

\*\* The visit to Bryn Mawr with Ray, Karin and Ellie Rendel,  
Sept. 29-Oct. 6, 1908<sup>7</sup>

Entries in Mary's diary from Bryn Mawr, 1908

Bryn Mawr, Monday, Sept. 28, 1908

Left Germantown as early as we decently could, half crazy with the atmosphere Aunt Lill creates. Came here. Carey gave us lunch, and we unpacked.

I dined with them (the Deanery is full of workmen, so I cannot stay there), and Ray came in to discuss her courses.

Carey was so positive about the superior value of a life of culture that she got Ray to give up her Mathematics and Engineering and take Greek and French and "English" instead!

Bryn Mawr, Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1908

Fine. Cooler.

Setting the girls in and arranging their classes.

Lunched with Carey, dined in hall.

Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1908

Divine weather.

Still grappling with rooms. There seems to be no one to consult, no one to take care of one. All the departing girls have left their things, and no one knows what to do with them. It is a strange, unexpected chaos.

Lunched with Carey and Ellie<sup>8</sup> came over to talk about her courses, but showed so clearly her utter contempt for Bryn Mawr ways, and the system taught here, and seemed so cross and ungracious that Carey and Miss Garrett were perfectly disgusted with her.

Even Ray said that she deplored Ellie's behaviour and saw how inevitable it was that Carey must think her disagreeable and unpliant.

Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1908

Shopped at Wanamaker's with Ray and Ellie, the latter most cross and furious and black. She exudes a black "aura", if anyone ever did! Karin and Mary are very angry with her. They say I have behaved like an angel to her, and indeed I have tried, for Ray's sake. But she is the most ungracious, selfish, self-absorbed, unresponsive being I ever came across — except

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<sup>7</sup> Discussed in Jennifer Holmes, *Working Woman: The Remarkable Life of Ray Strachey* (Matador, 2019), p. 74-77.

<sup>8</sup> Frances Elinor 'Ellie' Rendel, Ray's friend from Kensington High School, was a granddaughter of Sir Richard Strachey (1817-1908), whose children included:

Lytton Strachey (1880-1932), the famous author;

Oliver Strachey (1874-1960) who married Mary's daughter, Ray (1887-1940);

James Strachey (1887-1967), psychoanalyst and biographer of Sigmund Freud.

Ellie's grandmother, Jane, Lady Strachey (1840-1928), was a well-known supporter of women's suffrage.



Janet Dodge! She is making Ray quite miserable, and she sticks to her all the time. Ray, of course, has no chance to make any other friends.

Karin is getting on splendidly, and enjoys everything and everybody.

no entries in Mary's diary from Bryn Mawr, Oct. 2-8, 1908

[321-322, 389-392]  
a three page letter on graph paper

Ray's Room, Bryn Maur,<sup>9</sup>  
Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1908

Dearest Grandma,

Ray has gone out with Ellie to the tea-shop as Ellie is just up (10.30) and wants something to eat. She, Ellie, is grumbling about everything, and makes things rather hard and uncomfortable. She is so feckless too, she didn't find out, as all the others did, how to shut off her heat, so she lay broiling all night at 83°, cursing America and Bryn Maur and everything. She is hopeless as a practical person. I took her to her Bank in Philadelphia, but as she had forgotten to put her name on her letter of credit, she couldn't get any money! She makes [1.2] nothing easy or gay, but grumbles and grumbles all the time. I never knew a more depressed, feckless creature. However, Ray likes her, and it is her friendship after all. I haven't said anything, and indeed I think I have got on pretty well with her. I just put her "off my mind" (as one can do), from our start till now, but now I confess her crossness and dissatisfaction with Bryn Maur have somewhat irritated me. She is furious at the early breakfasts and says she never can get up, and furious that open fires are so expensive, says she can't live without a fire, that she will suffocate if the corridors are warmed, — in short see the gloomy side of everything.

Yet how can she? Anything [1<sup>389-390</sup>] lovelier than this place it would be hard to imagine, and on this bright, crisp, exhilarating autumn day it is a paradise. Hundreds of bright-haired girls are running in all directions over the Campus, laughing and calling to each other. Ray's windows look out on the new Library, which is a splendid building.

Carey and Miss Garrett took us all over it yesterday, with legitimate pride. The cloister is *perfectly beautiful*, with a lovely fountain in the middle of a huge quadrangle of "English" grass.

The Deanery isn't anywhere nearly finished yet. They are living in two of the servants' rooms. I have a very nice room at a hotel near by, and take my meals with them.

Last night Ray came [1.2] over before dinner was finished, and Carey in her admirable, decided way, polished her off before Ray had got through her plate of peaches and ice cream.

"Of course you're going to lead the Life of Culture", said Carey in her

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<sup>9</sup> Mary often wrote 'Bryn Maur', perhaps thinking of St Maurus and the Maurists of Saint Germain des Pres in Paris?



most emphatic tones. "It is the only life worth while!" (more than I could have said).

And so Ray decided to take Homer and English XVIII century literature and then (for speaking) a class in "Argumentation", and another in Law, where you argue cases.

Having disposed of Ray, Carey sailed off to interview a hundred other anxious mothers. She is wonderful! Ray feels very enthusiastic about her, but Ellie is full of criticisms and detractions. Silly girl! She doesn't get half so much out of life. [2<sup>391-392</sup>]

I will finish up Ray's letter, and enclose Karin's which she doesn't want sent round fro Family Records, but forwarded at once to Miss Helen Gardner, Sidgwick Hall, Newnham, Cambridge.

It was worse than my worst nightmares at Aunty Lill's. She is deafer than ever, but otherwise about the same old hypocrite and life-sucker as ever. She is absolutely terrible, and I think another day there would have killed us all, especially me.

She drove me to West Laurel Hill and made me weep over the graves of all my relatives, including the Hilleses and Shermans!

By the way, she is much concerned at having had not acknowledgement [2.2] from Logan of the photograph of Father's grave. The stone she put up is really in very good taste, as such tasteless things go.

I lunched with Carey again today and she had Karin in and settled *her* studies. Karin is taking to everything very well. She is a jewel of a child to do anything with, she enjoys and appreciates everything and makes no complaints. I am to dine with them in Hall tonight.

**Carey gives her Opening Speech in Chapel tomorrow** at 8.45, and we're all going to hear it. She is wonderful. Both she and Mary are full of tender enquiries after thee, and we all deplored thy attack of lumbago.

They sent endless messages of love to thee — thee is their Greatest Living Woman.

But I must close for the post.

Lovingly thy daughter  
M.



The Letters of Mary Whitall Berenson to Hannah Pearsall Smith  
The trip to Boston and New York, Sept. 10, 1908 – Mar. 22, 1909 (71147-71148)  
Jan. 26, 1908: Mary reads B.B.'s letter to Aline Sassoon - Mary's diary ends on Jan. 12, 1909 -  
Aline Sassoon † July 28, 1909 - Belle arrives in London, Aug. 18, 1910 - Hannah † May 1, 1911

323-324  
a note on graph paper

Bryn Maur College, Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1908

My dearest Aunty,

This is just a line to send our love and our warm thanks for thy kindness and thy welcome. It was like coming home. I can't say more.

The girls are in all the turmoil of getting settled and planning out their courses, otherwise they would write to thee themselves and say how sincerely grateful [1.2] they are, and how happy to have Ivy Collage as the background of their American experiences.

We got all our trunks safely together at last except one, and that I think I must have left at Ivy Collage — a small black leather hat-box (I think marked "Pearsall Smith" with 3 hats of peacock skins in it, and a small straw hat. I checked it from New York to Chelton Avenue,<sup>10</sup> but forgot to see if it [1.3] came, and certainly didn't take it away. If it's not *chez toi*, I will look it up at Chelton Avenue the next time I come.

Carey and Miss Garrett are most kind. I take my meals with them, but sleep at the Montgomery Inn, as The Deanery is full of workmen.

I mustn't write more now as it is post-time, but I send much love to thee and the dear family next door.

Thy devoted niece,  
Mariechen

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<sup>10</sup> Camden, New Jersey? Chelton Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvaniz?



325-332

a four-page letter on writing paper

Ray's Room, Bryn Maur, <Thursday> Oct. 1, 1908

Dearest Grandma,

We are progressing, but very slowly, to a final settling in. Karin only heard today that she might have two rooms, and everything with her has been waiting for that. But she is so jolly she didn't care a mite, and she has been going about making friends everywhere and having the best time imaginable.

Not so Ellie, alas. She seems to take it as a personal affront that they do not furnish the rooms here, and is always sighing for her Newnham desk and chairs and carpet [1.2] and curtains. She made no effort to unpack, and was too depressed and gloomy for words. So at last today I got Ray and Karin and we went and unpacked for her, and got her room in order.

Ray despoiled herself of her most cherished possessions to furnish the room, but of course it looked still bare, as Ellie won't buy even a matting, nor even a waste-paper basket. Ray's things I have ordered at Wanamaker's, a green rug and curtains, a sofa-box-couch, and a rocking-chair, and a china tea set.

I took in Ellie there, but she could not make up her mind to buy even a cup. They leave too [1.3] much to the girls here, you have no feeling at all of being seen to or cared for. It is frightfully hard to find the housekeeper, and when you do, she is too busy to attend to your wants. It is hard on English girls, but still Ellie could reflect that she came here for new experiences.

Karin gets on all right, and Ray laughs over it with a little sarcasm, but still good-humouredly enough, but Ellie is gloomy and furious and never opens her lips except to complain.

Mary and Karin hold constant indignation meetings, and they feel sure she will spoil Ray's whole year. So far [1.4] Ray has had to spend her whole time consoling her and hasn't spoken to another girl. It is unfortunate.

But the worst of it is, Ellie has taken a hatred to the entire system of teaching Economics here, because it is Austrian rather than English in tendency, and she shows her contempt so plainly that I fear she has put her Professors against her.

Carey kindly had her over one day after lunch to consult with her about her work, and Ellie was so cross and ungracious and so contemptuous of the courses here that even Ray was shocked with her. I could not have believed anyone would be so little [2] responsive as she seemed. It settled her fate with Carey, who talked to me quite seriously today about whether Ellie couldn't be got to go home after the first semester, as she so obviously despised Bryn Maur and the work offered her here. She said she was afraid Ray's whole year would be practically thrown away if Ellie remained. But this is going too far, for I notice in their talks together, Ellie's disgust with things stirs Ray up to defend them.

There is to be a big Women's Suffrage Convention at Buffalo from the [2.2] 15th-19th and Carey asked me if Ray might go on with her and speak



at it. Of course it's a splendid chance, and I was delighted. But I thought it my duty to ask if a place could not be found for Ellie, as it is *just* what she wants.

But Carey set her face like flint against it. "She answers to Milton's line  
That two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to strike once, and strike no more<sup>11</sup>

and Ellie, for Carey, is struck off.

Ray is delighted with the idea of going, but very sad that Ellie can't go too. She said she would *like* [2.3] to tell Ellie to be more sympathetic and friendly, but she didn't dare to in Ellie's present state of fury.

As far as I can make it out, Ellie simply cannot bear to play second fiddle, and this is a constant irritation to her. **She was somebody at Newnham**, and is nobody here, and she won't pitch in, like dear Karin, and *win* her place.

I have honestly tried, Grandma, to be nice to her, and Mary and Karin say I have been an angel. I hope so, and the effort has made me sympathize with her in her wounded pride and the strangeness of it [2.4] all. But she is a much more difficult character than I imagined, and I fear she is going to make an utter failure of this experiment, and I dread its influence on Ray. There is nothing to be done now, however, but think of ways of helping the situation.

I am going to drive them over tomorrow to the Rev. Anna Shaw's, who is also organizing the Buffalo Congress, to see if she can't make a place for Ellie. But one of the poor girl's difficulties is that her parents haven't given her enough money, and she can't afford a think. I feel that most of what I give to Ray will go in making up [3] for Mr. Rendel's meanness. Ray treats her to teas regularly (their tea things haven't yet come), and to breakfasts when she's late, and to ice-cream sodas, in short, everything.

I am awfully pleased about this Buffalo trip. It will do Ray a world of good. She adores Carey anyhow (I hope Ellie won't shake her in *that*), and she will meet all sorts of people.

I am going to Baltimore on Saturday <Oct. 3> to spend a day with Harry and Zoe. Then I shall go to Washington for [3.2] Zangwill's play, and return here to give the last touches to the girls' rooms. I shall spend Wednesday night the 7th — oh misery! — with Aunty Lill, and then go to New York for a week. Grace will put me up. Then comes Buffalo, and two days later B.B. arrives.

So I am well filled up.

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Mary Garrett took me all over the new and transformed Deanery today. She has thought of everything — even to shoots for soiled linen that converge [3.3] to a cupboard where it can be sorted — a series of waste-paper shoots that empty into a huge bag which is every day detached and another (there are 2) attached in its place — shoots for garbage, broken glass, ashes and tin-cans converging on an outhouse where the scavenger

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<sup>11</sup> Milton, Lycidas.



comes, etc., etc. It would take me hours to explain the mechanism of it all. The only thing is that Mary Garrett is killing herself over it and [3.4] leading Carey a dog's life. They bicker together like the very *most*-married people I have ever known!

Mary is slow and fussy about details; Cary rapid as lightning, and understanding big things. I am a little afraid the over-elaboration of Miss Garrett's housekeeping will prove to be a distress and bore to Carey, but perhaps not.

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I have just had a little talk with Ray about Ellie, and Ray says the essential thing is for Ellie to make friends of her own. She simply *can't bear* being brought in as [4] a tag to our party, and it has soured her life. She complains that no one treats her as a grown-up person or seems interested in what she has to say. She can't understand my treating Ray as so "young", but Ray has the wideness of vision to understand that this is only a manner, and that I really do respect her and leave her free.

Ray says if I want to be friendly to Ellie (as I do), I must send people to see them [4.2] *alone*, without my voluble self present, and I quite see how this must be so. Ellie rages at being relegated to the background, and her face grows sulkier and more morose each minute. So it is as well I'm going. I have many times tried to make Ellie talk, but I daresay we began wrong ages ago, and can't recover. At [4.3] any rate she is now so full of indignation and mortification that it is no use trying, and I had better leave it till another time. It is as well I am going.

Poor Ellie, carrying around her irritable self-consciousness. It is a curse for her. Karin is so much happier, with her ready self-less absorption in all that is going on. [4.4]

It is beautiful here, and we're having delicious weather. The girls are all enchanted with the country, and with Carey's architecture.

It is time for me to be trotting to my hotel, so I will say good night, and if a letter comes tomorrow will answer it then.

Devotedly thy daughter,  
M.



333-336

a two-page letter on writing paper

Bryn Maur, <Friday> Oct. 2, 1908

Dearest Grandma,

Cary is too wonderful. She thinks of everything. She has even got a "White Mountain Cake" for the girls, having heard me say that I wanted them to taste that delight of my youth.

She came in while Karin and I were this morning waiting to see Dr. Packard. She had a cold, and with her usual direct methods went at once to the leading throat-nose specialist to get it cured. She demurred at going in before we did, but of [1.2] course I made her — with all she has to do!

She invited us to lunch at her Club and gave us a splendid lunch and drove us to Wanamaker's. Karin was fascinated by her.

She asked me afterwards, "Would Aunt Carey like me better if I really worked hard these two years?"

"Of course she would!" I said, secretly delighted to have such a spur to Karin's ambition.

I think it really will make a difference. I am so glad, Mother, that the girls admire her and want to please her. [1.3] Her influence, her steady adherence to a belief in the intellectual life, are splendid for them at just this moment of their careers. She has been kind enough to get them tickets for **the Pageant on Friday, when the "Founders of Pennsylvania" are to be honoured by a Procession a mile long!** She thinks of everything.

I must tell thee now what Dr. Packard said. He examined Karin very carefully, and ended by saying no one but Dr. Heath could have preserved for [1.4] her the amount of hearing she has. He was truly enthusiastic over Heath's work, and said we were very fortunate to have been in his hands. As this is exactly what three Italian doctors told me, I do think we may feel that we have done the very best we humanly could for the dear child.

Karin is hearing splendidly at present — she says none of the girls suspect she is deaf, and she feels very happy about it. Dr. Packard seemed to think her hearing would probably improve, and he left her feeling quite hopeful. But he advises her to learn lip-reading so that she need never be anxious [2] in case of a heavy cold, or some unforeseen variation. And her teacher is coming out tomorrow morning to give her the first lesson.

After lunch with Carey, Karin and I bought for her and for Ray two ready-made riding-habits for riding astride, less than four pounds each. They are very pretty, and Ray is delighted with hers. we also went to the Bank for Karin's £50 from Uncle Bernhard. The clerk, **seeing the "Whittall" in my name**, asked me if [2.2] I were "John M.'s" grand-daughter, and said he himself had been a great friend of "Lloyd P.'s", and that he often saw "Miss Lizzie" driving about Germantown.

Karin was tired and came back, but I, miraculously upheld by Radiozone, went back to Wanamaker's and purchased curtains and cushions and a rocking chair for Ray, and various other things for Karin, returning just in time to dine with Carey.



Carey said to tell thee that in addition to their other wonders, all their [2.3] clocks are to be run by electricity in connection with the library clock, and that the house is all piped for vacuum cleaning! I tell them they will need only one servant to turn the handles and press the buttons!

But they are overwhelmed with misfortune, for the builder has done their great "Haddon Hall" room from 3 to 5 inches different from the plan, and none of the panelling fits. The whole wall must be torn out and all the electric and heating arrangements disturbed! It is a great misfortune. [2.4]

I had a nice long talk with Ray about Ellie. She says it is all the fault of Ellie not having had thee for a Grandmother, for she has not been taught to forget herself, and she is full of prickles and fancies that she is slighted or snubbed or not treated with enough respect. She even resents my kindness to her, for she thinks I am not interested enough in her opinions. And it galls her pride to come into things tagged on, as it were, where she is accustomed to lead.

Poor Ellie, she takes things by the wrong handle. But Ray very sagely says that if she can survive this, it will do her no end of good.

Here they all are to eat the White Mountain Cake — so goodnight.

Thy devoted daughter

Mary

[1] I wrote a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Trevy.



337-344  
a four-page letter  
on the embossed stationery  
of Bryn Mawr College

<Sunday> October 4, 1908

Dearest Grandma,

The Ellie difficulty has become so acute, and Ray is so weighted down and unhappy about it, that I am taking Ray off with me to Washington at noon, to get a change. We shall stay at the same hotel as the Zangwills and go with them to their "First Night". Ray seems to want to do this, and I am sure the change will be food for her. Ellie takes an unmitigatedly pessimistic view of everything and everybody. Some one must have given her [1.2] very false ideas of what she was to find over here, for she seems to have expected that all doors would be cordially opened to her because of coming with me. Of course if I had been consulted, I should have held out no such hopes, for not only is she a difficult person to take out, but she is interested in none of the things the rest of people I know care for. She didn't really come to work, Ray says, but to have new experiences and opportunities of a social kind. Not finding them, she is black and furious, and wishes aloud many times a day she had never come.

I chaperoned the girls to a football match [1.3] at Haverford yesterday, to which Ellie did not come, as she had a headache, so Ray and I got a chance to talk.

Ray said she was awfully sorry Ellie had come, as she was taking everything by the wrong handle, but we agreed that, being here, we must try to make as much of a success of it as possible.

So I said that when I went to New York **I would see all the old Bryn Maur girls who are working there in social things** (there are several I know holding municipal appointments), and try to interest them in Ellie, and that there she [1.4] and Ray could go on the Bryn Maur Club for a week end, and meet them all, and thus give Ellie a start.

I am sure that it won't lead anywhere, unless she changes. She gave Grace the idea of despising her "School of Philanthropy", and probably she will turn up her nose at all these girls are doing, and put them against her. Ray said she rather feared it. However, it will be a chance. But if you think Ellie is going to say one gracious word to me about it, and feel a single spark of gratitude, you are very much mistaken.

Karin and Mary are so furious with her ungracious attitude they can hardly bear it.

And Mary's indignation [2] and concern has borne a very precious fruit. She dined with Carey and Miss Garrett last night, and poured out her soul to them, and when I went for my letters this morning, Cary came out and collared me, and vigorously dealt with the Ellie problem. She said she simply wasn't going to have Ray's year spoiled by Ellie, and so she was going to open opportunities, right and left, for Ellie to meet people and see social work of all kinds. For the next ten days she is too busy to do anything, but



after that she is going to hustle around in [2.2] the way only Cary can hustle, and get things going. She says she will not permit our Christmas holidays to be interfered with by Ellie, so she will get Miss Jane Adams of Chicago to ask her there to their Settlement — which ought to be most interesting. She told me to tell Ellie this, and make things brighter for Ray, so I have just done so.

Ellie looked as black as a dozen thunder clouds and seemed undecided whether she really did care about “Settlement Work” or not. She evidently expects and wants something quite different. I hold her she must [2.3] get from her people enough money to travel, otherwise she would see nothing. She expected me to arrange for Suffrage societies to pay all her expenses!

But isn't it splendid of Carey? She is a Tower of Strength. Ray is rejoiced about it, and will go off to Washington with a much easier heart. She says she is sure Ellie is pleased, although she showed no sign. Ellie evidently expects everything to be done for her as a tribute to her personality, without her doing anything or even saying thank [2.4] you in return. It is amazing. It is a splendid lesson for Ray and Karin, who, I hope, didn't really need it, but still one can never learn enough to be nice to people, especially if you want them to do things for you!

Ray says she is learning a lot from it, for she is very fair and most observant, and while she is fond of Ellie — perhaps all the fonder for poor Ellie's faults! — she sees how inevitable it is that the Worthingtons and Karin and I feel as we do. She said yesterday that she was very grateful to me for my kindness to Ellie, that she saw I had done all I possibly could, short of liking the girl, and that, too, she saw, Ellie's conduct made almost impossible.

Ray [3] has a great deal of calm judgment and wisdom. She said my fault in dealing with Ellie had been in being too impersonal, and in lumping Ellie in with the “Young People” for whose welfare I was bound to provide, but whose conversation was not particularly enthralling for me. Ellie's sensitive pride has been up in arms against this from the start, she has resented it at every moment, for in her own family circle she is treated, as far as conversation and opinions go, on a level with the grown-ups, [3.2] and is not herded off into “the children”.

On the other hand, as Ray says, they give her no financial independence, but Ellie is not calm and wise, and doesn't think of this in praising her own family system as compared to Ray's.

This has been a lack of tact on my part, but still it is not one I am inclined to remedy, for Ellie and I have few interests in common, and I can't spend my time simulating interest where I feel none. I might as well go to live with Aunty Lill [3.3] at once!

Still I can see Ellie's point, and how wounding it is to be taken care of by a person who doesn't care to talk to you. Ray and Karin, with thy admirable training behind them, would not resent this, though it might not be the height of bliss to them, but Ellie is all over pride and sensitiveness, and so



my kindness has been bitter to her, and she can't bring herself to thank me, and to behave nicely about anything that comes [3.4] through me!

Ray sees all this, and I do not think she resents anything on my part, for she has seen me making a continuous effort to be agreeable with Ellie and to plan for her comfort and pleasure.

But oh Grandma what a curse the girl has been!

**Here is the most lovely College in the world, nice girls, divine weather** — and Ellie blackening it all for the whole of us, for of course I can't throw it off while Ray is distressed.

Mary cried over it last night, she did so want Ray to like it here and be a success among the girls, and Ray hasn't had a chance to [4] say a word to anyone.

Ellie spends her whole time in Ray's room (not to speak of leaving her things untidily on every chair and table), and often when Karin or I are there she picks up a book and reads it, but never goes away.

We should have been so happy without her, for it is enchanting here, and I'm sure Ray would have made friends and taken an interest.

And now Ray has decided not to be an undergraduate, but [4.2] to take the rank of a graduate along with Ellie, so as to be more with her. I tell Mary she must simply put them both out of her mind, and enjoy Karin, who is taking to it like a duck to water. But Mary had dreamed dreams about Ray, and counted on her friends adoring Ray, and the disappointment is sorrowful. But I think after a week or [4.3] two it will be better.

Ellie will get to work, and Ray will feel freer to leave her. So I am not despairing — and hurrah! Ray and I are off in half an hour for a spree without the depressing Ellie. I will write thee from Washington, and I hope Ellie's dread name will not appear in my letter.

I haven't succeeded in getting the girls' rooms in order yet. No carpenter or upholsterer is [4.4] to be found, and the Wanamaker things are very slow in coming. But I hope by Tuesday when we return, everything will be here, so that I can leave them on Wednesday really comfortably settled.

They each have two rooms on the ground floor (which is however raised about 6 feet by a basement story), and their studies are big and they have huge cupboards.

Ray is up in Ellie's room, and I must get her to dress and pack. I can't tell thee how we all, Carey and Miss Garrett and all, grieve over thy attack of lumbago and increasing discomfort.

We *all* love thee dearly, and I most of all!

Thy devoted daughter

M.



345-346

in Washington Mary and Ray go to the theatre with President Roosevelt;  
see Samuels, *Legend*, p. 67;  
a note

Bryn Maur, <Tuesday> Oct. 6, 1908

Dearest Grandma,

Ray and I are back, and Ray is off at a lecture. Ellie seemed a shade more cheerful, as the dean had taken her a motor-ride yesterday (Carey is at the back of this), but she says her classes are "disgustingly dull" and she call all her fellow students "uncivilized."

Our little jaunt was a great success, but especially the [1.2] play last night.

**Ray and I sat side by side with the President,**<sup>12</sup> and were much interested watching his impetuous energy, that made him jump up and yell, "A Great Play!" several times, and made him tell Mrs. Zangwill how to improve it.

In the scene where David spurns his fiancée because of the River of Blood between them (her father having instigated a pogrom in which his family were brutally massacred), Teddy turned very restive, and at the end he said,

"That won't do! [1.3] Do you suppose if Mrs. Roosevelt [sic] had knelt to me, I'd have thrown her off, no matter what her father might have done. No ma'am! Take my word for it, that man's a cad. Your husband must change that!"

Rooseveltdt has the most powerful shoulders and neck I have ever seen, and his movements are simply bursting with energy. He invited the Zangwills to lunch with him, and I daresay he will favour them with more [1.4] amendments. Zangwill fooled away his change of making a telling speech, by his discomfiture at the curtain's going down too soon on his last lines in Act III. I wished I had followed my impulse and gone out and told him that it made very little difference, and he must pull himself together for the benefit of the enthusiastic President.

Why "Teddy" said, "I never enjoyed a play so much. I tell you, it's a play for MEN!"

I must close for the post. We had a comfortable journey back, and [1] arrived in weather that is little short of divine.

We were relieved to hear thy Lumbago was better.

I'm sure that trunk was the right one.

In haste,

Devotedly  
M.

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<sup>12</sup> Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, 1901-1909.

