. we had our coffee-pot re-union, invited those who presented Ben's to him, after the picnic. Had great fun. Indeed they all declared they never had a better time. We served lemon-ice & cake and coffee, all sitting around the dining-table.

Saturday, October 28, 1893

Sat. 28.

No ride for us today. Cold, rainy and disagreeable. All played dominoes in the eve. Nell & Ben beating Kate & me.

{#28, p.48} Great times I have had this week – flying about the kitchen, rushing things together, and scurrying in to visit a moment and then slipping out to get something for them to eat.

So tired at night that I could drop, if I had time.

Sometimes I was so discouraged with Blanche that it seemed as if I must give up trying to teach her.

Her greatest trouble is her perfect satisfaction with herself. Today she said the most encouraging thing I have heard – and that was that she "thought, when she first came that she knew a lot about house-keeping, but had decided she didn't after all."

She has some good qualities and would make a capable woman if her mind can be cultivated a little.

Sunday, October 29, 1893

Sun. Oct. 29.

Walter came out, just in time to take dessert with us.

In the eve. I went with Nell to the M.E. Church, and found that Mr. Ryan is not even queer enough to be interesting. The worst thing he said was (in speaking of the story of Mary & Martha) – “Christ answered and said: But one thing is needful.” “Now some folks say he meant that the one thing is a right spirit – but I think that he meant they didn’t need but one thing for supper – just bread would be enough.”

{#28, p.49}

Monday, October 30, 1893

Mon 30.

Nell & Kate up to chapel again, so I had a chance to clear up and get the dishes out of the way. They helped at the dishes three or four times *while with us*.

They left at 2:30, on the motor, and will leave A.A. Wednesday morning.

Aunt Ida came out for tea and spent the eve. Mr. & Mrs. George called and the Smits contingent. Had a very pleasant chat.

Tuesday, October 31, 1893

Tues. 31.

Mrs. Walton & Miss W. called. What has come over them? I just called there about a week ago.

Down street in afternoon, and at Mr. Strong’s stereopticon lecture, “A Run through Northern Italy.” Not very great success.

Wednesday, November 1, 1893

Wed. Nov. 1st. '93

Mrs. Allen called to invite us there for tea Friday. Made a short call on Mrs. Boone and took her to L.A.S. at Mrs. George’s. At 4 o’c. she took me to Pease’s recital at the Normal.

Mr. & Mrs. Smits up in the eve. for a last game of Logomachy before Helen’s mind and time will be otherwise engaged. Ben beat, in spite of Helen’s declaration to the contrary when she first came. Said she “came up to beat” us.

Had a jolly time, as usual.

{#29, p.50}

Thursday, November 2, 1893

Thurs. Nov. 3^d.

Mrs. Holmes and I made several church calls – and then down street.

The babes are good as gold when I leave them, and I think Blanche is very good to them.

Service in eve. and in to see Helen a minute, afterwards.

Friday, November 3, 1893

Friday 4th! [sic]

Lee came up after dinner to spend the afternoon, with this note:

[The text wraps around a space where a note was once pasted in, but the note is missing]

We looked in their windows, on the way to Allen's and she was lying on the lounge. When we left Allen's Dr. Hull had come.

We had a kind of a pokey time at the tea-party. A queer crowd, and some we did not know. At our table were Cap. Allen (a big, fat boor) and Mrs. Burton, who only smiles. Ben told a lot of good stories and Allen tried to keep up with him, but couldn't.

Afterwards we went to the oyster-supper at Mr. Holmes'. About fifty there – made about \$13.00 at 25¢ a head. Served oysters, & crackers & pickles. Coffee, grapes & cake. Had some music before we arrived. Played some kindergarten games to amuse the young folks.

{#29, p.51}

Saturday, November 4, 1893

Sat. 5th

Busy as usual. Made about 10 calls in the afternoon. Ben at A.A. – home just in time to snatch his music and fly off to choir-meeting. I gave him hot oysters when he did get time for supper. Then we played some "cribbage." Wedding cake from Flora. Went to see the Smits baby.

Sunday, November 5, 1893

Sun. 6 5.

Wrote to Flora. My day at home. Was only out for S. School and for a walk with Helen & Leonard and took them to see "Ame Smits," a great, fine boy.

Our dear Helen S. looks pale, but happy, even if it is a boy. Says "three boys are better than three girls, anyway."

Read Bret Harte's "Cressy" in the eve. and the "Outlook." My first taste of Bret Harte. The love passages are strong, and the description of the niner's [or miner's] slow, lazy-voiced, swift-armed ~~vengeance~~ revenge for insults, fancied or real.

But the finest passages were descriptive of child-life. Shall long remember the comical Johnny Fillgee or Filgee with his close study of human-nature.

Monday, November 6, 1893

Mon 7 6

This morning when Leonard was being dressed he came to me, holding up a garment and saying: "Diss is mine pants." We thought it was awfully tunnin'.

{#30, p.52} In the afternoon I was down street doing errands. Took my brown cape back to have the collar changed. Do not know but it was extravagant to buy it now, but I really have nothing for between weather. It was \$9.00, but I shall not get much of anything else this winter. My winter suit will do again nicely, and my fur cape is just as good as four years ago, for all I can see. Mrs. Dunham came to invite us there for tea tomorrow.

Tonight we heard our favorite Mrs. Johnston-Bishop sing at Normal Hall. She was in splendid voice, and resplendent in black lace with dots of rainbow spangles all over it, and worn over rainbow satin. The harpist with her was good but sounded tame compared with her glorious voice. Aunt Ida came out and went with us, and enjoyed it thoroughly.

Tuesday, November 7, 1893

Tues Nov. 8 7

Am making stockings for the babes out of my old ones. We were invited at 5:30 to the tea-party (I thought we) and I waited, all ready, for Ben 'till after six. Then we hurried down to Mrs. Dunham's, only to find the parlors filled with ladies as far as the eye could reach, and no men. Poor Ben had his coat off and was in it before we discovered the mistake. I felt so bad I could have cried, {#30, p.53} but had to whisper the state of affairs to him and – as Prof. George

expressed it later – he “formed a hollow square and retreated in good order.” Of course they all bothered me about it. At the tables were folded papers containing some jumbled words (purporting to be in cipher) – like this:

“Light through east, and, sun, and already sick
What yonder the Juliet fair kill is and
Soft! Window is as arise, the who pale
But breaks, it the sun! envious moon with grief” etc.

The key to the cipher is contained in the (letters) of the words up & down.

[An arrow snakes through the jumbled verse; following its path reveals four lines of Romeo’s soliloquy in the balcony scene, Act 2, scene 2 of William Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*: “But soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief”]

Mrs. George & I guessed it first, and drew cuts for the prize – which I got: a Shakespeare Birthday Book.

When I came home I crept quietly in to the house, and went to mending. Shortly after, I heard stealthy footsteps approaching, and the stairs creaking a little, and suddenly there came an old slipper, and then another and then some pillows and then my poor old Ben, who got toted to a party without being invited. I thought he behaved very well under the circumstances.

Wednesday, November 8, 1893

Wed. 9 8.

Helen was sick in the night – bad cold and disordered stomach – too much tea-party at Foley’s. Today she is playing around with Leonard – but coughing {#31, p.54} and not eating much.

In the eve. after putting my babes in bed, Ben & I went up to call on Mrs. Worcester at Ann Arbor.

They were all at home, but Mart was going to a party at 9 o’c. He said he had expected us all up to spend the afternoon and have a nice visit – as if we were likely to do that, without any invitation. Home about 10 o’clock.

We stopped in to look at aunt Ida a moment, and she showed me the rooms and the new girls.

Thursday, November 9, 1893

Thurs. Nov. ~~40~~ 9th.

Down again to take dessert to our Helen Smits. She is getting along splendidly. Ben sent her flowers.

Helen is sick on the lounge all day. Dull and quiet with cough and pain in stomach. Sent for Dr. Frazer who said scarlet fever was around and we must be careful. I got scared because I couldn't stop her fever with aconite & spongia. He said aconite & belladonna [sic, belladonna] for that kind of throat and white tongue with red edges.

Miss Towner called. Len is so sweet in his efforts to amuse "poo" 'Ellum."

We all went to bed early, as I was up quite a little, the last two nights.

Ida is happy because she sleeps with her papa.

A letter from cousin Maud C. [Codington, Coddington].

{#31, p.55}

Friday, November 10, 1893

Friday ~~44~~ 10th.

Another child's party at Prof. Pease's, but I have told Helen nothing about it – she would be so grieved not to go. Ida slipped into clean clothes and slipped away and I let the babies have a tea-party supper on the little table. Helen ate a little more, she has but not enough to boast about. Leonard had not eaten anything since breakfast, so he had quite an appetite.

Mrs. Wortley and Molly called.

Ida came home with papa about 7 o'clock. ~~and~~ bringing an orange and a candle for Helen.

Saturday, November 11, 1893

Sat. ~~42~~ 11th

Not sleeping very much, because I am with Helen and she cuddles and coughs so much. Their night coughs do not show very much improvement, though they both play around quite contentedly during the day.

Almost a head-ache, owing to my worry and flurry about Blanche. I fairly hold my breath while she is washing dishes, for fear she will break some more, and while she is cooking, for fear she will burn some more. Some more bread to throw away because she didn't follow the receipt with

her yeast. Ben declares I ought to send her flying, but I have a new reason for {#31a, p.56} 5 not giving her up. Heard today, that Mrs. Ben Thompson couldn't do anything with her, and people are wondering how Mrs. D'Ooge will make out.

Ben & I played Halma in the eve. and I beat him, which is an un-heard-of thing.

Y.P.S.C.E. annual earlier in the evening.

Sunday, November 12, 1893

Sun. Nov. ~~13~~ 12

"A bad day for the race." Blanche got up up with a howling stomach-ache (and went back again, when I came down), and made such a noise, it took my appetite away. So, I remained at home all day, pegging around, and cuddling Leonard between-whiles – for he had his first hard ear-ache. Poor little fellow, how he did want his mamma, and how hard it was to neglect him when I wanted to rock him.

He struggled to be brave & patient; and he would push on his ear and say: "It hates so bad, mama." Ida tried to help me by taking him and Helen out for a walk. Bless her little heart. In the eve. reading Maarten Maarten's story: "The Greater Glory."

Monday, November 13, 1893

Monday ~~14~~ 13.

Blanche not washing. I finished copying the picture to send to Flora; and in the afternoon walked down st. for errands and over the river to see Mrs. Perkins. Stopped in to see Mrs. Ben Thompson, and {#31b, p.57} found that it was true – what I had heard, that she could do nothing with B. and only kept her a week – then went to boarding because she couldn't keep her.

Stopped at sister Smits and found she had been up four hours. Too long (for her symptoms showed it afterwards.)

Tuesday, November 14, 1893

Tues. ~~15~~ 14

Quite a snow-storm.

Thursday, November 16, 1893

Thurs. ~~47~~ 16th.

Am sorry, I have neglected my diary so long that Tues. & Wed. are a blank.

Thurs. I trotted around all the afternoon on church business – determined to have a good attendance Friday, to plan for the “house-warming.” Wrote the notice for the “Commercial.”

In the eve. called at Boone's, & Todd's before church. Mrs. Holmes I'm afraid is going to have serious trouble with her bruised leg.

November 17, 1893

Friday ~~48~~ 17.

Last night my poor baby waked at 4 o'clock, crying with ear-ache, and has not been free from it many moments, all day. Blanche coddled him while I went to L.A.S. late, to talk business, Guess everything is planned all right. Walked home with Mrs. Boone, and I guess she is going to take hold of the work splendidly. Mrs. Beeman & Ralph called, before L.A.S., also Mrs. White and daughter.

{#32, p.58}

Saturday, November 18, 1893

Sat. Nov. ~~47~~ 18th.

Poor Leonard did not sleep much last night. The best thing seems to be to blow chloroform through a pipe. But nothing seems to give permanent relief. The poor baby wants his mamma all the time.

Sunday, November 19, 1893

Sun. ~~20~~ 19.

Cold & snowing again, a little.

Had a fine sermon on the “Fruit of the Spirit.”

Came home before S.S. because Ida came and said Leonard was crying again. Found him all right, in bed. Last night he was only awake three times – and is much better, we think. Had a number of callers, so we couldn't go to see poor sick Sara George. First Miss Sherwood came,

and was closeted with Ben two hours, talking religion (?). Then Mr. Holmes came, full of the parsonage debt. Is determined to pay it up before Friday eve. and B. Smits came to inquire after Leonard. So Ben went to George's and inquired, and found Mrs. G. lying down stairs on the sofa – a little better.

Read my Maarten Maarten's story in the eve. One disadvantage of reading it in serial, is that I cannot as readily refer back to fine passages, as I think of them afterwards.

Leonard complained a little again, of his ear. Poor little sweet-heart, he tries so hard to be patient, "but it hates so, mamma."

{#32, p.59}

Monday, November 20, 1893

Mon 20.

Spent the afternoon riding around in fine style in Dr. Boone's surrey, doing church-work. There are some compensations.

Sent regrets to party given by Knowltons and Greene's at Ann Arbor. A dancing party.

Little Mr. & Mrs. Smith came to invite us there to tea, Wednesday.

Tuesday, November 21, 1893

Tues. ~~22~~ 21.

All over town with Leonard, in the morning, doing church errands.

Mending, after dinner, and to bed with splitting head-ache at 8:30. Result of too much prowling around at nights with my poor baby. No wonder he feels bad.

Wednesday, November 22, 1893

Wed. ~~23~~ 22

At committee meeting in the parsonage, and found we are short of oysters & cold meat.

At the Smith's for tea. Dr. Boone was sick with influenza, so Julia Sherman was invited to take his place. Had a nice visit and fine supper: Fried chicken, creamed potatoes, olives, orange marmelade [sic, marmalade], coffee, lady fingers & grapes.

Thursday, November 23, 1893

Thurs. ~~24~~ 23.

Down to help hang pictures at the parsonage and up to Becker's, so had to stay home from church in the eve and keep quiet, mending.

Leonard is quite like himself again. Auntie brought Helen home last night, after being at A.A. nearly a week. Poor auntie was sick with heavy cold, too.

{#32a, p.60}

Friday, November 24, 1893

Friday Nov. ~~25~~ 24.

A very busy day. Went down in the morning to wash & wipe the hired dishes. Mrs. Ainsworth washed them, and Mrs. Elliott & I wiped them and put away.

In the afternoon I went to see Abbie Owen about playing and then came home and made salad dressing for Mrs. Holmes' cabbage, and fixed oysters in dish ready to bake. Went down about 5:30 after resting my back a few minutes. It seemed so queer not to be flying around waiting on people. Ben & I went to supper at Mrs. Barbour's and Lillie S's table, with Mame Wood and Louise George waitresses.

Then I went over to see to things at the church. Every-thing passed off finely. Mrs. Hodge sang and Miss Warner & Miss [Blue?], Miss Day and Miss Damon played, also Mr. Rorison on his horn etc. etc.

We cleared about 10 o'clock.

John Weston brought me home, which I thought a fine scheme.

Saturday, November 25, 1893

Sat. ~~25~~ 26th.

Blanche announced that mamma wants her to come home, and go where she can earn 2.50, and where she won't have to stay at home evenings, also to be one of the family. I've decided I do not want a girl too good either. She would like to go to prayer-meeting every night.

{#32a, p.61} After dinner I put Helen down for her nap, then Ida & I went down and saw. Helen Smits go into her new home.

They worked like troopers today, to get the carpets down, and things in their places.

Helen walked, in state from a close carriage to the house, while Ida & I stood on either side to welcome her. Afterwards we went to call on Mrs. George, who gains strength very slowly.

In the eve. I beat Ben at "Halma."

November , 1893

Sun. ~~27~~ 26.

Busy all day 'till four o'clock. when Walter V. came, and he & Ben went after a wash-woman. Ida & Helen went to Junior Society and Leonard & I went for a little walk. He had not been out doors for so many days, he enjoyed it, though he had to have his mouth covered. Has a constant little hack-hack cough, which is not tight either. Dr. Frazer says "sepia," but I haven't much faith in it. When we came home, found aunt Ida here. She and Walter left on 7:30 motor. We are to go to Grandpa's for Thanksgiving dinner.

Mary James coming to wash Wednesday.

Monday, November 27, 1893

Mon. ~~28~~ 27th.

A dark, dark rainy day. I get along with my work much better than when I was alone, before {#33, p.62} Flora could come. Today, washed the stockings & dish towels, and scrubbed around generally. Am slowly getting things brightened up again. It is a marvel how much we eat, now that Blanche is gone. It is strange that I didn't notice the rest of the family didn't care to eat, any more than I did. Nothing was made to taste good. Either burnt, or sloppy or raw or tasteless or solid salt! How did we ever stand it so long!

Ben & Mr. Smits gone this evening to a farewell reception given to Rev. & Mrs. Cheney, at Prof. Putnam's. Rainy.

Tuesday, November 28, 1893

Tues. Nov. ~~29~~ 28.

Rain all day. Have heard of two or three girls, but I'm getting along very well without one. What a luxury it would be not to depend upon any outside help. Ida wipes the silver in the morning, and Helen after dinner, and Leonard wants to help every time. They place them on the table in very nice order, too. Sat up 'till between eleven and twelve, finishing darning our stockings.

Wednesday, November 29, 1893

Wed. ~~30~~ 29.

Mary James washing. So rainy she had to hang them all in the house.

Ben took Ida up to A.A. and we all expect to go tomorrow morning.

Last night we went to hear Prof. Julia King's lecture on the Ladies' Library Course – Pretty {#33, p.63} stiff and heavy historical study of English Constitution. Not adapted to any but history students. Ben's comes next week – Subj. "Latin Lyrics" – and I am sure will be in a more popular vein.

After the lecture we went in to see the folks at the parsonage. They are so happy to think they moved before this rainy time.

Mr. Switzer came in and read the papers while we were away.

The infants are busy drawing pictures most of the time. Helen's are the most original and imaginative, I think.

Thursday, November 30, 1893

Thurs. ~~Dec. 31st.~~ Nov. 30th. 1893.

I have made fine work with my dates this month.

I flew every minute this morning to get the work done before 10:26.

We rushed down to the corner, and then waited, and walked and waited & learned after about half an hour of it that the time was changed to 11 o'clock. Our usual luck.

We had a nice Thanksgiving party of just the family as all the girls were gone. Had a fine dinner: Roast turkey (soup first), Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, scalloped oysters, olives, celery, cranberries, pumpkin-pie, apple-pie, plum pudding, oranges, nuts, raisins, bananas, figs, dates, candies etc.

Hope the infants will survive.

{#34, p.64} Ben & Helen came home, and the rest of us stayed over night.

After dinner we all took a walk in a wet snow-storm, and then played games, which Grandpa enjoyed watching. Leonard was the sweetest rose-bud in his clean white dress. Ben too busy with his latin to play with us.

Friday, December 1, 1893

Friday Dec. 1st. '93.

Home about half-past-ten, and found Mary J. ironing, and Helen building her blocks like a sweet kitten. Then I had to fly and do up my work and wash the breakfast dishes in time to get dinner. A girl came and I have engaged her for a week's trial. Am afraid she is sickly. Mended way into the night. Am glad I finished the stockings anyway.

Saturday, December 2, 1893

Sat. 2d.

This day a perfect blank of tired back and no chance to sit down. Had a turkey to fix and bread to make, extra – besides girl's room to clean and put in order after that sloven Blanche. Ben calls her yet the "Goly Host."

In the night Leonard was awake, and to pass away the time, I heard him whispering: "Diddle diddle dumpty, my son Don, wen'ty bed wi tottins on, one soo h'off one soo h'on, didy dumpin my son Don."¹³ Had never heard him say it before, and thought it awfully tweet.

{#34, p.65} He sings about his play, "Yes Shee-shus lubs me, Yes Shee-shus lubs me, De baa-ble tell meso."¹⁴ Then came to me with: "Mamma, what mates Shee-shus lubs me so?" He is sweet – but my heart is heavy with forebodings.

Sunday, December 3, 1893

Sun. 3d.

Is chiefly memorable from having roast turkey for dinner, and from the memory of an hour's nap. I have to sit up so late mending that my days drag if I don't have at least a little sleep.

Home all day ~~except when~~ all day. (asleep.)

Monday, December 4, 1893

Mon. 4th.

¹³ "Diddle, Diddle, Dumpling, My Son John" is an English nursery rhyme (see [Wikipedia](#)).

¹⁴ "Jesus Loves Me" is a Christian hymn especially popular with children that originated in the 1860s, with lyrics by Anna Bartlett Warner and a tune by William Batchelder Bradbury (see [Wikipedia](#)).

My new girl Fannie Collier from the country, came. Before she arrived I had an interview with another caller who wanted a place. But do not think I should have liked her – too much powder and saucy eyes & nose.

Tues. 5th. Made five church business calls in the morning, with my little bunch on his sled.

Mon. 4th. L.A.S. at Mrs. Worden's in afternoon. Seven there. Voted to increase our parsonage subscription to \$200.

Tuesday, December 5, 1893

Tues. 5th.

This history written up in a hurry.

This afternoon I was home all day mending after dinner not – guess I had better go to bed. (asleep)

Wednesday, December 6, 1893

Wed. 6.

Fannie seems to take hold quite well. Had Mary James wash today. Y.W.C.A. social in {#35, p.66} the evening, with Fannie.

Thursday, December 7, 1893

Thurs.

Friday, December 8, 1893

Friday Dec. 8th.

Made angel's cake and fussed around getting ready for tomorrow eve. Am going to serve bouillon & wafers – raw oysters, chicken salad, bread & butter, olives, salted almonds, cake and macaroons, lemon jelly, charlotte russe and chocolate. Rather the swellest lunch we have served. Have invited Dr. and Mrs. Boone, Mr. & Mrs. Lodeman, " [Mr. & Mrs.] George, " [Mr. & Mrs.] Smits, " [Mr. & Mrs.] Smith and will have carnations for centre piece and for each guest.

After dinner walked down street and to call on Mrs. Yerkes, Mrs. Allen & Helen Smits. Mrs. Hull going home tomorrow. Oh, so tired.

Saturday, December 9, 1893

Sat. 9.

Misty, rainy day. Had a dozen girls here in the afternoon, lining baskets for our own basket sale next week. Gave them bouillon & wafers. In the eve. they seemed to have a good time. I had to be in the kitchen quite a little, but Fannie waited on table very nicely. All came but Mrs. Smits and Mrs. Lodeman.

Sunday, December 10, 1893

Sun. 10.

Ida has a sore throat, caught cold playing in Hay's attic yesterday.

I was at church, first time in three Sundays. And to hear Prof. Barbour in Normal Hall in the afternoon.

{#35, p.67}

Monday, December 11, 1893

Mon. 11th

Snow very deep and cold.

Helen went alone to kindergarten, and Ida played with Leonard. Am giving her aconite & belladonna – and blowing sulphur [sic, sulphur] in her throat. Some cankered.

At Temple Quartette concert in the evening. Very fine, close harmonies without accompaniment.

Elocutionist very silly and flat, for the most part.

Ida some better.

Tuesday, December 12, 1893

Tues. 12.

Invited to Mr. Boone's – by printed invitation – next Friday eve. to a "Library Social." Many asked if it was a church social.

Ben's lecture in the eve. After which we dropped in and buzzed Helen a while. Her infant is having a good deal of colic. Last night they were up 'till 12:30.

[Undated newspaper article about Prof. Benjamin L. D'Ooge's Ladies' Library course lecture about "Latin Lyrics"]

Prof. D'Ooge lectured at the Congregational Church Tuesday evening, and though in the interests of the ladies' library, nearly all the classical students of the school flocked to hear the genial head of the department of ancient languages. The subject of the lecture was "Latin Lyrics," but, as Prof. D'Ooge said, since one cannot understand Latin lyrics without some previous knowledge [sic, knowledge] of Greek ones, the lecturer first treated briefly the subject of Greek lyrics. Then proceeding to Latin literature, he spoke to some length of the lives and works of Horace, Catullus, Tibullus and Persius. The Horace class of the Normal recited several odes, giving examples of different meters, and added much to the interest of the lecture.

Wednesday, December 13, 1893

Wed. 13.

Furiously mending, until tea-time, when we went down to the Presbyterian tea, and had a fine chicken-pie supper. Also bought a yellow silk-covered catch-all (for Fannie Angell's guest room), trimmed with white lace (.75).

Ida's throat is much less red, but still swollen and sore.

Mrs. Wilcox & I went to Y.W.C.A. show after the tea.

{#36, p.68}

Thursday, December 14, 1893

Thurs. Dec. 14.

Nothing happened. Ida quite well but not hungry yet.

Friday, December 15, 1893

Friday 15.

A horrid rainy day. Down street doing errands. At Boone's in the eve. and had a very good time. Just a faculty crowd and Mr. Smits beside (about fifty-five).

Saturday, December 16, 1893

Sat. 16.

Basket-sale at Miss Higley's. Was there a while and then at the Episcopal Fair. Bought a pen-wiper, cushion & porch-cushion.

Snowing again. When I returned, found that Ben had let the youngsters all go over to Hay's. Found them all around a little table stuffing.

Sunday, December 17, 1893

Sun. 17.

Helen has first appearance of red sore throat, so they both stayed home from S.S. Walter came out in the afternoon, and brought the babes a lot of nuts. He stayed 'till nine o'clock.

Monday, December 18, 1893

Mon. 18.

Down street at dark, after sewing all day making Ida's green dress wearable, after washing.

When I returned found aunt Ida here, and she stayed over night.

Helen's throat will not be as bad as Ida's, we think. Auntie darned stockings and I finished Ida's dress, working 'till nearly midnight. But that is usual with me, now-a-days, and perhaps that is one reason {#36, p.69} why my heart is heavy, and I am so discouraged.

Tuesday, December 19, 1893

Tues. 19.

Auntie off at nine o'clock.

In the eve. we had a "Poverty Social" where every-one was to wear old clothes. Many of them did, and were very funny. Admission 3¢ and refreshments: crackers & water.

Wednesday, December 20, 1893

Wed. 20.

Fannie was talking about going home for a visit, and it occurred to me that if she did, today was my last chance for going to Detroit before Xmas. So, on about ten minutes notice, off I went.

Ben had been urging me to go, but I thought I couldn't leave home.

Train was late, so I did not reach there 'till nearly 11 o'clock. Went to King's and looked at china tea-sets and bought a white with delicate gold tracery \$30.00. Was so scared afterwards, wished I had not come. Bought gloves for auntie Ida (fine undressed kid 2.00), an iron horse and surrey for Leonard, wash-set for Ida, dolls' croquet for Helen, and (for aunt Ida to give them) two little writing-desks. Lunched at Crawford's on clam chowder, beef tea, bread & butter and two soft-boiled eggs.

Called on Fannie Angell, and found her busy on Christmas things; I forgot to take in my gift for her. She read a letter from Lois Mc. [McLaughlin] who is settled for the winter in Leipzig [Leipzig].

{#37, p.70} Ben went to A.A. on Psi U business.

Thursday, December 21, 1893

Thurs. Dec. 21st.

Up to hear the infants in their last day exercises. How ordinary other people's children do seem!

Fannie went home for an oyster supper.

Friday, December 22, 1893

Friday 22.

F. did not get back until 9 o'clock. Ben had no faith to believe she ever would come back – but I knew better.

Ben & I all over town looking at Xmas things. Great fun.

Saturday, December 23, 1893

Sat. 23d.

Dressing dolls violently whenever the infantry is out doors. A busy day – getting pair of ducks ready for Monday, fixing cranberries, pudding, etc. Working ‘till between twelve & one o’c. every night.

Sunday, December 24, 1893

Sun. 24. Very warm.

Fannie thinks she is coming down with grippe, but I can’t have it. Dosing her with belladonna [sic, belladonna], blowing sulphur [sic, sulphur] in her throat, rubbing outside with liniment and tying on flannel & gargling strong salt & water.

Did not go to church.

In the afternoon Father, Ida & Mart came out for luncheon. We had 6 o’c. Xmas service, and the children did well. Mart went home at nine o’c., father & ida staying over night. {#37, p.71} We had great fun fixing the stockings and toys about the fire-place.

Monday, December 25, 1893

Mon. 25.

Not a speck of snow any-where to be seen. The babes were awake early but were very good to wait ‘till we were up to dress them, before going down.

We could not help thinking, when we saw those happy faces, how thankful we ought to be, when there are so many thousands starving and cold this winter. Fannie Angell said they needed \$10,000 pr. week in Detroit alone, to feed the poor who could not get work.¹⁵

Ida’s presents were: Writing-desk from aunt Ida, 3 hdkchfs [handkerchiefs] from Grandpa, toy watch from Helen, vase from Ruth Hay and wash-set, scissors, two books, lead pencil, doll, fish-pond (from Mart) and candy.

Helen had desk, hdkchfs, (from us) doll, dishes (small) from Ida, and vase from Ruth, besides doll, scissors, books, also book from Helen Field, croquet-set, dishes from Mart etc.

¹⁵ The Panic of 1893 was a four-year economic depression that resulted in high unemployment across the United States, especially in Michigan. To relieve starvation, provide employment, and ease social tensions, Detroit’s mayor, Hazen S. Pingree, launched what came to be known as his “potato patch plan,” an urban gardening program that enabled unemployed city inhabitants – many of whom were recent Polish and German immigrants – to grow their own food on vacant lots (see [Wikipedia](#) and the [Smithsonian Gardens](#)).

Leonard his horse & carriage a wheelbarrow, boy doll from auntie, ten-pins from Grandpa and letter picture blocks or cards from Mart.

Ben gave me my tea-set, auntie gave me a pretty bureau-cloth, Father a silver tea-ball.

Fan sent a lovely embroidered hdkchf-case {#38, p.72} of stiff white linen-duck or canvass [canvas] with J.P.D. embroidered. Allie Lovell & the Gillespie family sent cards.

I gave Ben the clover picture (bought of Mrs. Torrey last summer) framed in "old ivory," a pr. of slippers and plate & cards engraved for calling. Auntie gave him neck tie and Maude sent him a blk. [black] satin one. She sent Ida and me each silver hat-pins and some collars & cuffs and tie for the youngsters (for Len, I say).

We sent Ed. & Nan my sketch of Pine Lake view, from our cottage.

After dinner we helped poor Fannie do up her work and then Ida & I lay down a little while.

In the eve. after father & Ida were gone, we went down to Smits a while, although it was cold and rainy.

Forgot to put down our plain Xmas dinner: Bouillon, roast duck, potato soufflé, cold slaw, beans, cranberries, jelly, steamed pudding, candies, nuts, figs etc., cider & cakes.

Tuesday, December 26, 1893

Tues. 26. # Dec.

Were surprised to find Fannie washing – and I was proud of my doctoring.

Ben off for Lansing at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Cowell's mother's funeral, but I couldn't go. Also Mr. & Mrs. George's {#38, p.73} 25th. anniversary, but I couldn't call there today. Besides had seven wild youngsters here to look after. Twelve doz. oranges came from Ed. today.

Retired very early.

Wednesday, December 27, 1893

Wednesday 27.

Telegram from cousin Maude yesterday that she will be here tonight.

I went down street to order things for tomorrow.

She came about eleven o'clock. – brought a trunk and seven dresses, so I guess she will stay a while.

Thursday, December 28, 1893

Thurs. 28.

A quiet day at home. All took a long walk in the afternoon – i.e. Maude, Leonard & I. The girls were at Smits'.

In the eve. M. worked on a stand-cloth and I sewed until nearly midnight. Had a good visit.

Friday, December 29, 1893

Friday 29.

Dark day, because we had planned to take the infants down for their photo. Home all day. Maude lay down most of the afternoon.

Guess I shall invite some young folks in next Tues. eve.

Saturday, December 30, 1893

Sat. 30.

Very cold and windy. Almost wish we had not planned to go to A.A.

I flew all the morning and until 4:30 time for motor – getting things in shape to take and to leave. Just as we were starting Leonard developed a fine {#39, p.74} ear-ache. As I couldn't start with the others, I opened the shawl-strap and made it small so Ida could carry it, and sent them off.

If any-one had told me this morning that I should be here alone with my babe tonight, even the girl gone, I shouldn't have believed them. It is just as well for me to have a little quiet – although I was very much disappointed at first.

It hardly seems best for me to go up, now until Monday, if at all. A letter from Ben to Ida, which she prizes very highly and put in her desk.

Sunday, December 31, 1893

Sun. Dec. 31st.

Have decided that rather than stay here all day alone, or to carry such a large shawl-strap, Leonard & I will wear over night-gowns and go on the 2 o'clock motor.

Monday, January 1, 1894

Mon. Jan. 1st. 1894.

We went all right – and no-one challenged the night-gowns. This morning we all feel better. Last eve. Maude & I had headaches and little Ida too, a little. I never could get used to a wood furnace, when it is so hot & so cold within a few moments.

Had breakfast at nine o'clock.

The infants were all out in the sunshine for an hour, before dinner, which is a rare treat lately we have so little seen.

Came home on 4:40 motor, reaching here 5:45.

{#39, p.75} Have sent out invitations for a little company Tuesday eve. – about twelve young faculty people “to meet my cousin Dr. Codington of Chicago.”

Tuesday, January 2, 1894

Tues. 2.

Ben came home about eleven o'clock. Maude and I played “Logomachy,” Halma etc. – Maude in black lace empire gown with yellow ribbons. She put on three of her eleven dresses for me to choose which she should wear tonight. I selected red silk low in throat, with red lace trimmings. She looked very pretty.

Busy all day, fussing for the evening. Aunt Ida came at 6 o'clock. All the guests came but Hilda Lodeman (in Detroit) and her brother and Prof. McFarlane. There were thirteen in all – none superstitious, fortunately. Served oranges, marsh-mallows, chocolates, nuts and lemon frappé. All sat around dining-table.

Little Miss Osband is a circus, such a little, insignificant prig – full of self-satisfaction. After they left, Ida & M. helped me wash up – because Fannie had ironing for tomorrow – late on account of New Years visit home. Retired at 12 o'clock. – when Helen was sick and I was up some {#40, p.76} longer, washing sheets, night-gown etc.

Wednesday, January 3, 1894

Wed. Jan. 3d. '94.

Maude started for A.A. with Ida but the A.A. car had broken down – so she returned, Auntie walking home from the junction.

Dr. & Mrs. Boone called, and Mrs. Scherzer & her sweet mother.

In the eve. after M. had packed her trunk, we played Fish-pond and “Logo.” and ate oranges, candy, nuts & cider. Maude says perhaps she will visit us at Charlevoix next summer. She is a sweet girl, and we have enjoyed her. I am wondering how it is between her and Dr. Chislett, who comes to see her every night, and gives her presents but to whom she claims she is not engaged.

Thursday, January 4, 1894

Thurs. 4.

Down st. with Leonard in the morning, cashing my draft for \$60.00 for Jan., doing errands, calling on Helen Smits, etc., etc. Maude off at 7:30, so we were up early for the first morning of school.

A dark day, closing with rain & snow just as Ben & I were starting for service. A good meeting; after it we went in to see the little madame a few minutes.

Friday, January 5, 1894

Friday 5.

Ruth Putnam came to invite us to a reception there, next Monday (!) afternoon, and me to pour coffee!!

{#40, p.77}

Saturday, January 6, 1894

Sat. 6th.

How thankful I am that my babes are all well, when there is so much sickness. Benj. Smits has mumps now – and has not been quite well since Xmas.

Making bureau cover for Ida & Helen’s room of pale blue silk with pale pink geranium blossoms scattered.

Aunt Ida surprised us about tea-time – her last chance to stay all night, she says, as the girls return on Monday. All glad to see her.

Smitses up in the eve. first time in ten weeks.

Sunday, January 7, 1894

Sun. 7th.

At service with auntie in the morning. Naps and romps with babies in the afternoon.

Auntie went at 9 o'clock motor. How she hates to ride up, with all the rowdies on the late motor – but she endures it for the sake of the visit with her babies.

Monday, January 8, 1894

Mon. 8th.

Lining a cuff-box for Ben's birthday.

At Mrs. Putnam's pouring coffee opposite Mrs. George who served the tea. Had a good time, sitting still watching the people. Couldn't have gone if I had had to stand – for I worked so hard all the morning I had a pain.

In the eve. went down to hear Dr. Smith lecture on "Amenities of Mathematics." Very good. He is a comical little monkey – has taken a freak to appear deeply smitten with me {#41, p.79} because Ben admires Mrs. Smith so much, and he puts on all sorts of airs to make us laugh.

Tuesday, January 9, 1894

Tues. Jan. 9th. '94

We started an Xmas present for Mr. Smits among the church people, and they never told us of receiving anything, so we pretended to have our feelings hurt and Ben wrote a note to Bastian saying that we desired a letter of dismissal and recommendation to the Presbyterian church. Today while we were eating dinner, B. came (pale and set in his face) to inquire about it. They really took it in earnest and Helen cried – and we feel terribly to think we caused her a moment's pain. Bless her sweet heart.

In the eve. we went to hear J. W. Riley and Shirley [sic, Sherley] recite from their works.¹⁶ Very entertaining. A reception for them afterwards at Dr. Boone's. Riley looked too bored for anything, and we felt so, too.

Wednesday, January 10, 1894

Wed. 10th.

My Ben's birth-day. I gave him Emerson's Essays in 2 vols. – scissors from Ida, box for cuffs from Helen, brush-broom from Len. Six hdkchfs came from G. Rapids and another pr. of scissors. Should have invited the Smitses for tea if they had not made an engagement at Mr. Fell's.

We hear that Riley went down and got drunk after the reception last night. They say he is irresponsible.

{#41, p.79} Home all day, mending. Tried to clean Helen S's gloves, and didn't succeed very well. Cleaned four prs. and mended them, so I won't have any dirty ones for the next reception. At evening service and at Smitses.

Thursday, January 11, 1894

Thurs. 11th.

Ladies' Aid here – eight came and worked on calico aprons for me. I had a dish of oranges ready to serve but forgot all about them.

Father wrote to Ben that he may come out tomorrow.

At service in the eve and over to S.s for a few minutes. Their baby is really remarkably bright for nine weeks old, and sleeps splendidly at night. Helen is discouraged because her girl doesn't take care of him well. He cried dreadfully when she was out for tea on Wednesday.

Friday, January 12, 1894

Friday 12.

¹⁶ James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916) was a popular American writer and poet from Indiana, remembered for his children's poems "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Raggedy Man" (see [Wikipedia](#)), and Douglass Sherley (1857–1917) was an author, journalist, and poet (see [Wikipedia](#)). Sherley joined Riley's well-attended 1894 lecture tour of the eastern United States.

Of all things in the world! I went skating down on the river with Ben, and Ida & Helen. Had a good time and didn't tumble down once. But I'm lame!!!

Father surprised us by coming out for tea & breakfast and brought a lovely pair of rose-blankets for Ben's birthday and mine.

In the eve. after he had gone to bed, we went up to a musical at Conservatory, Ruth Putnam, Abba Owen, Max Pease and Miss Towner. Ben called the latter "Bone-juice." Her dress was so low we could see her ribs through black lace.

{#42, p.80}

Saturday, January 13, 1894

Sat. Jan. 13th. '94

At Higley's for dinner, with the Ainsworth's & Mr. & Mrs. Smits & Mrs. Wilcox. Mrs. S. took her baby and he behaved beautifully! (9 weeks old.)

In the eve. Mr. & Mrs. S. were up, a little while.

Sunday, January 14, 1894

Sun. 14.

Ben's address at Y.S.C.A. meeting in Normal Hall was very largely attended. Subj. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I thought it was fine, and so did others.

In the eve. finished Maarten Maarten's story "Greater Glory." It is fine – take it all in all. At times I got tired of it, because it was hard to get used to his style. Impressionist style, I should call it. He suggests so much and leaves the rest to the reader's imagination.

Monday, January 15, 1894

Monday 15.

Mrs. Boone came for me Sat. morning to go skating, but I couldn't. So she asked me to go this afternoon, but rainy, warm weather has spoiled it entirely. Wrote to mother & Jen.

Overheard Helen teaching Leonard.

H. "How do you spell cat, Leonard?"

L. "B-a-t, tat, mat, hodd."

Down to see Mr. & Mrs. S. ~~here~~ in the evening – should have played Logomachy, if they had any.

Tuesday, January 16, 1894

(Tues. 16th.)

Finished settling my new corner cupboard – positively the last finishing touches. It cost about \$8.00 and couldn't have been bought for \$20.00 at a store.

{#42, p.81} Ben gone to Ann Arbor. Trying to sell tickets for Mrs. Cowell's talk on "Trip Abroad."

Wednesday, January 17, 1894

Wed. 17.

Had Helen's favorite teacher Miss Thomas, and Ida's Miss Holmes for tea. The babes were very happy. Prayer-meeting in the eve. Invitation came to ~~tea~~-party at Walton's, next Friday eve.

Thursday, January 18, 1894

Thurs. 18.

Ben went to Congregational Club at Detroit, and I took my work down to Helen's for a while in the eve.

Ladies Aid at Mrs. Trim's and read aloud Mrs. Wiggins' "Patsy." Not her strongest story.

Our house has been smelling outrageously for weeks past, and now we find that the petroleum which they burn at the Normal leaked out and soaked into the soil and got in our sewer pipes all over town. Smells like old rubber boots and kerosene and onions. Mrs. Bradley called and Mrs. Champion & daughter but had my front hair up for crimp and it smelled so, I was excused from seeing them.

Friday, January 19, 1894

Friday 18 [sic, 19]. Eve party at Waltons' – about fifty invited.

Saturday, January 20, 1894

Sat. 19 [sic, 20].

Had Miss Sherwood here for lunch. I can never think she is anything but treacherous, her eyes are so shift-y and never look any-one in the eye. (Or is it only me she dare not look at?)

Missionary society in the afternoon and social at George's in eve. Had a Topsy Turvey concert.

{#43, p.82}

Sunday, January 21, 1894

Sun. Jan. 20 [sic, 21].

Walter and a friend – Mr. Wolvenden from Det. – walked out from A.A., walked out in all the clay mud – and came down to S. School.

I was in a quandary to know how I should feed them. Ben went down town and bought a qt. oysters and I hustled home and fried them. Had soup and added egg to the potato to make enough – and had jelly & pickles and (a few) rice croquettes and closed with oranges, chocolate & ~~eake~~ cookies – and they had enough, I guess.

A missionary from Turkey at evening service.

Monday, January , 1894

Mon. 21 [sic, 22].

Mrs. Cowell's talk at Mrs. Watling's was well attended. Said some things not found in guide-books. Result \$31.75.

Mrs. Wright of Detroit sang beautifully.

At Smits in eve. with my work, while Ben went to hear Prof. Putnam lecture on "Illusions & Delusions."

Tuesday, January 23, 1894

Tues. 22 [sic, 23].

At Prof. Pease's concert in the eve. The chorus of 150 was beautifully trained and the voices were fresh. Miss Bailey of A.A. was the star. A sweet little dark-haired ~~alte~~ soprano. The best home-talent concert we ever have had.

Wednesday, January 24, 1894

Wed. 23 [sic, 24].

Have a bad cold from open windows {#43, p.83} last eve. Spent the day following up symptoms with belladonna [sic], nux etc.

Mrs. Boone came in a snow-storm and took Leonard and me for a sleigh-ride. Went down street for errands.

Ben read aloud in the eve. Emerson's essay on "Compensation."

Why am I so heavy-hearted these days?

Thursday, January 25, 1894

Thurs. 24 [sic, 25].

Cold gone to head decidedly. Discharging badly – "Pulsatilla" & "Nux."

Friday, January 26, 1894

Friday 25 [sic, 26].

Never saw medicine [sic] work more effectively. I feel quite natural again, with only a few "Nux" symptoms left.

At Mrs. Boone's in the afternoon to a thimble-party to meet Mrs. Beaman of A.A. And to a six o'clock tea-party at Mr. Rexford's in the eve. Ben and I were placed together at a little table with the Whitneys, so we had to do most of the conversation, while they smiled. They are strong in smiles.

Saturday, January 27, 1894

Sat. 26 [sic, 27].

Fannie home for a day. We sent the infants over to Hays, and went skating. The ice was fine and I didn't get as lame and tired as last time.

Reception to the Seniors at Dr. Boone's in the eve. They had a very pleasant time.

Sunday, January 28, 1894

Sun. 27 [sic, 28].

Home all day – and feeling wretchedly. A return of my heavy-hearted, foreboding of trouble.

{#44, p.84}

Monday, January 29, 1894

Monday Jan. 28th [sic, 29].

Feeling blue & low. Wash-day – and that is all.

Tuesday, January 30, 1894

Tues. 29 [sic, 30].

At home as usual. Down street with Leonard doing errands. Smits in evening.

Wednesday, January 31, 1894

Wed. 30 [sic 31].

Mrs. Boone came for me to go skating, but it was five o'clock. – too near dinner time. Guess we are going to like late dinners, though it is a sort of nuisance. Have to get more for lunch than we used to for supper. Aunt Ida came in the afternoon and after the babes were tucked away we went down to see Helen S.

Thursday, February 1, 1894

Thurs. ~~31~~ 1st. Feb. 1894

Letter from Kittie Hattstaedt that they (all but John) are going south for the winter.

Aunt Ida took little Ida home 'till Saturday. We went skating with Mrs. Boone in cutter in fine style, in the morning.

I felt as sneaky as if I had run away from school. It was great fun, though.

Friday, February 2, 1894

Friday Feb. ~~1st~~. 2nd.

L.A.S. at Mrs. Holmes'. Read Mark Twain's "Esquimau Maiden's Romance" and "The Rose Act" by Josiah Allen's wife, while the ladies worked.

Saturday, February 3, 1894

Sat. ~~2~~ 3rd.

Ben off skating in the morning. Said it was fine. I home all day except to take Helen & Leonard down for a walk and to pay my bills.

Went tonight to hear Jennie Couthoni elocute. {#44, p.85} She was capital in the rôle of Irish biddy and any comic part. Her violinist, little Miss Udelle of G.R., was exceptionally good.

Sunday, February 4, 1894

Sun. ~~3~~ 4th.

Little Marion Verschoor, one of my S.S. class, died last night of pneumonia & peritonitis [sic, peritonitis]!! and when I called on her mother today, she said she thought "it was her time to go"! I say it is blasphemous to lay it to God. They used to live across the road from us and the child was out in all weathers unprotected and had no care worth mentioning. She was pleased with the few flowers I carried her.¹⁷

Monday, February 5, 1894

Mon. 5th.

Finest skating we have had. Ben & I went down the river west of the Mill, and I had quite an encouraging afternoon.

Tuesday, February 6, 1894

Tues. 6th.

Too warm. Skating all gone. At Mrs. Owen's with work, for an "old-fashioned visit." About nine ladies – not very congenial – but that doesn't matter. After tea, we went down to Smits and

¹⁷ Marion Verschoor (1886–1894), see [FamilySearch](#) and [Find A Grave](#)

found the Boones there, so waited around, finally sneaking in – up back stairs to B's study. When the Boones were out-side the door Ben threw down his rubber, greatly to their surprise, and then they rushed up and found us snoring on the lounge and in Bastian's chair. Great larks for old married folk.

{#45, p.86}

Wednesday, February 7, 1894

Wed. Feb. 7th.

Mrs. Smits up with her three boys for a call. Fixing my brown dress.

Thursday, February 8, 1894

Thurs. 8. #?

Home again all day. Mr. Strong and his nephew Ed. here for dinner, then to prayer-meeting and Smitses as usual. Raining hard.

Friday, February 9, 1894

Friday 9.

Aunt Ida came after dinner – just my luck, as I had to go to L.A.S.

Leonard had croupy cough in the night, but I have fixed him up with aconite & spongia.

Auntie stayed for tea – home at 6:30 and has to walk from the junction, now that their cars are all burnt.

Regular thunder storm, with lightning and hail, but stopped and showed a rain-bow before dark.

Saturday, February 10, 1894

Sat. 10.

Home all day 'till eve. – though should have gone to Missionary society if I hadn't forgotten it.

In the eve. went with Bastian and Helen to hear the surpliced choir rehearse at Episcopal church. They did quite well, but we were not greatly impressed by the pomp and pageantry of it all.

Sunday, February 11, 1894

Sun. 11th

Ida took a turn at croup last night, so I was up and caught more cold. At home all day except to the doctor's for medicine [sic].

{#45, p.87}

Monday, February 12, 1894

Mon. 12th. '94

The blizzard that they had in Nebraska yesterday has sent a detachment up here. Storm & blow & snow out doors. Helen went alone to Kindergarten, and when she came home, she looked like a little, rosy, fat snow-bird. Ida seems a little more comfortable, but no school, this week, I guess.

Tuesday, February 13, 1894

Tues 13.

Smits' baby has the prevailing cold on lungs. Am giving him bryonia and Benjamin Hydrastis for running sore nose and excoriated lips.

Ida had nose-bleed all over everything twice in the night. Am thankful that I can get a little nap in the day-time, or should be utterly useless.

Try and get out for a little every day, doing my errands.

Thursday, February 15, 1894

Thurs. 15th.

Mending, and trying to make Ida a white apron out of my dress, ten years old or more.

Friday, February 16, 1894

Frid. 16th.

Rec. another picture of cousin Maude C. very good, but not as good as her best expression.

Mrs. Farnam came this morning – unexpectedly and so I put her on my brown dress – fixing large revers and new jacket fronts.

Cold.

At Dr. Smith's in the eve. – with six or eight others to meet his dear little father Judge Smith of N.Y.

Saturday, February 17, 1894

Sat. 17.

Baking and brewing for the week. "What shall we do for bread to ate?"¹⁸ I have spent my whole month's H-Hold [household] allowance \$40.00 already – paying back-debts. I wish I could ever catch up in my house-hold accounts.

{#46, p.88}

Sunday, February 18, 1894

Sun. Feb. 18th.

A bright day – as if it didn't storm and blow so hard last night. At service morning and evening. At S.S. the school took up a Missionary collection – over \$10.00. Very gratifying for Home Missions.

Reading "Dodo" by Benson, aloud. A queer – rather strong society sketch.

Monday, February 19, 1894

Mon. 19.

Ben at A.A. with Mr. Smits & Barbour, inviting Dr. Angell to the Cong. Club meeting here the 27th.

In the eve. Helen S. and I went to one of Mr. Pease's recitals at the Normal. Passably good. It seems as if he did not try to cultivate their chest registers, at all.

¹⁸ A line from the traditional song "The Three Ravens" or "The Three Crows"; see W.A.L., "A Critical Criticism," in *The Yale Literary Magazine* 33 (October 1867–July 1868), [HathiTrust](#), for a tongue-in-cheek literary analysis of the text, and Bertrand Harris Bronson, *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, Volume 1* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1959), [Google Books](#), for variations.

Ben went to see Father and found he has been very ill – not slept any, for a week or more, and has had no appetite, and is very nervous.

Tuesday, February 20, 1894

Tues. 20.

Went to Mrs. Reinl's to try on waist to my pongee-silk, then down to the car on Cross St. and went to A.A., reaching there about 2 o'clock. Found Father much better. Had gone down st. before dinner. and did not return 'till three o'clock. Then ate a hearty dinner, and enjoyed it. I came home feeling like a different woman, to find him better than had feared.

Wednesday, February 21, 1894

Wed. 21

Skating on the river again – too much snow. At tea with the Lodeman's at the Hawkins House. How can they live and {#46, p.89} eat such stuff! Mr. & Mrs. Sherzer were there, Miss Soule of A.A. and us.

In the eve. we went to a Pie Social at Strong's Mr. Sherrick rec. prize of a mince pie for best pie recipe, Ben presenting it with a speech. Had a very social time.

Thursday, February 22, 1894

Thurs. 22.

Very cold. Skating, with Hilda Lodeman. Asked her to dinner, but she couldn't stay with us. Had a fine skate. Mr. Smits was down, and Mr. Barbour. Ida & Helen went with Fannie to Geo. Washington exercises at M.E. church – Leonard at Mr. Smits' playing with Benjamin – good as a kitten.

At service alone, in eve. Ben writing on lecture to be delivered in Caro tomorrow night.

Friday, February 23, 1894

Friday 23.

L.A.S. meeting at Parsonage – planning for supper to be given next Tues. eve. Lively work for the Pres.

Came home with splitting head-ache. To bed at 7:30.

Saturday, February 24, 1894

Sat. 24.

Last night the coldest of the season. Poor ben way up north – thermometer about 20° below. Cold here too, I thought. Spending most of the day running the furnace. Ben came home at 6:30. Went skating in Detroit at Belle Isle. Fannie gone home.

Sunday, February 25, 1894

Sun. 25.

Home working all day, except an hour for S. School. Took babes out in afternoon.

{#47, p.90}

Monday, February 26, 1894

Mon 26.

Fixing chickens for salad tomorrow. Boiled two for me, and two for Mrs. Snidicor [sic, Snedicator] – so had lots of lovely stock for bouillon! Made a quanty [sic, quantity] of salad dressing.

In eve. darning stockings while Ben read to me a little while.

Tuesday, February 27, 1894

Tues 27.

Had a table with Mrs. Trim & Mrs. Whitney. The latter not much use, nor ornament.

There were 132 tickets sold, so we must have fed about 150 people. Home at 11 o'clock. – tired.

Wednesday, February 29, 1894

Wed Feb. 28th.

A bright, happy day for Ida's 7th anniversary. She had a little party of seven and had numerous presents. Papa gave her a dollar for a dress, and I gave her a brown hair-ribbon and embroidered handkerchief. Helen – a paper of pins. Grandma sent a blue plush work-box with button-hook, scissors, needle-case etc. in it. Aunt Jen – a silk hdkchf, Uncle John a pink ribbon, aunt Ridie a little letter. Aunt Ida has a silver spoon for her. Ruth Hay – a pencil sharpener. George – a pencil-box, the Foleys a bunch of carnations. When she went to bed tonight she said: "I tell you, mamma, I'm going to thank God for giving me such a happy, happy day."

Miss Dillingham F.P. (former pupil) was here for lunch today. Came to {#47, p.91} visit the kindergarten.

Thursday, March 1, 1894

Thurs. Mar. 1st.

Bright and warm, so Leonard was out of doors nearly all day.

Mrs. F. gone for two days. I am putting large sleeves of silk bengaline in my black coat. The skirt is not full enough – but it will do.

Eve. service and at Smits' as usual.

Friday, March 2, 1894

Friday 2.

Another Spring day. Down st. and bought black brilliantine for summer outing-dress (with coat) and a vest of black and white duck.

Saturday, March 3, 1894

Sat. 3.

Ida down st. with papa, getting new gingham.

I at home all day, working for variety.

Sunday, March 4, 1894

Sun. 4.

Off at nine-thirty getting some plants for church, at Mr. Rorison's. Communion, ~~and~~ two joined. Walter came after dinner and we went to walk with the babes.

Ben at Mr. Strong's S.C.A. lecture.

Monday, March 5, 1894

Mon. 5.

Very hot. Cyclone predicted in the papers. Down st. in morning with Len.

Sewing in afternoon & eve. Smitses up a little bit of a while.

Tuesday, March 6, 1894

Tues 6.

Rain, Mrs. F. making Helen a jacket out of her old, ragged, washed flannel cloak. Looks nicely turned.

{#48, p.92} In eve. attended Mr. Sherzer's lecture on "Microbes" – very interesting. In to see Smitses a minute after lecture.

Wednesday, March 7, 1894

Wed. Mar. 6 7th

Such days of ripping and sewing and ripping! I do have such luck.

Tried on my blk. dress at Mrs. Reinl's who will cut and fit it for \$1.50.

Smitses invited for tea at Batchelder's tonight and we are left out! for once.

Leonard said, when he had a china dog in his hand, which I feared he would break: "I won't bote my dawddy, mamma!" His talk sounds so cunning. What would I not give to have some of it phonographed.

Thursday, March 8, 1894

Thurs. 8.

Mrs. Wood called. Sewing all day, except down for errands. Took mending to service and over to Smits' afterwards I fixed two stockings.

Friday, March 9, 1894

Frid. 9.

L.A.S. at Mrs. Ainsworth's. Mrs. George read from "Capt. January." Good.

Telephone from Mart that they cannot come tomorrow, as Mrs. Ed. Summer's funeral is at 3 o'clock.

Saturday, March 10, 1894

Sat. 10.

I went to A.A. at one o'clock and found Father just starting for the doctor's. His heart is in a bad condition – "one valve practically gone," the doctor says. Poor old daddy {#48, p.93} is greatly worried about himself and cannot sleep at all – for thinking of his condition. I told him the story of "Capt. January" and got him to sleep three times – but only for about 15 or 20 min. Had a long talk with him while we were riding, and afterwards. He cannot feel reconciled to giving up, nor can he get any possible comfort in thinking of the future.

I came home on the Central at 10 o'clock and had a good cry telling my dear Ben about it all.

Sunday, March 11, 1894

Sun. 11th.

Had a nice walk with Leonard and Ben while the girls were at C.E. [Christian Endeavor] meeting & waited for them at the parsonage.

Monday, March 12, 1894

Mon. 12.

Working on my blk. mohair dress. I feel quite well suited with it.

In eve. we listened to a lecture on "Great Naval Battles of the Rebellion" by Maj. Dane. I never expected to be so interested in the descriptions of battles.

After we came home, I was mending, when who should pop in but Bastian and Helen – and stayed 'till nearly 11 o'clock.

Tuesday, March 13, 1894

Tues. 13.

Home all day. No delegates came to us.

Wednesday, March 14, 1894

Wed. 14.

S.S. Convention. 2 delegates came for {#48a, p.94} luncheon. Two country girls that (Mrs. Farnam said) were so frightened that they shook.

Helen went to A.A. with Miss Pierce, to visit Grandpa.

In the afternoon I attended the Convention and heard Dr. Boone give a fine talk on proper preparation for teaching in S.S.

Brought Clara (Handy) Clark and Mrs. Wagner home with me for dinner and to see my babes. Have not seen Clara for many a year.

Thursday, March 15, 1894

Thurs. Mar. 15

Mrs F's last day – and we are about ready for summer, except a mountain of work for me to finish. She may come one day more next week, to help me out.

Ben gave a fine lecture at The Conservatory on "Greek Music" with illustrations sung by pupils. It was very interesting.

Friday, March 16, 1894

Friday 16th.

Sewing all alone. Pretty slow work. Then Mrs. Boone came, with Mrs. George, and took Leonard and me riding. Went to call on Grandma Higley – her 78th birthday – and her daughter, Mrs. Robinson, who has broken her leg. They are all as cheerful (as usual) about it. I never saw such people.

In the eve. Ben & I called on Mr & Mrs. Van Kirk – the new Baptist minister – Mr. & Mrs. Putnam and the Van Cleves.

{#48a, p.95}

Saturday, March 17, 1894

Sat. 17th.

Mart & Mary came for lunch, bringing Helen.

In the afternoon I expected the Missionary Society for annual meeting and coffee – and thought they would come at four o’c – when M. & M. were to leave – but the hour was 2:30, so we had a little confusion – but got along all right. They left rather early to visit the new gymnasium.

There were 14 at our meeting. Served lettuce-wafer sandwiches, chocolate cake, nut-cake and coffee.

In the eve. we went to the parsonage and they (Mrs. Smits and friend Miss Atwood) came home with us, for a walk. Mr. Smits at Olivet and Owosso.

Sunday, March 18, 1894

Sun. 18.

Awful back-ache. Mr. Barbour preached on “What shall I do with Christ?” It was a splendid discourse.

After dinner I slept off a head-ache and then Ben & I had a nice visit on the piazza while the babes took a walk around the block.

Very hot day, but we were oh so happy. Our lives seem to be so full that we do not get time for many such visits.

What a beautiful world this is, and were there ever such sweet babies and such a dear husband! Surely “my cup runneth over.”

{#49, p.96}

Monday, March 19, 1894

Mon. 19th. Mar.

Making Ida’s play jacket of an old cloak of mine, dark flannel trimmed with plaid from a dress 10 or more yrs. old.

Mrs. Vroman called. Took a walk after tea down st. with Ben and to the parsonage, but found them away.

Rec. news of cousin Luella (Pease) Burch's death, in January – she had a little boy three days old, who died also.

Tuesday, March 20, 1894

Tues 20.

Rainy. At home, sewing.

Wednesday, March 21, 1894

Wed. 21.

Lee Smits' 7th. birthday, and had a little party – all our infants going. Papa & I went down after them. My heavy hearted feeling is returning. Mrs. F. came for two days finishing up – making Ida a blue jacket for Sunday, out of Ben's old coat. Very fine. Such a feeling of foreboding oppresses me. I wish I could believe it is all imaginary evil.

Thursday, March 22, 1894

Thurs. 22.

Rain again. Mrs. F. fixing my pongee-silk dress.

At evening service and over to the parsonage – playing anagrams and eating candy. Miss Atwood is such a little body.

Friday, March 23, 1894

Friday 23d

If here isn't another birthday for me! {#49, p.97} The happiest one I ever had. My dear husband gave me a "samovar" for boiling water on tea-table, and The "Review of Reviews" for a year, and some lovely flowers and a pot of hyacinths.

We had Miss Atwood for tea, and Mr. & Mrs. Smits in the eve. Played "Logomachy" and ate chocolate drops. A wretched head-ache for me, but I fought it back until bed-time. I am so grateful for little gleams of sunshine in these dark days.

Saturday, March 24, 1894

Sat. 24th.

A wretched day. I have done wrong and am ashamed to own it. But I have suffered so for months.

Sunday, March 25, 1894

Sun. 25th.

Easter Sunday. Down to the church at half-past-nine fixing flowers. They were beautiful, "if I do say so, as" arranged them. A lot of Easter lilies on the communion table, flanked with jars of pink roses, a basket of roses from Mrs. Champion who rec. them from Minnesota, and jar of calla lilies from Mrs. Fairfield, who rec. them from California. It was great fun to arrange them, though quite a study to keep the reds and purples of Mr. Holmes' cut flowers from killing each other. Everything out-side is frozen and snowy, but the church looked beautifully and the music was the best we ever had – thanks to Ben.

{#50, p.98}

Monday, March 26, 1894

Mon. 26th. God help us!

The blackest Monday in my life. I thank Heaven that however greivous [sic, grievous] my faults may be, there is One who can read my heart and understand my motives (*There comes a time when it is right to read a husband's letters!*) and in his Divine compassion, can forgive.

Felt so wretchedly that I forgot all about Mrs. Vroman's tea-party. Mr. & Mrs. Smits and family gone to Constantine.

Tuesday, March 27, 1894

Tues. 27. March.

Quite a little flurry of snow. In the eve. went to Y.W.C.A. entertainment, taking Fannie. Amateur performance – some of it very good and lots of it trash. Ben at Dr. Boone's lecture.

Wednesday, March 28, 1894

Wed. 28.

Bernhardt-Listemann concert at Normal Hall, the best of the season. A very fine vocalist, too, almost equal to Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop. Miss Atwood went with Mr. Smits. Afterwards he took her home, and came around and had some lemonade & wafers with us. A heavy snow-storm.

Thursday, March 29, 1894

Thurs. 29.

I started out and made nine or ten calls, as it is my last chance for some time. Fannie leaves us Saturday – and will be married the last of April. I feel dreadfully to lose her, and she really cried, and said she knew she should be lonesome, after she got home.

Had Mr. Smits to dinner.

How gay a body can be, with a heavy heart but {#50, p.99} have decided I must protect Ben from women!

Friday, March 30, 1894

Friday 30.

We went up to A.A. at 1 o'clock. taking Ida. Papa went to Schoolmaster's Club and we to see poor old father. He is some more comfortable because he sleeps a little better.

They were talking furnace with Earnest [sic, Ernest] and so I went up stairs and prowled around the attic – found a package of Ben's old letters written to me from '79 to '84 & '85. Many of ours I had burned when we left home, but this package I saved for fun. And they are funny, now. At 5 o'clock. Ida Jr. and I went up to the University, and as Ben couldn't leave the meeting, we walked on slowly up to Mart's. Ben came soon after, and we had dinner. Then we went down to the Musical & reception given by the School of Music.

Mart & Mary & I went ahead while Ben took Ida to Grampa's first. We came home at 10 o'clock. on the Central.

Saturday, March 31, 1894

Sat. 31st.

Ben off to A.A. on 7 o'clock motor after early breakfast. Fannie gone about 4 o'clock. Miss Dillingham sent me a lovely box of flowers. Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. Worden, Mrs. Fell & sister and Miss Atwood called. New girl Mamie Dickerson came soon after Fannie left.

After all, this isn't such a bad world when there is so much of love and happiness in it. Ben and I are happy again, and I {#51, p.100} pray to Heaven that there may never be another shadow of doubt to darken our home.

Sunday, April 1, 1894

Sunday April 1st. '94.

At home, except for S.S. Mr. Smits dined with us. Ben gone to Men's political meeting in P.M. Ida returned from A.A.

Monday, April 2, 1894

Mon. 2d.

A great tall negress, Wealthy Sherman, came to wash.¹⁹ Mamie takes hold of the work as if she meant to do it well.

Election day. A man came for Ben to go to the polls, with a carriage, but he preferred to walk. Getting to be quite a politician.

Mrs. Smits sent me a roll of Harper's from Constantine, with Miss Wilkins story of "Pembroke."

Thursday, April 5, 1894

Thurs. 5th.

Not much happening this week. At a lecture by Prof. Parker of Chicago – on "The Child." Ben reading paper before the Philological Society at A.A. I went down for the Whitney's to go with me, to the lecture.

Friday, April 6, 1894

Friday 6.

¹⁹ Wealthy or Weltha Ann Spencer Sherman (1852–1942) lived at 406 South Washington Street in Ypsilanti in 1894, according to US Census records; see [Find A Grave](#).

L.A.S. at Mrs. Higley's – finished reading "Capt. January." Nine there. Rainy.

Saturday, April 7, 1894

Sat. 7.

Working all day on hall carpet – mending and darning and sewing it. A dirty job but will be satisfactory when it is down as good as new, down stairs.

{#51, p.101}

"Let the yesterdays go, since we cannot relieve them
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy forgive & receive them!
Only the new days are our own.
Today is ours, and today, alone."²⁰

Sunday, April 22, 1894

Sunday 22d. 1894.

Where do the days all go? I have been cleaning house and too tired to think or write.

[Jennie summarized the events of the preceding week in her Sunday, April 22, 1894 diary entry; headings have been inserted here for ease of navigation]

Saturday, April 14, 1894, and Sunday, April 15, 1894

Last Sunday Mamie went home (or rather went # Sat. 14th. # eve. returning Sunday).

Monday, April 16, 1894

Monday we commenced tearing up the parlor, sitting-room & dining-room, because they are divided by curtains. Mamie takes hold splendidly. Letter from Mr. Cook of Dayton O. saying he "will spend next Sunday with us," in response to Ben's invitation.

²⁰ A stanza from the poem "New Every Morning" by Susan Coolidge, published in *A Few More Verses* in 1889 ([Scottish Poetry Library](#))

Tuesday, April 17, 1894

Tues I forgot a reception at Mrs. Wanzer's. At Mr. Smits' in eve. when they treated me to lemonade & spiced cake.

Wednesday, April 18, 1894

Wed. The boys off for Jackson Conference on early train, gone all day.

I had expected to do great things in house-cleaning but was sick all day, so only poked around darning & mending curtains, carpets etc. Mr. & Mrs. Van Cleve called in the eve. when I felt a little better after relieving my-self. Mamie was very kind and good to me. I shall not forget it either. Mr. Goodwin Epis. [Episcopal] rector called of an errand and stayed about an {#52, p.102} hour – talking and acting like a softhead.

Thursday, April 19, 1894

Thurs. April 19th. At Ben's study – also finishing up down stairs. Had our sitting-room rug newly bound – good job.

Have my new curtains up in the parlor, and they look very dainty and clean.

Mr. Switzer whipped all our rugs – not so well as last year. He is getting too old.

Rec. word from Ida that father wants to see Ben & me – so, although I was dead tired – we went. Glad we did so, as it comforted the poor old father to talk over his business matters with us.

Friday, April 20, 1894, and Saturday, April 21, 1894

Friday & Saturday – finishing up and getting ready for Rev. Herbert Cook, who is to preach at the Episcopal church, possibly a candidate for the pulpit. They would be a great addition to Ypsi. society. He came last eve. in time for dinner – and he proves to be a very genial, pleasant gentleman – and most satisfactory eater. Four Episcopal gents called.

Sunday, April 22, 1894

Sun. This morning Ida & I went to the Episcopal church – Rev. Goodwin assisted with his ponderous roar – followed by the sweet, sympathetic tones of Mr. Cook, which formed a marked contrast. He is very impressive in the pulpit. The vested choir did not do as well as usual, I do

not think. Ida was greatly impressed. {#52, p.103} Mr. Cook has gone to Goodwin's for five o'clock dinner, and Ben is asleep while the infants have gone for a walk around the block.

Sunday, April 29, 1894

Sun. Apr. 29th.

I do not know why my diary is so neglected. There seems to be nothing to write and I have forced myself to do so, for the last six or seven months. Where has the winter gone? And what have I done, besides the every day grinding at the home-mill. I do not know myself – am happy as I used to be, one day, and the next – am down-cast by a single word or look. Have lost so much flesh during the winter that I have taken in my skirt bands about an inch & a half, to keep them from slipping down. I hope we shall feel better when we get to Charlevoix, away from – everything.

Dr. & Mrs. Boone took us riding. Before that, we walked over to Cowell's to see Alice, who will not live long, they say. Mr. Cowell is home for a few days. Mrs. C. said: "He thinks he has something permanent ahead" – but she did not seem to have much hope in his promises. Can any-one imagine the anguish of losing faith in one whom she had trusted with her life's happiness.

{#53, p.104}

Monday, April 30, 1894

Mon. Apr. 30th. '94

State Board of Charities here to speak before the School. We had invited Bishop Gillespie to our house, but he could not leave home. Dr. Boone invited us there for tea, with the three gents who did come: Dr. Bell of Detroit, Mr. Forest of Saginaw and Sec. Storrs of Lansing. Had a fine tea but the girl evidently doesn't wait on the table much – and she passed us the cake before we were half through our veal loaf and Saratoga potatoes, rolls, olives, etc.

Tuesday, May 1, 1894

Tues. May 1st.

At Smits' in the eve. with my mending, while B. & B. were at Mr. George's lecture.

Wednesday, May 2, 1894

Wed. 2d.

Home all day, cleaning attic, mending etc. Walked around several blocks in the eve.

Thursday, May 3, 1894

Thurs. 3d.

Went up to A.A. on 9 o'clock. motor staying 'till 1:30. Father was gone riding with Mr. Waterman most of the time, so I didn't see him much. He seems about the same, only weaker. They are both taking wine now, because they are awake nights so much. Ida & I went through a piece-bag finding lots of old things of interest to me. I commenced some writing for father – an agreement between him and a darkey – about working the farm (?) on shares.

Came home just in time to see the High School building {#53, p.105} burn. Rather a warm day for fire to catch from furnace or chimney.

Heavy rain at night, which finished putting it out.

Saturday, May 5, 1894

Sat. May 5th.

Jennie Snidicor [Snedicor] and I were going to the woods for church flowers – but it poured in rivers.

Down to parsonage a while in the eve. I am the happiest woman in the world, and I pray Heaven that I may be worthy of such a dear, dear husband.

Mamie home.

Past shadows make the sunshine brighter today.

Sunday, May 6, 1894

Sun. 6th.

Hustled around to fix church flowers, leaving beds, dishes, house & babies until afterwards. P.M. Dr. Angell here with Mart for a call – before going to Normal hall, where the good doctor lectured before S.C.A. It was a great pleasure to listen to him again. Rain again.

Monday, May 8, 1894

Mon. 8.

Ida invited to party at Guy Greene's and had a great time. A queer crowd over there – but she had so much fun, was glad I let her go. She took some flowers – Guy's 9th. birthday.

What a happy, happy world this is, and what a blessed good husband I have! ~~yet.~~

Leonard watched me put on my dress today and remarked: "Dat's a pity dess wiv a shash. When I det to be a bid boy – I have dess wiv a shash, too!"

{#54, p.106} He is quite a boy now, with his student cap, pongee silk coat, wide embroidered collar and blue neck-scarf. Perfectly ravishing, we think.

Reception 3 to 6 – at Mrs. Perkins'.

Helen had been naughty today, so as I was undressing her I was talking seriously with her about minding mamma better tomorrow – when she put her arms about my neck tight and said: "Now, mamma Dear, keep still, 'cause I am going to kiss you." Who could resist her. *5 yrs old*

Invitation to tea at Mrs. Geo. Gillespie Harris' on Friday. (Not Ben – which I do not like at all.)

Hot weather – no flannel skirts for us.

X X X X X X X X X

Friday, May 18, 1894

Do not believe I shall try to keep a diary any more. Nothing seems to happen now-a-days, worth recording. Here it is:

Friday May 18th. Furnace fire!!

The dedication of the new Gymnasium. I went up with Ben in the afternoon, and at five o'clock went to Ann Arbor to stay with Father while Ida went to the May Festival concert. She couldn't enjoy it very well, because she was so tired from working all day so hard, getting ready for the Monroe girls visit.

Father is very feeble, and down hearted. The doctor says his head is not right – he imagines so many things – thinks he does {#54, p.107} not relish his food – but eats with great apparent relish, and quite heartily. Says his feet are burning up when they feel quite cool to the hand.

Last week, he had a slight touch of paralysis – which lasted only a few hours, however.

I was only up with him at 3:30 and five o'clock. – so he had a fairly good night – but cannot be made to think so.

Saturday, May 19, 1894

Sat. 19. Flannels on again.

Scurrying around all day. After dinner went to drum up people to go to L.A.S. Got Mrs. CHilds to conduct the meeting, as I had a free ticket for the concert at A.A. Broke Mrs. George's lamp-shade & chimney while there, and got her one at A.A. Mrs. Barbour went down to the concert with me, and we enjoyed every minute. Max Heinrich, baritone, Miss Juch, Soprano, Miss Stein, mezzo, and a good tenor, with Choral Union 280 voices, and Boston Festival Orchestra. A great treat it was, but I wished my Ben could be with me to enjoy it. Mrs. B. had to pay a dollar, and I will make Beth Wallace a loaf of angel's food for the gift of her coupon. Cheap enough.

Sunday, May 20, 1894

Sun. 20.

Sent letters of congratulation to little ma on her birthday anniversary, next Monday.

{#55, p.108} We reached home about eleven o'clock – and today I am sleepy – and so Ben looked after the babies like an old Blessed, and I slept two hours. Rain every day.

After tea Papa & I were snoozing in the big chair, and all the babes piled on to us – when Helen remarked, between hugs – “Mama & I is all ours, isn't she?” They are such affectionate little kittens.

Wednesday, May 23, 1894

Wed. May 23.

At reception given by Mrs. Davis & Mrs. Bradley 3 to 6 o'clock. – a jam of women herded together, and driven out to refreshments by a woman with a list of names in her hand. I came home before they would let me go out – so reached home about 5:40. Mrs. Smits & Mrs. Fell, who were in my herd, did not get home 'till 6:30.

After tea, went up to Mrs. Reinl's to try on my white waist – mull over silk, to wear with the skirt to my graduating dress (18 yrs. old!).

Mr. Smits & Mrs. were here when I reached home. She is putting the youngest son into short clothes.

Thursday, May 24, 1894

Thurs. 24th.

Queen Victoria's 76th. birthday. Ben off to Marcellus to examine the school. It is way down in s. west part of the state, so he cannot be home before Saturday. We shall miss him – but must get used to that – for he will have to go to Germany soon – and without us, and for how long?

{#55, p.109}

Friday, May 25, 1894

Friday 25.

Mrs. Batchelder took Leonard and me for a long ride in the morning. It was glorious and warm and everything smelled so lovely and spring-y. Took Mrs. Whitney, too.

Went down right after dinner to have a tooth filled (2.00). In the eve. Mrs. Hay & I went down to our church to hear a young man from India talk. A very rapid and quite interesting talker, but too long-winded. Did not get home 'till nearly eleven o'clock.

Saturday, May 26, 1894

Sat. 26.

Papa surprised us by coming home before we were up – at a little after seven o'clock. and oh! how glad we were to see him!

Sunday, May 27, 1894

Sun. ~~26~~ 27. '94

Fixed a bank of pansies on the pulpit desk and Jennie Snidicor [Snedicor] made a daisy cross. Our church is certainly "looking up" remarkably. Such a crowd that a body has to go early to get a good seat. Rain in the afternoon.

Monday, May 28, 1894

Mon. ~~27~~ 28 *Smits.*

Cold, cold again. Furnace fire again started. Mrs. Higley & Mrs. Wilcox called and took me down street. Fixing my blue evening dress for the Trim wedding reception – next Tuesday or Wed.

Tuesday, May 29, 1894

Tues. 29.

Up to A. Arbor at 1 o'clock. taking Ida with me. Found Father about the same. Ida (auntie) not touched the bed last night except for about an hour. {#56, p.110} After dinner I made her lie down – and I denied her to callers: Miss Wood, Mrs. Will Mahon, & Grace Taylor, so she had quite a nap. After tea Mrs. Tripp called. Bless her heart. Father slept in his chair from 6:30 to 8:30. Then at 10 o'clock. we went to bed and he never waked up 'till after 4 o'clock. – which surprised him, and all of us.

Wednesday, May 30, 1894

Home Wed. 30th at 11 o'clock. motor. Threatening showers – because it is Decoration Day. Mamie off with her young man. Papa let me have a long nap – which kept off a threatening head-ache.

Thursday, May 31, 1894

Thurs. 31st.

Sewing fast in the morning, so I could go to the base-ball game with Ben, in P.M. After being coached up on the rules of the game, I enjoyed it, although Mr. Smits & Ben didn't think it was "much of a game," as played by the Olivet students and Normals. Showery all the afternoon, but did not wet in the grand stand.

After church Ben went up to reception a few minutes – and I home with a splitting head-ache which was left over from yesterday. Last eve. we were at Mr. Barbour's with several others and his S.S. class. They seemed to have a good time – but I had to clench my teeth between the sentences – and finally was forced to go out doors for a breath of air. (?)

Friday, June 1, 1894

Friday June 1st. '94.

Home all day – although I was wild to go to the Field Day sports with Ben. L.A.S. afternoon – eleven {#56, p.111} ladies here. Worked on things for Mrs. Stanbridge – a poor church member. Planned for social ~~at~~ on Mrs. Barnum's lawn next Friday.

In the eve. Ben went to wrestling match at the Normal and did not get home until one o'clock. No overcoat on – either.

Saturday, June 2, 1894

Sat. June 2d. Furnace out!

At base-ball in P.M. Helen Smits went with us, and Bastian came afterwards. Game between Albions & Olivets – in favor of former. Great fun.

In the eve. went to Senior reception at Gymnasium, and got my blue chaillé eve. dress all dirty from their wretched [sic, wretched] old floor – hadn't been swept in a month, I know. Mrs. Boone, very dressy in gras-green [sic, grass-green] – but most of the other ladies in street suits. Not very dressy crowd, except the graduates. I got very tired but we did not stay late.

Sunday, June 3, 1894

Sun. 3d.

Warmer. Communion Sunday – and as Mamie and her young man wanted to go off for the day – I took Helen & Leonard to church. Len was a darling, and behaved beautifully.

Walter came in the afternoon.

Children teasing to take off their flannels. Ben has a fearful cold, so I do not want to have any more colds around.

At service in the eve. and over to the parsonage as usual. They are not going north this year. O! Dear!

{#57, p.112}

Monday, June 4, 1894

Monday June 4th. '94.

At Mrs. Reinl's trying on white waist. Cost 2.00 to have it made.

Made calls on Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Owen & Foote.

Tuesday, June 5, 1894

Tues. 5.

Was going to A.A. today, but Mamie had a sick head-ache. Had mistaken the day of Miss Trim's wedding, and expected to go tomorrow night. We went about 8 o'clock and were ushered to front seats at the church, through a dense crowd of spectators. Never saw the un-invited crowd into the church so far.

It was quite a swell affair for our little church – and Lohengrin wedding march on our little organ did not sound so bad either.

Reception at the house, to 200 people – crowded pretty close, and so many folks that we never meet. Had nice refreshments – and quite a display of nice presents.

Wednesday, June 6, 1894

Wed. 6th

Went up to A.A. for the night, taking Leonard. Found Father about as usual. He slept very well – only waking at one o'clock and five. Leonard coughed some, but not badly. I put on wet compress.

Thursday, June 7, 1894

Thurs. 7.

I am so stupid after being at A.A. for night. It is wonderful how well Ida keeps up. I cannot see how she stands it.

Little Ida said something today: "Mamma, {#57, p.113} if we had a baby one yr. old, then we would have one, three, five – the tonic triad." Goodness me, we never knew anything about "tonic triads" when we were seven yrs. old.

In the eve. we went to Prof. Sherzer's Microscopic Soirée – very interesting – after service. Mrs. Smits went up with us.

Friday, June 8, 1894

Friday 8.

Mrs. Higley & Francis came for me to ride down to Mrs. Stanbridge's and take some things for them. In P.M. I took Leonard & Helen down to see ~~Mrs.~~ Dr. Smith's sister's little girl. The young

lady just waked up, and did not feel very gracious. Such a pale, puny, homely little thing she was. I thought.

Lawn social at Mrs. Barnum's – great success. Made over \$20. for the parsonage fund. We want to make a \$100. payment before summer vacation.

In the afternoon I called also on Mrs. Gareisson – and invited them to the social – Ben going after them. They seemed to be pleased.

Saturday, June 9, 1894

Sat. 9.

Very hot. Grandma Switzer says 100° in the shade, and 110° on the south side of their house.

Miss. meeting at Mrs. Smits, 11 there, Home Missions.

Sunday, June 10, 1894

Sun. 10.

Children's day. Ida & Helen recited their first pieces in S. School. Did well, too. {#58, p.114} If I do say so – Ida does not sing-song like the most of them.

Monday, June 11, 1894

Mon. June 10th. [sic, 11th.]

Went to A.A. in the afternoon. Father about as usual – and always glad to see me. I dread to speak of going North this summer and leaving him. But Ben says my duty to my babies must not be over-looked.

Tuesday, June 12, 1894

Tues. 11th. [sic, 12th.]

Helen & I drove and did a number of errands for auntie. Father slept well again – only waking at 3 o'clock and 5:30. I was left by "Mr. Guppy" the bus driver, who forgot me.

Also at eleven o'clock. – so did not come home 'till 5:30. Sat with father and mended my old silk waist. Bought two books while waiting at State St. book-store: "Ships that Pass in the Night" by Beatrice Harradan & "Yellow Aster" by Iota. Good ones to read this summer.

Wednesday, June 13, 1894

Wed. 12 [sic, 13] Lawn social Y.W.C.A. at Deubel's

Had a table at Pioneer Dinner with Mrs. Childs & Lillie Strong. Great rush of people to free feed, and we had to fly, every minute.

A nice letter from Fannie Angell, thanking for little silk socks sent to James B.A. Jr. – about two mo. old.

Thursday, June 14, 1894

Thurs. 13. [sic, 14]

At Miss Higley's reception – where Mrs. George & I looked after people and coaxed them out to refreshments. Went off very nicely, and we did not take names, and herd them out as they have been doing here lately.

{#58, p.115}

Friday, June 15, 1894

Friday 14 [sic, 15].

Hot again. At L.A.S. at Mrs. Wood's – working on Mrs. Stanbridge's things. My wrapper fits her quite well – except too long.

At Dr. Owen's reception last eve. Very queer, rather unique for a child's party.

Mart & Mary came for tea and spent the eve. Mary brought me ~~a few~~ some lovely roses in a box and they were full of interesting plans about their summer trip to Norway, Sweeden [sic, Sweden], Denmark, Holland & two weeks in Paris.

Saturday, June 16, 1894

Sat. 15 [sic, 16].

Oh – so hot! Reception at Mrs. David Eugene Smith's to meet his sister Mrs. Jewett. Served the most elegant refreshments that we have had any-where. Wore my white dress, again. Skirt of graduating dress (how many yrs. old?) and new waist made over silk. Complimented "muchly."

Sunday, June 24, 1894

Sun. June. 24.

Not so hot – on account of a brisk thunder shower. Baccalaureate in the eve. – very good. Fine music.

Walter was out last night with Young Wolfenden – for tea, and went with us to lawn fête at the church in eve.

Monday, June 25, 1894

Mon. 25.

I did not leave my work all day.

Tuesday, June 26, 1894

Tues. 26.

Made 46 19 calls – and at Alumni meeting in the eve. Vaccinated all around.

{#59, p.116}

Calling List.

Mrs. Goodison x	Putnam ox	E. Trim xox	<u>Church calls.</u>
Mrs. Wilcox xox	<i>Van Kirk</i>	Dr. Hull xo	Holbrook x
Mrs. Wortley xo	Cheever xo		Elliot x
Higley x	Vroman x Eddy?		<i>Rorison xo</i>
Glover x	Goe xø		<i>McIntyre xo</i>
Sanders x H. Miller o	Walton ox		<i>N. Trim xox</i>
Bradley ox Davis o	Van Kirk xø		Gunn xø

McGregor x	Towner x		<i>Davis xo</i>
Pack x	Hemphill		<i>White xo</i>
Sherzer xo Sherman o	Watling x		<i>Sherman x</i>
Cleary <i>McG.</i>	Rexford x		<i>Ryder x</i>
Lodemann ox	Pease- Lambie		<i>Warner x</i>
Ainsworth o	E. Trim		<i>Crist x</i>
Barnum x	Smith		<i>Cornwell x</i>
Childs xo	Watterhouse		<i>Hull xo</i>
Worden xo	Fairfield		<i>Roger x</i>
Adams x	Fell Harris		<i>Stanbridge x</i>
Smith <i>Sherzer</i>	Allen Smith	<i>Next fall</i>	<i>Gould x</i>
Wood xo	Lamb Lambie oo	<i>Pease</i>	<i>Densmore x</i>
King xo	Trim Harris xo	<i>Watterhouse</i>	<i>Chambers</i>
George x	Stevens-Benedict xo	<i>Goodison</i>	<i>Stetson</i>
Strong xo	Batchelder o Dolson o	<i>Sherman</i>	<i>Parmalee</i>
Cutcheon x	Sherriek xo	<i>King</i>	<i>Knapp</i>
<i>Boone x</i>	Shultes-Muir xox	<i>Fell</i>	
Owen xox	Trim xo	<i>Dr. Hull</i>	
Foote x	McM. & Pierce xo	<i>Norton x</i>	
Holmes-Long	Allen x	<i>Wanzer x</i>	
Becker x	Wortley ox		
Warner x	Lamb		
Lamberts	Fairfield x		
Todd x	Fell xoo		
Jeness x	Smith xo		
<i>Sherman</i>	Lamb x		

	James x		
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{#59, p.117}

Wednesday, June 27, 1894

Wed. June 27, '94

Up at 5 o'clock. flying around canning red cherries and sewing. We leave for Charlevoix Friday night.

No vaccinations working except mine but we feel that if they are going to, we had better be in Charlevoix. So aunt Ida says, too.

At commencement dinner – served in the new Gymnasium. Came home with nervous head-ache – for obvious reasons.

(continued in red book)

{#60, p.118 blank}

{#60, p.119}

Addresses.

Mrs. Jno. Hattstaedt	212 51st St. Chicago
Mrs. A. C. Angell	49 Watson St. Det.
" [Mrs.] Louie Stanley	95 Pitcher St. Detroit
Mrs. Chas. Field	3554 Prairie Ave. Chicago
" [Mrs.] M. A. Peck	Ypsilanti. Butter.
" [Mrs.] G. C. Townsend	Saline
Mr. H. C. Miller, Rug weaver	23-25 E. Chicago Ave. Corner Larabee St. 4 lbs. carpet = 1 sq. yd. @ .75
Mary James	511 Second Ave. Ypsi.

{#61, unnumbered left page, blank}

{#61, unnumbered right page}

[A poem entitled “A Pedagogue’s Wooing,” clipped from a newspaper or magazine has been pasted to a white laid paper notecard, with a note written in pen and signed D.E.S., appended to Smith; date range of diary added at the bottom, possibly by someone processing the diaries later]

Sunday, – before Service.

Is this how it was?

A Pedagogue’s Wooing.

The pedagogue among his pupils had

A maiden fair.

He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft

And turned to his with saucy glance full oft;

And when his tiresome Latin put her out

Her pretty lips were all too prone to pout.

He longed to kiss them—love had made him mad—

But he did not dare.

One morn he met her on the way to school.

The hour was late;

But wait he would not, could not. Thus he sighed,

“Sweet maid, I prithee, be my beauteous bride.

Already hast thou marked, nor need I tell,

That I have loved thee long and passing well;

Nor time nor absence can my passion cool.

Let’s conjugate.”

– not wishing, however, to pry into personal matters.

D. E. Smith

[Child's drawing in pencil of an angular figure with a spiky head and boxy body, labeled "Leonard's man, Oct. '93"]

[Strip of light blue paper, perhaps clipped from an envelope, with Prof. Benjamin L. D'Ooge's name misspelled]

Prof. Bld Ooge.

Ypsilanti