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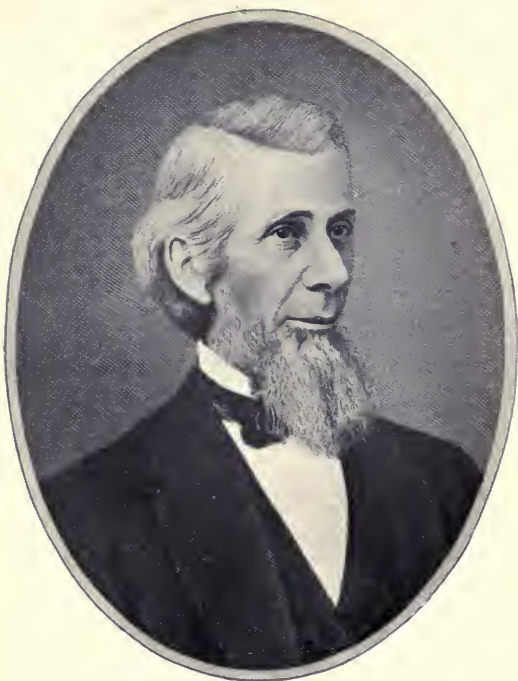
CARROLL PURSELL

James A. Madison





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C. T. Mills



Susan Lincoln Mills

The
Susan Lincoln Mills
Memory Book

Edition of
Nineteen Hundred Fifteen

Compiled and Edited by
Clara K. Wittenmyer

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CLARA KATE WITTENMYER.

Dedicatory Lines

These to Her Memory

We who hold her dear—
As giving, tho imperfectly,
Reflections of her life;
We dedicate, we dedicate,
We consecrate with love
These pages.

(See introductory letter)

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

Dear Alumnae Sisters and Friends of our beloved
Mrs. Mills:—

This little book, designed for her most intimate friends and those of her girls who understood and loved her, is only a forerunner or suggestion of what is intended to be a permanent edition, each page of which, it is hoped, will be contributed by one of you under the date which you shall specify; extra pages will be inserted for all duplicate dates.

My desire is to reach as many of you as possible and have each one who will, write a page to appear under your own birthday date. If you should wish to write more than one page, birthday dates for others may be designated, but have each page complete in itself. The name is to be entered under the date as well as in an index.

It is a matter of regret that so many failed to give the birthday date. Please send it for the next book.

This issue, limited in the number of copies, is intended only for those of you who care to send for it; for most of you will, undoubtedly, prefer the next edition which will contain more of your individual contributions. These personal pages are of such nature that we shall love to read them not only to recall the pictures of school-life with their lights and shades, but also to bring more vividly to mind, that dear one whom words in all their varied combinations are inadequate to describe.

Whether "Mills Girls" or dear friends, should we not endeavor to do for her memory all in our power, not only for ourselves, but for your children and your children's children? For this, I hope that you will really wish to contribute to the 1916 or permanent edition.

That Year Book will number, approximately, as many copies in the issue as orders are given in advance or when you send in your material.

It was my earnest desire that these books be available for one dollar, but I find that utterly impossible. The price will be \$1.50, although the

white cloth binding and the several illustrations make the cost per volume somewhat more than that amount. (I make mention of this simply that you may know that this is not a "money-making plan," but a work of dearest love.) Should any of you wish a white leather binding for your 1916 book and will let me know in time, I will ascertain the cost and notify you before you place your order.

This idea of a Birthday Book grew out of the work I have begun for "The History and Memoirs of Susan Lincoln Mills." It was soon found that such a volume intended for general reading and for the public at large, to be well-compiled and carefully edited, will require upwards of two years for completion, so the thought of a Birthday Book by her girls, for her girls, took form, although it was crystallized too late in the year for me to communicate with enough of you to carry the idea out fully in an immediate issue.

Miss F. A. Madison of Mills College is to unite with me in editing the "Memoirs."

Over two-thirds of the pages have been supplied from the added material sent in, from items gathered from newspaper articles, Mills Magazines and Bulletins, from letters, poems, and selections treasured by Mrs. Mills, references to the Tolman family, and even poems and excerpts from material received for the contemplated volume of Memoirs. With this help it has taken three months, excluding the holiday weeks, to prepare the copy for the press.

Will not some one write an original and comprehensive Dedicatory Verse? For the one herein, you recognize that I have adapted the introductory stanza of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

"These to His memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously,
Some image of himself—I dedicate
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears
These Idyls."

It is impossible for me to reach all of the Alumnae, so I send to several in the various localities asking that you who receive this will please get word to others of her "girls," graduate or non-graduate, and of her intimate friends who will desire to contribute. May I not depend upon you to give this help personally or through your Mills Alumnae Branch?

There should be a contributed page for every day of the year, to replace these for which I have supplied material, unless you prefer to select from such material to represent a birthday page.

Send it by next July if possible, certainly not later than September the fifteenth, addressing to me either at the Mills College P. O. or 1052 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

If those who have not done so, will prepare an article, tribute, appreciation, (poetry or prose), for the Memoirs, or material for me to select from or apply for that work, I shall appreciate it and be pleased to send suggested topics upon request.

While some of the articles for this little book were sent in for me to select from, or to reconstruct, as I might think best, I have generally entered them as received, leaving the writer to make her own revision for her birthday page of the next issue.

Remember that this book is meant for those who best knew Mrs. Mills and loved her; for those who under our most homely and inadequate expressions, will yet feel the sympathetic touch, the response of the own heart's understanding,—and occurrences that seemed so insignificant at the time they happened or even as faults perchance, will, when read now, be lovingly recalled "as remembrances to bless."

Will all who have contributed and will contribute to either or both of these projects, and all who have written only the personal letters, please accept my sincere thanks. I could not forbear entering some lines from those letters, they are so very "heart to heart" and more free in their expression of tender thought than if they had been written for print.

May I ask you to review this little book in the spirit of the love in which it is compiled. While others could do much better, no one can do her justice, so apology is futile. With your further help, however, I hope to have the next, a Birthday Book as well as a Memory Book.

Affectionately,

Clara S. Wittmeyer.

Each memory here,
doth o'er me breathe
a loving benediction.

January 1.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand,

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance.--

Eph. 6:13-18.

(From a New Year's Letter of Mrs. Mills)

DEAR Friend:

My mind has been dwelling much, during the last few days upon two noble utterances. One is from the writings of an English poet:

“ 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;
Oh, life not death for which we pant!
More life and better that we want.”

The other is from the lips of our Lord Jesus Christ, “I am come unto you that they may have life and that they may have it more abundantly.”

The first of these gives expression to what all of us have felt, I suppose, in our best moments. The other tells us how our Heavenly Father's heart is fixed upon the same thing and what He has done to make it possible.

* * * * *

I have been thinking of your life and mine, dear friend, and of what it may become, if only we will work along heartily with God toward its development; and what our homes may be, and what our communities may be made, under these conditions. I do not mean in the way of material prosperity * * so much, as of larger and nobler characters, and ways of life more complete and worthier of God's children.

January 2.

AND with this, there has come a great longing that, during the year before us, we may aim more steadily for that which in our best moments seems worthiest of effort; that we may avoid whatever threatens injury to ourselves or to our neighbors.

That we heartily labor for that which promises to make our own life, or theirs, richer in good deeds and sweeter in experience.

It will help towards this, if we bring every matter to the test of conscience. It will make our task easier if we go to the Bible for instruction and stimulus.

Above all, prayer for our Heavenly Father's help will bring His strength to our support.

* * * * *

These with prayer for faithfulness will surely issue in abundant life. May God grant it to us all.

May you, my friend, fully realize what life may be to you.

All this goes forth as prayer as I wish you and yours

“A Happy New Year.”

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—Ps. 91:9, 10, 11.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him and shew him my salvation.—Ps. 91:14, 15, 16.

January 3.

ELIZABETH NICHOLS TOLMAN

Born 1792; died 1837.
Mrs. Mills' mother.

From the "Daily Food" texts of Miss Julia Tolman,
dated 1838.

I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit,
which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go.—
Isaiah 38:17.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou are mighty,
Hold me by thy powerful hand.

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards
receive me to glory.—Psalm 73:24.

The Birthday of Our Dear Mother.

IN 1818, ELIZABETH NICHOLS wrought most ex-
quisitely, a sampler which is now framed and
hanging in Mrs. Mills' living-room at Mills
College.

The lettering in fine cross-stitch on sheerest bolt-
ing cloth, is of the alphabet in three designs fol-
lowed by the family record.

The encircling scrolls of flowers beautifully em-
broidered in silk of the now-called pastel shades,
show that both Mrs. Mills and Miss Tolman might
well have inherited their tendencies toward artistic
taste and love for the beautiful.

It will be worth the while of those who have not
seen this sampler to ask to see it when next they
go to Mills College.

When Elizabeth Nichols Tolman was on her
death-bed, her last request was that her six daugh-
ters should go to Mt. Holyoke as pupils of Mary
Lyon. She had followed with interest the effort of
this noble woman in behalf of the education of
young women of New England.

Mt. Holyoke was opened the year of her death,
1837.

January 4.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up and call her blessed.

Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all.

Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.—Prov. 31:15, 20, 26-31.

SUSAN LINCOLN TOLMAN was the child of a long and honorable line of those who ventured much in behalf of their faith; those who would travel far and suffer much to "seek a faith's pure shrine," and she was ever true to her heritage.

It was not due to belonging to a pioneer generation that Mrs. Mills herself became a pioneer, for there were opportunities for a quiet and easeful living in her girlhood and throughout her long life, but her life habit was due to the spirit which filled her.

We have heard her praised and have rejoiced to think that she was receiving a small part of her due; but it takes the ear of faith to hear the praise which she now has received, yet the ear of our faith hears it very plainly, indeed: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

January 5.

MRS. MILLS

WHEN first we met,
My timid hand with warm and knotted
hand she pressed.
Behind her glasses' rim shone dark her glowing eyes.
"She loves me," sang my leaping heart within my
breast
In glad surprise,
When first we met.

But passing Time admonished, "Thoughtless Child,
She loves you, but not for yourself alone.
'Twas all young womanhood on whom she smiled;
Whose hand she pressed; for whom her dark eyes
shone."
True womanhood; good womanhood; her life work
and her pride;
Ideal womanhood; for which she toiled and lived
and died.

Some fault reproved, my dimmed eyes could not
meet
The fires that flashed behind the glasses' rim.
"She hates me!" stormed my heart's resentful beat.
But decades gliding to the past, of shadows dim,
Reveal the flattery that lures unto a fall,
And honeyed words, that tasted, turn to bitter gall.
Not hers such treachery! Her fledglings' wayward
flight
She hastened, led, compelled into the paths of right.
Good womanhood; true womanhood; her life work
and her pride;
Ideal womanhood; for which she toiled and lived
and died.

JESSIE NORTON AXELL, '91.

January, 1915.

January 6.

IN that longest chapter of the Bible, Psalm 119, every verse of its one hundred seventy-six referring in some way to the Word of God, we read in verse 105, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

There is no passage in the Bible that is more connected in my mind with Mrs. Mills than the one just quoted.

I remember she impressed it upon my recollection by describing the narrow paths of the Orient, and said that the many serpents and the vermin so infested these paths that the natives wore little lamps on their shoes to light their way and thus keep them from its otherwise unseen dangers.

Mrs. Mills was at her best in the years I knew her. I vividly recall two striking characteristics which made a great impression upon me the first time I met her, and which never failed to impress me more and more as the days and the years went on: They were her quickness of motion and extreme alertness of mind.

She seemed to take in everything at a glance in a marvelous way.

It was a rare gift and had much to do with her wonderful personal power.

"My Faith Looks up to Thee" and "I Need Thee Every Hour" were two of her favorite hymns.

She lived a great life.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Through thy precepts I get understanding: therefore I hate every false way.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.—Ps. 119:103-105.

January 7.

Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it.—Prov. 16:22.

THE coming of Mrs. Mills to Honolulu became a tremendous impetus in my life. Devoted as I had been to President and Professor Beckwith, who had been my instructors since I was ten, the coming of a lady into my school life was a revelation.

Naturally she came in closer touch at any and all times than any professor could, and it was not merely the mental stimulus in the prescribed course of studies then pursued, but an influence that affected everything else.

Hawaii was not then in touch with the world as now. There were few distractions and little variety in the regular routines of life which were always happy and wholesome; but when just out of the realm of arithmetic, geography and grammar, to be introduced into that of "Beginnings" of language, rhetoric, literature; to algebra, Latin, history, composition, music, and writing, with ever the incentive to go on and on—up the ladder of learning and general achievement, the experience was profound and all-possessing.

Mrs. Mills' personal influence in every line continued ever to stimulate endeavor, understanding, judgment, and decision.

It was always a joy to attempt whatever she suggested, knowing an undreamed of reward was before us.

She has left behind her, unwritten histories of struggles and faint-heartedness that blossomed into courage and power as the years have passed:

Of friendships encouraged from timid beginnings, that now stand as pillars of strength and force uniting lands far and near.

The years of her life hold thousands of witnesses to stand for her "life-work." Their unwritten chronicles would but swell this brief testimony into volumes of proof.

I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.—Isaiah 42:16.

January 8.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Phil. 4:8.

A GREATER movement than Mills College exists to glorify this noble woman's life and history—the thousands of girls she sent forth into the world equipped with the arts and graces of true womanhood.

They know. It requires no printed word, no oratorical flourish to impress upon her graduates the great benefits Susan Mills conferred in her lifetime. And in the years to come, the daughters of these graduates, when abiding at Mills College and following in their mothers' footsteps along the paths of learning there, will do well to pause at the tomb of Susan L. Mills and reflect upon her greatness and goodness.

It ought to inspire them to live lives of purity and nobility of mind and soul.

January 9.

ALL my life I have known Mrs. Mills personally and by reputation. My earliest recollection of her dates from the time when she returned from India with Mr. Mills. I looked upon Mrs. Mills with the awe a child of that date regarded returned missionaries.

My knowledge of her is chiefly as hostess and guest. We made Mills College headquarters in our visits to California in 1878 and 1894, and also entertained Mrs. Mills on several occasions during her trips East.

What impressed me most was her hospitality, her generosity, and her untiring energy.

Miss Tolman, who was of such different temperament, called it "restlessness."

As a guest she needed only freedom to come and go, and as she knew so many people in Ware, the home of her girlhood, there was always something to demand her time and interest. * * *

She acknowledged to being impulsive and missing her husband's restraining influence. This impulsiveness often led to incorrect first impressions.

She was a true friend to those whose 'adoption has been tried,' and "grappled them to her soul with hooks of steel."

January 10.

But my God shall supply all your need.—Phil. 4:19.

A GIRL of quiet nature, I did not come into many personal relationships with Mrs. Mills. Her influence over us all was perfectly beautiful. She always exercised such motherly care that I grew to love her very dearly. None of the girls of '09 seemed to have any other feeling than love for her. She always took an interest in our welfare and we felt honored by her personal interest in us.

Shortly after I had been sick for a couple of weeks, Mrs. Mills met me in the Assembly Room of Mills Hall and asked how I was. I answered that I was feeling good. She told me that I should not say "good" but "well."

I shall never forget that use of the two words, for I was so greatly impressed that among the many different things Mrs. Mills had to do and think of, she should have taken sufficient notice that I had misused the words as to spare time to tell me about them.

She seemed to be one of our class she was so interested in everything we did, and because she so loved her girls she seemed to be always young. This seems a slight tribute, but in every thought there is love for Mrs. Mills.

January 11.

THE recollections of one who knew Mrs. Mills before she came to California, at Punahou, Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills were in charge of "Oahu College," and her pupils of that time will never forget how interesting she made the studies over which she presided, especially those in the natural sciences.

She had such a gift for teaching as to waken the enthusiasm of her pupils; she used so many illustrations and experiments their interest was constantly aroused. In those days of no laboratory equipment, the apparatus was of her own ingenious arrangement. I remember once an explosion of hydrogen gas during an illustrative experiment and how startled she looked for an instant, then with utmost composure, continued her explanation and showed just how the explosion happened and why.

I can see her as she moved about the building, quick as a flash and apparently everywhere at once; first in one place and then in another, seeing everything; nothing escaped her. Every boy and girl in that institution felt her influence and that of Mr. Mills, and when they moved to California we were left with a sense of having suffered a great loss.

A pleasant picture comes before me of Mr. and Mrs. Mills on horseback starting out on one of their trips around Oahu from Punahou. How erect she sat and how trim her lithe figure!

January 12.

AFTERWARD at Benicia Seminary, her presence was the same and she seemed to throw her whole soul into ways for improving conditions and—persons.

She took pains to become intimately acquainted with each girl; thus she would be sought for help and advice on all occasions, and she always seemed to have time for it all. How she could was a mystery, for the things she had to attend to were endless and constant—but she was always accessible.

She usually had a short talk for the girls every morning after the morning devotions and before they separated for classes; the numerous practical subjects that were presented were most helpful.

She always remembered her old scholars and kept her interest in them long after they had passed from under her direct influence, and was really concerned when she lost sight of one and could not learn of her whereabouts.

The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits without partiality, and without hypocrisy.—James 3:17.

January 13.

IT is a picture of the arrival at Young Ladies Seminary, Benicia, in 1865, of two visitors, strangers, whose coming was fraught with immense importance to every inmate of the institution. They were not ordinary visitors, one could tell that at a glance, for their faces bore evidence of sojourn in tropical lands and their conversation was replete with stirring incidents and anecdotes that bespoke the world traveler, who was a rarer personage in those days than now.

Soon we, the students and the Faculty of the Seminary, gathered enough out of which to weave a lovely romance about the lady, who as a young girl had left Mount Holyoke with graduation honors, to become the bride of the young minister from Williams College, and go with him to far-away India to engage in missionary work.

Was it strange that no passing curiosity became lively interest, as we noted their own absorbing attention to the minutest detail of Seminary work? Doubtless we were prepared in a way for the unexpected which soon came in an announcement from Miss Atkins that she had sold the school—our school, for so we loved it!—to Doctor and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills.

A Seminary is a little world in itself, and for a few days ours seemed torn by some great convulsion of nature, so disturbed were we over the uncertainty and the parting. Fortunately for us, with the sadness of parting from one who had held a supreme place in our affections was mingled joy for her, for we knew that the change meant future home happiness.

January 14.

MR. AND MRS. MILLS from the first gave all their interest, energy and means to the work they had set about to accomplish. It was a glorious thing to do, but it meant for them the giving up of all personal aims for the one great purpose—the higher education of young women—(and at a time in the history of the State when the same power or ability directed toward selfish aims would have made Mr. Mills one of the monied kings of the western coast).

It meant also, for these two, thinking and living in a work of development for others “when giving was better than getting,” and stooping to serve, better than climbing to heights of personal ambition and ease.

Hand in hand with perfect understanding and singleness of purpose, * * * these two planned and executed. Infinite toil, patience, and love have cemented every part of the work. Since Mr. Mills' death, as we have watched the rare courage of soul, the fidelity of aim with which a woman, single-handed, has borne the burden of the work onward toward completion, we have been lost in wonder and admiration.

We have known her continuous sacrifice, we have known her great glad joy in giving and doing, her tender loving mother heart, and we rejoice that in response to all this, women in every part of the world rise up and call her—“blessed.”

She has given to her children, the Alumnae of the school, and to the women of California, an inheritance whose value cannot be measured. She bids us pass it on a priceless heritage to our children's children.

January 15.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.—Gal. 5:22-23.

IN the Benicia days the building was old, not very convenient, and a trifle shabby, but to some of us who were students there but lived far away, it was home as well as school. The writer well remembers saying one day, "My vacation is almost over and in two weeks I shall be going home again." With a loving half-reproachful look, she said, "Child, isn't this your home?"

It is important to add that wherever the Mills Seminary girls have wandered or established themselves in homes, grand or simple, there they have maintained a high standard of womanhood, and made the quiet walks of life purer and happier by their example.

An unsought and unexpected tribute was paid by a prominent educator to the training received here, when two Alumnae sisters of S '03, were traveling in Europe under his leadership.

This college professor said: "When I became acquainted with Mrs. B. and Miss R. I remarked to my wife that I was certain that they had received their education in some smaller college for women, as there is always a touch of femininity about those young women from smaller colleges that is lacking in those who have passed only thro' the larger co-educational institutions."

January 16.

Casting all your care upon Him; for he careth for you.—
I. Peter 5:7.

I AM glad to refer to numerous Scriptural passages which bear record of my days at Mills and which have been very helpful in my later life. (These references are given under dates of August 2 and October 30, except such as are used for texts on various other pages.—C. K. W.)

Mrs. Mills frequently read these chapters at Prayers and the verses were most wonderfully used in the beautiful prayers she gave. No prayers ever given had more effect upon my thought than those by dear Mrs. Mills.

When encouraging those who were to take part in public exercises, the concerts, etc., she never failed to point them to the true source of power. II. Tim. 1:7. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind." Also James 1:5 and I. Peter 5:7.

Mrs. Mills' deep interest in all our personal affairs was often revealed in referring to circumstances one would think had long since left her thought. She remembered details about everything connected with one's life and its interests.

After I had left my work in the public school she frequently inquired about several wayward boys who were in my fifth grade the first year I taught school. Her kindly interest in their development was so characteristic of her love for children and fond hopes for their spiritual growth and progress.

January 17.

WHEN Mrs. Mills visited me in Honolulu, at the time my little Dorothy was three years old, Dorothy addressed her as "Mrs. Mills College." Mrs. Mills enjoyed her new name and her keen and appreciative humor caused her to remember this years after.

Altho' for so long associated with older girls, she had a great love for, and was exceedingly sympathetic with small children. My little girl, instinctively, loved her at once.

During the eight happy years I spent at Mills, Mrs. Mills never addressed me in a "fault-finding" way. Any reproof was given in a kind, motherly spirit. I can remember her taking hold of my arm one Sunday afternoon, and saying just as a mother might, "This is altogether too thin a dress, my dear child. Change it at once!" But my memory can recall no harsh words spoken to me.

I shall always cherish, as one of the dearest memories of my life the days which I and my little daughter, Dorothy, spent with Mrs. Mills at the College the year before she passed away. Gentle, loving, tender-hearted, sympathetic, she was a true mother to us both and gave us both a mother's "welcome home." Whatever of sternness had been hers as a college president had vanished, and there remained, this last year, over and above all, the mother spirit of a loving, consecrated woman.

January 18.

The entrance of thy words giveth light.—Ps. 119:130.

I THINK that my best loved memory of Mrs. Mills during my years as a student is the picture of her at Evening Prayers reading the Bible verses that she loved so well.

I can see her now as she would pause for a moment, then look up from the book and earnestly tell us of some personal experience and of how she had found her Heavenly Father an ever-present help. One of the oftenest-quoted Bible passages was: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

The one hundred twenty-first Psalm she read again and again, likewise the ninety-first. When I hear these Psalms now my thoughts turn at once to Mrs. Mills and I can hear her reading them as I never expect to hear them read again—so beautifully and in a manner all her own.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.—Psalm 46:1-3.

January 19.

IN Seminary Hall, at Morning Prayers, one of her petitions was that her "daughters might be as corner-stones."

A characteristic of Mrs. Mills that impressed itself upon me was her constant oversight over every department of the Seminary—she seemed to be omnipresent.

During my Senior Middle year, it was my province to attend the front door when visitors called. As all visitors were first to be reported to her, I learned the quickest way to find Mrs. Mills was to stand at the foot of the middle stairway and she almost invariably soon came from some direction—either from the dining-room, or her own private rooms, down the stairs, or from some classroom or Seminary Hall, on her way to look after some other department.

She was personally interested in the welfare of her girls, dropping into their rooms at any time during day or evening, always and everywhere untiring and alert.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.—Isaiah 26:3.

Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them.—Ps. 119:165.

January 20.

AN incident that called forth a talk on self-control.

During the dinner-hour one day, one of the Chinese boys let fall the pile of plates he was carrying from one of the tables. Of course, there was a great crash and Lottie A—— screamed and jumped from her seat (those who knew Lottie will remember how nervous she was), so that some of the girls became excited. I looked at Mrs. Mills. She was as calm and undisturbed as though nothing had happened.

This incident gave occasion for a talk in Seminary Hall upon self-control, which has had a lasting influence upon me.

On one occasion when Mrs. Mills was at our home in Oakland, she became so interested in a little monkey we had that he was sent to her and she had him in her back room. It was not generally known among the girls that Mrs. Mills had a pet monkey. One evening after supper, when the general promenade was taking place up and down the main hall, that monkey escaped from his confinement, ran up the private hall from Mrs. Mills' sitting-room and appeared around the corner just as the head of the procession came up.

With screams of fright those girls turned and rushed into the others, causing great excitement. Fortunately I was near, and knowing the cause, secured master monkey, but those leading girls who saw him thought he was a veritable imp of Satan and in pursuit of them.

January 21.

WHEN Mrs. Mills and Miss Tolman were on a visit East in comparatively recent years, Maria Gardner, now Mrs. Helen Scoville, gave a reception for them at her Fifth avenue school, New York.

I went from Lancaster, and stopped with Fannie Rouse Carpenter. Mrs. Mills and Miss Tolman were with her also. In fact, Mrs. Mills went with Fannie to meet me at the station at nine o'clock in the evening.

At breakfast on the day of the reception, Mrs. Mills announced that she wished to visit the Hall of Fame that morning. Miss Goulding, too, was there. So we all started off and tripped way out to 180th street, tramped about, Mrs. Mills leading, until we were tired enough to return home. Fannie said that Mrs. Mills had tired her out the day before in going about. Then in the afternoon she stood for a long time receiving guests.

I relate this incident to emphasize her untiring activity.

Mrs. Mills put her whole heart and soul into her work, and served her day and generation well. Many are the women of our land who "will rise up and call her blessed," and I am one of them.

January 22.

I AM one of those whose thought of Mrs. Mills is very tender, and who admired and appreciated her in life.

In my Senior year I was wonderfully impressed by Mrs. Mills' varied ability and marvelous quickness of thought and action.

I recall her exquisite reading of "Sir Launfal's Vision," especially, "What is so rare as a day in June," as I have never heard it rendered either before or since.

She selected and read to us the choicest bits from books we would not readily select for ourselves; selections that had a quickening, stimulating influence upon our minds through her enthusiasm in rendition.

She would be called from our class in Natural Theology, first to meet visitors and decide an important question, then to the kitchen where trouble had arisen, meeting the emergency by superintending the making of bread for her great family; then returning to the recitation, ascertain by quick questioning the preparation made by every one of that large class.

Since my own school days, it has been my wonder and admiration to note how wisely she kept in touch with all advance in modern methods of thought.

January 23.

There is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear.—I. John 4:18.

AS I am cast for the role of "looking backward," you will be patient if I indulge in a few reminiscences which an irreverent wag once called "rummy nuisances."

My first interest in the present Mills College was awakened one day when Mrs. Mills slipped her arm through mine as we walked in the little garden of Benicia Seminary and told me that Mr. Mills had just completed the purchase of a tract of land six miles from Oakland, on which, during the coming year, a suitable building would be put up and the Seminary would be moved to a new location. I was greatly impressed by this important piece of news conveyed to me in confidence.

A few weeks before my class graduated we went to San Francisco to have our class picture taken, and the next morning at nine o'clock the whole class, numbering seventeen, met Mr. Mills at the foot of Market street en route to Broadway, Oakland. Here we found large conveyances waiting to carry us to this property.

Our spirits were in tune with the surroundings. Like Pippa, we might have sung, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," for we were then in life's springtime and we gave full expression to our feelings of joy as we sang along the way until we reached this spot, which contained then, a few fine old oaks, a shabby farmhouse, an uninteresting family, and a few cows.

January 24.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33:27.

I SHALL never forget, of course, my dear Mills' days—seven years of them! A period of seven years in the most impressionable time of one's life is not easily forgotten. During all that time Mrs. Mills was my guardian, so I came to know her very closely, having to consult her as I did on all matters that pertained to me personally.

At first she seemed to be a little stern, but as I gradually grew to know her and realized how deeply she was concerned in all my affairs, I could but grow to love her.

I also found that perfect frankness, even in the confessing of a fault, and sincerity were the things that appealed to her most in a girl's character. And it was after the confession of some prank, hard as it was to come up to it, that a perfect understanding was created between us.

I was at "Mills" during a very trying epoch in its history. One in authority had created great trouble. I shall never forget the patience, the firmness, the hope and confidence that the right would win and that assurance of "God's in His Heaven, all's right in His world" that showed forth in her life. And when the suspense was over how she felt drawn to those who stood by her.

The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?—Psalm 27:1.

January 25.

SUCH a frightened girl as I was when I first entered the Study Hall at Benicia! A genuine country girl with all a country girl's determination to do or die.

But I "did it" in my very first recitation. It was English History under our dear Miss Wilson. She called on me to recite, mercifully, a short topic on one of the early English kings, who, mercifully for me also, had a very short reign. I thought I acquitted myself very well, but at recess, Belle H., a member of the class, asked, "Do you know what you said in your recitation of that king? That he died in the fourth year of his age and the nineteenth year of his reign." I was amazed, and replied: "But no one laughed. If I said that, why did no one laugh?" "Because you are a new girl," was the answer. "If you had been an old one we would have shouted."

There was the key-note sounded in the character the Seminary sought to build: kindness and consideration for others, particularly the stranger.

I do not feel that I am alone in saying that much that we were taught by Mr. and Mrs. Mills was of more importance to the individual upbuilding than many of the isms or theories of the present time: the high ideals, the honor of truth, the love of justice, and, above all, the types of Christian womanhood they both endeavored so earnestly to develop in the young minds committed to their care.

January 26.

IT was no easy task to guide and govern these restless spirits: girls from town and country; from mountain camp and lonely ranch; of all dispositions; many with little or no training. To teach and uplift was the work committed to them. How well they fulfilled their trust is shown by the noble types of womanhood scattered throughout the length and breadth of this broad land.

An occasion I well recall when I had cause for blushes. The custom was to write a composition every other week. "Compositions" we then termed them; later at Mills we evolved them into essays, now our collegiate sisters, when they do write them, call them "themes" or "theses."

We gloried in our "compositions"; at least, some did. If we had a misspelled word, it was written on the blackboard just back of the rostrum in the large study hall. Friday afternoons, two girls from each section were selected to read compositions and two to recite some choice poems. All the school assembled for this exercise, and very often visitors. The misspelled words were emblazoned on the board in their misspelled way with the name of the unfortunate speller underneath.

If I were as old as the Sphinx, I could never forget when I saw the word mur-m-e-r, in bold black and white, and beneath it my name. When Mrs. Mills called upon me I had to stand, spell the word as it was on the blackboard and then correctly. I am bound to say that, as I gradually subsided and sank out of sight on the last syllable, Mrs. Mills laughingly remarked that murmuring seemed to be my specialty. I always did think mur-m-e-r more definite.

In these days this method might not meet with favor, but I know it made us of the early seventies very careful of our orthography.

January 27.

Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves.—II. Cor. 3:5.

WHEN I was a Senior in the Seminary Department I was elected President of my class, much to my secret elation. I was next to the youngest in the class, and so was very much thrilled by the honor. The question of my efficiency never occurred to me; I was too puffed with pride.

When Mrs. Mills heard of my election, she straightway sent for me. Not so blind as I to my shortcomings she proceeded to point out to me very frankly but kindly the impossibility of my filling the position as it should be filled. "Why, child! you haven't the proper dignity; you are too young; you lack the required judgment such a position demands," etc., etc. So did Mrs. Mills peel the scales from my eyes. I was dreadfully hurt, but bore no resentment because she was just. I was all she said and more too. That talk I will never forget, nor shall I cease to marvel over how beautifully she brought me down to earth and showed me my real self. I left her presence a saddened creature, but there was no rancor. Justice meted out may hurt, but it never leaves a scar. I was made to see my own inefficiency so clearly that I was glad to resign, and what was more, I resigned with a sweet taste in my mouth.

I have often wondered how many people could tell a conceited high school senior that she wasn't capable of filling the class president's chair and be loved and respected for it. Surely no other but Mrs. Mills!

January 28.

THE Twenty-third Psalm was such a favorite with Mrs. Mills that I actually feel it belonged to her. Never do I hear it but I can see Mrs. Mills at Prayers, shut the big Bible with a sigh, fold her hands, and say in her lovely voice, "Let us all recite together that beautiful Psalm, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'"

Never can I forget Mrs. Mills' warning of the so-called "Mushroom friendships," that die out as quickly as they spring to sight.

How she would emphasize the dangers and the cheapness of those close intimacies.

"Be careful, young ladies," she would admonish, "choose your friends slowly; take your time; let friendships ripen slowly, as do all good fruits." Those words have fairly rung in my ears ever since I left Mills.

During my four years of college life in Cambridge, Massachusetts, I endeavored to follow dear Mrs. Mills' advice, and even now in married life, I bear it in mind, for after all what wonderful advice it is. It is surely one's environment that forms one's character, and what is that environment but one's circle of friends.

How often in the famous five o'clock teas would the law of Physics be expounded to us: "Heat expands and cold contracts." This in connection with our favorite habit of decorating the dressers by slipping photographs between the glass and frame. The law was always a preface to the talk on the costly habit of mirror decorating.

(See February 20.)

January 29.

MRS. MILLS was not to be measured by the standard of the average woman. Few have been gifted with an intellect so keen and alert, or a foresight so intuitive. With no marked mathematical ability, and with no apparent systematic or logical process of reasoning, she would arrive at a conclusion and grasp a truth with a celerity fairly bewildering to her less brilliant associates, but entirely justified by later events.

With her, to think was to act, and her mind was constantly employed with outreaching plans for the upbuilding of the College—plans which sooner or later rarely failed to materialize.

New buildings sprang up as if by magic; the grounds were beautified and the material needs of the College looked after; the water system, the vegetable gardens, the stable, and the laundry.

At the same time she was planning for the intellectual development of the institution.

There were dreams to be realized and hopes to be fulfilled. The Preparatory Department was done away with, and in fullness of time the Seminary became a College; not perfected in all its details, not equipped as she desired, but it had a recognized existence. It was in its infancy, and money, loving thought and never-ending care were necessary to its growth and development.

She longed for the means, and gave her best thought and untiring energy to secure it. Her private means were dedicated to this object, and yet she needed more. "The ruling passion strong in death" some call it. But if it were the ruling passion, its ends were not subservient to her personal gratification, but to the growth and assured future of the child of her hopes.

January 30.

WITH her mental endowments a remarkable physical alertness was combined. She was here, there, and everywhere—a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, always sought for because always vanishing. It was a standing joke with the students that if it were necessary to find Mrs. Mills, one need only take her station at a given point for five minutes when she would appear with flying feet from nobody knew where.

One moment she was in her room, apparently engrossed in work; the next, a glance from the window revealed her gathering flowers for some friend who had called, or discussing with the gardener some plans for his work. Again she would be found in the library looking for a book or chatting with the librarian in regard to some of the arrangements. Another turn would disclose her in the laboratory, in the kitchen directing the daily meals, or in the room of a disabled student, speaking a word of encouragement or admonition.

She came and went like a flash of light. I used laughingly to say to her, when trying in vain to keep up with her meteor-like movements, that all I hoped for was to remain in sight of the feather on her hat which I knew would finally lead me to her goal.

So she kept on day after day, followed by months and years of activity until "beyond the allotted space of years" she gave into the keeping of others the care which had claimed her love and attention the better part of her life, and for which she labored alone for many a year.

January 31.

JAMES M. AND JULIA M. TOLMAN.

Born 1829; Mrs. Mills' brother and sister (twins);
James died 1831; Julia died 1871.

From Julia's Daily Food reference, 1838.

And I will put my Spirit within you and cause you to walk in my statutes.—Ezek. 36:27.

O, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit
Nor act the liar's part.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee.—Psalm 55:22.

MRS. TOLMAN, when Miss Julia Tolman, also taught at Mt. Holyoke, and was greatly beloved by her pupils. She and her five sisters were at Mt. Holyoke twenty-five years as scholars and teachers. Their father often said, "We certainly know Mary Lyon and Mt. Holyoke well!" and well he might, having in summer sun and winter snow driven them in turn from and to their home in Ware, taking sometimes one and sometimes three as they were enrolled for study at Mt. Holyoke or were engaged in teaching there.

These words of Mary Lyon were beautifully exemplified in the life of Miss Julia Tolman: "In your service for the Master do not expect praise or reward. Do all out of sheer love for your Savior. Live near Him not afar off. Try to please Him, try to be like Him. A present trust in Him is the best preparation for every trial that may come to you, the best preparation for your closing hour."

“Mercy and Truth are met
together; Righteousness and
Peace have kissed each other.”

February 1.

The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away.—Psalm 90:10.

THUS oft it is in life; we have our round of pleasures, and joys and pastimes fill our days with glee, but—comes a time—unconsciously but surely unto some, and ere they are aware, the pure delights of youth are gone, the cheerful middle-age has lost its savor, and loveless and forlorn they drift along the broad stream of existence to life's close.

Well-favored they who keep their hearts attuned to nature, youth, and gladness as the years glide by.

'Twas thus, with our beloved Mrs. Mills. The Christian faith and hope and peace and joy, El Campanil chimes out each changing hour, are echoes only of her own sweet life. "I'm eighty-six years young" she often said in that last year she dwelt with us on earth.

Thus age with her was not a "growing old," but beautiful decline, as sets the sun in golden glory of an autumn sky,—or sinks behind some summit winter-born but roseate in the evening's twilight glow.

Progressive, great, and broad in heart and mind, for her, advancing years meant growing young; esteeming more and more each passing year with wonder to behold "What God hath wrought!" yet conscious, too, that in His own good time, she would know for them, she would see Him face to face.

February 2.

MAY every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom
some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter sky beyond the gathering
mist,
To make this life worth while
And heaven a heritage."

After the beautiful lines on influence, quoted above, came into Mrs. Mills' possession, she obtained many card copies which she lovingly gave to her girls who returned to see her, and distributed also among the Faculty members and the students at the College.

Just another instance of how she 'passed on' something that pleased or helped her.

A hope expressed by Mrs. Mills after she became President Emeritus.

"I hope our girls will be encouraged to continue to read in concert, and I hope they will keep up their quiet fifteen, morning and evening. It has done a great deal to make our school a Christian one."

Mills daughters who went forth from four years' fostering care had learned from practical lessons of economy, to utilize all blank leaves of letters, and to keep daily accounts. The molding influence of Mrs. Mills' weekly talks will be remembered and applied in daily life, when text-book reference and lecture have faded from mind.

February 3.

IN the early "seventies" I was principal of St. Mary's School in Benicia. I had early learned that Dr. and Mrs. Mills had removed their school from Benicia to a suburb of Oakland.

One day I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from Mrs. Mills, who wished to spend two or three hours in my class-room. This was the first time I had seen her.

Some years later I was asked by Mrs. Mills to become one of the principals in the new school. I accepted the offer and remained several years, and would have remained permanently could I have induced my aged father, whose care was mine, to join me and make a home for us in a cottage on the grounds of Mills Seminary. He thought he was too old and did not come.

I remained there long enough to know Mrs. Mills thoroughly, and to regard her as a second Mary Lyon.

Intellectually while she was not of the same type as Julia Ward Howe, whom I also knew personally, it is just to say that among literary women and educators, I think that Mrs. Mills had the larger usefulness.

February 4.

WILL any of the thousands of girls who attended the Wednesday afternoon talks ever forget them! The wealth of experience little appreciated by us then, but how gladly remembered and put to good use in these days of our life battle!

In illness what could exceed her kindness! I remember I was at one time threatened with chronic bronchitis. No sooner did she realize that I was so ill, than my room was changed to a warmer and sunnier one where I was near the matron and near the dining-room. The ripest of fruits and many dainties and flowers found their way to my room, and many and many a night would Mrs. Mills herself come up at nine o'clock, bringing my mug of cream. This in itself is a very small thing, perhaps, but it serves as an index of her character—the little things, the minutiae, how potent they are after all in influencing us in accomplishing results!

It was this incessant attention to every detail that went on, whether in the kitchen, the office, the grounds; the little events in the lives of each girl—all were important to her; nothing too little to be despised or overlooked. And after all, isn't that a really grand trait of character? One that simply shows that the person who forgets no detail can grasp nobly the great whole—realizing that the little cells unless perfect cannot make a perfect whole.

I have not departed from thy judgments for thou hast taught me.—Psalm 119:102.

February 5.

TO almost every college student the term Alma Mater signifies the institution from which he or she graduated. To you and to me it signifies not only Mills College, but also her who had so large a part in its foundation, who loved it into being and through whose life and effort and beneficent gifts it is what it is. Truly she was our Good Mother. Do you remember how she would say, regretfully, "I have no child of my own"; then add with pride, "but I have a thousand daughters!"

While Mrs. Mills' heart and soul were wrapped up in the institution she loved, no one was ever more keenly alive to all topics of world-interest.

I recall with intense pleasure the occasion of an address delivered by Mr. Roosevelt in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley in March, 1911. The place was thronged. With the opening strains of Priest's March by the orchestra, President Wheeler of the University of California entered, escorting the famous orator of the day. Behind them followed scores of educators from many seats of learning along the coast. They took their seats upon the platform, and Dr. Jordan of Stanford University sat at Mrs. Mills' side.

It was gratifying to observe the deferential attitude of that man so big of body, mind and heart, as he now and again conversed with the little woman beside him upon whom the hand of time was resting heavily. At the conclusion of the program it was David Starr Jordan who escorted Mrs. Mills to Colonel Roosevelt, and who introduced them. Across the sea of faces there was one daughter at least who was proud for her mother's sake.

February 6.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James 5:16.

HOW indelibly is stamped the memory of the prayers that Mrs. Mills poured out in our behalf in Assembly Hall evening after evening, day after day, year after year! Listen and you can hear her voice, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord."

* * * * *

It was at home among her girls that Mrs. Mills' richest life was spent.

As a member of the Faculty, I remember with much tenderness the Quiet Fifteen of a Sabbath morning when we would gather in the faculty room and after a portion of Scripture, we would kneel and be led in prayer by Mrs. Mills. Her hands grasping the arms of her chair, her body erect, her face turned upward, she would utter her soul's desire for the girls she loved and for wisdom and guidance in the maintenance of the institution which was her very life.

O, girls! Her prayers are our inheritance.

Our lives are her memorial.

February 7.

For a birthday of February 11.

CAN you not see Mrs. Mills looking over those half-glasses of hers? Can you not hear her say, "Welcome home, my daughters."

Can you not feel the thrill of fear, Mills girls, when sent to Mrs. Mills because of some misdemeanor or, as we said, "scrape we got into?" Again those half-glasses and eyes looking over them. "Young ladies what means this unseemly conduct? It ought not so to be."

How well I remember my first enforced visit to Mrs. Mills! "Why were you sent to me, Helen?" she asked. "I—I—I—said 'I didn't know' to Miss—, and she sent me to you, but I didn't know, Mrs. Mills," I replied. Tears were streaming down my cheeks and I must have been a woe-ful object. I am sure now Mrs. Mills wanted to laugh, but it was not funny to me then.

My instructions were never to say, "I don't know" or "I didn't know," but "do not know, or did not know. There is always plenty of time to speak correctly. Besides, you are here to know."

That time I escaped easily, but later my offense was greater. I with the other day scholars were ushered into Mrs. Mills' presence. "Be seated, young ladies." Down we sat upon a sofa, Mrs. Mills seated in front of us. Never have I trembled more, never did a sofa shake more than that morning. I believe I always avoided that corner ever afterward; and I am sure we never mailed another letter for any girl while we attended Mills Seminary.

February 8.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom . . . and whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.—Col. 3:16, 17.

I DID not understand Mrs. Mills until my Senior year. Later when I returned for work in the Music Department I saw another phase of her character, and how she enjoyed the girls' innocent escapades.

One day I was in her room when some of the girls were ushered in from the Gymnasium. They had sewed lace in their bloomers and they certainly looked ridiculous. Of course, they were reprimanded, but hardly were they out of the room before Mrs. Mills was chuckling with laughter, her eyes fairly dancing in enjoyment. "Oh! how funny girls are! I do love them and their pranks."

Many times have I heard her say, "My girls keep me young."

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.—Psalm 1:3.

February 9.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Matt. 6:20-21.

WORDS cannot express how grateful I feel to the school and also to dear Mrs. Mills for all she did for me. I have often said that if I had a dozen girls, each should have her college course in Mills. There is something one gets from such a Christian home, and from the intimate association with the beautiful characters of all the teachers that is hard to estimate.

The wealth of a Croesus would not tempt me to give up what Mills gave me, and what Mills is we all feel is due to Mrs. Mills, her personality and her devotion coupled with wonderful insight into character that enabled her to select most efficient assistants—teachers that one who did not know Mrs. Mills' power of discernment, would have considered surprisingly strong, considering the lack of college endowment.

My life at Mills was one of sweet harmonious development—never monotonous—yet one day very much like another. And Mrs. Mills' influence was in the thousand and one little helps that might seem very insignificant to express, but won her my devotion.

February 10.

Quench not the Spirit.—I. Thess. 5:19.

MRS. MILLS was a unique figure, for truly in this world of varied personalities there was none other like her.

One might as easily analyze the solar spectrum to tell which of the component parts is most beautiful yet when all is said and done it is the perfect blending of all these parts that gives the unified result which we admire as a perfect whole.

So it is when we think of Mrs. Mills. Sometimes her keenness of intellect, sometimes her broad sympathy, sometimes her humor took turns in appealing to one, yet it was not any one predominant trait we loved her for, but rather the perfect poise and balance they produced in her character.

One of the salient traits in her character was her unflinching sense of humor. I was soon impressed with her purposeful use of it. For example, one week I particularly recall, was noted by the many requests she had for absences one Saturday. Very many of the girls had dental appointments. It so happened that Mrs. Mills herself went to town that day and returned on the five-twenty car. Nothing was said, but a number of us noted her close scrutiny of the girls as they started from the station staggering under the weight of the inevitable suit-case. That evening before prayers, she remarked her pleasure at seeing all in their places promptly after the great exodus. Then added most naively, "But young ladies, I don't understand the modern dentist. In my day he filled teeth, but now he seems to fill suit cases." The incident passed off with a laugh, but the reproof sank very deep, and so far as I know was effective—more so than a sermon could possibly have been.

February 11.

DOROTHY MILLS SMITH

Great Grand Niece; now a Sophomore at Mills College.

WHEN this grandniece united with the Mills College Church, Mrs. Amelia Truesdell, who was present, was so impressed by the service and the sermon that she wrote the following verses, based upon the theme. She also wrote the music for them.

THE WAITING NOTE.

(And they sang as it were a new note.)

In the full celestial chorus
Waits one strain for only me;
Note of that immortal measure
From earth's death-note ever free.
May I, with my heart's own spirit
Catch that harmony divine;
Strike the chord with tone unerring,
Knowing it as only mine!

Mine with not a broken cadence;
Mine for God's eternal chime;
Keyed to heavenly diapason,
When the world He swung in rhyme;
In majestic majors swelling,
Mine where men and angels meet;
And the spheres in grand crescendo,
Lay their worship at His feet.

Amelia Woodward Truesdell, Mills College, 1910.
Dedicated to Mrs. Susan L. Mills.

February 12.

The Birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

WHY Mrs. Mills' middle name is Lincoln I do not know, but I do know she had a great admiration for the character of Lincoln, and a tender and sympathetic regard for his memory.

She was so interested in commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of his birth that she surprised those at the College on that occasion by having unveiled below the portrait of Lincoln, in the Recreation Room, a bronze tablet upon which is inscribed his famous Gettysburg address.

At the noon hour, interesting exercises preceded the ceremony of the unveiling, President Mills herself acting as Master of Ceremonies. Mrs. Mills introduced the program by saying:

"The Legislature of California has exercised its law-making power by enacting that this Friday, February 12, 1909, be particularly observed by the schools of our State as 'Lincoln Day,' to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of the greatest of our national heroes."

After giving an interesting account of the legislative proceedings of enactment, and repeating Governor Gillett's words closing: "Let every one lay aside personal concerns for a little time and join heartily in this celebration of Lincoln's anniversary," she said, "so we here have fittingly set aside our accustomed tasks to unite with others throughout the length and breadth of the land, in offering a tribute to this foremost of Americans, this hero, emancipator, and martyr."

February 13.

THE great number of remarkable qualities possessed by Mrs. Mills combine into such a wonderful whole, such a unique personality, that it is difficult to analyze them into separate characteristics.

Perhaps Mrs. Mills' love for children, especially for "her girls" and their little ones, is most impressed upon my mind because of two letters she wrote after my baby came in 1912, not long before her last illness. She said:

"I shall hope when he is old enough that you will bring him over to see me, for you know I am always greatly interested in my 'children' and 'grand children.'

"I have not been very well of late, and you will pardon me for sending a short letter, but I wanted to send my love and congratulations.

"I am sure you will bring the little boy up to be a great blessing and comfort to all with whom he comes in contact. I fear he will not be a candidate for Mills."

I am looking back over a period of twenty-five years to Commencement Day, and to that wonderful little figure, the President of Mills College. Again I hear her benediction as I with others went forth from its portals, lovingly called "one of her girls," to face life's vicissitudes and to prove the value and worth of her care and tender guardianship during my formative years.

February 14.

And a little child shall lead them.—Isaiah 11:6.

MY contribution for the Year Book is a copy of a dear letter that Mrs. Mills wrote on the occasion of the birth of my granddaughter, Azalene Ward Eaton.

Mrs. Mills claimed her as the first great grandchild of Mills Seminary, as she was the first child whose mother and grandmother had both been graduated under Mrs. Mills' instruction.

Dear Great Granddaughter,

I am so glad you have reached San Francisco. We have been expecting you for some time. We welcome you, and expect you to be a dear, good little maiden, a great comfort to your Mamma and Papa and to all who love you already.

May you grow better and bigger every day and be a blessing to everybody.

I think of you most tenderly and pray God to bless you, dear little one.

Affectionately,

GRANDMA MILLS.

Mills College,
November 8, 1901.

“Mary Lyon used to say to us, ‘You will become more Christlike by loving little children.’”

February 15.

I HAVE seen much and experienced much in these years now gone, sharing as a common lot the trials and sorrows inextricably interwoven with life. There have been disappointments of many fair young dreams, but there is one object that stands forth without impairment, that has grown with my maturity, and has become revealed to me in my fuller understanding as incomparably great—and that is, the revered President of our beloved Alma Mater, Mrs. Susan L. Mills.

So strong were the effects of her influence, so abiding the fruits of her wisdom, that the scenes of long ago where she took an active part, appear as of yesterday, and that what we believe and think can, in a large measure, be traced back to those early days when she was our friend and guide.

How vivid even now to my memory are what she called "General Exercises," held at Seminary Hall every Tuesday afternoon, and her peremptory injunction, "none to be excused."

Here she met her "girls" alone, none of the Faculty being present.

She met them as a loving mother, but with the wisdom of a Solomon.

Here she poured out her great spirit. Her wonderful range of experience in many lands. Her clear insight into practical life made her a marvelous counselor and adviser, and an incalculable force for good, acting upon the plastic natures before her.

February 16.

THESE heart-to-heart talks can never be forgotten or even over-estimated in their beneficent effects. The full range of conduct in its minutest details was intimately discussed.

The "girls'" correspondence, "the messages to the dear ones at home," as to their regularity and care that nothing was written that would worry or annoy, were subjects of soundest advice and instruction.

The matters of table etiquette, dress, personal conduct on trains and on boats, the care of our health, our duties to each other and to our teachers, and to the servants (her frequent admonition being "be considerate of those who serve") were presented to us in a manner and with a persuasiveness that forever affected and modified our conduct.

Were it going home time, her guardful spirit was present with timely and helpful advice and implicit directions were given us, down to the trunk "to be marked with a little red cord or ribbon." Our conduct when at home, our greeting of old friends, perhaps less fortunate than ourselves in the possession of opportunities, to eschew petty assumptions, and at home, to be of use and service to our parents, and to show a due consideration to the old grandparents. In all these and kindred subjects she most carefully admonished us, thus inculcating in us the most splendid precepts of life. Her definition of politeness I have never forgotten, "Kindness manifested in an easy and graceful manner."

February 17.

EMILY TOLMAN CONDRON

Born 1819; died 1856.
Mrs. Mills' oldest sister.

From "Daily Food" texts of Julia Tolman, 1838.
Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive and plenteous
in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.—Psalm 86:5.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I seek,
This is the total sum;
Mercy through Christ, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I cry unto thee daily.—
Psalm 86:3.

SO many beautiful quotations and conversations
will come to me when it is too late!

But I shall always remember one statement
she made in one of her lecturettees to the girls.
She said she had often been asked to what she
owed her success in life, and her reply was always
the same, "To my close attention to details."

One evening after a very pleasant reception and
musicale, one of the young ladies in bidding Mrs.
Mills good-night said courteously, "I have enjoyed
myself very much." "Oh," said Mrs. Mills, "do
you not mean that you enjoyed the music?"

I prize my rose pillow filled with petals from
the rose-garden which gave place to the Margaret
Carnegie Library. The suggestion was given me
by Mrs. Mills as she encouraged us to cut off the
withered blossoms that the new flowers might be
more beautiful.

February 18.

MY knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Mills began in 1869 at the old Benicia home.

It is difficult to state what were the characteristics of Mrs. Mills that made the most impression upon my mind and helped influence my life. However, her strict admonitions as to the small duties and courtesies in our daily intercourse with our fellow-beings, and loyalty to our friends, have always been with me.

She entered into our amusements and tried to give us rational pleasures in our school-life. The rules were not many, but we were given clearly to understand that they must be obeyed.

We would not have been girls if we had not at times chafed under them, but we knew very well that the unreasonableness dwelt not in the rules, but in ourselves; in the restlessness and impatience of youth. She often said, and only too truly, that "those who never obey are not fitted to command."

One pithy saying which always excited our laughter was in reference to girls marrying as soon as they left school.

Mrs. Mills was in favor of marriage and home life, but urged us not to enter upon matrimony too hastily, and would conclude her remarks by saying: "Young ladies, remember 'windfalls go first.'"

February 19.

THE Bible motto she gave my class was the one the revered Mary Lyon gave hers: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

My interest in all missionary work is attributable to her. An interest I have always tried to keep up.

She was far-seeing and skilled in her comprehension of character.

It was her aim to build upon that which is imperishable—the heart and mind.

The cunning hand of the painter can depict the lineaments of the face or the beauties of the landscapes. The sculptor wields the hammer and chisel and the white marble gleams in the light, claiming our admiration. The songstress thrills our soul with her divine notes, but—the colors fade, and the canvas moulders to dust, whilst the voice of the singer is stilled by an inevitable death, but great and good deeds forever bear witness of the large heart from whence they sprung.

Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it.—Mal. 3:10.

February 20.

Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.—Jeremiah 9:23-24.

(From Jan. 28)

I LIVED under Mrs. Mills' roof-tree seven years, and I loved her with my whole heart. A nobler woman, grander woman never lived. Her teachings, her religion, her sympathy, and her love can never be forgotten.

My one regret is that my babies will never know Mrs. Mills—the most wonderful woman in every sense that I have ever known.

(Note: The writer of these paragraphs is a granddaughter of Mrs. Mills, in the sense that daughters of Mills Girls are all considered her "granddaughters." Her mother was a Mills daughter of the "seventies." After the mother's death, the writer, then a little girl, came with an older sister to the College roof-tree. She remained to graduate from the Seminary, and to begin her college work preparatory to entering Radcliffe. The impressions of one who was with Mrs. Mills so many years, mean much.—C.)

And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.—Rom. 12:2.

February 21.

A "PEDIGREED" CAKE.

(Verbatim Copy.)

Mt. Vernon Cake.

(From a recipe used in General Washington's family)

1½ lbs. sugar	½ lb. butter
1¾ lbs. flour	6 eggs
1 pt. sour cream	1 teaspoonful soda (in the cream)
Grated rind of 2 lemons	1 lb. raisins
Juice of 1 lemon, 1 nutmeg	1 lb. currants
A little ground mace	½ lb. citron

Cream butter and sugar together, add yolks of eggs well-beaten, then, cream and flour alternately. Then add whites of eggs well-beaten, and last of all the fruits floured.

Bake about two hours if in one pan. While baking cover with buttered paper. Brick ovens being used in those days it bakes too quickly.

Pedigree: This recipe was given to Mrs. Stephen van Renssalaer, wife of the Gen. G., by Lady Washington, who gave it to the grandmother of Mrs. Lansing, who gave it to Mrs. Davenport, who gave it to Mrs. Percy, who sends it with her kind regards to Mrs. Mills, February 22, 1903.

February 22.

AN annual and characteristic feature of college life is the Washington Birthday celebration which never fails to bring forth great displays of talent with results beautiful and astonishing.

The holiday is usually spent in preparation for the evening's celebration. Tables are appropriately decorated in patriotic colors and emblems, for the dinner hour, and the powdered hair and gay costumes make the scene festive as well as charming.

In Seminary days, the Seminary Seniors were hostesses. Now, the Freshmen hold that honor and privilege. This is the one party of the year held in Lisser Hall. A gavotte or minuet is always a feature of the evening.

Mrs. Mills always enjoyed these affairs and often wore a dainty piece of old lace as cap or fichu, to show her interest in the spirit of the occasion.

This little incident took place in the early '90s.

We were not supposed to don men's attire even in the plays we gave. It was the 22d of February. "Bloomers" had recently been adopted for "Gym" work. Tired of the hosts of Martha Washingtons in powdered hair and crossed kerchiefs that sauntered into the dining-room, I rigged up a wonderful George's costume. The only incongruity was a dashing, bold, upturned moustache.

After grace, I marched through the maze of Lady Washingtons and with one accord was loudly cheered by my many spouses. Mrs. Mills, hearing the unusual noise, hastened from the "little dining-room" to be confronted with this cavalier. "Who is it?" she said. Then the bravery of a Washington even was at stake. Hating to capitulate his ready wit manifested itself. He walked solemnly over to her, made a sweeping bow, his hand on his heart, then stepping nearer, he took her hand and kneeling, kissed it.

It is needless to say there was no reprimand, but a jolly evening, all the happier for the victory of the earlier hour.

February 23.

Be of the same mind one towards another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12:16, 21.

If any be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one, in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—Gal. 6:1.

NOTES from some of Mrs. Mills' talks.

What are you here for? What are your life plans?

The Building of Character—not what you do, but what you are.

True character after Divine Patterns.

Every man's life a plan of God—we make or mar it.

God designed perfection in details as well as in the whole.

We fail to attain what we seek in wealth, honor— but spiritual and moral good, all may attain.

Mary Lyon's was the most fruitful life lived by a woman in the nineteenth century.

If you commence teaching and do not succeed, see to it that you do succeed.

Be strong and of good courage.

Let every man prove his own work and then he shall rejoice in himself alone, and not in another.—Gal. 6:4.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: And be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Eph. 4:31, 32.



MRS. MILLS IN THE
EARLY SEVENTIES

February 24.

BUILD good foundations.

Christian character, on great eternal principles.

Truth, through and through; falsehood mars character always.

Purity—A canon of art that an artist who lives badly never can paint a good picture.

One who works with stained fingers leaves spots and blemishes.

Only the pure in heart shall see God, and so be God like.

Love, reverse of selfishness, using the life to bless others.

Never needlessly give pain or do hurt to a fellow being.

Do greatest possible good to all.

Mrs. Mills, dear soul—I can think of no word to express, but kaleidoscopic; so varied her abilities, and they so beautifully used in the freeing of woman.

As I write, so many scenes of the past pass my memory of the five years' guidance by Mr. and Mrs. Mills, I cannot think of them as gone.

February 25.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.—Ps. 43:5.

FROM a letter to Mrs. Mills, written by a good friend, a business man.

My dear Mrs. Mills.

Your kind note of Saturday is just received, and I am sure it will give me great pleasure to do anything I possibly can if my advice is worthy anything to you respecting the matter. * * * We do indeed pray that this year we have entered shall be the best year in the history of the College and that many of the dear young lives there may be fully given to God in a deeper consecration than ever before. I am sure you can rest with all confidence in God's promise to you that He shall supply all your need in the carrying on of that work which is so sacredly given over to Him by you.

The Lord has been teaching me lately a very sweet lesson about the rest of Faith and how much it means, definitely believing and then entering into rest. I for a long time knew only the wrestling, agonizing prayer of faith that kept teasing God. As I look back I see what a mistaken idea. God loves us so much that He will withhold no good thing from us, telling us "all things are yours." "Ask what ye will." I am learning that the more we ask, the more we delight and glorify God. * * *

February 26.

AS I was one of her older pupils and have seen her often during all these years, to me Mrs. Mills was very personal, quite like one of the family, and nothing she liked better than to visit with me and mine.

One summer while I was still a pupil at Mills, she spent an afternoon and a night at my father's home, and afterwards often spoke of the pleasure it gave her to be taken in as one of the family instead of being made company of.

She more than once spent the day with me in my own home, and always seemed supremely happy. In fact, one of the things her pupils did not know was that she dearly loved to visit "her girls" in their own homes. Had more realized it, she surely would have had more invitations than she had days to spare.

She was very fond of my boys and watched their growth from babyhood to manhood with real interest.

Mrs. Mills, as many of us know, was very quick at repartee, and always knew what to say and when to say it. Some years ago my husband and I met her on the Oakland boat. She had been to the Mills Club that afternoon, where I had been also. During the course of conversation she spoke of how well "the girls" all looked, and of various other things that pleased her, so my husband, man-like, said, "It shows how well 'your girls' husbands take care of them." She looked at him over her glasses, as we have all seen her look, and quick as a flash replied, "I have noticed how well 'my girls' husbands are being taken care of, too." Mr. D—— laughed, and tried for no more compliments.

February 27.

Mary Lyon's Prayer

Heavenly Father :

Teach me to live more as Christ lived. To feel more as He felt. To labor more as He labored. To deny myself more as He denied Himself. To pray more as He prayed. To agonize over a lost and dying world more as He agonized.

Amen.

One of Mrs. Mills' girls, knowing of her love for this prayer of Mary Lyon, made a pen copy with illuminated border and gave it to her.

She hung it above her mantel, and often called attention to it.

It still hangs where she placed it.

February 28.

MARY LYON

Born 1797, Died 1849

Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates.—Inscription on the headstone at Mary Lyon's grave, Mt. Holyoke.

“ON the heights of the University of New York stands the Hall of Fame where recently has been engraved the name of Mary Lyon. Hitherto this peristyle or avenue of immortals has been reserved for American men. The recognition of an American woman to a place among the revered of the nation is significant of the wonderful change that has taken place in modern standards.

“When Mary Lyon was doing her pioneer work and establishing at Mt. Holyoke, Massachusetts, a college for women, she met with even aggressive opposition. Now the education of girls and young women in this country is one of the most important features of our civilization. Contrary to popular belief, 50 per cent of the educated girls get married. Their homes become intellectual and social centers in the highest sense.

“Throughout her career as a college founder and president, she introduced the spirit of service. She was the first to recognize that young people would rise to the occasion if put upon their honor. Through her influence truth and the search for it became idealized.

“Mary Lyon educated girls for teachers and sent them throughout America and into England, Spain, India, Persia and Japan. Lake Erie College in Ohio and Mills College in California are colleges in the West founded by women who went from her classes.

“Every educated woman is a beneficiary of the work begun by Mary Lyon. In enthusiasm over this work it is said that she was the emancipator of women and that in time the influence of her spirit will thus liberate half of the human race.

“The Hall of Fame has been honored by the addition of her name to the list of immortals.”

Abridged from an article entitled, “Gracing the Hall of Fame,” by H. B.

February 29

MRS. MILLS' love of beauty was another of her strong characteristics. This same trait was especially marked in Miss Tolman, but took form along another line. While Miss Tolman was exclusively fond of art, Mrs. Mills not only loved art—lovely things—but also lovely souls, and this great love seemed to direct her chief aim in life—the development of lovely, useful womanhood; and realizing that to obtain this end, lovely things must surround these girls of hers, every desire and effort was to that end. Little by little, grounds became more beautiful. Some new change, a rose garden, an addition, a new building, and attractive lobby—improvements they must be, until today what spot is more beautiful in all California than the place made so by a soul beautiful in its unselfish devotion to its chosen mission?

When my means were exhausted—and, oh! how many times that happened!—how splendidly did she come to the rescue of the preacher's daughter. I was to play in a concert. I had the dress, but not the price of its making; my next remittance was not for some time due. Well, in some mysterious way the dress was made, but the dressmaker's bill was never received. It was when I was to graduate that she came to me and, running her hand through my arm, said, "Child, you seem almost like a child of mine, and I want to give you your graduating dress," and showing me samples, bade me select the one I preferred.

I could write scores of things about Mrs. Mills, so much can happen in seven years. I was very fond of a joke and so was Mrs. Mills, and we had many a laugh together.

"The Divine Harmony which Mrs. Mills knew and realized in her every-day life, reflected itself on all who were with her, and we feel the more grateful to her as we look back and see in perspective the qualities we so admired and loved."

March 1.

ALMA MATER.

Dedicated to Susan Lincoln Mills.

Among the pleasures I have known
In youth's fair halcyon hours,
The sweetest joys have come to me
Amidst Mills' fragrant flowers.

When yearning now o'er yesteryears,
Fond memory ever dwells
On its verdant lawn, the liliated lea,
The oft repeating bells.

Again upon the perfumed pines,
The zephyrs gently play
In melody Aeolian,
Some faint and plaintive lay.

How oft I strayed beneath the oaks
Where ivy loved to twine,
And hearkened to the lispings brook
In bygone summer time.

Ah, perhaps you may remember
The periwinkle glade;
The stately eucalyptus grove
Which lent a grateful shade.

March 2.

At noon-time when from lessons free
You wandered down the lane
And caught a glimpse of yellow fields
Where waved the golden grain.

Then spring-tide, when the breath of rose
And lilac filled the air;
When the primrosed plumed acacia
Cast fragrance everywhere.

I loved the slopes of Sunnyside
Where bloomed the hawthorn tree
Fair place so peaceful and so calm—
A hallowed spot to me.

Thou reignest, Alma Mater dear,
Serene among the hills;
Blest home we ever will revere
Our own beloved Mills.

MABEL E. PHILLIPS, '94.

March 3.

"UP IN ALASKA."

by
Esther Birdsall Darling.

From fly-leaf.

"To

Mrs. Susan L. Mills with much love
and many happy remembrances of those
days 'When I was a girl at Mills.'
Nome, Alaska, September 6, 1912."

From page 38.

A WISH.

May your life be as full of brightness
As Alaska's long June days,
When at midnight the sun just sinks to rest
But leaves us his golden rays.

May your troubles and sorrows be shorter
Than our brief December days,
When our noon like a ghostly twilight,
Is shrouded in soft gray haze.

May your skies be as clear and starry
As those of our Arctic nights,
And illumined with mystic splendor
Like the glory of Northern Lights.

March 4.

EXTRACTS from letters from two friends—
well-known ministers.

We had you in remembrance on your birthday, and always remember you in our home with glad and grateful interest . . . most of all, that you are, and that you are what you are—so young with all your years—so graciously womanly—so capable and lovable at once—and always so sincerely a disciple of Him whose birthday fills the world with good-will.

Yours in Him,

Christmas, 1906.

Today is yours. It is the accepted time for every duty now obligatory—for every privilege now within your grasp.

Trusting in the God of Providence, and taking up every duty in the fear of the Lord and in dependence upon His guidance and strength, look to the future without anxiety and be led in the path that Infinite Wisdom and Goodness marks out. Cheerfully may you sing unto the Lord:

“So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
Lead Thou me on
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene;—one step enough for me.”

March 5.

“O how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart.”
and—

“Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?”

Of Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills, it may be truthfully said that “To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.” Mrs. Mills lives in the hearts of more women today than any other woman in California. Not only in California is her name revered, but in almost every State in the Union and in many foreign lands, for her pupils came from all parts of the world.

Mrs. Mills’ weekly half-hour talks in Seminary Hall had a wonderful influence upon me. They were motherly heart-to-heart talks. Her advice was always good. She retained wonderful power over the girls because she was cautious and not severe in her counsels. Often, at these talks, have I heard her repeat, “Handsome is as handsome does,” and

“Thy friend has a friend, thy friend’s friend has a friend: be cautious.”

She always admonished us to follow the Golden Rule.

“It is more blessed to give than to receive” was one of her favorite quotations. She gave all she had to her beloved school and students—her time, energy, strength, love, and money. To the missionary cause in India she gave several of the best years of her life. My interest in foreign missions dates from the day I joined, through her influence, the Tolman Band and became part owner in the little missionary steamer “Morning Star,” then plying between the Hawaiian and the South Sea Islands. I also remember how we sewed for days, making pajamas for the needy children in India.

March 6.

MRS. MILLS showed particular interest in three of the most import events of my life. First: She and Miss Tolman were guests at my wedding; this I deemed a great honor. Second: She was always more than interested in my son, from his infancy to the day of her death. Third: At the dedication of a Memorial Church to my sainted Mother, when ministers of all the churches of Stockton brought greetings from their congregations, a most beautiful and loving greeting came from dear Mrs. Mills, in behalf of the church of Mills College. This message was delivered from the pulpit of the Memorial Church that memorable evening of March 20, 1910.

Mrs. Mills was always sympathetic; always active and alert. The girls often said, "Mrs. Mills is always everywhere at the same time."

I have never heard any one with such a wonderful gift of prayer. Her memory was marvelous. Years could pass and yet she never forgot the face or name of one of her girls. I recall a letter received years after the graduation of my sister Mary and myself. In it she wrote: "I never pass number 9 without thinking of you girls." We occupied that room together for three years.

Two years before her death, Mrs. Mills was a guest in my home for three days. Eighty-five years of age, her step had lost its elasticity to a degree she would not allow herself to realize. While assisting her up the steps of my home, she stopped, turned to me with a smile and said, "My dear, I am not feeble; I am only cautious." After luncheon we visited some of her graduates; the next day attended a Mills Club reception; Sunday morning she addressed a Sunday School, taking for her topic, "The Good Shepherd." She attended church both morning and evening; Monday morning took a long drive, and left the same day at noon for her home. It was the last time I ever looked upon her blessed face.

March 7.

WE all loved Mrs. Mills dearly, and those who were privileged to be with her for a year as graduating students appreciated fully her wonderful qualities and nature.

Her memory is indeed a precious heritage.

Dr. E. R. Dille.

“We older girls who saw so much of dear Mrs. Mills should feel rich to have been under her personal care, and there are so many things—good, clever, witty and all, that I know will come to me when this is mailed.”

“We all know and feel the wonderful influence Mrs. Mills left with all who associated with her.”

“The divine harmony which she knew and realized in her every-day life, reflected itself on all who walked with her. And we all feel the more grateful to her as we look back and see in perspective the qualities we so much loved.”

“Keep for us, O friend where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear.

Keep the human heart of thee:
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality.”

March 8.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in Thee.—Is. 26:3.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John 14:27.

The way of the Lord is strength to the upright.—Prov. 10:29.

MR. AND MRS. MILLS always said that they enjoyed hearing me sing, and upon the suggestion of my instructor, Mr. Kelleher, that it would be well for me to sing as often as possible with the idea in the future of an operatic or concert career, they became especially interested in the training of my voice.

One would think that such a life as the opera suggested would be far from the thought of Mrs. Mills, particularly thirty years ago, but, to the contrary, she was so broad-minded that she quite approved of the idea and would say:

“My child, your voice is God’s gift to you; make the most of it. Won’t your father send you to Europe, or East, to study?”

(As it is in Mrs. Mills’ traits of character we are interested, I trust the personal reference will be understood.)

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that hath no might he increaseth strength.—Is. 40:28, 29.

March 9.

MRS. MILLS often took me in her confidence about things connected with the school. One evening—I had not been well—she saw me standing near the porch as she was about to start in the old-fashioned buggy on an errand down the road. Noticing I had no wrap, she rushed into the house and brought out a black shawl and one of her black garden hats—she had on the other. The girls were greatly amused as we rode out together, each with an old black garden hat on.

What good times we often had! What jolly frolicking times when she seemed to enjoy our pranks as much as we ourselves. She was never old in spirit while I knew her. There were cares that tried her sorely, that at times made her short and quick, but her soul was always young, in sympathy with youth and its joys, and a lover of the flowers that bloom in every part of the dear old College grounds.

Once during one of the winter vacations—I generally spent them at Mills—we were having evening prayers in one of the small rooms where there was no organ. As a minister's daughter, it was my honor to start the hymns. I started the hymn; it kept getting lower and lower; my face was flushing as one by one those present dropped out until Mrs. Mills and I were having a duet. With a twinkle in her eye, she turned to me and said, "Nora, can't we sing something we all know and a little higher?" Another hymn was given out. Nora started it good and high, but it was one of those climbing hymns, and kept soaring higher and higher, until again there was only the duet, finally only a solo—by Nora. It was a rosy-faced embarrassed singer who was often twitted by Mrs. Mills about the hymns that holiday-time.

But she was as often praised for her efforts, so felt only good-will and a willingness to "try again."

March 10.

MANY days passed, even years after my graduation, and when I came again to Mills it was with my three little ones, and at Mrs. Mills' urgent invitation. It seemed an imposition almost, but it illustrated her big heart of hospitality to welcome home her old children. I went because I felt it might be the last time I would ever be there with her. How glad I am that I went at that time!

At parting she gave me a little silver vase; one that had been a wedding gift to her, and one that had been in constant use.

How impotent are a few words in trying to express the memories of the years that are gone!

Dear Mills, among the eucalypti and pines, oaks and roses! From the bay comes the tang of salt water; from the hills the pungent scent of tarweed, and to my heart, the memory and love of her to whom, if there is any good accomplished, any worthy deed done, I owe it all.

March 11.

“A Restful Visit.”

RETURNING from her visit to Mt. Holyoke, Mrs. Mills came to us, the Scoville School, 2042 Fifth avenue, for a visit of several days. After her return to Mills College, so truly her life work, she wrote in grateful appreciation of the “restful visit” here. Her idea of restfulness is interesting, a review of two days, the hottest of early summer, serving in illustration.

An early breakfast had been ordered, yet she had dictated sixteen letters to her secretary before she came down. Immediately after breakfast we went by street-car to Columbia University, visiting Barnard and Teachers College. With keenest interest Mrs. Mills walked briskly from building to building, and chatted appreciatively with the Dean and others. We returned for luncheon and without a moment's rest walked the two short blocks, making our train for the Grand Central Station by a hair's breadth. Walking along Forty-second street, Mrs. Mills visited a large hardware store, interested in seeing latest inventions and improvements in housekeeping utensils. An electric lantern for the watchman especially pleased her. By street-car we went to Twenty-third street, then the central shopping district, where she purchased gifts for the maids at the College. She walked along Fifth avenue all the way back to the Waldorf Hotel, visiting en route the bric-a-brac stores in search of tea pots for her collection. At the Waldorf, I left her in the reading room writing busily, while I went to the telephone booth to order a motor hansom—they were just then coming into use—and it was the first ride Mrs. Mills had had in one. She was as delighted and as surprised as a child, and enjoyed the beautiful views of Central Park and along the Hudson. We arrived in time for supper. Mt. Holyoke friends called later, and it was ten o'clock before that first restful day ended for her.

(See March 13)

March 12.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea the work of our hands, establish thou it.—Psalm 90:17.

MILLS SEMINARY AND COLLEGE have from the beginning been under the influence and direction of a woman of remarkable personality, devotion, and force of character.

Insistent and gentle, far-seeing and with wonderful knowledge of details, intensely practical and deeply spiritual, rare in power of organization and teaching, Mrs. Mills has promoted the welfare of this institution and all the influences it has exerted.

Beside her husband, at first, but for the last twenty-five years without him, but surrounded by helpers and friends, Mrs. Mills has erected an institution of financial worth, of great educational value, and of enduring spiritual influence.

It is rarely given any institution to be under the guidance of a leader for up toward fifty years, and such an institution must have imperishably engraved upon its life and character, and upon its influence—the purpose and will of its guide.

Educated useful Christian womanhood is inscribed over every portal to Mills College and in thousands of hearts, as the purpose of her whom all its students have known face to face and loved.

On May eighteenth, nineteen hundred nine, our beloved Mrs. Mills resigned as President of Mills College after forty-four years of active service.

It is part of the sacred inheritance of the institution that Mrs. Mills remains with us as President Emeritus, giving her love and counsel.

March 13.

That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.—Psalm 144:12.

MRS. MILLS is a constant inspiration to me, and I keep her picture here where all my pupils may see it every morning.

I think of what she said to me when first I came to Mills. "My dear, always use your voice for the glory of God."

I am enclosing a quotation she often used, and I think of many more, but they are ones she read so often to us that those will be given many times over.

This year has made me realize more than ever what Mills did for me. In all my lecture recital work, I am commended also for my poise, and know . . . it was Mills that brought it out. Can you imagine my giving a lecture? I can do it, nevertheless.

The heat of the day was almost unbearable, but Mrs. Mills went by train from New York to the home of Mrs. Dodge in Massachusetts. She wore a black cloth dress and a crepe veil, but her eager spirit seemed unconscious of outer conditions. In the evening we went to meet her. Every one seemed overcome by the heat—hatless women and collarless men moving languidly on their way.

As the train we were waiting for stopped, an alert little figure stepped to the platform and hastened toward us with glowing face. Her first words were, "My dear friend has given me a check towards the new building!" No thought of self; no word of the long train ride in the unbearable heat. To her it was another restful day.

March 14.

I HAVE been thinking so much lately of the Christmas vacation Mrs. Mills and I spent together in Southern California. She was welcomed everywhere with open arms, and I have so many happy memories of that visit.

We were gone almost a month, and I never had a dearer travelling companion. She was always thoughtful of the comfort of others, and I used to marvel at the kind things she did for people who were almost strangers.

I never think of that trip that I am not reminded of the time I tried to dress her hair. She was going to an important function the following day, and I was particularly anxious that she should look well; therefore I insisted that evening at trying my hand at her coiffure.

The next morning in taking out the pins, to my distress, one side was as kinky as possible while the other side was woefully straight, without a wave. "Well, my dear, it didn't come out very well, did it?" was all she said. I have loved her all the more for that moment.

She patiently sat for an hour on that busy morning, while I clumsily tried to make amends by kinking the straight side with irons. She never seemed sweeter and more lovable to me than she did on that occasion.

March 15.

A TRIBUTE.

I WAS very young when I entered Mills for the special purpose of studying music.

At first I was impressed with the beauty of the surroundings; these I constantly associated with Mrs. Mills. To me they were the outward expression of her innate love for order and beauty.

Later I realized that a sense of charm of girlhood was another and a higher attribute of her nature.

To her the flowers of life were as precious as its fruits. There was nothing of the old "blue-stock-ing" in her schooling; to her beauty of person and grace of manner were to be preserved for the adornments of learning.

She rejoiced with her girls in their solid pleasures and was tolerant of their frivolities.

There was none of the cloister about this home for students, for hospitality was another of her graces. She entertained liberally and graciously—imparting to her pupils the refinement of the art.

She knew her pupils individually, and was keen to detect special tendencies where unusual talent in some special line was manifest.

She was most solicitous for the development of any such talent, and through her generosity or influence the fortunate possessor had extended advantages. To my mind her broadest influence, her strongest hold upon pupil and parent was here.

She was not so deep, perchance, as she was broad. The school could never grow so large that her brooding wings could not cover all.

March 16.

RECIPES from Mrs. Mills' collection. On the original of the first one written, the ink is faded and the paper bears evidence of being many years old.

MRS. TOLMAN'S SPICED CURRANTS.

Take 6 or 7 pounds of currants to 4 pounds sugar—1 pint Vinegar, 1 ounce cloves, 1 of allspice, 1 of cinnamon.

Cook one hour—slow.

CARROT PUDDING.

One cup of grated carrots.
One cup of grated potato.
One teaspoonful of soda in potato.
One cup of brown sugar.
One and one-half cup of flour.
Butter the size of an egg.
One cup of chopped raisins.
One cup of chopped walnuts.
One teaspoonful of cinnamon.
One teaspoonful of cloves.
One teaspoonful of nutmeg.
Steam two hours.

MILLS BROWN BREAD.

For Two Loaves.

1 cup New Orleans molasses (black), stirred into 1½ cup of hot water.

1½ cup of yeast.

Equal parts of white and graham flour; a little salt.

Make the batter thinner than for white bread.

When well risen, knead lightly into loaves. Keep in a warm place. Let it rise quickly the second time, and bake with moderate heat.

March 17.

I COULD write on and on, for Mrs. Mills seems so close to-night, and the memories of her and of my early childhood so vivid. There was a beautiful bond between us, and I loved her with all my heart, sharing my deep affection for her with only my Father and Mother. All my life I went to her with my joys and sorrows, great or small, knowing she would understand. I never had a secret from her.

Whether as a young school-girl curled up at her feet before the comfortable fire in her sitting-room, or walking out over her favorite path towards the lake, my arm tucked in hers, or driving along the highway behind the trusty old horses and faithful Michael, that happiness and contentment I felt in her sweet companionship, were always the same.

The little card I found yesterday speaks so eloquently of her wonderful kindness and her loving care of me while I was at Mills. "Dear Child, I wish you would stay in bed today and so get rested and well. Don't get up until I see you." Could an own mother be more tender?

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly; nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.—Ps. 1:1.

First, we walk with an undesirable companion, and if we let the friendliness grow, we stand and talk; after that, we allow ourselves to sit and foster an intimacy. Think of this verse when choosing your friends. Do not make a bosom friend of one who scoffs at religion.

Remember: Walketh; Standeth; Sitteth.

March 18.

I AM copying a part of a letter. It is so characteristic and shows how she followed every detail of college life.

The letter was written December 10, 1908, after a visit with us. She writes first of her visit, then goes on to say: "I had a delightful time at Eugene. Miss C—— met us with a carriage and showed us about. After dinner in the new dormitory we had a reception at the home of the President of the University, and I saw a great many of the faculty and their wives. At half-past twelve we took the train.

"We had breakfast in our drawing-room next morning (keeping up my Portland habits you see). We arrived at the pier fifteen minutes late, so just missed our train and had to wait at Sather an hour. Our man had come down to meet us, and took our bags. We were safely home a little after eleven, where a warm welcome awaited us.

"The Senior Middle Class met us with a song at the door of my room, and I found pretty decorations and some beautiful gifts. Among others, a little afternoon tea-set for giving my friends a cup of tea. This was a gift from the Collegiate Girls. The Junior Middle girls presented me with a beautiful white and gold pennant for the College.

"My dog Teddy, of course, welcomed me, and hardly has left me a minute since I arrived.

(See March 20.)

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.—Ps. 119:5.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.—Ps. 119:9, 11.

O how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day.—Ps. 119:97.

March 19.

DESIRE TOLMAN

Born 1748; died 1834

Mrs. Mills' Paternal Grandfather

“DESIRE TOLMAN'S name appears on the record of Revolutionary War Service with rank of Private on Lexington Alarm Roll of Lieutenant Hopestill Hall's (2nd) Company, which marched on the alarm of April 19, 1775, from Dorchester.”

“For a long time deacon of the First Church in Winchendon.”

“Much lamented by a town whose weal he fought and liberties defended.”

It was for Deacon Desire Tolman that his cousin, Samuel Tolman, when over seventy-five years of age, wrote an interesting bit of family history; extracts of which are given under date of November 13.

The official records of the Revolutionary War service of this grandfather, were the credentials that admitted Mrs. Mills into membership of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

March 20.

(From March 18.)

DR. B—— has just been over to see me; took a little cold on the way down and she wanted to look after it at once. She reported Hannah and Michael as both doing well.

“As it rained the basketball game between the College and Seminary girls was played in the Gymnasium. The College girls won 25 to 7, much to their gratification.

“The Oregon apples arrived before I did, in fine condition. I had a letter from Mr. B——, acknowledging his as ‘perfect pictures,’ and ‘very fine to the taste’ he says.

“It is clear and beautiful today. I have much to do, so only send you this greeting now,” etc.

A sweet letter isn't it? It is getting late and I must stop, but I want to say what a happy evening I have had reviewing these little incidents which have brought to my mind so vividly the best friend I ever had.

Do you remember Judge Morrow's sentiments? “Loving regard for her useful life, grateful acknowledgment of her moral worth, and with kindly appreciation of her loving soul.”

March 21.

THE last few days have been filled with happy memories, for I have been re-living my years at school and thinking much of our beloved Mrs. Mills.

To my joy, I found tucked away in an old trunk a number of beautiful and characteristic letters, some of them written when I was a tiny child. They just overflow with loving-kindness and my eyes have been moist most of the time as I have recalled the many dear expressions of her affection and of her wonderful thoughtfulness.

Quite as much, almost, as my own mother, does Mrs. Mills fill the memories of my childhood days. Yes, even my baby days, for my first recollection of her is a confused picture in which she is assisting me to grab table legs as I tottered along learning to take my first steps on my first visit to Mills College.

My next remembrance of her is at Christmas time when I was about three. I had shut myself up in the attic while I tried to make a waist for my beloved grandmother out of a faded but to my mind very beautiful blue piano scarf. I encountered extreme difficulties, but patiently worked upon my labor of love until I pronounced it finished and bore it in triumph to mother who had just begun to fill "Grandmother's" Christmas box.

March 22.

EVERY ONE will testify to her alertness of mind, her rare executive ability, her unparalleled generosity and her untiring devotion to her work. It was her habit to give the news of the day to the assembled household after evening prayers. I recall one night when pressed for time she seemingly merely glanced at the newspaper, but was able to give details of the important topics as was her custom. Mr. Mills said to me admiringly, "How does she do it! Isn't she a marvel?" And indeed she was a marvel in many ways.

Two familiar sayings to her girls: "Make yourself intelligent on every important subject that comes."

"What if every one should do this?" referring to some act of omission or commission on the part of an individual, "remember that you are one of many."

"He pleased not Himself" was one of her oft-repeated Bible quotations. This doubtless had its influence in her utter forgetfulness of self through life.

She had a great love for the beautiful in nature, especially for flowers. The luxuriant Lady Banksia rose over the front entrance of the College "growing," as she used to say, "like Jack's beanstalk," was her pride and joy. So, all the gardens were her delight.

Neglect of duty annoyed her. She came to my room one day in a disturbed state of mind, because some one had failed to carry out her directions, and said, "'If you want anything done, do it yourself.' Now just bear that in mind and it will stand you in good stead all your days." And it has so proved.

I knew this wonderful woman first in 1872, and saw her only twice after 1883.

March 23.

(For a birthday of March 22.)

I THINK of Mrs. Mills often and lovingly. So many people do admirable things—are fine in this or that, have capacity—but few there be whose minds are large; who see wide and far; and whose characters are like. Such few impress all who come in contact “will they nil they.”

Mrs. Mills was full of human nature, and back in my mind is a strong impression that it was Dr. Mills' tenacity of purpose in his life-work that made hers. His the power behind the throne, and hers, the woman's affection and devotion that determined the path she followed.

I can think of her as filling any position; a woman great, outside of circumstances.

She failed not emotionally—the rock on which so many lovable women do. Unswerving, broad, seeking her purpose, using every power within for her goal, but not using other people's material mental. She cared absolutely nothing for the gew-gaws of the mind, and her delight in the pretty things of life made her a dear woman.

When she pointed out the improvements, it was not with a sneer at the past, it was growth; she kept up with the present without depreciating the Past—a fault that besets, so much, the effort of adjustment.

I wish I could do her justice.

March 24.

HER magnanimity was great. Some of us thoughtless, dealt her a cruel blow, an insult, an injury to her pride, a hurt to her affections, yet she forgave generously, and said, "I know you did not think; it was the school-girl attitude."

Not one woman in a million could have so spoken. For in the light of my own maturity I appreciate that, and the children of the seventies were the real fulfillment of her life.

"'Blessed be nothing,' as Jennie says," she exclaimed every time we moved our impedimenta in traveling, and the expression always came to mind when I saw Miss Tolman, for it made me see them as young sisters.

And whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.—Mark 9:41.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath.—Rom. 12:18, 19.

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith!—Luke 12:27, 28.

March 25.

BEFORE Mr. Mills was married, he boarded in my grandfather's family (Leavitt Hallock, Sr.) and taught in the public school, which took in eight of my grandfather's children, among them my mother.

Mr. Mills wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but single persons were not accepted. My grandfather knew Susan Tolman (see May 29) of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and thinking the two, most suited to each other, brought about an acquaintance which resulted in their marriage.

Mr. Mills was in some debt, incurred in obtaining his education. As the "Board" would not send out missionaries who were in debt my grandfather paid the debt for him that he might not be hindered in his undertaking.

I will say that afterwards the bread cast upon the waters by my grandfather returned many fold. When years later, my father on account of serious lung trouble went with my mother to California, Mr. and Mrs. Mills insisted upon taking them right into their school home in Benicia and did for them as for an own brother and sister.

March 26.

THEY were the most generous and the kindest-hearted people I ever knew. They didn't do things to get something back, but out of pure kindness of heart and to make the world better and happier. I don't think that any one person can realize what they did for others.

I believe that both they, and Miss Tolman also, were born teachers. They made us do our own thinking. My eyes were first opened to what literature was, or is, when in Mrs. Mills' class in Milton's "Paradise Lost." Mr. Mills, in his Mental Philosophy class, opened a wide world to my cramped-up mind.

We all know how quick Mrs. Mills was. She would send a girl on an errand at the other end of the building, and often be there herself ahead of the girl to make sure the errand was done.

I think they were two as true Christian people from the depths of their heart as I about ever knew. Their failings and inconsistencies were fewer than those of most Christians.

The College was their very life and they were hard workers for its prosperity.

March 27.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the
son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
and hast crowned him with glory and honour.—Ps. 8:3-5.

“SOME women are what God destined they
should be, rich blessings to the world. Some
spend all their strength in seeking to bring
light and joy into the dark lives of others, and pass-
ing on they leave a track of sunshine so that those
who follow in life’s road—who falter along its
weary way—are cheered by the certainty of that
life and love.”

I feel that Mrs. Mills was such a woman; a rich
blessing to the world. But for her kindness, are
there not hundreds and hundreds that would not
have reached their goal?

Has she not left a “track of sunshine” and
faith so that those who follow are cheered by that
love and faith?

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neigh-
bor as thyself.—Mat. 22:37-39.

March 28.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.—Ps. 19:1.

The heavens are thine, and the earth also is thine: as for the world and its fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.—Ps. 89:11.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.—Ps. 100:3.

THE life-work and love of Mrs. Mills centered around Mills Seminary; her dream came true when the Seminary became a College.

Her love of the beautiful campus never waned, but rather increased as the years passed.

The one phase which meant much to me and which I will always bear in mind was her love of God in nature. I recall our study in Theology; that was Mrs. Mills' class. In it I began to realize there was nothing in this great universe of ours that has not a value; that everything is in the plan of the Creator.

“The blade of grass which we trample on, drinks in the sunshine and rain and is an expression of God in the universe; as the spring brings the renewal of life in the vegetable kingdom, young ladies, it also brings another lesson—it assures us of life after death.”

How those thoughts sank into my mind and taught me a great love of nature, to learn the lessons of the Creator revealed in His handiwork.

Mrs. Mills was a great teacher, sowing seeds in the minds of her pupils, that today have become a harvest.

God bless the mother and let her know her daughters call her blessed!

March 29.

A STORY that Mrs. Mills was very fond of telling was that of the way the women of India did their washing at the river.

Mr. Mills, it seems, had a white shirt with black dots in it, of which he was very proud. The week he sent it to be washed the woman brought it back, and was quite disconcerted saying that she had "washed and washed it, but there are a few little dirt spots left; next time it will be nice and white."

Mrs. Mills' faith in God and her love for Him were always an inspiration. One could not be with her long without having her own faith strengthened.

I copy some letters Mrs. Mills wrote me, but it seems to take away from their charm not to have her own hand-writing.

Dear G——.

I send you just this thought of love and hope.

The little one soon to be I trust in your arms—God deal tenderly with mother and child. What a privilege is yours, my dear, the mother to be, of one that is to live forever. Oh, pray daily that you may be worthy of the high honor and that the child may be a blessing to the parents and to the world.

Yours in tender love,

SUSAN L. MILLS.

March 30.

March 14, 1910.

My dear G——.

I write at once to express my sympathy for you and your mother in your bereavement. You are glad for the father that he has done with suffering. I know he has entered into rest eternal, sacred, sure. Be thankful, dear child, that he has been spared to you so long and glad for him that there is no more suffering. I am thankful that you know in whom to trust.

Accept much love and sincere sympathy from

Yours ever affectionately,

S. L. MILLS.

September 8, 1911.

My dear Mrs. B——.

I write just a little word to tell you how much I enjoyed my visit with you yesterday. You had a delicious luncheon, but I especially enjoyed seeing your friends, husband, and little children. Thank you for inviting me.

F—— got home in time to change her dress and go to the circus.

With much love, believe me,

Yours affectionately,

S. L. MILLS.

Anna Coyle and three children are here today.

This letter again shows so well her active interest in everything. She was always so unaffected and so lovable.

March 31.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.—Proverbs 31:31.

“How does the game stand; are our girls winning?”

“Well, what can I do for you?”

I CAN'T help thinking of the time we won the cup at basketball. Even at her busiest times she would come out and watch us practice. Several times she threw the ball which had not gone near the basket and said, “Now, Genevieve, when you throw a ball on a foul, if you have to miss, throw too far, for when it isn't quite far enough, it is too hard on the watchers.”

Then the day she brought the Berkeley basketball home with her from the big game there, and showed us girls in the parlor just how the team girls had slipped and fallen, running after the ball on the tan-bark court!

She would get so excited in the middle of the half and send some one quickly to tell Professor Keep to call time lest the other team should get an advantage.

She was always so fair and thoughtful, too, with the other team, always giving them something to eat before going out so that they could do their best, too.

At evening prayers after a basketball game, she usually read the chapter containing this passage:

Wherefore seeing that we also are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.—Heb. 12:1-2.

“Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of light, with whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning.”

April 1.

Rejoice evermore.
Pray without ceasing.
In everything give thanks:
Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good.
Abstain from all appearance of evil.—I. Thes. 5:16, 17,
18, 21, 22.

WHILE keen to the humor of real wit, Mrs. Mills was emphatically opposed to practical jokes of all kinds.

She considered a person willing to perpetrate them as not well-balanced in mind.

“It doesn’t take any wit to play a joke.”

“It requires no skill to play such tricks.”

“Any weak or simple-minded person can disarrange a room or make an apple-pie bed or otherwise cause a busy girl unnecessary trouble, and what is gained by it?”

To pull a chair from one in the act of being seated, or to attempt to frighten one by dressing as a “ghost,” she considered inexcusable in any one, and especially unpardonable in young women old enough to be at Mills College. She would tell sad stories that had come within her knowledge, of young people frightened into idiocy or maimed for life by such foolishness, and wished her girls to ever be unwilling to have any part in such thoughtlessness.

“Never needlessly cause hurt or give pain, mental or physical, to any one,” she would say.

April 2.

MRS. MILLS used to say that while she was not a faddist, she had developed one fad. She took great pleasure in her collection of tea-pots, and in adding to their number small tea-pots of odd designs that she, herself, purchased or that were sent to her as souvenirs from all parts of the world. There are about eight hundred in the collection, although Mrs. Mills did not plan, at first, to collect more than two hundred.

The late Mr. Dohrmann, of Nathan-Dohrmann's, was much interested in the tea-pots, and asked Mrs. Mills to let him know when she had received one hundred and ninety-nine, that he might give her the one to make the number two hundred. This was before the fire, when the store was below Grant avenue. With great pride he chose the (to him) crowning glory of the collection.

Tea-pots continued to come, however, until there bid fair to be one thousand, and were Mrs. Mills still with us there, doubtless, would have been that number ere now. The eight hundred form a very interesting group of all kinds from everywhere—tiny, small, and medium-sized—Mrs. Mills did not wish them very large—quaint, grotesque, pretty, beautiful, unique, historical; no wonder the dear lady took such pride in showing them. Would the history of each were preserved!

April 3.

FROM a letter to Miss Tolman, written by a cousin whom she had evidently asked about Mrs. Mills as a little girl in Enosburg, Vermont.

Mrs. Mills' father moved with his family from Enosburg to Ware, Massachusetts, when she was ten years old.

We did not live in the same school district, but we attended the same Sunday School. I was in the infant class when Susan came into it, and I remember her as the brightest little one in the class to repeat hymns and verses of Scripture.

She showed she was well-managed at home, by being always orderly and obedient while the class was in session and in having her lessons well-learned. When out of class she was as exuberant as any one was allowed to be there on the Sabbath.

There was but one farm, Esquire Barnum's, between our home and "Uncle Tolman's School-house," and the girls never liked to cross its pasture without an escort. It was usually my privilege to be that escort till the girls were safely in the "Post Road" near the school-house. I remember vividly several of these trips, and carrying and using a lot of stones to keep off "Barnum's Bull." Susan was not afraid of anything but cattle.

Susan was as spry as a cricket, so I never had a chance to help her over the stone wall or through the fence.

April 4.

ELEANOR BOUTELL NICHOLS

Born 1765; died ——

Mrs. Mills' Maternal Grandmother

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.—Matt. 13:43.

OUR grandmother was very fond of Susan. They had the same snapping black eyes and full head of black hair.

They had loving times together, and I often came in for my share, as I was grandmother's special boy in our family.

Grandmother generally gave Susan a new hymn to learn when she came to our home, and they were always faithfully learned.

Our visits were not very frequent, but we did always have a good time at Aunt Tolman's.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise and simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.—Psalms 19:7, 8, 11.

April 5.

“**H**OW Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord” was a favorite hymn of Mrs. Mills, as it was the favorite of Mr. Mills, and after a service where that hymn had been sung a holy calm seemed to settle over the entire campus.

That which impressed me most in my association with Mrs. Mills was her sincere piety. It was not with her a cloak to be put on at intervals, and to be cast aside at times, but it was an invisible vesture which made her always the friend and sympathizer with all. She was a keen judge of character, and her piercing eyes would seem to probe the very soul, but even with her clearness of judgment there was always a leniency commensurate with her large sympathy with human nature even in its frailties.

I was always blessed with an ardent love of nature, and I am sure that the days passed at Mills fostered that love. The Seniors were permitted to study in the grounds, and many happy hours were spent amid those inspiring scenes. So saturated did my soul become with this love that I recall that the subject of my essay was “Nature’s Voices,” and so kind and sympathetic was Mrs. Mills that she said it was exactly the subject of all subjects that she would have chosen.

This love of nature, fostered in the pupils, could not fail to have its beneficent effect upon all, and the joy-bells set ringing in the souls of those under her care must have found myriad echoes in the souls of their descendants so there has been builded to Mrs. Mills’ memory an immortal campanile.

April 6.

SHE delighted to entertain the good and great. Dear old Dr. George Burroughs' memory will ever linger as a sweet fragrance in our lives. Dr. John Lord and others we recall with pleasure from student days; especially should be mentioned, ex-President U. S. Grant.

Dr. John Lord and Grace Greenwood were persons of especial note who visited the Seminary while I was there.

Among the visitors during my day, Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Rouse, and Dr. Poor (my father) seemed to be very close friends of Mr. and Mrs. Mills, and much beloved by them as well.

Before the visit of Clara Barton to Mills we were given a sketch of the Red Cross work, but I do not recall the words of introduction of that great woman.

I remember well with what grace and quiet dignity Mrs. Mills came upon the platform on the arm of the great Shakespearian actor, Frederick Warde, and presented him to us.

April 7.

IT is a pleasure to contribute to this Year Book. I am more than glad to express my appreciation of all that Mrs. Mills has done for me. But how can I tell all in a few sentences? What I would like to say would take volumes.

Nearly every day there is an occasion which reminds me of some lesson taught by Mrs. Mills, and lately I have been wondering which lesson has impressed or benefited me the most.

Always around the holiday time, or in fact any time for giving, her oft-quoted words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" and "Freely ye have received, freely give," come to me, and especially at this time when we have been called upon so often to help those afflicted and suffering ones in Europe. How much Mrs. Mills helped the needy! not only in holiday time, but all the time. What a beautiful sacrifice was made when she gave up her desire for a quiet home and consecrated her life and her possessions to aid in the education of young women. We always dwelt under the guidance of the sweet spirit of giving, but never did we realize it until we had gone among the people of the world.

One incident comes to me often in my class-room and as often amuses me, though it helps me. Mrs. Mills taught the Senior Ethics. Frequently a girl called upon to recite would begin her recitation with a prolonged, "Well." "Never begin your recitation with 'well,'" Mrs. Mills would say, "I will say 'well done' at the end of it." Each time this occurred Mrs. Mills would stop the lesson, and tell those of us who intended to teach that we should always insist upon a recitation properly and well said, no matter how simple an answer was needed.

April 8.

MRS. S. L. MILLS

In Memoriam.

A SPIRIT rare, whose noble sympathy
Combined with vision clear, and strength to
act

In each grave crisis, showed the gentle tact
Born of a mother-heart: so faithfully
The crystal tide of love found outlet free
In unobtrusive care for all who lacked.
Her path was lone, and often sorrow-tracked,
Yet prayer resistless made its constant plea.

She could not die: in higher work above
She finds her joy; yet calls to loved ones here
That they on steady wing may upward rise;
"For Christ and for the world" to show their love—
While still we hear her say in tones of cheer,
"Seek no low goal, live ever for the skies."

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY.

January, 1915.

April 9.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.—Psalm 23:1.

IT is a delight to me to help in any way possible any plans to honor the memory of our beloved Mrs. Mills.

My birthday anniversary date is April the ninth.

I remember that Mrs. Mills often said that "As we have received much, we should give much." "Pass it on." Counsel that she made a part of her own daily life. Her watchwords were "Service," "Charity"—the kind of charity that is born of sympathy and love.

She always had her pupils learn the twenty-third Psalm, which she would have us sometimes repeat at evening prayers, she in her interested way always leading.

She often read the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, and would call attention to the various verses descriptive of the virtuous, or as she explained it, "all-round" woman. In one verse, I remember, where she is described as "the woman who riseth while it is yet dark to minister to the needs of her household," we would have a lesson on forethought and thrift.

I received more help and encouragement from Mrs. Mills than from any other person. It came at a time when I was peculiarly responsive to outside influence—the latter part of my high school life and the beginning of college. She made me realize, and I shall always be deeply grateful for this, that it was worth while to go beyond a high school education. In fact, she was the means of opening a new life to me—a life of effort and of action.

Mrs. Mills was a woman of high resolve and ideals, and endowed with the tact and the power to make these ideals felt.

April 10.

THESE recollections of Mrs. Mills are very detached, but are incidents that impressed themselves upon my mind as so characteristic of her.

At prayers, she often reminded us to be as thoughtful as possible for the servants, not to make them needless work, and illustrated from the life of Mary Lyon—how she had at one time met the founder of Mt. Holyoke carrying a tray from a sick student's room, thus making the maid's work lighter.

One day as I entered my room, 21 College Hall, Mrs. Mills was there and greatly distressed to find there was no rug by my couch. Needless to say, she despatched me immediately to "18" for one.

Her remarkable memory with regard to details was marvelous in one of her advanced years.

Mrs. Mills' hospitality and cordiality were boundless. Pointing out to me an Alumna with her little daughter, "My dear," she said, "I hope you will be sure to come back bringing your children with you." That is one instance of her interest. When I once went to bid her good-bye before going home for my Christmas recess, she learned I had just moved to Berkeley, so took my address, saying that she knew many in Berkeley whom she would like me to know.

Many times I have heard those girls who were not religiously inclined express their appreciation of Mrs. Mills' prayers; they were so simple, forceful, sincere, beautiful and, most of all, helpful.

A beautiful tribute from a wonderful man was given when David Starr Jordan said some years ago, "If ever there was a saint on earth, Mrs. Mills is one."

April 11.

D——, who is staying temporarily at a hotel, says that she is daily quoting Mrs. Mills by action, for she alone of the half-dozen young people turns off the light when leaving the room.

She is appalled at the abuse of towels used when ironing; in other words, at the general willful thoughtlessness of other peoples' property, and owes it to the many little talks on the subject.

It is in truth the thousand and one little things that tell the personal story of the woman's life whose work praises her.

D—— refuses to write down "Oh, such simple things," but is it not proof of appreciation of her simple talks that we remember them and apply them?

In a talk often given on Preparedness for Death, Mrs. Mills one time hoped indeed she was ready, but when some inquiring mind asked "Tomorrow? Today? Now?" she said hastily and yet with a very, very hesitant, "Yes, but—I'd hate to leave so many things unfinished. If I knew it was tomorrow there are lots of little things I want to do."

I can see her quizzical look—the look that told the story of a happy living—struggling with, shall we call it—training (?), office?

When I afterward told her of a friend who feared sudden death lest she have soiled fingernails, and of another lest she leave soiled inside to her collars, she certainly enjoyed it, and acknowledged to some secret little thing herself which has slipped out of my mind.

April 12.

JOHN TOLMAN.

Born 1820; died 1855.
Mrs. Mills' Brother.

From "Daily Food" texts of Miss Julia Tolman, 1838.
Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow
of thy wings will I rejoice.—Psalm 63:7.

His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be
saved.—Acts 16:31.

I know whom I have believed.—II. Tim. 1:12.

I SHALL never forget how Mrs. Mills impressed
it upon me to be on time, not tardy. Her daily
life was an example to her pupils.

Her life-partner was my instructor in Astronomy
and Mental Philosophy, and his dry wit and humor
helped to make many truths remain with me in-
delibly. He was dignified yet jovial, and took a
keen interest in both the pupils and the branches
he taught.

He planned the paths of the campus in graceful
curves so that no abrupt turns might offend the eye.

After visiting all the familiar places and newly
added attractions, we involuntarily turn to Sunny-
side, and feel that it is a sacred place where we
tread on holy ground; made so by the love and
devotion of these noble lives given to the young
womanhood of our glorious California.

April 13.

EL CAMPANIL

IN legend from Arabia's golden days
'Tis said, a kindly Spirit of the Air,
Tho' yearning to consort with sons of men,
Yet lingered in their ways, unloved, unknown,
Till pitiful, Allah found for him a form
And gave him voice that men might know and love.
So, in these bells a Spirit dwelt, though dumb
They stood, their potency of sound undreamed;
For in their muteness none could ever guess
The silvery music of their utterance.
Until, at last, one came who said, "Too long
This silence." And at once the gray old oaks,
That dream all day of generations gone,
Woke with a new amaze, for in their shade
A something stirred with life and grew amain,
Till like a perfect form molded to fit
A lovely soul, there stood El Campanil.

There, like an aftermath in later days,
The strength and beauty of the past appear,
The stately grandeur brought from ancient Spain,
Mellowed by tender mission vespers sung
Beneath the lofty arches; sturdy beams
From the primeval forests of the West,
To hold in fast embrace the precious charge;
Caught in the art that builded ancient Rome,
A strength like her, indomitable, firm,
That faces the dim centuries to come.

And here the tuneful Spirit found its home.
The glad bells spoke, and all that heard rejoiced,
So tender were the silver melodies.
Stand long, El Campanil! Each heart makes room
For thee as for the well-loved College. Here
Stand thou in years to come, and speak as now,
To those who follow, even as to us,
Thy messages of joy and strength and love.

ALICE M. ROBBINS, '06.



April 14.

EL CAMPANIL AND ITS CHIME OF BELLS.

Dedicated April 14, 1904.

In Loyal Remembrance of Those
Who by Tongue or Pen
By Generous Gift or Noble Deed,
Have Aided Woman
On Her Upward Way, These
Bells Chime On.

Inscription on Tablet of El Campanil,
By F. L. Damon.

THE Chime of Bells is the crowning gift of a dear and constant friend, the Honorable David Hewes.

The Tower with its Spanish name, El Campanil, was given by our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith.

Bernard Ransome, the third generation of fine concrete constructors of our land, was chosen as the builder.

Miss Julia Morgan was the architect.

The Clock which regulates the Chime, marks the quarters, and on the hour gives us the full Westminster Chimes, was given by the Faculty, Students, Employees, and Friends of Mills College.

The Door with its quaint Lock and Nails, came from an old Spanish church in Mexico, and was the gift of Mrs. Amelia W. Truesdell.

The Vases on the Parapet are the gift of the Misses Loggie, two of our pupils. They were especially designed by Miss Morgan, after those of the Alhambra, in Granada.

Following the old custom of naming bells, these bear the names of the Graces of the Spirit as found in Galatians 5:22-23. The four that ring the chimes are Faith, Hope, Peace and Joy. The greatest of the bells is Love; the smallest, Meekness. The others are Gentleness, Goodness, Self-control, and Long-suffering. We hope and pray that these graces may be illustrated in the lives of all who enjoy these chimes which have "set our days and nights to music."—(Extracts from a statement by Mrs. Mills at the Dedication.)

April 15.

WITH a sense of privilege and pleasure do I endeavor to pen some of my recollections and impressions of our sainted Mrs. Mills.

She was pre-eminently fitted to be a leader of girls. Her innate wise common-sense made her an invaluable counselor to those away from their mother's advice and influence.

She planned to have the school buildings and surroundings attractive, thus cultivating a love for the beautiful.

Regarding the food, she said she made it as much a subject of prayer that the bread should be sweet and wholesome as she did that the souls should be properly nourished.

Never given to display, she yet had a genuine satisfaction in simple elegance. She was always becomingly attired, and always discouraged the girls from appearing in a way to attract attention.

She was a woman of rare executive ability, and whatever she undertook, carried to a successful conclusion as far as possible with the means at her command.

When in her usual good health, her power of endurance, both physical and mental, was truly remarkable.

April 16.

SHE had a keen insight into human nature, and seemed to understand those under her care better than many understood themselves.

Generous herself, she inspired that virtue in others. She was always optimistic and always resourceful.

She was gentle yet commanding, and no one dared willfully to disobey her.

Having a reverent nature, consciously and unconsciously, she inspired all to higher and finer and nobler ideals and desires. Many a time I have reason to be grateful that she required the memorizing of certain Psalms and passages of Scripture.

Her face, which some would consider plain in repose, lighted up when she talked of Heaven and heavenly things, until it became fairly radiant.

April 17.

AS illustrating Mrs. Mills' quickness to act, I remember that during one of my early years at Mills, we experienced quite an earthquake shock. Hardly a girl had a chance to stir from her room before Mrs. Mills from her room on the first floor had mounted to the third floor in order to give courage to some of the younger girls who were there.

One of my strongest impressions of Mrs. Mills' wonderful power and executive ability is in connection with the great fire and earthquake.

She had been very ill and was still under the care of a trained nurse. As soon as she learned the severity of the earthquake, she said: "I must get up at once. My 'girls' need me, and there will be much to do for our friends in the city."

All protest was in vain. At once plans were made and carried into effect.

She was a whole Red Cross organization in herself. Strangers were made welcome at the College as well as friends. Fully thirty Chinese found their way to that haven. Even the family pets were taken in, including "Refugee," who, like Topsy, seemed to have no family connections.

During all these trying days, Mrs. Mills was gathering up food and clothing to send to suffering ones in San Francisco, and at the same time, by her wonderful personality, she quieted the fears of the students, kept them steadily at their work, which was carried to a successful termination—only two of the two hundred or more students then enrolled leaving the College.

And a great strong wind rent the mountains, and break in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice.—I. Kings 19:11-12.

April 18.

(Extracts from a note written to friends of the students after the calamity of April 18, 1906.)

MOST of the Faculty and students went away for the Easter recess, and returned on the Monday previous to the great earthquake. All went quietly on with their work, and on Wednesday morning came the great catastrophe. Had it occurred Monday morning while they were scattered how should we ever have gotten them together again? But our Heavenly Father returned them all safely to our care; all but two, were here and ready for work on Tuesday.

Our students had had good fire-drill, so when the earthquake came, there was not an outcry. Within four minutes they were in suitable wraps on the lawn. We had, fortunately, a good galvanized iron chimney in the kitchen, and breakfast was served as usual. Recitations went on at the usual hours, although there was more or less uneasiness, but the students carried themselves with a great deal of fortitude and self-control.

As soon as we heard of the calamity that overwhelmed San Francisco, we began to plan for the clothing and feeding of some of the great multitude, and by Thursday we had some refugees from the city, including our own professors and their wives, as well as some of the mothers and friends of the young ladies, and about thirty Chinese, the friends of our Chinese servants. Immediately after the earthquake we had ordered supplies enough to last six weeks, and so we had an abundance for those who came to us. Many of our friends had saved nothing but the clothing they had on.

Sewing societies were organized, and on Saturday and Sunday sewing machines and fingers were busily at work, and we were able to send, in all, some five hundred garments to help the relief society in Oakland.

* * * * *

As we looked about us for damage we found very little. Beautiful El Campanil was without a crack. The bells stopped for a few hours until our good Professor Keep could get them in order again; and still "our days and nights were set to music."

April 19.

STANDING upon this hillside when it was bare and brown, Mr. Mills often spoke of his desire and intention to build here a home, a place of quiet retreat for himself and Mrs. Mills, just apart from the strenuous activities of student life, yet near enough to be an integral part of it.

How beautiful it would have been, rich with every material comfort as well as fitted with treasures of brush and pen.

Bright with sunshine, redolent with the perfume of kindly deeds, one more opportunity for fuller service, a home in which there would be no divided interests, or diverging lines of activity, for it was always Dr. and Mrs. Mills, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, a rare companionship!

They wrought together—together let them stand before the world.

Their life was one—
One meaning through it ran,
One golden thread of love
For God and man—
One aim was theirs,
One purpose and one plan.

April 20.

MR. MILLS died at Mills College (then Seminary), Seminary Park, April 20, 1884, and was buried at Sunnyside.

So Sunnyside means Home, his chosen home among the trees and flowers that were so dear to him. It speaks of Life Eternal; it tells us that work done lovingly and prayerfully for others faileth never; that "Every good thing supports every other good thing."

There is no thought of gloom or sadness here, but of glad courage, of the buoyancy of hope.

"Like the eagle, upward, onward,
May my soul in faith be borne,
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eyes unshrinking turn."

That was one of Dr. Mills favorite hymns, and the dominant thought of his life—to do, to dare, to endure unflinchingly.

While it may be of record that upon such a day Cyrus T. Mills was born; on such a day he passed away; in our hearts these mere dates are forever lost in the larger truth of the abiding Life "without beginning of years, or ends of days."

Is this noble life whose fruitage we are sharing, an inspiration? giving us courage to hold on our way? Are we laggards, idlers in these Fields of Life? How would we dare merit such condemnation!

Yes, bring roses, bring roses,
He loved them well;
Their perfume, a voice
Their light, God's smile.
Bring roses.

April 21.

JAMES BOUTELL

Born 1726; died 1791

Mrs. Mills' Great Grandfather (Maternal)

Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Isaiah 26:4.

“NO good book nor any good thing puts its best face first.” Some will recall this quotation as hanging “once upon a time” in the old Gymnasium.

“The terror of evil-doers” was a title to which Mrs. Mills referred with much pride as bestowed upon her when a teacher at Mt. Holyoke.

She considered such a title much more to be desired than to have it said with reference to her, that any student was “teacher’s pet.”

Her standard of morality was sure and her ideals high, and helped her to take firm stand against any tendency toward the lowering of character.

When a student had been a long time in a class, however, without material progress, her desire was to advance her on trial. “Let her graze in pastures new and get a new interest in her work.”

From this desire, she was often considered lenient in a way that she neither was nor had intention of being. She did consider individual need as well as the good of the whole.

Mrs. Mills was ubiquitous in her presence; untiring in her zeal; unlimited in her enthusiasm; marvelous in her insight; astounding in her knowledge of human nature; showed unending care and thoughtfulness; was keen in foresight, and prompt in decision.

April 22.

MRS. MILLS was certainly a wonderful woman. Her pupils appreciate her more as the years go by, and they compare her with other women. She had an unusually strong personality and a practical religion. A religion that she used in her every day life. Many of the less affluent but brilliant pupils were given scholarships that they might obtain the education they so much desired.

Mrs. Mills had wonderful executive ability. She also possessed the rare characteristic of being able to put herself in the other person's place and see from that point of view. Mrs. Mills was certainly a wonderful woman.

On the steps of the dear old Benicia Seminary several of the Mary Atkins girls were saying "good-bye," when Mrs. Mills said to us: "You girls may never know how much I appreciate your devotion to your 'Alma Mater,' but your Father in heaven knows and He will bless and reward you." The day and event stand out prominent in my memory of Mrs. Mills.

April 23.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.—John 15:1, 4, 7, 8.

MRS. MILLS was especially dear to me, first because she and my mother knew each other as girls and there was the missionary spirit bond between them.

Then, as I knew her during my nine years at Mills, in a period when she passed thru severe and trying experiences, I realized her worth of character—true and steadfast to the task set before her, with a devotion to her highest ideals.

These qualities she looked for in us, the teachers, and while sometimes she seemed to exact much of us—gave a great deal more to us, in her loving thought of our comfort and pleasure.

How she delighted in quietly making some pleasant outing or trip for one and another, especially for those of us whose homes were in the East. Thus she entertained two of us at Del Monte for our first Christmas in California.

April 24.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.—Ps. 24:9, 10.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.—Ps. 27:14.

MISS TOLMAN I was so fortunate to have as a teacher in the History of Art, and the beauties she set before me in those classes have been unfailing fountains of refreshment.

While her austerity appalled many of the girls, I found her very kind and was the recipient of great favors. At one time she excused me from reciting in class but allowed me instead to go to her home and put several lessons in one, thus saving time for me when I was crowded with work and opening to my delighted gaze the great treasury of pictures, statuary, books, tapestries and various beautiful things which her cottage housed.

One memory of Miss Tolman which has been a proud one for me, especially in view of her New England undemonstrative nature, was her climbing to my room in Seminary Hall on the third floor, and kissing me good-bye when I was about to leave to come back to Iowa. "Be a credit to us," was her parting message.

April 25.

Absolutely tender!
Absolutely true!
Understanding all things,
Understanding you!
Infinitely loving—
Exquisitely near—
This is God our Father,
What have we to fear?"

I WOULD be so glad to help in the pleasant task of presenting the life of dear Mrs. Mills so people will understand what a grand, all-round, noble Christian woman she was; interested in everything that could help others, especially the dear girls and women.

I had such an admiration for her in every way, and believe her such a wonderfully capable woman in all respects that I feel you will not want for facts.

She will live in the hearts of many people, and cannot be forgotten.

My good Dr. L—— has limited me as to writing, and cautioned me in a manner I must heed. I would I were able to write what should be said in behalf of that wonderfully able, good, kind, and noble woman, for there was only one Mrs. Mills.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaves shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.—Jer. 17:7, 8.

April 26.

ELIZABETH SMITH BOUTELL

Born 1732; died 1805

Mrs. Mills' Maternal Great Grandmother

From Miss Julia's "Daily Food" text

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.—Daniel 12:3.

HER Bible was her strength and her shield. She studied it; knew it practically from cover to cover. One of the sweetest pictures I have of her is at evening prayers turning the leaves of the big Book, peering for one of her favorite Psalms. It always seemed to me that the Psalms and the New Testament were her favorite portions, but maybe that was only because she found them more suitable to read to us. I do know that the Psalms are wonderfully sweet to me now, because as I read them I always see the sweet contented expression of Mrs. Mills' face as she read them to us, and hear the slow emphasis striving to make us grasp and understand the truths that were so clear to her.

It comes to mean much to me that Mrs. Mills should so enter into the feelings of the girls who were to take part in the concerts as to include a petition for them in her prayer on those evenings, that they might be given strength and peace and quietness of mind.

This petition became a source of strength to me, and I should have felt it a personal loss had Mrs. Mills ever failed to have made it a part of her prayer on those occasions.

April 27.

JOHN CONDRON

Born April 26, 18—; died 18—

Mrs. Mills' Nephew

Survived by widow, Delia M. Condron (See March 22)

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.
They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run
and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.—
—Isaiah 40:21.

MRS. MILLS handed me, one day, a clipping
with this verse:

“Life is beautiful! Its duties
Cluster round each passing day
While their sweet and solemn voices
Warn to work, and watch, and pray.

“They alone its blessings forfeit
Who by sin their spirits cheat
Or to slothful stupor yielding
Let the rust their armor eat.”

“Yes, life is beautiful,” she said, “if we only
make it so.”

“I would rather wear out than rust out or root
out,” is one of her frequent rejoinders when her
constant activity was commented upon.

April 28.

I PRESUME all young women take many things for granted, and I believe now that I took Mrs. Mills' wonderful love for the aesthetic as a matter of course.

At that time California was new to me, and its native luxuriance so entrancing that I failed to see how much landscape gardening had gone into the grounds at Mills, and how far-seeing had been the eye that chose so suitable a situation for a College. But I see now that all those beauties were one with the best in art as I recall the walls of her own apartment hung with fine copies and originals of the best from many schools of painting, and I remember vividly a humorous twinkle in her keen eyes when she dryly remarked in an afternoon talk to us, that she noticed a great many chromos and undesirable prints came off the walls after the girls began the study of Art.

As I study Mrs. Mills, I believe that there was just one interpretation which she gave to religion—service; nor was that shown in her life as a foreign missionary alone.

During my first term at College while the wealth of flowers was such a joy, she gave me, unsought, permission to keep roses in my room at any time.

April 29.

THE little attentions in the multitude of her responsibilities are such as to "give me pause." One instance: a few of the girls, and I was one, were struggling to carry on Senior year work without a physical break-down. Quietly we were told that during each forenoon there would be found on a table in the dining-room a lunch of the famous Mills brown bread, and milk.

Her sense of humor was very keen, I know, from a few experiences in which I was concerned. It was not of the conspicuous type, but sometimes a little sardonic as on one occasion of a telephone call from a youth at Berkeley who desired to talk to one of the girls. Mrs. Mills chanced to be passing the telephone booth as the call came in, and took down the receiver herself (the girl in charge having gone to church). In response to the young man's request, Mrs. Mills asked who he was. "Oh! one of her cousins," glibly replied he. "It seems to me there are a good many cousins over there," was her answer, but she summoned the girl.

No one at Mills during the life of "Coco Crocker Curtis Mills" (a thousand pardons if I have misspelled him) can doubt the strong feeling Mrs. Mills had for dogs.

Her driving horse was a pet also, but I do not know that her affection extended to cats.

April 30.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.—Ps. 139:7, 8, 9, 10.

ONE of her sayings which has flashed into my mind often when I have been guilty of mismanagement in work: “Young ladies, make your heads save your heels.”

How often in the heart to heart talks certain afternoons in Chapel, has she warned us against questionable people, books, or other influences by saying, “You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled.” “Confusion stirred with a stick” was another pithy saying to describe general disorder in a room or elsewhere.

Many times during my life at College I have heard her read the last chapter of Proverbs, and I think now how perfectly the latter part of verse 30 described her: “but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

May 1.

PILGRIMAGE TO SUNNYSIDE

May 4, 1914

PILGRIMAGES are made in reverent affection in the desire to derive inspiration and exultation of spirit. This spot is fraught with such a spirit. It is a holy spot to all who know Mrs. Mills; knew her, understood her, loved her, and are grateful for her many benefits.

Through generation after generation, long after we, too, are gathered into the Heavenly circle, will the name and the work of Mrs. Mills live and be known.

If Mills College lives, and it will live, its greatest honor will be the honor it confers on Mrs. Mills' memory; its greatest work will be that which it carries out in her name.

As Mary Lyon will always be the greatest name in connection with Mt. Holyoke, so will that of Susan Lincoln Mills be the greatest, in connection with Mills College.

These few words will be devoted to the humanitarian side of her nature:

First, her love for her "girls."

Second, her love for Mills College.

Third, her love for all suffering creatures.

To thoroughly understand girls and boys, an adult must have an accurate recollection of her own youthful days; she must have a keen discernment, being able to discriminate, sift out, and correctly estimate motives; she must have firmness and decision; she must be able to appreciate wit; wit of all kinds—good wit, poor wit, indifferent wit; she must have a reverential soul which, in turn, inspires reverence and respect; she must have a great big heart full of love and kindness for all creatures, big and small, high and low. And these, Mrs. Mills had; some of them, to a remarkable degree.

May 2.

ALL of her power, all of her effort and of her affection, went out to her girls here at Mills, and she remembered them always during years after they had stepped out of school-life into life's work, and even when age came upon her, and she had given up her active service, how often that dark eye lighted up at mention of some loved name of one who had been with her even many years before.

She always considered the welfare of girls. Everything that was conducive to comfort and to happiness she accomplished, if it were possible.

One of the last things she did was to fit up a room as a Social Hall for the girls. "A fire-place must be built in, so that it will be cheerful, and it will give warmth, and help ventilation, too, don't you think?" with a twinkle in her eye and an accent on the "ventilation." The quiet humor that she so often showed was delightful.

She bought the Victrola for that room; she arranged the pictures, too. Old-fashioned pictures they may be, but they strike a hallowed and loved chord in all our hearts. And in years to come, it will be the proudest possession of Mills College to cherish what she loved and put into place.

Many girls owe their education and their start in life, to Mrs. Mills' philanthropy. No one in need appealed in vain to her. I know of instances where she could have used her income with advantage, on herself, but instead gave it freely to and for others. . . . Many repaid her in affection and service and a few were ungrateful and fault-finding, but here she showed a rare virtue, the spirit of forgiveness—she forgave again and again, even unto death. Wonderful mother-love!

Her love of nature manifested itself in the love for these beautiful grounds. Every flower, every shrub, every tree, she knew and cherished. This tree must be nourished and helped; that shrub must be cared for; the paths must be cleared of weeds; the old branches and fallen leaves must be taken away; and yet, nature must have some abandon; it must not be too closely conventionalized. The result is, the campus is one of the most charming spots on the coast. . . . (See May 15.)

May 3.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

A favorite of Mr. Mills. It was sung at his Graduation, and also at his Funeral.

MY soul is not at rest; there comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream at night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered my
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"Go teach all nations," from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air and awakes my ear,
And I will gladly go. From henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray, "God fit me for the work,
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife." Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my earthly pilgrimage have done.
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.
And when I come to lay me down to rest
To sleep the blessed sleep—it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other world than this—
Yea, very sweet. And when I reach my home
With all the conflict past, if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he has for me,
Should ever reach that blissful shore, O how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering, once were mine below.

May 4.

THE REVEREND CYRUS TAGGART MILLS, D. D.

Born Paris, N. Y., May 4, 1819.
Died Seminary Park, April 20, 1884.

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.—Psalm 37:37.

CYRUS T. MILLS had but one aim in life; to serve God while serving his fellowmen; and God surely raised up a wife for him, since in no one else, could he have found the true helpmeet that he did in Susan Tolman who from her childhood had consecrated herself to God.

Although in his best health in California's climate, he was never very strong and would often be confined to his room, but his mind was always clear and active. He could plan even on a couch of pain,—and what his brain conceived, Mrs. Mills with her wonderful executive ability carried out. I cannot think of one without the other. In their work they were like two parts of one perfect machine, each having its part to perform yet working in such perfect harmony that only success could result.

Together, hand in hand, heart in heart, mind in mind, yea, soul in soul, these two great minds wove themselves into Mills College as it stands today.

When health would permit, Mr. Mills was sociable and friendly; more than ordinarily quick-witted, he loved to challenge others in brilliant conversation.

He was a splendid teacher. He refused to accept a statement simply because "the book said so," but carefully sifted and weighed each subject, and gave to his pupils only that which he knew to be best.

May 5.

(From May 4)

DR. MILLS held the reins of government, but left to Mrs. Mills the mothering of the girls; he rendering final judgment only in such cases as were carried to him as to a higher court.

He was fond of all games wherein wits were matched, and proved a merciless opponent. Whether in social game or business transaction, he played fair but played to win. Dishonesty he could not tolerate.

Mr. Mills was fond of playing chess, parchesi, and croquet. He was also fond of archery. As I look back now, it may not have been so much his pleasure in the game as in the opportunity it afforded to give a valuable lesson to a young girl entirely under his and Mrs. Mills' care; that is, when he played with me.

One night while playing Parchesi, I thought he did not count correctly and I did not hesitate to say so and maintain my point. Finally, he looked at me and said, "My child, you are quite right, and when you know you are right never be afraid to say so, but keep your temper and use your reason.

"Life, too, is a game in which we play many parts and need the help of the Lord. Now we will play another game."

May 6.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—Proverbs 25:11.

DEAR Dr. Mills! His signature is slightly faded on those old diplomas of ours, but his voice and kindly face have not faded from our memories.

It is said that "The men and women that are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticize." And so it was with Doctor and Mrs. Mills. Advice and encouragement always took away the sting of criticism.

Mills Collegians, cherish memories as dearly as we of the past have done. As the years pass on lengthening your perspective as they have ours, the pictures in memory's gallery of Mills days will become more tender in feeling, more lovely in color, and Mills Hall to you, will be what dear old Seminary Hall is to us of the Seminary, knowing it holds within its walls the secrets of your girlish dreams as it does ours.

May 7.

Our Responsibilities According to What We Have Received.

“FREELY ye have received, freely give.” These were her words often spoken. She felt that this applied in a spiritual and a moral as well as in a literal sense.

If one had unusual mental gifts, the world should be enriched by the use of these gifts; if one had the power to touch other lives and quicken them into a more reverent appreciation of God's mercies, that power should be used; if one possessed worldly goods in great or small degree, these should be shared with less fortunate brothers.

This dear friend helped me in many ways, spiritually and morally, which are too sacred to give to any page, and she helped me financially, too.

In after years when I was able to pay back what I owed in cold dollars, she said with her kindly smile and kindly pressure of the hand, “You have repaid me many times, dear child, just pass it on to others.”

“Pass it on to others,” it seems to me, was the key-note of her beautiful life.

“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

May 8.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—Mat. 6:24

Set your mind on things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth.—Col. 3:2.

Work out your own salvation . . . for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.—Phil. 2:12, 13.

“**T**REASURE the words and the truths of the Bible. There is a beauty and strength in Scripture language that is found nowhere else.”

“I am so glad I was required to commit verses of the Scriptures and hymns when I was young.”

“It is certainly a calamity to have an unsubdued will, but a blessing to have strong desires yielded to a higher and holier will.”

“If we cannot yield our will in little things, it will almost certainly bring us greater trials.”

“Other things being equal, you are under more obligation because of your opportunities here. Privilege and responsibility go hand in hand.”

“My heart goes out in great tenderness to those parents who have entrusted their daughters to my care. Those fathers and mothers have no choicer treasures than their precious daughters. Who am I, that they should be willing to entrust their daughters to my care!”

“What an inexpressible tenderness in the thought that you may all be preparing for heaven, here.”

May 9.

FOR nine years, Mrs. Mills was a mother to me, and as long as she lived was a loving friend and adviser.

She had neither time nor money to spend on her own pleasure, though, a generous supply of both for her friends or those who needed her assistance.

When asked why she did not accompany her sister on a trip abroad, she replied, "I cannot afford the money," yet, at that time, she spent many times the amount such a trip would require, on friends and new College buildings. Only when her failing health demanded a change, could she be persuaded to lay aside her work, and go east or to the Islands for a few weeks.

Her ability to intuitively read character, was more than remarkable. I have known her assign rooms to over one hundred girls, before the opening of the school; pairing off as room-mates, those who had never met and whom she had not seen more than once, and then, not be obliged to make more than two or three changes after a few days' trial. This was done, too, without the aid of written lists, as she depended alone upon her wonderful memory.

She knew the name, room-number, and the home address of every student, in less than a day after the opening. Doubtless, in later years when she began to rely upon the help of a secretary, she may have resorted to lists, but not in my day.

May 10.

AUNTIE MILLS was always busy, but never took time to tell others of how much she had to do or had already done during the day. I never knew her to be late for any routine work, neither did she come early enough to idly wait for the signal to be given.

She fairly flew from one task to another. It was our habit, learned from experience, to stand still in the hall if we were looking for her, for she was sure to come that way soon, and none of us were sly enough to follow her flittings.

She was always busy, but never too much so to show an interest in each girl's pleasures, or sympathy in her sorrows.

She watched closely the health of each student and prayerfully guided her spiritual growth.

If there had been but one child, she could not have received more careful thought than Mrs. Mills gave to each of the two hundred or more under her care.

She never allowed herself to stay in a rut, but kept abreast of the times, gladly welcoming any change which tended to the bettering and uplifting of young women.

Her dream of seeing the Seminary become a College was fulfilled but a short time before her soul took its flight to the better land.

May 11.

JOSIAH KEEP

Born 1849; died 1911

Faculty Member over twenty-five years.

ON the occasion of Professor Keep's birthday, May 11, 1905, Mrs. Mills presented him a loving cup in behalf of Faculty and Students. Upon that occasion she made these remarks:

In the year 1849, gold was discovered in California. . . . Those who arrived here that year are known as Forty-niners.

That same year, in a quiet little town of Massachusetts, there was born one who was destined to help in shaping the life and history of California and its people.

This was our forty-niner, Josiah Keep, who for a quarter of a century has done good work on this Western Slope. He has studied and described the shells of the sea and of the land; the flowers that beautify the country, and the starry heavens that declare the glory of God.

An enthusiastic and faithful teacher; the loyal friend and helper; the Christian gentleman, always.

Pure gold he is, and we are glad to honor him on his birthday.

We are too apt in this busy life of ours to neglect to tell our friends that we love them, that we thank them and appreciate what they do for us, but we who are here tonight, wish to express our love, our gratitude, and our high esteem for our good friend and teacher, Josiah Keep, and—that he may keep in mind our loyalty and our love—we, the Faculty and the Students, present this loving-cup.

We hope and pray that his years may be many and full of blessing for himself and for all about him.

“Because he carried love within his heart,
None ever guessed even half the joy he knew,
Nor yet how well he lived life's greater part;
To him the skies above were ever blue,
Because he carried love within his heart.”



May 12.

MY birthday date is May 11. Mrs. Mills advice to the girls was to always tell the truth.

One of the Bible quotations that I can never forget, "The Lord has been my dwelling place in all generations." We were called upon each evening to recite the Bible verse assigned the evening before. The girl next me thinking she might be called upon asked me for the verse. In sport I said: "The Lord has been my dwelling house in all generations," whereupon I was called upon and for the life of me could not say the verse correctly.

Mrs. Mills' memory was wonderful, and it was a lovely phase of her character, that she never forgot one of her pupils.

I had not seen Mrs. Mills for over ten years when I met her in the City of Paris; she looked at me a moment and said, "My dear child, I have not seen you for such a long time. Now, Lily, do come to see us and bring your little boy." I think it wonderful.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.—Psalm 90:1, 2, 12, 14.

May 13.

I ONCE had the pleasure of making a trip from Los Angeles to Oakland with Mr. Mills. He had been to Pomona on business. With me, were Judge and Mrs. Sawyer, Miss Cora Sawyer, and my boys who were then little fellows.

Mr. Mills was so delighted with the boys, that he spent the whole day with them, talking to them and listening to their prattle.

Several times did Judge Sawyer, who was a Trustee of the College, attempt to engage him in conversation relating to school matters but he had to give it up, for Mr. Mills was interested in nothing, just then, but two baby boys who would play with him.

It was a side of his character I had never seen before, and I was intensely interested myself in watching him.

When we were leaving the train, Mr. Mills said to me, "Virginia, I have had a happy day and do bring the babies out to see Mrs. Mills soon, for she is so fond of little boys."

I always thought it was only girls that Mrs. Mills was fond of, but I discovered that she liked boys, too.

May 14.

I KNOW of no lovelier place than Mills College with its pleasant memories of Mr. and Mrs. Mills, their earnest, steady, quiet work for the benefit of the school and their beloved scholars.

Mrs. Mills needs no eulogy. All who knew her can never forget her; her influence is lasting; her example wholesome, energetic, steadfast.

We are all better for having lived in her presence and having enjoyed her thoughtful kindness.

She always rejoiced to meet her friends and loved them as her very own.

I am thankful for an opportunity to pay this tribute to Mrs. Mills. I cannot hope to do justice to her many gifts and noble traits of character, but I will try to convey to others, the love and respect I feel for her memory.

I never could do Mrs. Mills all the justice I feel her due. I have always felt so grateful for what I learned from Mr. and Mrs. Mills not in the curriculum; so much not laid down in books, that has helped shape my life and has inspired me to do the best possible, wherever I have been placed.

May 15.

I AM glad she will not hear the whistle of the flying train across these grounds. (Every effort should be made by all who loved her, all who are interested in Mills College, interested for selfish reasons or otherwise, to prevent the going thru these grounds of any railroad, cutting off Sunnyside from the College campus. Sunnyside, the holy spot of Mills College, should not be so separated, however attractive the inducements may be. In this case, just as helpful ends would be gained, were the railroad to pass around to the other side of Tolman Cottage.)

Her humanities were of the broadest, sweetest kind; and she was no idle impracticable sentimentalist. She was always ready to help in a practical telling way. Many there are who extend sympathy in sweetest words, but few there are who give kind words and the wherewithal to live at the same time.

During the war, she extended her hospitality to a number of sick soldiers, gave them a home, and medical care, and they went out well and strong—and better men for having known her.

After the fire of 1906, she sheltered and assisted many refugees. She herself was just convalescing from pneumonia—one of her worst illnesses—yet, when told of the great calamity, her first solicitude was for friends who were in the midst of it.

These, she assisted with food, with clothing, with money; but the greatest thing of all she gave them, was renewal of faith in God's love. They took heart again, and courage to go forth to do, and to battle with life, and, with all, not to forget to thank Him for all His mercies.

How thankful we are that your life touched so many lives, and how thankful we are that we have so rich a heritage from you.

Wonderful woman, wonderful missionary, great worker and gleaner in the harvest-field of life! how rich must be thy reward!

May 16.

DAVID HEWES.

Born 1822. Lives at "Anapauma," Orange.
A California Pioneer, and an Old Friend of Mrs. Mills.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.—Isaiah 35:1

“THIS is just as true today, as it was when Isaiah was singing his songs 760 years before the Christian era, to the people of Judea.

“There have been men in all times whose special mission on earth seemed to be to beautify and to bring into productiveness the bare and waste places.

“Southern California has been blessed with countless numbers of these true philanthropists . . . Men who came here and uprooted the cactus, and planted the vine and fig-tree; took the barren hills and planted flowers and made them to bloom.

“One of the most splendid evidences of this spirit is manifested in the development and beautifying of the Anapauma (place of rest) Ranch, which was purchased by Mr. David Hewes, the present owner, 25 years ago when it was a sheep ranch.”

Mr. Hewes left his home in the Southland on Thursday, December 12, 1912, to visit his old friend, Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills who, he had heard, was not well. But while he was on his way hither, her spirit had winged its flight to her heavenly home.

“Prominent at the graveside was the Honorable David Hewes, a well-known California pioneer, who was one of the original Trustees of Mills College.”

Mr. Hewes is the donor of the melodious bells that chime hourly from El Campanil, the attractive bell-tower across the campus from Mills Hall. He has contributed toward endowment, and helped the College in various ways.

Mrs. Mills often said in effect, “I cannot say enough in praise of this good friend. He has been constant and helpful always.”

Mr. Hewes is nearly 93 years of age, and is still active, physically and mentally.

May 17.

THE FOUNDER AND BUILDER.

Sonnet.

“SUCH faith as his is victory!” To rear
As did those Master Builders of old time
A structure wondrous, that shall tower
and climb
Through future ages, till the whole appear
A vision 'carnate from another sphere;
With humble heart to hold a thought sublime
And listen to the deeper truths that chime
As messages of hope—doth cast our fear.

All noble souls inspire to greater deeds
For God and Man, the kindred hearts that serve;
From faith like his, a wondrous power thrills
Adown the years, where faith responsive, heeds
The still small voice, and men disheartened, nerve
Themselves again to battle 'gainst earth's ills.

HELENE CONWAY MAY, S '05.

For Founders' Day, May 4, 1905.

May 18.

PILGRIMAGE TO SUNNYSIDE.

May 4, 1914

THIRTY years ago last month, Mr. Mills, in honor of whose memory and achievement we make this pilgrimage with each recurring Fourth of May, was buried at this spot. It was originally selected by him and Mrs. Mills, as the site of their little home to be, and called Sunnyside. The inscription on the shaft tells us that Cyrus Taggart Mills was born in Paris, N. Y., in 1819.

* * * * *

When Mr. Mills sought this section as the favorable spot for the transplanting of the school from Benicia, San Francisco was reached only by boat. The terminus of the local train, was East Oakland, then called Brooklyn. . . .

The trees here were our oaks and buckeyes, and the young alders in the creek. Think now of all the country beyond Seminary avenue to Evergreen and on to Hayward; from our fence-line to Beulah; and, also the adjoining field extending down to and beyond the Tolman Cottage; then picture all this acreage as comparatively unsettled, and traversed only by private conveyance, and you will wonder how Mr. Mills ever found this spot, and having found it, how he could get the impress of the vision of its future, and then proceed to make this vision a reality.

But therein his wonder lay. His was a prophetic outlook, but with it was great executive ability. To his artistic soul was related a practical mind.

May 19.

(From May 18)

HE possessed, too, an earnest Christian zeal, unflagging courage, and an untiring energy—all brightened by a quiet genial humor. His intuitive knowledge of men with "his sanctified common sense, sound judgment, and executive ability," formed the basis of those rare business qualities which made him financially successful. "Qualities that gave beneficent results in India, in Hawaii, in California." . . .

Our own recent lack of success in having our avenue called Mills College Avenue makes us wonder at what he accomplished that first year, so plainly told in the names Seminary Avenue and Seminary Park Station.

* * * * *

Mr. Mills personally superintended the planting of thousands of trees. He seemed to "dip into the future," and understood just where new walks would later be made, and new roadways needed. There was magic in his touch as in his thought; the beautiful poplar beyond that palm was a sapling branch which he thrust into the ground to support a young rose bush.

The same prophetic foresight that led him hither, from Benicia eventually took him to Pomona. . . . In this section with its possibilities, he saw the ways and means of securing much for his loved Seminary . . . and for the upbuilding of the College designed to follow.

May 20.

MR. WELLER of Pomona referring to Dr. Mills as 'the much loved President of Mills Seminary, the efficient President of the Pomona Land and Water Company, the magnanimous and generous President of the Trustees of the Pomona Church,' said: "But we know him best as the frail, tireless, genial, generous, large-hearted planner, and organizer, who made the sleepy unknown town of Pomona waken and grow, and bloom, and blossom, and waft the perfume of its orange blossoms throughout all the States."

But it was at Pomona that he received the injury that cost him his life. . . .

As his last moments drew near he said, "God is good." These were his last words. Here at Sunnyside his body was placed upon a bed of white roses in that "low green tent whose curtain never outward swings."

Dear Mrs. Mills, his faithful companion and devoted co-worker, was spared many years to carry out alone plans they had mutually formed, and to further the advancement of the work to which they had mutually consecrated their lives.

Who can say that there does not linger about our College the spirits of these devoted founders and of those so closely associated with them, Miss Tolman and Professor Keep.

Dear Mr. Mills, I knew him well and was very fond of him. His was a deep, quiet, kindly, sympathetic soul. His sensitive reticent nature understood as few ever understood, my own timid undeemonstrative girl nature. Is it a wonder then that my memory of him is a cherished jewel in Friendship's casket?

May 21.

DR. MILLS illustrated in his life his faithfulness to the highest standard of duty. He exacted the same loyalty to duty from all who worked with him. If any fell short they might feel an uncomfortable pressure. He had little patience with shams and subterfuges.

He himself working toward the highest ideal; the very strength of his character made him an exacting man. He gave the best possible service, and he wanted nothing less from others.

If he encountered some adverse criticism, as well as his consort, time has brought the fullest vindication. Within a plain exterior there were the gentleness and largeness of a sympathetic nature.

He loved the order and the beauty that his taste and toil had created. He liked the voices of the young and all the innocent freedom and mirth that sweetened his daily life.

The austere man mellowed in the atmosphere of childhood, and in his presence there was a daily benediction.

When Dr. Mills' work was done, no man in this State had ever made so munificent a gift to the cause of public education.

His path as a pioneer is luminous and his work, monumental.

May 22.

FOUNDERS DAY.

May 4, 1910.

IN the whole round of ceremonies and events which mark the passing of the College year, this pilgrimage is to me the most beautiful of all, and to be permitted to offer here my tribute of loving gratitude, is a privilege indeed.

That word privilege! When in the hot arrogance of youth I fretted or rebelled over some disagreeable task, how many times has Dr. Mills with his quiet gentleness, brought order out of chaos, as he said:

“Think of it, my child, as a privilege, not a duty.”

So as I review his life among us, all his work seems to have been animated by that spirit of loving consecration, which meant to him the Privilege of Service.

Few are here today, who ever met Dr. Mills, fewer still who really knew him, but it was my great privilege to call him Friend . . . to know him for many years, as friend and teacher, counselor and guide. . . .

Out of the fullness of my heart I want to speak of some of the little things which may make you feel more “at home” with him as it were—to think of him as a living presence, a co-worker, one who could enter with you into the homely details of your daily life.

For Dr. Mills was essentially human in his interests, broad as well as deep, with an intellect which reveled in abstruse philosophy, and held the starry heavens in his grasp, yet loved so tenderly, the violet at his feet. (To May 26.)

May 23.

MRS. MILLS was one of the great women of our day, and as time passes her true worth will be more and more recognized.

To outsiders she was a business woman, a returned missionary, or an educator—but to us who knew her more intimately, she was a friend and guide, leading us toward the highest and best.

She called us “my girls” and each one of us knew that we had a place all our own in her heart, for it was large enough for all of us. How she loved to have us all back on Founders Day or for any special day!

I said that many thought of Mrs. Mills as a missionary returned from her labor, but we knew that she was still a missionary at heart, and that she hoped all of us would be true missionaries. One of her sayings, often repeated, was:

“Whatever you girls may gain here (at Mills) that is good and true, be sure to pass it on to others that you meet.”

There was absolutely no limit to Mrs. Mills’ will power, and her courage equaled her will power. Her Christian faith was the source of her courage, and she wanted every one to know that it was so. She quoted again and again:

“Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.” Or,

“All things work together for good to those that love God.”

So she lived and—now she has left us—it remains for us to pass on as much of the inspiration she gave us, as we may.



May 24.

I N dreaming o'er the old days
The days from care so free,
Come thoughts of a dearest lady
And—Teddy, so dainty to see.

The two were always together,
Mrs. Mills—with a face good to see,
And Teddy—dear doggie—behind her
Always barking at me.

No wonder his bark was ferocious,
And friends he would not be
With the red-headed lassie who chased him;
His purpose—she could not see,

For Teddy had memories many,
Of the times he had to flee
For protection, unto his mistress
From what, she did not see.

“Why Teddy, what's the matter!”
I have often heard her say;
But he only barked in answer,
While I—ran the other way.

Tho my memory-book is precious
With its memories of girls,
I would value it still more highly
Had it one of Teddy's curls.

For that little white curl would in fancy
Other memories recall
With tenderest thought of Mrs. Mills,
The loving friend of all.

May 25.

ANOTHER picture I have of Mrs. Mills is as she went the rounds of the rooms with Teddy, her inseparable companion. Some rooms she passed altogether, some she entered, smiling and walking slowly about, pointing out things that displeased and things that pleased her; stopping to pick a dead leaf off a plant or to point out some especially good trait in a photographed face.

One day she came upon a girl sweeping her room, and raising big clouds of dust. Mrs. Mills promptly took the broom into her own hands, gave an impromptu lesson on sweeping and proceeded to illustrate it.

That was one reason for her success. She understood thoroughly the fundamentals of every department over which she had charge, from the kitchen to the garden and back through the classrooms.

Her interest was keen for everything. Girls were apparently not a complex problem to her. She would give a sharp glance through her spectacles at a delinquent one, decide whether firmness or leniency would be better, smile kindly and dismiss or proceed to read a lesson.

Tears she abhorred. She was like a man when one of her girls wept; she sympathized deeply, but she felt out of place.

May 26.

(From May 22)

I F even in a measure I can bring him truly before you, I shall feel that in such measure, I am doing you a service, giving you a richer heritage in your ideal of Mills College. For Dr. Mills was one of these reserved natures which reveal themselves only to those of whose interest and sympathy they feel assured.

A man of few words, but those terse and strong; of wide knowledge and experience, with rare appreciation of all that is fine and beautiful in nature and in art . . . but above all, one who responded so instantly to the human need of the moment—one had only to turn to him to be sure of the immediate response.

The hours in his class-room were full of interest, and it was a dull mind indeed that did not respond to the leading of his quickening thought. . . . He had little patience with the false or trivial, and to the real offender, his rebuke was scathing. For work well-done, the word of discriminating commendation was always ready; there was infinite patience for those who tried, though they might halt and stumble by the way, but stern reproof and admonition for the wilful, determined loiterer or wrong doer. Mercy and justice, strength and gentleness, were his in generous measure and wisely blended.

May 27.

I WAS 85 last May, and you cannot expect much from my pen.

Mr. Mills I knew personally, and in his early years, as he was often at my father's, and lived there after he graduated from Williams College.

We always had family prayers both morning and night. One Sabbath night, Mr. Mills asked for "a Sabbath evening blessing," as if that could be any different from any other. This first turned my attention to the subject of religion.

Some years after, when my sister and I were 15 years old (we were twins), father, who was a business man, said to us, "What am I to do about that check of twenty dollars put in to help Mr. Mills in his theological course?" This question was because during the night, not the home but the business property was burned to the ground. We said, "We think you would want it." But Father answered:

"I gave it to the Lord before the fire, and it goes out just the same. It is not mine." The money was repaid in many ways and many times by Mr. Mills later.

May 28.

A DEAR little brother and Mr. Mills were "very particular friends." When hardly three years old, the little fellow was always making "a coat for Mr. Mills. Mr. Mills going to be missionary." So needle and thread were given him, and he made many "a little coat" from a bit of cotton cloth, always putting it into the basket when he went with mother to the missionary meetings.

The dear little boy was taken very ill. He told us he wanted "to go and be with Jesus," but he wanted his "money to go to the heathen." So his little purse was brought, containing in all 50 cents—large coppers and three-cent pieces. It was handed to Mr. Mills who was to go to India as a missionary.

He often told the story there of the dear little Christian child who wanted to help the heathen; always holding up the little purse with, shall I say, the sacred money still in it, until it brought many times the fifty cents and great interest was always awakened.

Did not that dear little brother, through Mr. Mills, preach the gospel to the heathen?

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John 4:35.

May 29.

THE REVEREND WILLIAM A. HALLOCK, who was Secretary of the American Tract Society, had Miss Susan Tolman to look over the books and report any mistakes.

He was my uncle, and I vividly recall hearing him say with reference to her and her work, "Keen as a razor."

She afterwards became a teacher at Mount Holyoke. We twins graduated there in 1850.

She became Mrs. Mills and went to India, and the Faculty at Mt. Holyoke said: "I wish they would take the girls and not the teachers."

I know Mrs. Mills to have been an earnest, enthusiastic, vigorous teacher, holding out to a ripe old age far beyond the general run of people.

My nieces, Mary Rouse (Brown) and Fanny Rouse (Carpenter), received their education under Mr. and Mrs. Mills in California. It was a great honor that my niece Fanny could give a commencement address there, I think the only lady who has ever done so.

Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. 6:9.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phil. 4:13.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.—Eph. 6:10.

May 30.

WHEN in Benicia in 1870, four of us formed the first sorority—of course, we did not call it so, or have a Greek letter name. We were simply “We Four, 1870.” It was Dr. Mills who talked it over with us, who helped design our pin, and even enjoyed going to the jeweler’s with us to place the order. A great event that was in itself . . . perhaps the other girls did not envy us!

How sure, too, we always were that Dr. Mills would not only laugh with us over anything really funny, but would also match our story with another full of gay wit and sparkling humor, so that we could hardly wait for Mrs. Mills’ amused permission to run around to their rooms to share our pleasure with him.

A group of us . . . fired with an unusual zeal to read something very improving, asked Mr. Mills’ counsel. The twinkle in his eye should have fore-armed us, when he said: “Have you ever read Cudworth?” “Why no, who was Cudworth? What did he write?”

We could elicit no definite information. Dr. Mills simply advised us to borrow Dr. Corwin’s copy, and find out for ourselves.

Dr. Corwin, our resident pastor, was famous for his jokes, but we unsuspectingly went our way, took one look at the ponderous volume with its uninteresting binding which Dr. Corwin handed us so smilingly and humbly concluded such learning was not for us.

Fully appreciating its worth, however, we purchased that literary gem for the private library of Dr. Mills.

“Have you read Cudworth yet?” was a query that always brought forth smiles.

May 31.

THE mother of the dear son whose birthday was on this day, but who was parted from her at the very threshold of his manhood, writes as follows:

Mrs. Mills was so fond of Ned; spoke of him every time I saw her. The last time, how her eyes filled with tears as she spoke of him, saying it would not be long before she would see him.

All my tastes and general ideas of life and duty were so influenced during my sixteen years of association with her as pupil and as teacher, as well as by her friendship for myself and family for the more than thirty years following, that I cannot say any one thing or another stands out as distinctive, but no words can express my appreciation of the blessing of her all-pervading love and watchful care.

The 121st Psalm, the "Travelers' Psalm" she called it, is always associated with morning prayers in Benicia, when we were assembled for the last time before leaving for vacation and home.

The Psalms were her favorite portion of the Bible, and the ninety-first her favorite Psalm.

Did any one ever read the Bible as she read it? As for me, I never hear the Scripture read that I do not find myself wishing it could be read as she read it.

"Freely ye have received; freely give." To her who relied upon the Almighty, withholding would not enrich, nor giving, impoverish. Her first impulse was to give, to help, to share to the uttermost—"not grudgingly nor of necessity, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." (See also Oct. 20.)

(Mrs. Mills greatly treasured the beautiful lesson taught in these verses. Long years ago she pasted the poem in her Bible and often referred to it in her Sunday evening talks. The lines are continued to the page of June 1, and concluded on the page of June 2.)

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half-wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts
The wretched work I had done,
And even when trying most truly,
The meager success I had won,

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay, and stubble'"
I said; "It will all be burned"—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him.
And sometimes I know I have tried,
But I'm sure when He sees such a building
He will never let it abide."

June 1.

JUST then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patch-work combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do,
But oh! what a botch she had made it,
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet, can you understand it?
With a tender smile and tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt her grow more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its refuge,
Like a glad, returning dove.

(The stanzas on this page were the ones especially dear and most often quoted or read.)

June 2.

SO I thought, when the Master Builder
Comes down this temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to light,
And, seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me
And love for me was the spur.

And, for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constrain me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the Labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith no longer dim,
But my heart is strong and restful
And my eyes are unto Him.

—SELECTED.

June 3.

(For a birthday of June 5)

I USED to remain at the school during vacation, and to Mr. Mills I owe much for his wise lessons.

He loved to play croquet, and I think what I am to relate will give you insight into his character.

It was summer vacation. I had gone to the music room in the left wing, to practice. He came in finally, and said, "Child, do you know how long you have been here?" "Only a short time, I think." "You have been here four hours. You'd better come and play a game of croquet."

The sun set before we had finished a second game. He called my attention to the wonderful coloring of the sky and pointed out the shadows on the earth. Then he said:

"Mrs. Mills and I have witnessed many glorious sunsets at sea and in the Orient, but I can remember none more beautiful than this evening's sunset.

"May the close of our life, which is but a day, be as full of radiance and peace."

So many lessons I learned from that evening; I often think of him when watching a sunset.

June 4.

Mills College, June, —.

My dear little Granddaughter.

I am very glad to hear that you have arrived in San Francisco well and happy. I hope you will be a very good little girl, and give as little trouble to your Papa and Mamma as possible.

They have expected you so long you must not disappoint them. I shall hope to call and see you very soon.

Please give my love and Aunt C——'s to your dear Mamma.

I am your affectionate Grandmother,

SUSAN L. MILLS.

God bless you and make you a great blessing.

To the Mother when the little one to whom the above letter was written was to be baptized.

Mills College, Nov. 3, —.

My dear A.

I shall be with you in heart today—am so sorry to be absent in body. May it be a blessed day to you and yours.

* * * * *

The dear Lord be with you and bless you, and accept the consecration of the dear little one to the Master.

May the dear child live to be your joy and your comfort, and be a blessing in the world.

May you have grace to train her as the dear Lord would have you.

With tender love, I am,

Yrs affly

SUSAN L. MILLS.

The originals of these letters are held as priceless treasures, and are copied here only because this aims to be a heart-to-heart home-book containing as many of the little human touches that appeal lovingly to her girls, as are possible to get. You will recognize "Yrs affly" as the characteristic form used in her letters by Mrs. Mills, to precede her signature.

June 5.

“NOTHING is too small to pray for.” “We want our girls above all, to be good Christian women.”

Can you not hear her repeat these words?

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies.
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And bid me live to Thee.

She frequently spoke of the hymn from which these stanzas are quoted, as being her father's favorite hymn, and she loved it for his sake as well as for the peace it brought to her own heart.

One Sunday evening we were as disobedient as ever we could be, and with an unholy glee that was by no means silent. Three girls from other rooms had come to ours; four stood in a row to receive from the fifth the contents of a cologne bottle squirted through an atomizer—a much newer thing in the seventies than now, hence the uproar. Suddenly the door opened, Mrs. Mills entered, and all she said was, “Jennie, I want you to come down to the parlor after the last bell to join in prayer for the Senior class,” and she was gone. Nothing she could have said or done could have been more effectual in making me realize how unworthy of her confidence I had proved. The incident was never referred to again by Mrs. Mills, but the thought of having been “weighed” and “found wanting” kept me from doing many foolish things, and in later years I have appreciated the wisdom of her passing the incident with no other notice than the “silence which was golden.”

June 6.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.—Psalm 127:1.

DR. AND MRS. MILLS built this school under the inspiration of a great idea, of which idea, you and I as Alumnae, are the concrete outcome.

And just because we are a part of this idea, can we not from the memories of the past, from the needs of the present, from the visions for the future, rouse ourselves as Alumnae and make this idea—that of the wholesome suitable Christian education of young women—perfect in the fuller development that it needs?

It means work; it means work for you and for me; but it means, and that is the joy of it—it means different kinds of work; it means just the sort of work that God put into our hearts to do. The great thing is, for us to be whole-hearted in our manner of doing it.

We always hear the cry, "We want Christian mothers in our homes, Christian teachers in our schools." But I tell you there is a great need today for Christian business women for civic and philanthropic work, for municipal improvement and for social betterment; we want Christian women right down in the thick of business life, to grapple hand to hand with the tremendous problems of Capital and Labor.

The one thing which will change an organization from a mere dry framework into a living breathing organism is Christianity, and the business world is not only waiting but asking for women—trained, educated, Christian—to help in solving the difficult questions which will come up between employer and employee.

Mills College will be just what you make it, and if you are true to the inspiration of the great idea of its noble founders, you will awaken to a keener sense of their heroism in the past, and your obligations in the present.

June 7.

THE founders of Mills, in all their ambitions and desires, always kept paramount, that Mills while non-sectarian, must be essentially a Christian College and a home.

Home-making, Home-keeping, Home-loving, are three principles of education that have been so interwoven in the woof and web of past days they cannot be put aside in the curriculum of the future.

As in the history of Holyoke, Mary Lyon's personality cannot be eradicated, so also, no possibility can there be that the influence of Mrs. Mills will be lost in the future history of Mills College.

Perhaps, in the future college life, many of the old customs will be passed by for lack of time, until some of them will seem but traditions of the past. The college customs will change with the customs of the world at large, and the Seminary will seem old-fashioned to the ambitious young collegian, but there is an indefinable something that can go only with the school of smaller affairs—and the mother-love of Mrs. Mills will go on and on beyond our time and ken.

You will smile when I say, looking back to the old regime, one of the most precious memories is that of Wo's birthday cake.

That birthday cake, my dear young collegian, meant more to the home-sick Seminary girl than the grandest medal you will ever win for scholarship.

June 8.

DR. AND MRS. MILLS gave out of pure kindness of heart and to make others happier. At the new Seminary when skating was the rage, I had no skates and did not feel that I should ask my father to get some for me. One morning Mr. Mills sent for me to go to his parlor. I went in fear and trembling lest I had inadvertently done something amiss and I was to be reprimanded.

But no; instead, he asked me if I would not like a pair of skates that I might enjoy the exercise with the rest of the girls? then gave me a pair.

They were always doing kind little things like that.

Surely no one person can realize how much they gave in these as well as in large ways for others.

How few things that are really desirable can be bought with money!

Wisdom, spiritual power, poetic feeling, sound judgment, communion with God—are as possible to the poorest man as to the richest.

They can be received as far as we open our minds and hearts, but never bought. The best things of God are free to all men. See Rev. 22:17.”

MRS. MILLS.

Words can hardly express sentiments of Mrs. Mills. It seems to me one just had to be one of her girls to learn what a kind, thoughtful mother she was to all of us.

There is so much I would love to say, and while this I have written seems very little, you may know from it, of some of my great love and reverence for Mrs. Mills.

You have asked me to write a book! How can one in a few lines express appreciation of Mrs. Mills' many-sided personality?

June 9.

MARY MELVILLE TOLMAN,

Daughter of Samuel Howe Tolman and Jane Melville. The grandfather, Samuel Howe Tolman, Sr., graduated from Dartmouth College, 1806. His son, Samuel Howe Tolman, Jr., was graduated from Dartmouth in 1848.

Miss Mary Melville Tolman came from the East in the eighties, and at Mrs. Mills' urgent invitation remained a year.

IT is to Miss Mary Tolman that Mrs. Mills directed all her genealogical and other family papers, sent. Miss Tolman resides in Manchester, New Hampshire, and has written as follows:

In one of the last letters which I received from "Auntie" Mills and which was dated May 23, 1911, she said:

"Our last Seminary class has just graduated, and now we are all College.

"It has broken my heart to have the Seminary go, but I know it is for the betterment of the College."

Have a plan for studying the Scriptures.

The wear and tear of what I cannot do is a great deal more than the wear and tear of what I can do.

Prayer for spiritual blessings for ourselves and others, is the essence of prayer.

The Sabbath is of inestimable value. It is worth more than all other days in bringing our thoughts into captivity to the will of Christ.

One great thing to be gained in an education is to be able to possess comforts and privileges without becoming selfish.

The little child makes the father a better man, and the excellencies of a woman are nowhere so marked, and they nowhere shine so beautifully as in the wife and mother.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—Matthew 11:28, 29, 30.

June 10.

A MEMORY OF MRS. MILLS.

She said, in days that used to be,
"We planted every flower and tree
Except those oaks—the place was bare
Until we made a garden there."

Because they watered the dry earth,
A thousand roses came to birth;
Their trees each springtime have as guests
A fledgling choir of birds in nests.

Where wild grass withered, brown and dry,
Long eucalyptus shadows lie,
A deeper green upon the lawn.
Can those who planted it be gone?

She loved it all. How many times
Before the noon hours' closing chimes,
We saw her in her plain black gown,
One hand upon her hip, stoop down
To pick up bits of orange peels
We dropped and ground beneath our heels!

And now, I think, she comes to see
If things are as they ought to be;
Down welltrod garden walks she goes
To trim dead blossoms from some rose.

And we, whose hearts her gardens were,
No truer way can honor her
Than in our own lives to keep bright
The truth she spoke to be our light,
That she might know how worth the care
It was, to make a garden there.

MABEL RICE BIGLER.

January, 1915.

June 11.

SAMUEL TOLMAN.

Born 1676; died 17—.

Father of Mrs. Mills' great grandfather.

THERE is so much I can find in my heart of tenderness and love for her.

The ten years passed there as an Art Teacher were happy ones. . . .

She was a bright example for any one closely associated with her, her open hand to give, her sympathy with all suffering.

I know she was sincerely sorry when she, by a rebuke, wounded one's feelings. She was always ready with an apology.

As an instance of tenderness that impressed me:

I was going to the city of a Saturday once, and she said, "Come to my door and ride to the station with me." I did so. When she got into the carriage, I noticed she was dressed for some especial occasion. Ida then handed her a bouquet of flowers rather loosely put together. I thought, "What is she going to do with those flowers?" I noticed that she guarded them carefully, after we were in the cars and when we reached the place where the cars changed. You remember the little store kept by the woman who was nearly blind? Well, she grabbed the bunch of flowers and hurried out and I followed her, going into this little shop. She gave them to the woman and raising up her dress, took from a long large pocket three large oranges and said, as she gave them to her, "For the children."

June 12.

THE incident impressed me. As we came out I said, "Oh, Mrs. Mills, how kind of you! Going to a reception in your party dress, and having such a burden as those oranges! You are a lesson."

"Oh! That is nothing! only one little kind thought for the poor." It was a lesson to me of thoughtfulness, and I have never forgotten it. And this is only one of many acts of this description, which she was so often doing—always trying to help others.

I can never forget her many kind thoughts for me, when she saw I was tired and when she knew I was in sorrow—and for these, too, I loved her most tenderly.

She seemed abrupt sometimes, but amid all her cares she did not forget; it was the "cup of cold water"! God bless her—her "faith in prayer," her loyalty for the "Lord," her earnestness. So few could have done what she did for Christ when the world outside criticised as they did. I honored Mrs. Mills from the bottom of my heart. I loved her for herself alone.

June 13.

THE Mills Magazine Memorial issue is an excellent collection of tributes, bringing out plainly the spirit of Mrs. Mills' life and work as well as the attitude of the girls toward her.

My only regret about it all is that there seems to be no direct appeal to Mills' Daughters in behalf of her work and their College—or Alma Mater.

It seems to me that such an occasion might have been used with emphasis both as a matter of loyalty to Mrs. Mills and as a time for drawing into closer touch with the College, its many graduates, and friends. . . . My thought is that many young women might cling more faithfully to their College and co-operate in its upbuilding, if an appeal had been made linking the more personal relationship of the past with a larger realization of College aims and standards of the present and future.

Now, of course, this may sound like the argument of an opportunist, but I believe that the "psychological moment" is an important study and it is a great thing to seize the privilege of a rare moment for the benefit of a high purpose."

June 14.

(From June 13)

ONE can wait long and patiently for such a "moment." Fortunate are we if we use it for God's high work in the world.

My thought in this connection is not of money, but of moral support in other ways.

With women more than with men, the personal feeling governs so persistently their attitude and activities."

The issue of the Magazine was wholly under the management of the students who had not the knowledge of life and the outside relations to have understood the advantage of improving the "psychological moment." Even the Alumnae Department was omitted; Alumnae notes were gathered from letters received at the College and a copy of Alumnae Resolutions printed.

The letter, however, though personal, breathes a high idea, and is given here in part, for the benefit of our Alumnae Sisterhood, for other "psychological moments" will arrive, to be seized upon by those who have foresight, interest, wit, bigness of heart, and sufficient love of our Alma Mater; and these "few words to the wise" may be a sufficient incentive.

June 15.

"When a good man dies, for years beyond our ken the light he leaves behind shines upon the paths of men."

THE first time I saw Mrs. Mills was in the summer of 1908 when I made the sudden decision to go out to Mills College to arrange to enter as a Domestic Science student in the fall semester. I felt somewhat nervous at the prospect of the interview, because I had been away from school work for some time. I felt particularly embarrassed, having neglected through lack of foresight, to get my credentials for a Domestic Science Course I had previously taken; credentials I felt I should show Mrs. Mills. After a brief but keen glance at me, Mrs. Mills cut my apology short by laying her hand on my arm and saying, "My dear, your word is enough! We shall be very glad to have you with us."

Mrs. Mills was always anxious that Sunday be a "home" day for her girls, not an "at home" day, but her wishes were being ignored to such an extent that desperate measures had to be taken. Accordingly, on the Sunday morning following this decision, Mrs. Mills stationed Barney—a right-hand man of the place—at the entrance to the grounds from the car line, with instructions to admit no gentlemen but the young man who was to preach the Sunday sermon. The next car brought a young man on calling bent; but Barney said, "No, no one can enter today but the minister." The young man, who evidently figured that all was fair in love or war, said, "But I am the minister," so passed in. Ere long, another young man confidently entered the gateway, but Barney triumphantly announced, "Only the minister can enter today!" The young man suavely replied, "But I am the minister." "Oh, no you're not!" gloated Barney, "he just went in." Then the young man feelingly said, "My man, you have been deceived for I am the minister." So apologizing for his blunder, Barney passed him through.

June 16.

JUST as the church bell was ringing, the real minister alighted in great haste from the car, and was hurrying thru the station when Barney accosted him with the words, "O no you dont! You're not the minister, so you can't go in." "But," said the astonished man. "I not only am the minister, but I am late and beg you not to delay me." Whereupon Barney, zealous of his duties and wearied of the perfidy of young man-kind, placed himself bodily in the path and, it is said, only agility and previous athletic training enabled the minister to gain the pulpit in time.

A few hours later, a crest-fallen Barney presented himself to Mrs. Mills with the earnest request that he be not put on that "Sunday job" again. It is also said that Mrs. Mills' eyes twinkled when she granted that earnest request.

My sister came out to Mills College to visit one day, and Mrs. Mills very kindly showed her about Mills Hall. My sister has never forgotten how earnestly Mrs. Mills said when they reached the dining-room, "This is the most important room of all, for I consider proper food the basis of good morals."

Mrs. Mills lovingly and loyally attributed her success in the education of girls to the influence of her own early training under Mary Lyon at Mt. Holyoke. That training combined with her own natural gifts of a rare personality indeed, made Mrs. Mills a remarkable woman. Dedicating her long life, as she did, to service for girls, her influence has been, and will be, almost unbelievably, far-reaching. She seemed to have an unusual faculty for divining a person's needs—not alone in seeing that a chance was given for the cultivation of mental or spiritual qualities, but also in comprehending the material wants of struggling institutions or individuals not intimately connected with her "family." What a wonderful thing! to have earned the right to be called, A Woman Who Understood.

June 17.

AMONG the many remembered incidents in my association with Mrs. Mills, it is hard to pick out separate ones as particular examples. One of the expressions Mrs. Mills often repeated in my hearing and which I often recall is this:

“Be gracious to every one. It does not pay to be unkind, rude, or even inattentive to any one with whom you have to do. A smile is worth many frowns.”

The incident which impressed me most, shows Mrs. Mills' generous spirit and came about through my own carelessness.

It was while I had part charge of the telephone room, and through a stupid though well-meant blunder over the 'phone, brought about a complication which cost Mrs. Mills quite a few dollars to straighten out, and exasperated her no doubt, as it would any one.

I waited in fear and trembling for the expected severe reprimand, hardly knowing what would be my well-deserved penalty. Then I went to Mrs. Mills, tried to apologize, and before I knew it, the dear woman, who no doubt saw the tears I was struggling to suppress, was patting my hand and saying: “My dear, we all make mistakes, and I am sure you wont let it happen again.”

Do you think I ever did?

June 18.

THESE quotations, recalled, represent only two or three phases of her character—the more purely feminine and domestic. “What is written is written.”

“When a meal is ready, leave whatever you are doing and go at once to the table.”

The purpose of Mrs. Mills' years of effort was to fit her girls for educated useful womanhood, and it found expression over and over and yet once more as she read Proverbs 3:13-19; Proverbs 31:10-31.

In the '80s, Mills was reclused from the distractions of the city and jealously guarded from its encroachments. Visitors must come by train to Seminary Park Station, and drive up with Michael or George True.

It was an unprecedented privilege granted to a new girl who might not come as a “day scholar” and whose mother was a semi-invalid, that Mrs. Mills allowed her to spend the week-ends at home.

That her father should be her escort always, was the express condition. During the three years in which he drove in and out, Friday and Monday, at whatever hour and whichever gate, it was rare indeed not to see Mrs. Mills, and so, that father always felt that his daughter could be safely entrusted to her faithful care.

A man of affairs had this to say of Mrs. Mills: “She was a wonderful woman. Her executive ability and business acumen were marvelous. I consider that she was one of the best financiers that Alameda County ever had.”

A short time before her death, Mrs. Mills dictated a letter to one of her girls who had become deaf. Her own dulled hearing and failing strength pressed heavily, and she wrote:

“I am so glad, dear _____, that we shall have no infirmities in heaven.”

June 19.

A soft answer turneth away wrath—but grievous words stir up anger.—Proverbs 15:1.

IN thinking of Mrs. Mills, I often picture her at what we used to call her “Five o’clock Teas.” At these times, she made known to us her desires and wishes as to our personal conduct on matters of etiquette and the true courtesies of life—altho’ sometimes she gave us a bit of her own history or experience, or the news concerning some important matter of which we should be informed.

Some objected to this period as not a part of the College curriculum, but I am sure it did us all good. We might sew, as we listened, often times, to some such introduction as, “Young ladies, I want that you should always remember—,” or, “Young ladies, I don’t want that you should do thus and so, but I want that you should,” etc., etc.

My other most tender thoughts are, as I knew her that summer you and Miss M—— went to the Yosemite when I staid at Mills to “help out,” as she always said. She always talked to me when I took the mail to her. Not about anything of special importance, but just any little matter that she was thinking about, and would ask me what I thought of it, or, if I would see “Mr. Stratton” or “Michael,” or “Uncle Billy,” or some one, and tell them her wishes for the next day.

My first years at Mills were in the days of the pet dogs, Fritzie and Koko. Wherever Mrs. Mills went, they went. When ever we saw the dogs, whether in halls or on campus, we would know that Mrs. Mills was near—and shall I say it, we would sometimes take another path. Did a guilty conscience fear those wonderfully searching eyes?

I can quote many Bible passages she gave us, besides the one given above, and I learned while there, at her request, Psalms 100, 95, 91, 23, and 19.

June 20.

I OFTEN think of Mrs. Mills' life in India. She sometimes told us how her husband took her there a bride; how they worked together, and were so happy in the work; how the tropical climate impaired the health of each, and they were obliged to leave the work there, hoping for many years to return to it, for they had been so happy in it. I think it would have pleased her to have all of us go as missionaries to India.

Her missionary work did not end with the return from India. She was most generous, ever "sowing beside all waters," as she would have us be. She gave to every form of charity that ever came her way, and I doubt not, were she here now, that while her greatest sorrow would be over the war, her greatest joy would be to aid the Belgians and all the stricken in Europe.

Her memory was wonderful! She was able to remember people, faces, names, and associations almost beyond belief. Aside from her mental power, think of her physical endurance! How she would attend morning prayers, conduct her class, go to San Francisco, shop, go to the dressmakers' perhaps, or to a meeting of some kind, see different people at different times by appointment, return to the College, have dinner, conduct prayers, then dress to attend some evening reception, and be as bright and entertaining as tho' she had rested all day.

Mrs. Mills had such a wonderful personality that the girls all respected and feared her, yet they loved her, too. She was most decided and short, but it was a shortness due to her alertness and quickness, rather than to any gruffness of manner. Unfortunate was the girl who did not seek to find her heart of pure gold, for seeking she would surely have found it.

June 21.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee: yea, I will help thee: yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—Isaiah, 41:10.

SAID a great artist, to one who expressed surprise that he received so large a price for a landscape he had painted in a single day: "Forty years of my life and all that is in me, have gone into that picture."

So when one has wrought at the foundations, we sometimes take less account of the patient toil of years, the hiding of power, the silent accumulation of forces—those necessary conditions of success—than of what comes at once into the range of observation.

The point of view needs to be shifted from the foreground to the background. What was the motive, what sacrifices were involved, what high inspiration were the forming influences touching a thousand details and moulding them into forms of beauty?

The founder lives in his work if he has wrought for God and humanity.

* * * * *

June 22.

THERE is an Oriental tradition that a grain of ambergris flavored the Sultan's cap for a thousand years. But there is a fragrance of immortality about the name of one who has dedicated his work to the Eternal Builder and for the grace of exalted womanhood.

* * * * *

Two institutions of historic fame, form the background, so to speak, of Mills College. The one is Williams College which educated the founder of this institution, and the other is Mt. Holyoke Seminary—now a College—which educated his consort.

The one came under the influence of Mark Hopkins, the greatest educator of his day and now an illustrious name in history. The other was graduated under the principalship of Mary Lyon, a name that is associated with all that is noble and winning in the sainthood of a woman.

Few institutions have ever embodied more of the spirit of self-sacrifice than the one among the Berkshire hills, and the other on the margin of that historic river of New England.

They have sown beside all waters. They have sent a message of peace—a gift of sweetness and light—to the remotest lands.

The spirit of these institutions—the fragrance of sacrifice, the high aim—has gone over in some degree to this College whose foundation we celebrate.

It was most fitting, therefore, that its associate founder should establish a chair of philosophy associated with the illustrious name of Mark Hopkins.

That is the first chair of academic instruction and the only one, ever endowed by a woman on the Pacific Coast.

June 23.

CYRUS TAGGART MILLS in founding this institution had a definite aim and a high ideal, and there was no departure from the original purpose.

No one has ever worked towards a high ideal without encountering criticism. It is good sometimes to have the electric bells rung by an unfriendly hand.

It is related of a painter that he was greatly shaken by the unfriendly criticism directed against his picture, when he had hoped for the recognition of a masterpiece. But when the birds came and pecked at the grapes in his picture, he was satisfied.

* * * * *

The founder wrought for a definite end. He saw the Seminary gradually unfolding into the College. He planned for enlarging it by night, and worked for it by day.

His words were few. The shy, reticent man went about his task with a silent brooding spirit. In homely parlance, he had a "long head." He had rare executive talent.

June 24.

“**H**OW is my soldier boy?” is the question she always asked me of my son, whose birthday occurs on this date. She showed a continued interest in him both while he was in service in the Philippines and after his return.

“I know he will come home,” she would say to me during the war, which she greatly deplored, “as I always pray for him.”

Shortly after his return she invited him to a reception tendered the Educators of the State, keeping him with her and introducing him to the prominent people present as, “My Soldier Boy.”

I remember saying to her on one occasion, “Well, the war has helped me, anyhow. I now know where the Philippine Islands are.” Laughing, she said, “And a great many others can say the same.”

She showed such an individual and especial interest in young men who were fortunate enough to come into some personal touch with her, that their lives were always, in some way helpfully influenced by her.

Health and strength were wooed back to many young men who were brought under her care at Mills College during the Spanish-American War; taken there to convalesce away from the environment of camp and its life.

It was not due so much to the beauty and quiet of the surroundings as to the personal supervision of the care, and to the personal interest in every detail given by this wonderful woman, that health was magically restored to them.

June 25.

HER heart and hands have ever been open for the relief and encouragement of needy students and for the furtherance of every good work.

Her interest in all public affairs as shown by all that she did for the soldiers in the Spanish War and in all the political problems of late years, is truly wonderful.

Even now she finds little time for rest and fulfills the promise of old, "She shall still bring forth fruit in old age."

"It may be a source of pleasure to her to know that her life and work have been the source of inspiration to all school people."—Thomas F. Kane, President University of Washington.

"The dean of educators in the American college for women, she has writ her name large in the educational annals of the West, and as her many friends on the Pacific Slope gather round her on this auspicious occasion to do her honor, the colleges and universities of the East join in wishing her many happy return of the day."—J. G. Schurman, President Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

"She has done much to advance the higher education of women, and all who are engaged in that work are greatly indebted for her unselfish devotion to it."—L. Clark Seelye, President Smith College.

June 26.

“A BEAUTIFUL life is one that wears the ‘sunlight’ of God’s smile.”

To go through life full of energy, enthusiasm, interest in others—a personal, wholesome, helpful influence—never growing weary in well-doing tho’ it often meant under very difficult conditions, to be always found at the post of duty—these were a few of the characteristics of this remarkable woman, for remarkable she surely was.

A woman whom the country should have known better.

A citizen of whom California should even now know more.

A pioneer educator in our State, and Founder of the only Woman’s College, to date, on our coast; a College of accredited rank and standing, requiring only endowment to place it with institutions receiving the benefit of the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations.

A woman with whom, even our city Oakland was not sufficiently well-acquainted as to understand her wonderful personality, her worth, and her work; her indomitable energy to accomplish a great work, her lack of encouragement by those who should have been most interested in its achievement.

Her life has probably touched in a personal and helpful way, the lives of more young women, than that of any one other woman in our State, while many young men, and older ones too, not to mention mothers can attest to her wise counsel and her helpful guidance.

Should California have a Hall of Fame, honoring those pioneer helpers who were not born in this State, Susan Lincoln Mills should be one of the first names to be inscribed on its tablets.

June 27.

IN a remarkable degree, did Mrs. Mills combine faith and common sense, the highest ideals of truth and religion with a far-seeing practicality and faculty for accomplishment. . . .

In her, head and heart were finely balanced. She embodied both vision and duty. . . .

But it is as a teacher that she excelled, and will be remembered, for she had a genius for teaching.

Mrs. Mills possessed that highest gift of the real teacher—the ability to create the mental and moral atmosphere in which her pupils worked. . . .

She was qualified among those rare spirits who teach by richness of nature, by nobleness of spirit, by those fine instincts and influences which are incarnated by the few choice souls who teach for no mere earthly and material rewards, but with the power to lift their pupils into enthusiasm, and work in them as a vital personality.

One has laid down this rule as the necessary path of those who reach success in this great calling:

“O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm
rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, Hope, and Patience—these must be thy
graces,
And in thine own heart, let them first teach
school.”

June 28.

HAD Cyrus Taggart Mills devoted his life to a secular calling, he would have become a millionaire without a stain upon his record.

He cherished some large business plans not for personal aggrandizement, but for his beloved Seminary and College.

If some of his enterprises seemed bold in conception, the thought behind them was as clear as crystal. Once his opinion was formed, he held to it with great tenacity.

If he felt the ground firm under him, he never shifted it for sand.

This steadfastness of purpose was in the moral fibre of the man.

When he had planted himself firmly there was no faltering step.

While he waited patiently for some results, he could be swift in execution when the set time had come. His faith was equivalent to victory.

He turned his limited financial resources over and over, and at every turn there were more.

His oversight went to the minutest detail, while he could, also, plan for a town-site, now, one of the most prosperous cities of Southern California.

June 29.

FOR more than twenty years, it was my privilege to know Mrs. Susan L. Mills as my neighbor, and for five years, was closely associated with her as a member of the Board of Trustees of Mills College.

The one thing in her life that most deeply impressed me, was her constant and earnest appeal for prayer for the College.

She was a woman of prayer, and her highest thought was for the College to be all that it was originally consecrated unto, namely, "For Christ and the World."

Not only for the College as a whole, did she pray and ask prayer, but also for individual students, as she realized their spiritual need. She seemed to bear each one on her heart, and to know them so well that she could pray and ask prayer for them intelligently.

She was surely a rare spirit, and had great executive ability, touching even the smallest details of all that concerned the welfare of the College.

June 30.

ELIZABETH TOLMAN (De WITT)

Born 1821; died 1845.

Mrs. Mills' Older Sister.

From "Daily Food" texts of Julia M. Tolman, 1838

We know that all things work together for good to them
that love God, to them who are called according to his
purpose.—Romans 8:28.

My Savior, I would freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld
Or wilt withhold from me.

All are yours, and ye are Christ's.—I. Cor. 3:22,23.

Sister Elizabeth's Birthday.

A MEMORY OF MRS. MILLS.

(From Browning)

"One who never turned her back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held—we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

July 1.

LIFE with most of us, I fancy, seems much like a Presidential reception—we see an endless throng of fellow mortals, we shake hands, we exchange a few words with them, but no matter how often we see them, we know their habit of mind no better; we are neither influenced nor helped by their personality.

It is a great day with us, when we meet some one whose force, originality, insight, and directness of purpose are such that they inevitably become part of ourselves!

Such days may be counted on the fingers of the average mortal! And if this meeting comes in the days of early youth, how much more it is a red-letter day in our life history!

Such a day I count it, when, as a shy little school-girl, I first met Mrs. Mills; first heard the quick, "Come, child," which a score of years later I answered to, as naturally as on that first hearing.

Of course, I did not appreciate Mrs. Mills then—youth is usually crude in its judgments—but in the years that have passed, since I sat in her classes, the conviction has deepened, that in her I had come to know one of the most remarkable personalities I was destined to meet.

July 2.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.—Proverbs 31:29.

AN almost invariable characteristic of any forceful personality, is that it has had a distinct goal in sight and has never swerved from attaining it. So it was with the Apostle Paul, with Luther, with all the great reformers, inventors, and teachers of mankind!

Equally true of Mrs. Mills was this devotion to a life-work—the higher education of the daughters of California, and the founding of an institution . . . where they might walk in the paths of learning and be inspired to realize higher ideals.

This aim she never lost sight of. Truly could she say like the Apostle, “Have any labored, yet have I more!” Early and late, in sickness and in health alike, she was at her post, not because she had to be, but because she could not willingly be anywhere else.

This devotion,—this unquenchable enthusiasm,—has been an inspiration to many hundreds of young women who have gone out from Mills.

What graduate could ever let life slip away in inglorious ease or self-seeking, without a sting, who remembers, as she must remember, Mrs. Mills? What student, hearing in memory’s halls, those light, quick-moving footsteps,—or the equally tireless ones at night, but must realize the direct personal interest; the oversight which to youth seemed stern, perhaps, yet underneath was always kindly?

July 3.

At a Luncheon of the Mills Alumnae Branch in Los Angeles, 1909, the following Toast was given in Honor of Mrs. Mills:

LIFE was made for faith. The large success has always been to men and women of vision who lived and worked as seeing the thing yet to be.

“They went out, not knowing whither they went, not seeking a city that had foundations,” so run the beautiful old words that describe the age-long Divine “adventure.”

The Spirit that makes beginnings—that dares great things—that presses on undaunted—that “follows the gleam”—that knows not discouragement and recognizes no “unsuccess”—this is the true romance of the world; this its creature life, its touch of the Divine.

As we think of the life of our loved and honored President, Mrs. Mills, is it not full of this romance of faith and the on-going spirit?

From the modest beginnings at Benicia to the beautiful vision of the College already outlined in noble proportions and rising so fair before us.

July 4.

FEW see their vision so largely realized. For most leaders there is the long taxing wilderness journey, and just one Pisgah-height glimpse of the land to be possessed.

More has been given to dear Mrs. Mills. Her eager vigorous spirit is still leading the way, setting a pace we may well bestir ourselves to follow—pressing on to increased endowment, more adequate buildings, larger numbers of College students.

Let us match her devotion by our loyalty; her generosity of giving by our generosity; her faith by our ardent enthusiasm.

Let us love her warm heart that holds in remembrance every one of her girls and goes out to their children and grandchildren. Let us dream and hope great things for the College that bears her name, which we love for her sake and for its own great promise.

It is with tenderness and deep feeling I give you this toast:

MRS. MILLS!

May her heart be full of joy;
May the love of her girls be a crown of glory to her;
May our faith equal hers—and,
May her "dreams" all "come true."

July 5.

SARAH TOLMAN (FOSTER).

Born 1823; died 1852.

Mrs. Mills' Sister.

From the "Daily Food," page of Miss Julia Tolman.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—I. Thes. 5:16-22.
thereby good shall come unto thee.—Job 22:21.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

That which I see not, teach thou me.—Job 34:32.

Sister Sarah's death, Feb. 6, 1852.

RECALLING the manner in which Mrs. Mills read the news, I am more and more impressed, as I realize what a wonderfully keen eye she had, symbolizing her splendid discernment.

She could glean in five or ten minutes, the news of the day both at home and abroad, and relate it at prayers in such a clear, concise, and intelligent manner that it was really more worth while to listen to her recount it, than to look at the daily paper and spend time gathering the wheat from the chaff.

“Never put down in black and white anything you would be ashamed to have your mother see,” and “Never write a letter you would blush to show your mother or to have her read.”

July 6.

California Pioneer Society of Alameda, Contra
Costa and Adjacent Counties, No. 31.

Organized April 1, 1886.

Oakland, May 4, 1888.

Mrs. C. T. Mills.

Dear Friend: I take great pleasure in notifying you that at the regular monthly meeting of the "California Pioneer Society of Alameda, Contra Costa, and Adjacent Counties" held last evening, you were (upon my motion) unanimously elected an Honorary Member thereof in consideration of the eminent service you have rendered to Alameda and Solano Counties in particular, to the State of California and the Pacific Coast in general, and to the "Isles of the Sea," in the cause of education, by founding and establishing a Seminary and College for young ladies, which has no superior in the United States for educational facilities.

Enclosed please find your badge of honorary membership.

I have the honor to be,

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

EDWIN A. SHERMAN,

(Seal)

Secretary.

Office of the Secretary,
568 Eighteenth Street.

July 7.

MARY ATKINS (LYNCH).

Born 1819; died 1882.
Pioneer Founder, Benicia.

THE Seminary in Benicia, the foundation upon which our dear Mr. and Mrs. Mills builded so well, was organized under a Board of Trustees in 1852.

It did good work for two years, when a new leader was needed. Just the right one appeared in the person of our beloved Mary Atkins.

Miss Atkins conducted the school one year under the Trustees, then bought it outright. From that time on, it grew and with great success, as is attested by the number and the character of its graduates.

In 1865, the Seminary was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Mills.

The College of today, built upon that Foundation, the corner-stone of which was laid in Benicia, stands as a monument to the ability and devotion of three persons who had consecrated themselves to the development of educated Christian womanhood in California.

These three persons are Mary Atkins, the Reverend C. T. Mills, and Susan L. Mills.

Mrs. Mills held Mary Atkins in high esteem. For many years, she kept a photograph of this California pioneer in women's education, on the chiffonier in her sleeping-room. It was there at the time of her death.

Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation.—Isaiah 28:16.

July 8.

THE work of Miss Atkins as a pioneer educator was very arduous and exacting, for she stood alone in carrying the responsibilities for so large an establishment as the Young Ladies Seminary had grown to be, and in 1863, she left for a year's visit to the Orient (the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan and Siam), returning to find the school in a much less prosperous condition than on her departure.

Her power for organization and her strong personal influence, again made the school a commanding feature of the State.

Dr. and Mrs. Mills bought the Seminary in 1865, leaving Miss Atkins free to travel thru England and on the continent of Europe, studying educational needs, for in such matters was her great interest.

* * * * *

Dr. and Mrs. Mills had moved the Seminary to a larger and more beautiful site . . . and the new school was renamed Mills Seminary, but the Seminary in Benicia was the old foundation school.

It has now developed into Mills College. Long may it live, sending out a glorious company to walk farther and climb higher, because the training from the old beginning was broad and strong and just and powerful, making indeed a "Camino Real," to be traversed in after years by many earnest women.

July 9.

OF the many helpful sayings of Mrs. Mills, the one that comes to me most often is, "Pass it on."

"Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on.
'Twas not meant for you alone;
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears
Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on."

Often, do I think of that other short saying so often heard from her lips:

"Young ladies, don't leave all the flowers for the casket."

A beautiful thought comes to my mind which I cannot quote as she gave it; this is the thought, however:

"Young ladies, when you go back to your homes, don't make your parents uncomfortable by criticising their ways. Remember their training has been different and that they have sacrificed to give you advantages."

July 10.

“At a Reception for Mrs. C. T. Mills at Oahu
College, Honolulu, July 8, '99.”

THERE are “swift rushing hours in life.”
Surely, of such is the present hour, when
we assemble to greet her who was once num-
bered among the enthusiastic and faithful teachers
of Oahu College.

She with her devoted husband, guided the studies
and presided over the culture of pupils who have
since risen to eminent positions.

How the memories throng, of those early days!

I am glad to testify of her faithful early life,
as her classmate for three years at Mt. Holyoke,
and for two years, a sister teacher under the admin-
istration of Mary Lyon. . . .

The fame of Mills Seminary and College is justly
due to the wise and faithful administration of
Dr. and Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mills still lives, and the results of her life
work will not lessen as the years roll on that link
Time with Eternity.

PERSIS G. TAYLOR.

Classmate of Mrs. Mills, Mt. Holyoke, '45.

July 11.

(For a birthday of July 13)

MRS. MILLS loved honesty and despised deceit. Never, as far as I know, did one of her girls go to her for help but she gave of her wisdom, her knowledge, and her love.

Her great power of government was most noticeable the day of our great earthquake in nineteen hundred and six. Every where there was confusion; our city across the bay was in flames, yet, at Mills College quiet reigned; the classes were held as usual; never for one moment was Mrs. Mills' hand off the helm and she guided her school through one of the greatest nerve tensions that California has ever experienced.

Mrs. Mills was a woman of great diplomacy. Not reposeful, herself, she always insisted upon it, aware of her own lack. "Be reposeful, young ladies; there is nothing like repose," and while giving this advice, she would be toying with pencil or watch-chain. However, in matters of emergency, requiring self-control, she was never lacking; as at the time of the earthquake mentioned. She not only held herself in perfect poise, but her quick mind acted upon the instant, and acted wisely. Always optimistic, there was a silver lining to every cloud. She had faith and knew not the word fail.

July 12.

JOHN TOLMAN.

Born 1791; died 1845.
Mrs. Mills' Father.

From the "Daily Food" texts of Miss Julia Tolman.

It is a faithful saying, For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him.—II. Tim. 2:11.

And that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again.—II. Cor. 5:15.

IT has always seemed to me that the father, Mr. Tolman, must have been a superior man, in that he sent his five daughters to Mt. Holyoke in the days when comparatively few girls went away to school.

He was a deacon of the church in Ware, and I judge a prominent citizen.

In speaking to her girls as to their health and its care, when warning them to avoid drafts, Mrs. Mills would say: "Fresh air does not necessarily mean a draft. It depends upon how it reaches you"; then would quote this couplet as one that she had often heard her father repeat:

"If cold wind strike you thro' a hole,
Go make your will, and mind your soul."

All who have heard her speak in the Tolman Band Meetings on the subject of giving and of gratitude, must recall her frequent reference to her father, and how he used to say to his children:

"That man may last but never lives
Who much receives and nothing gives;
Whom none can love, and none can thank,
Creation's blot—creation's blank."

Deacon Tolman is characterized as "a man of piety, parts, and worth."

July 13.

MRS. MILLS often said to me: "A good mother and a good daughter," and "You always think of something different and something nice."

When the Susan Lincoln Mills Auxiliary to the Spanish-American War Veterans was organized, she presented the Association with a Bible, and gave a gavel made of rose-wood from the Banksia bush of Rose Porch, Mills College.

"You need a flag," she said, "but if each one of the members will give toward it, I will make up the lack. That which we help to acquire we appreciate more."

Mrs. Mills doubled the amount contributed, and a beautiful silk flag was purchased, the writer having had the honor to be its first custodian.

Upon receiving a bouquet of red carnations from the Auxiliary, she said: "Such beautiful flowers! And my favorite color; it is always so bright and cheery!"

"You and I shall not live to see it, but the day will come when Mills College will be everywhere acknowledged as standing in the first rank of institutions for the higher education of women. I am the son of a prophet, and just a little bit of a prophet myself."

(For another birthday of July 13, see July 11)

July 14.

ALTHOUGH I cannot do her justice, it is a pleasure and a privilege to contribute a page to this tribute to Mrs. Mills.

My earliest recollections of Mrs. Mills came from my mother and father. Through my mother, from Mrs. Mills' association with Mt. Holyoke College, Massachusetts. Through my father, who went out to Madras, India, as a foreign missionary. During his eight years sojourn in Madras, Dr. and Mrs. Mills came there as missionaries and stopped at my father's home six months.

Years later, when as a young girl I was about to enter the Seminary, Mrs. Mills took possession of my hands with the little reassuring motherly touch so characteristic of her, and the words, "My child." It made a very strong impression upon me.

"My child" was one of her favorite terms of address, and fully expressed her motherly interest and kindly thought—so helpful to girls away from home.

When our class was to graduate, Mrs. Mills presented us each with a small leather-bound birthday book containing Scripture verses for the days of the year.

On the title page of mine are the words in Mrs. Mills' handwriting, "With love of S. L. Mills, May 25, 1887. Phil. 1:27." The reference reads:

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs that ye stand fast in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

This is but a feeble tribute to Mrs. Mills. A noble woman! A devoted Christian! Her wonderful personality, quiet force, grim determination, untiring zeal and enthusiasm, and fervent Christian spirit still live and are ever present in the silent influence that is and always will be at Mills College.

For Mrs. Mills, dear teacher, friend,
This humble tribute do I send;
Her Christian faith, her spirit mild,
Her gentle touch with words "My child,"
In memories' chain will ever be,
For all time and eternity.

July 15.

“I WILL lift up mine eyes, unto the hills from whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord,” was my favorite Bible verse as Mrs. Mills gave it. She always read the first part as a question and said it should have been so punctuated in the text. “For,” said she, “in India, the heathen looked to the hills where were stationed idols innumerable, and in their ignorance and idolatry expected help therefrom. What a blessing to lead them to look to the living God who made heaven and earth!”

“Never shirk your duty”; “Always strive for the best”; she used to say in her little talks to her girls.

Mrs. Mills was very dear to my heart for her great assistance in my education. Her motherly love for me when I entered Mills a child of thirteen, and her good-night kiss so often given, especially during my first month, linger in my memory and will forever.

Few women, it seems to me, have combined in one person so many graces of character as has this wonderful woman. She stood pre-eminent among the women of California. Pre-eminent not only as an educator and the founder of the first Woman's College on the Pacific Coast, nor for her great executive ability, but for her deeply religious nature.

Her love and sympathy, expressed for all who came in contact with her, was her greatest gift.

July 16.

I CHERISH an unbounded love and respect for Mrs. Mills and for her memory. Although but a child when placed in her charge, I was impressed by her zeal and her untiring energy in the performance of her many tasks. She was full of ambition even in her advanced years, and she possessed executive ability of a rare type. She had the peculiar faculty of inspiring in others a determination to succeed in whatever they set out to do, even though confronted with obstacles apparently insurmountable. She was a woman of strong will-power, and was naturally adapted for the great work to which she devoted her life and energies—that of moulding and developing young womanhood.

Mrs. Mills was always proud of her girls and of their achievements. While she was in a sense a strict disciplinarian, she was ever ready to overlook delinquencies resulting from impulse rather than from premeditation or viciousness, and her great moral influence was invariably reflected in the lives and character of many young women who looked to her for advice and instruction.

Mrs. Mills' strong personality, combined with her gentle Christian spirit, at all times won for her the admiration, love, and esteem of all with whom she came in contact, whether in educational, social or religious circles.

Gentle and kind, but firm and determined when the occasion demanded firmness and determination; possessing all the attributes of true womanhood, and a nobility of character always to be remembered and admired, Mrs. Mills has found a lasting abiding place in our hearts and "there she shall remain forever" and her memory is, and ever will be, cherished and revered by her many girls whose lives and characters have been ennobled by her influence.

July 17.

Mrs. Mills' remarks to one of her Senior classes as the young women were about to graduate. The year is not given on the manuscript, but many will surely recall the event, as they read these four pages.

IF I am not mistaken, the first diploma given to young women was given by Mary Lyon at Mt. Holyoke, in 1837 or 8. She gave me mine in 1845. On it was inscribed these words:

“Our daughters shall be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace.” Under the words, is the figure of the sculptor who is busy cutting the stone which is designed for a corner-stone.

The same words were our Mr. Brown's text when he lately spoke to you and other young women. . . .

I wish to give you for your motto, “Strength and Beauty.”

If I mistake not, that is the sculptor's lesson, and that was the design of Mary Lyon's motto, and though she adopted it long before the Woman's College was considered proper, it was then in her heart and she coveted the very best for the daughters of the land.

More than once she said to me, “I shall not live to see it, but you will live to see the daughters having as good a chance as their brothers.” I thank God that I have lived to see it, and for you, I covet the highest and the best as truly as she did: Strength and Beauty of Character.

July 18.

WE want you to be sound to the heart's core; strong enough for the foundation; fitted to be corner-stones in homes and in the communities; true and reliable everywhere.

* * * * *

The idea of strength is simple, and so is that of beauty, and yet strength and beauty are combined in nature: The mountain and the green valley; the rainbow overhanging the precipice; and the gnarled oak with its coronel of beauty—showing that the two may be akin to each other. And so, while I hope you will go out from us strong in character, yet I hope this character will ever be a beautiful one.

It is not physical beauty that I am desiring for you, but the highest moral beauty; that which shall render you only a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor.

We have tried to lay good foundations; to teach you that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Thus you are to grow stronger and more beautiful as you grow in years.

As Christian women we want you should carry the Christ with you, as the lamp carries the flame and the flower, its perfume.

July 19.

THIS corner-stone is not only to be built into the structure, but it is to be polished after the similitude of a palace, and so are you to serve a most useful purpose and to do it in such a way that you will be a blessing to all about you.

I want you to be true, good, winsome women.

Your position may be lowly as the corner-stone, almost out of sight, yet you may do your part in building upon this foundation so that, as the structure grows, even the angels may rejoice in it.

But if this is so, there must be a will directed by an enlightened conscience; the affections must be properly controlled.

This beauty is not earthly beauty. As the beauty of the cheek of health is due to the active heart within, so the beauty of character must be due to the central principle within; the principle of love which makes us more and more like Him who pleased not Himself.

Fearless, sweet, considerate, and welcome everywhere, opportunities will not be wanting in which, as Christian women you can show your colors.



PRESIDENT MILLS -- COMMENCEMENT DAY

July 20.

WE live in a day and in a State where the beautiful Sabbath, once so honored and dear, is so generally profaned. As Christian women, firmly and quietly, make it known that you remember and desire to honor the Lord's Day.

Be a purifying source in society; stand for the right, the pure, and the true.

But you are to remember that the strength and beauty that can do this, are not those of nature. The strength is the strength of faith, and the beauty is the beauty of holiness. This combination of strength and beauty, you may all reach; every one of you.

Other strength will decay, other beauty will fade, but this strength will only grow stronger and this beauty more attractive as time shall roll on.

“They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint”; and, “the beauty of the Lord their God shall be upon them.”

This is the Strength, and this the Beauty, I desire for you. In your characters, may they be blended, and in all the pilgrimage of life that is now before you, may you be guided with strength from on high, and may the beauty of the Lord your God be upon you.

July 21.

MILLS COLLEGE is very near my heart. And dear Mrs. Mills! her memory or rather the memory of her noble life and wonderful personality will never leave me.

As I think of it now, she had so many gifts that it is not easy to place the emphasis on a few.

To me, her sweet spirit of sympathy was very beautiful. Her heart was open and her hand outstretched to anyone in need, be that need a physical or a moral one.

A little child told me, a few days ago, a good meaning of forgiveness: "To forget all about it and love me just the same." It seems to me that Mrs. Mills had much of this spirit.

The trouble with most of us, dear friend, is that we don't "forget all about it," and isn't that just what we should do?

July 22.

THE Mills hospitality caught the spirit from its founder, and how hospitable she was! Every one was welcome and truly so.

I could write on and on, of so many things; her pleasure in hearing good news of her girls, and her joy in their success and happiness.

These are evidences of a great soul.

“When peace and joy are in the Lord, outward conditions are powerless to permanently injure.

It is clever to bury an old animosity, but not just the thing to put a tombstone over it.

Hath any one wronged thee? Be bravely revenged.

By neglecting and slighting it, the work is begun. Forgive and absolve it, and it is finished.

He is below himself who is not above an injury.”

Yours is the rare privilege of seeing in this world, the large and splendid fruition of a long life nobly given to the highest ends.

—Henry Hopkins, Williams College.

We are not seeking to “do you honor”; you yourself have “done” that. It is for us to honor ourselves in telling you in these simple ways somewhat of the respect and affection you have won. Your life is an inspiration to all who know you.

—George A. Gates, President Pomona College.

July 23.

IN May, 1909, Mrs. Mills resigned the Presidency of Mills College, which position she had held so long and ably, in favor of Dr. Luella Clay Carson, Dean of Women and Professor of Literature at the State University at Eugene, Oregon.

The honorary title of President Emeritus was bestowed upon Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills, December 10, 1909.

The name of Mrs. Mills was unanimously voted to a leading place on the Honorary Roll of the Native Daughters of the Golden West.

On this roll are placed, by election, the names of those fine woman, not native to California, who have achieved much in behalf of this wonderful State.

Mrs. Mills was the first woman in California to be enrolled in the Carnegie Pension Fund fellowship.

Mt. Holyoke, her Alma Mater, some years ago conferred upon Mrs. Mills the degree of Doctor of Literature. She was the first to receive this degree of honor from Mt. Holyoke.

On her eighty-seventh birthday, she received a birthday greeting in the form of a telegram, which conveyed the further message that the California Branch of Collegiate Alumnae had elected her an honorary member of their Association.

July 24.

AMONG the things at Mills College which particularly interested me, is Mrs. Mills' large collection of tea-pots. There is such a variety, and some of them have such strange histories.

Mrs. Mills called the collection of tea-pots "her one fad." It was a delightful one for the Alumnae, too, for whenever we took a short trip anywhere or any of the girls went to Europe or elsewhere abroad, it was a pleasure to look for a small tea-pot to bring back to Mrs. Mills, and a real joy to her to receive it.

She expected to stop collecting when she received the two hundredth, but the collection now numbers eight hundred.

While working in the studio with Mrs. Julia Mann, I borrowed some of these precious tea-pots, and drew them in charcoal and then made a pen-and-ink sketch.

Some of her Virginia creeper vine arranged about the tea-pots made a very effective study; the idea pleased Mrs. Mills exceedingly.

How proud she was of the beautiful Rose Porch, and how she enjoyed showing it to Easterners! It was always so wonderful to these visitors.

"No loud voices, girls"; "Young ladies, you should be in a horizontal position when the lights go out." "Be dutiful daughters always. You owe much to your parents. Show them you appreciate your opportunities."

How she inculcated the sense of "honor"! We girls must be trust-worthy; we must, above all things, be reliable in whatever we undertook. Those splendid qualities she almost drilled into us, and, oh, how much they mean to us now and will forever!

July 25.

SARAH HOWE TOLMAN.

Born 1753; died 1822.

Mrs. Mills' Paternal Grandmother.

He that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.—I. John 3:24.

WHEN I was a student at Mills, I was particularly impressed with Mrs. Mills' earnest endeavor to hold before her pupils the thought of the Home. Her girls were taught to value home-life and be home-makers.

Mrs. Mills had the happy faculty of remembering those who had attended Mills College, and of keeping in touch with them, no matter how many years had passed; and her great interest in her young people and in her College, helped to keep her young.

Somehow one never thought of Mrs. Mills as being nearly so old as her years would denote.

Only a few years before she passed away, she said to me, "I will die young, for I keep myself young."

July 26.

IN the early '60s in Benicia, when Mrs. Mills delivered an address on India and her experiences there, I thought, What a wonderful woman to have traveled such an inconceivable distance.

She showed us a tiny pair of shoes worn by some native, also a sort of robe, and we little girls were simply awed by what she showed and told us.

Mrs. Mills: truly a remarkable woman! Childless yet mother to hundreds of girls, and just as really so as if they had been born to her. Her great heart held them all close, and the ear of her soul was ever listening for messages from those so dear to her.

A decade might intervene between visits to the old home (the Alma Mater), as it did once in my own case, and yet the dear little lady could call me by my school-girl name, and by my husband's name, too, and was just as much interested in my interests as she might be had I made weekly visits to her; and it was just the same with all her girls. Indeed, the close knowledge she had of the hundreds scattered over the whole earth was one of her most wonderful traits.

Let anything come into the life of any one of us, and that one would, immediately upon knowledge of it reaching Mrs. Mills, receive her word of blessing or of sympathy, and a prayer for God's guidance for her and hers.

Her faith in God was as strong as Gibraltar. Nothing could shake it. She looked to Him for strength and direction all through her busy life, and who can say that it ever failed her?

Surely, the hand of God was with her as she laid one block upon another until a College for the young women of the Pacific Coast was builded strong and sure. A monument to a noble woman who had the blessing of beholding with mortal eyes the accomplishment of what she and her husband had planned. She once told our class that her favorite Bible passage was Philipians 4:6.

July 27.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL AT MILLS.

“When I was a girl at Mills!”
How strongly memory thrills
The cords of my heart
As I think of the part
Of my life that was spent at Mills.

When I was a girl at Mills,
It cuddled among bare hills,
Scarce a tree to be seen—
Just a lawn between
Those two little babbling rills.

Now a forest of beautiful trees
Covers the hillsides and leas;'
There are paths to explore,
And gardens galore
Where one may wander at ease.

When I was a girl at Mills,
The clambering rose that fills
Its whole front face,
Filled no such place
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now clambering so very high
It almost touches the sky,
And veils the wall
Of old Mills Hall
With a glory for every eye.

When I was a girl at Mills,
One roof covered all the ills
As well as the good
Of the girlish brood,
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now buildings are every where,
They gleam in the shadowy air,
With Halls, and Towers
That chime the hours—
A lingering music there.

* * * * *

July 28.

* * * * *

When I was a girl at Mills,
It was just a school in the hills,
Where big girls, a few,
And little girls, too,
All studied together at Mills.

Now its standard has risen so fast
It's wholly a college at last;
Nothing less than A. B.
And a Master's Degree!
The Seminary time has past!

When I was a girl at Mills,
A presence was there, which fills
My eyelids with tears
As I think of the years
When I knew and revered Mr. Mills.

How blessed his memory seems!
Now realized are his dreams,
For to them his wife
Devoted her life,
Completing his generous schemes.

So dearly belov'd Mrs. Mills
Today with happiness thrills;
Her work is complete
For here at her feet
Stands a College for Women at Mills.

May the College now prosper at Mills,
And grow with the need that it fills,
Till girls, far and wide,
Shall utter with pride
"When I was a girl at Mills!"

—FANNIE ROUSE CARPENTER, '73.

Read by Daisy Kimball Adams,
Founder's Day, May 4, 1911.

July 29.

IT is repeatedly brought to my thought so strongly, the deep interest of Mrs. Mills in her girls at all times. Especially, do I always recall her ever-ready sympathy and interest in every detail. I can truly say that one of the greatest blessings in my life has been my friendship with Mrs. Mills.

After I was graduated, from the Department of Home Economics in May, 1910, it was my privilege to remain at the College a month, in order to prepare a course in my work, to be given in San Francisco that July. During that time, I had many delightful and intimate visits with Mrs. Mills. She told me so much of her parents, of Mr. Mills, and of her Mt. Holyoke days. I cherish as one of my sweetest memories that in those weeks she often said to me: "You seem, child, just like a daughter to me." The secret of her power, to me, was the great trust she placed in one's ability. After she had written me a beautiful note of recommendation for teaching, I just was filled with inspiration, and knew I could not fail to make my work worth while because of her implicit faith in me.

Her little talks at evening prayers before we gave a "Prom," were so clever—especially her advice on our dress, etiquette, modesty, and conduct generally, with the young men.

Her evening prayers were the finest I have ever heard. How we girls marvelled at her Bible quotations which were so fluent. In every letter she wrote me, there is some reference to her wonderful trust in the Divine Guidance and Direction.

July 30.

TO show Mrs. Mills' personal care for her girls, I recall a very humorous incident:

Emma C—— and I had worked all day in our gym suits decorating Lisser Hall for a Delta dance, and not being through when the dinner-bell rang, we worked on, for the dance was that evening. We had to get it done and get dressed for the party, dinner or no dinner.

After our task was completed, we hurried through the kitchen yard and asked Wo for a piece of bread and butter. The Chinese boys told us to sit down on the back porch.

There happened to be a dinner party in the small dining-room, and we were fed very generously of the good things that were left.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mills missed us and had sent for us, fearing we had worked too hard and would go to the dance hungry.

When we said we were not hungry, she said, "My dears, you can surely eat a little soup," and then told Yang to bring us some. She stayed with us, visiting, so we had to eat. We didn't say anything for fear of getting the Chinese boys into trouble, but I can tell you that Yang's face was a study when he saw us begin to eat "all over again."

July 31.

MY first acquaintance with my old and esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, began in 1867, over forty-eight years ago, when I placed my little daughter, Katie, in their care.

The school was then in Benicia. As I placed the tuition fee for the first quarter (four gold twenties) on the table, I said: "Dr. Mills, this is the beginning of a long and expensive course. My one wish is that you make my daughter a good Christian woman; all the rest I leave with you, as I expect to leave her with you (God being willing) until her education is complete." He took my hand and said: "I will." And well he kept his promise.

I believe Heaven has no brighter angel than this "little Kitty," as she was called at the school.

To Dr. and Mrs. Mills I am greatly indebted. There are things in one's life for which money cannot pay. Katie was with them ten years, graduating in the class with Emma Wixom "Nevada," Lillian Mygatt Sharon, Emma Garretson, and others now well known; and splendid women all.

After the novelty of the school wore off, she became very homesick. Mrs. Mills would coax her with candy or fruit, and in many ways try to reconcile her, all to no avail. Then with her kind heart, suggested that I take Katie home for awhile. Incensed at the idea, I replied: "Do you wish me to spoil my child? Her father would be fearfully angry if I took her home" I stamped my foot as I spoke, and to my surprise, Mrs. Mills laughed, then said: "You are one mother in a thousand."

Many mothers may wonder at our sending our little girl away so young. It was not altogether for her education, for she was at the time a very good scholar for her age, but it was that she might be surrounded by refining influences. Living on a large ranch, we had to employ a good deal of help, many of whom were not very choice in their language, and I believe that we form our characters before we are twelve years of age.

And now, Dr. and Mrs. Mills have her again, while her body rests at Evergreen not far from Sunnyside, and within sound of the beautiful chimes of the school home she loved so well.

MRS. MILLS was interested in all the sensible, progressive movements of the times, and was identified with those really helpful.

She was a member of various associations, societies and clubs, among them

The National Geographical Society.

The National Educational Association.

Forum Club, San Francisco.

California Club, San Francisco.

Sorosis Club, San Francisco.

Sequoia Chapter, D. A. R. (Past Regent).

Town and Gown Club, Berkeley. (Honorary).

Susan Lincoln Mills' Auxiliary of Joseph McCort Camp, U. S. W. V., Berkeley, named in her honor. (Honorary).

Mills Club. (Honorary).

Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. (Honorary).

Oakland Ebell.

Home Club of Oakland.

California Branch of Associated Collegiate Alumnae. (Honorary).

Woman's Occidental Board Foreign Missions (Life Member), and other Missionary Associations.

President of the Tolman Band of Mills College for over thirty-five years.

August 1.

The School was removed to Seminary Park, 1871.

From a newspaper, printed in 1871.

IT was meet and fitting, that Mr. and Mrs. Mills with their large knowledge and long experience extending over twenty years of educational effort, and whose skill and adaptiveness have been witnessed to by a brilliant and uniform success—should crown their life-work by establishing a permanent and suitable institution for that style of education of women for which they have done so much.

It was the prompting of a large benevolence, rising far above mere personal or pecuniary considerations, and taking in view the highest good of this growing State, that led to the conception of this enterprise, now about completed.

And it has been nobly seconded by the friends of education on this coast, who insisted, too, that the new school should bear the name of its founders whose energy and foresight have transplanted the work to the new and commodious location at Seminary Park, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills objected to their name being attached to that of the new school, and with becoming modestly chose Alderwood instead, suggested by the beautiful alder trees along the banks of the nearby stream. These friends, however, insisted upon Mills Seminary, so Mills Seminary it is called, and as such it will be known.

August 2.

HER desire for her girls to be good home-makers was ever portrayed in her ideals for womanly Christian women. The grief of her life, she told me, was that she had never been a mother, and tho I reminded her how much of a mother she had been to me and to thousands of others, she said, looking fondly at my little son: "I am so glad you have this fine little boy," and turning to him and laying her hand upon his head, she asked heaven's blessing upon him.

These references are to favorite Scripture passages, loved all my life thro' Mrs. Mills' frequent use, teaching, and application to our school and home problems, in fact, to everything concerning life:

Proverbs: 1:7 3:5-6 4:17-18 8:11
 20:1 21:9 22:1 31:10-31

Verses 25-31 of Proverbs 31 are especially appropriate to Mrs. Mills.

The Book of Psalms was her favorite book of the Bible, the 91st her favorite Psalm.

Psalms, Chapters 1, 8, 23, 24, 25, 91, 42, 43, 103, 121, 139; 27: 14; 19: 1, 2, 7, 13, 14; 46: 1, 2; 51: 10, 11, 15.

Isaiah 40, 55, 58: 13, 14; 60: 1.

For New Testament references see October 30.

August 3.

Toast: to
 "Mrs. Mills"
 on her 84th Birthday.

THERE is a chapter in that old volume dear to us, which, before all others, comes to mind in thinking of her whom we honor today.

It is the chapter for those to whom God has given great mother hearts, yet denied the gift of children.

It does not speak of comfort for wordless human pain. It is something Diviner than that. Its message is for the soul that can forget itself and its human longing, and enter into the larger purpose of God for its life.

Therefore, it is a chapter of joy and of vision.

"Sing, oh, thou desolate heart!
Break forth into singing and cry aloud,
 For more shall be thy children
 Than of the mother beside thee,
 Saith Jehovah.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation.
Spare not! Lengthen thy cords,
 Strengthen thy stakes,
For thou shalt overflow upon the right hand and upon the left."

August 4.

HOW "large" has the place of thy habitation
been made, dear Mrs. Mills!

Sons from the Islands of the sea,
Daughters from this wide western coast
Not one family, but many,
Not one generation of daughters
But two score generations, with their
Children and grand-children,
To fill your heart with rejoicing, today.

It has been a "motherhood" so abundant that
only the eternal years will reveal all its blessed-
ness.

I doubt not these anniversary days are times of
recollection for our beloved and honored mother,
wherein memory goes gleaning thro' the harvested
fields of the past.

It is sixty years since the active years of her
busy life began; forty-five since she came to this
coast; twenty-five since she was left to bear alone
the heavy burden of care, responsibility, and lead-
ership that devolved upon her.

Perhaps she feels that she alone knows the true
story of these years. And no one can know as she
does the heart loneliness, the frequent discouragement,
the financial care, the brave courage needed,
the victories and the joy.

These are her sacred possession.

(Taken to August 9)

August 5.

‘Were there nothing else
For which to praise the Heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough to praise.’”

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love;
in honor preferring one another.—Romans 12:10.

HER acquaintance with the Scriptures always
enabled Mrs. Mills to give the word in sea-
son.

What simplicity and deep wisdom in the utter-
ances, and how beautiful the qualities of gentleness,
kindness, and charity!

The tenderness of her great motherly heart will
live forever in the hearts of the girls in the count-
less homes where her influence has been felt, thus
making womanhood sweeter.

She was always the gracious mother to her girls,
and though widely scattered over the United States,
every day we yet think of the old home, made for-
ever dear to us by the loving ministrations of her
who has gone to her heavenly home.

August 6.

ONE of the greatest lessons I learned from Mrs. Mills was the value of education. Over and over again, she said that the real value of our education was to make us appreciate opportunities, and to take advantage of them. She would tell us how grateful she had been for having been able to recognize events that had come into her life as "opportunities," and to appreciate their value. This lesson comes to me many times.

Oh! her wonderful endurance! Do you remember the day Mr. Burbank visited the College? Mrs. Mills had taken him all over the grounds, at least he thought she had when he came into the Faculty Room with a look of despair on his face; and he said, "I've been following Mrs. Mills all morning. We've been from one end of the grounds to the other, and I'm so tired I don't know what to do." Just then Mrs. Mills appeared at the door with her little scarf over her head, and said there was something she had forgotten to show him. If I remember rightly, he went. She was never tired.

Her lovely sense of humor! I never expect to meet any one who can even compare with her in this respect. Those dark, gloomy winter afternoons at "five o'clock tea," when some of us—Freshmen at least—weren't feeling too happy, we saw the real Mrs. Mills. Perhaps it was some choice article from the unmarked clothes, to be indentified—whatever it was, just a word and a side-long look at the garment held up for inspection, and that great room full of girls was in peals of laughter—every one sitting on the edge of her chair, that she might not miss a word. Then, just a tap of the bell, and a straightening of Mrs. Mills' shoulders; we knew the bounds and were quiet at once.

(See August 28)

August 7.

SHE was always so unaffected and so lovable. On one occasion she attended a luncheon at my home when some teaspoons had to be washed for the last course.

After a few days, I received from Shreve's two solid silver teaspoons marked, one for me and one for 'my dear husband.' They were from Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mills often expressed appreciation of the early training she had received as to her attitude toward the Sabbath.

It pained her to have her girls study or be unduly noisy on Sunday.

She greatly enjoyed seeing the girls on the green lawn Sunday afternoons, and had the gardener refrain from watering it on Saturdays that the grass might not be damp.

She had us memorize and often repeat this selection from Isaiah:

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words;

Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—Isaiah 58:13, 14.

August 8.

DEAR Mrs. Mills! I shall always think of her as a mother to us all. Her wonderful character and influence are impressed upon our minds forever.

Words fail to express my appreciation that I was privileged to spend so many years with her.

Our loss in having Mrs. Mills no longer with us is personally felt by the multitude of girls who have gone out from Mills College for, "to know her was to love her."

The world is greatly indebted to her untiring efforts to make it better.

A great character, the power and force of whose personality not only impressed itself upon all who were privileged to be under its influence, but continually urged them to higher and better things.

Mrs. Mills made us strong women.

August 9.

“A Toast” to Mrs. Mills.

(From August 4)

YET there is a true part of every life-story which is in the keeping of others.

As we go out to those about us in love, in service, in sympathy, in prayer—our life passes into their lives in ways of which we have here little knowledge, hidden as it is by the veil of the flesh.

It is the marvel of marvels, this larger life of each one of us, this life-in-other-lives.

There is no one of us here today who does not have in her keeping some real part of Mrs. Mills' life—some memory of counsel and admonition that bore fruit of wisdom in us; some gratitude for great kindness that has begotten thoughtfulness toward others; some impulse toward faithfulness in little things, some heightened sense of the responsibility we hold in these lives of ours. ♥

We would unite today, dear Mrs. Mills, to bring, one after another, our grateful testimony to the hidden beauty and graciousness of this your “life within-our-lives,” your memory in our hearts.

I am more and more sure that the richest part of any life is not what we call its “work,” its “achievement,” great as these may be; but rather its long, varied, complex, beautiful human relationship which is part of the eternal life and so abides.

August 10.

WHILE thus we are speaking from the heart of our daughterly feeling, of our grateful memories—we do not forget today how full of achievement and honor Mrs. Mills' life has been.

She has seen the school she loved grown to full College stature, forwarding its advancement with liberality of sympathy. Her able financial administration of its resources has been rewarded by gifts from members of its Board of Trustees and others, so that its endowment now reaches half a million, no small part of which is derived from the fortune of Dr. and Mrs. Mills.

The College has met with recognition from colleges and universities. The degree of Doctor of Laws has been bestowed upon Mrs. Mills—a degree borne by less than a score of women. These are some of the honors of which we are proud today.

My thoughts go back to the chapter with which I began:

“Behold I will lay thy foundations in fair colors,
I will make thy windows of rubies,
Thy gates of carbuncles,
All thy borders of precious stones,
And great shall be the peace of thy children.”

“Windows of rubies”! “gates of carbuncles”!
every prospect fair and beautiful with color.

Can we not see in these glowing jewels of Oriental imagery, the very glory of her westering sky?

August 11.

ONE source of her strength was her indomitable optimism. The women who worked with her felt its contagion, and were grateful for its support. It kept the atmosphere of the College healthful.

It was a piece of high praise when she said, one day to a young faculty member: "I thank you for your cheerfulness."

When speaking of Mrs. Mills' enthusiasm and the spirit in which she entered into the College life, her girls of '03 used to love to tell the story of a basketball game, played on the Berkeley field between the Mills and Berkeley teams. Those accompanying the contestants had been admonished by Mrs. Mills to conduct themselves in a dignified, lady-like manner during the game.

The teams were well matched, and the game was sharply contested from start to finish. Both sides seemed to feel that much was at stake.

There was some exceptionally fine team work done by Mills. Misses Gardiner and Makee, centers, made brilliant plays, and the work of Miss Costa, basket, and the defense of Misses Holmes and Dowsett did Mills credit.

Horns blew, bells rang at every possible excuse. . . . Excitement was riot! Suddenly, as the whistle blew announcing the close of the game and the victory for Mills, Mrs. Mills sprang to her feet, fairly ran out on the field, embraced the Mills captain, and taking the dusty ball out of the captain's hands, Mrs. Mills carried it across the field herself, as she escorted the victorious captain back to the waiting girls.

The victory was a big one, meaning the championship of the Western League, a silver cup, and a new basketball. Mrs. Mills was 77 at the time of this game.

August 12.

AS I was a student at Mills only one year, I do not feel that I knew Mrs. Mills as well as some of the girls who were there longer.

But I kept a diary all the time I was there, and have selected a couple of extracts from it for your Year Book.

It is, indeed, a pleasure to contribute even this small amount toward a book that is prepared in her memory.

Extracts from my diary:

Had breakfast in bed.

Mrs. Mills came in to see what was the matter, and when I told her that I had a "terrible cold," she said:

"It isn't terrible; it isn't like an avalanche."

Esther and I had one of those forbidden candles lighted, after the lights had gone out, and Mrs. Mills came into our corridor.

Of course she saw it, and came into the room. "What are you doing with that light?" We both stammered, and did not answer. "What would the Insurance man say?"

Dear, funny Mrs. Mills, how we all love her even when she scolds us!

August 13.

TO attempt to express fully what a helpful factor Mrs. Mills has been in my life would be an utter impossibility. Memories of her and of her teachings are among my dearest possessions, something of which neither the greatest riches nor the meanest poverty can ever rob me.

She was one of the most noble, lovable characters I have ever known, or ever expect to know—a wonderful woman; and every day I am more thankful that I had the privilege of spending four years at Mills while she was there.

Her understanding of human nature was remarkable; no matter what the trouble, she was able to comfort and cheer those about her. Her optimism, her kindly humor, her tact, her wisdom, her broad-minded teachings, her Christian spirit with which so many lives came in contact, made her dearly beloved and her influence widespread. No one ever knew her, but that their lives were sweetened and inspired to higher ideals.

Her life was devoted to bringing young girls up to magnificent womanhood. She loved her work, and loved to tell about her many girls scattered through all the countries of the world where, she was certain, they were leading helpful Christian lives and were a credit to her teachings and their College.

August 14.

THE SEA.

O THE broad blue sea,
It has charms for me;
For I love to stand
On its rim of sand,
And look far off where its great waves rise,
As if they were mounting up into the skies;
Then see them break into foamy spray,
Leaving patches of snow as they melt away.

O the broad blue sea,
It has charms for me;
For I love to hear
Its music so clear,
When the thundering bass of its breakers roars,
As its billows dash on the rock-bound shores,
And the wavelets answer with melody sweet,
As they die on the sands that lie at my feet.

O the broad blue sea,
It has charms for me;
For I love to explore
The caves of its shore,
To gather its mosses and pebbles and shells,
To note the rich bower where the fair sea-nymph
dwells;
While from each living creature there rises a call
To praise the great Giver of life unto all.

O the broad blue sea,
It has charms for me;
For I love to dream
Of islands that seem
Like beautiful regions far out in the west,
Where frosts never blight, and all nature is blest;
Till I long to set sail, with the red setting sun,
And find on their shores a new life begun.

O the broad blue sea,
It has charms for me;
For I love to believe
That I yet shall perceive
New sources of power revealed by its waves,
New lessons of wisdom and life in its caves;
And the voice of the sea shall grow sweeter each
day,
Till the voices of earth shall all fade away.

—JOSIAH KEEP.

August 15.

THE original of this letter is kept with a riding-whip sent by the writer to Mrs. Mills during the year before her death. The letter and whip were greatly cherished. How Mrs. Mills' eye would sparkle, and her figure straighten as she read about and recalled the days of her horseback rides. She felt even then as though she could get on a horse and gallop off with the best of riders—and it must be a horse of mettle, too!

Artemisia,
231 East Avenue Forty-one, Los Angeles.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

I've been thinking today of how you used to ride horse-back in the days when I first knew "Mills."

You were so fearless, and you were such a slender little bit of a woman, it was always a wonder to me how you could control the horse that I used to see you on sometimes. I remember looking out of the window one afternoon (there weren't so many trees then to shut off the view of things the girls wanted to see), and there you were with a horse that was plunging in a most spirited and high-strung way; and there sat you . . . just as though you were born to the place—having "the time of your life" while he reared and plunged about!

August 16.

AND then you let him go—and it was “Go”! How you did streak it down that road, and left nothing behind but the dust and my sighs of envy! You rode beautifully, and it was always a delight for me to see you on a horse.

And I’ve been thinking of my own days in the saddle. Not desert days that came later, when I rode three thousand miles a year, and lived the freest, finest life in the world, and “made up my stories” as I rode . . . but those days that preceded them, when I lived in San Francisco, and used to ride across to the Oakland side, and through the hills that look down on my birthplace. You know, don’t you? that I was born just over the hills back of Joaquin Miller’s? Two and a half miles from Lafayette, in Moraga Valley . . . on the old Moraga rancho.

Those were dream days, in the saddle, riding at the edge of Lake Chabot, or over the “Jack Hayes road,” or along the foothills not so far from the College.

August 17.

THE long ago, how far away it seems to be!
But one thing the years do for us that would
have been a wonder to believe then; I used to
feel that you were ages older than I when I went
there to school.

Yet today, it seems as though you were almost
my contemporary, so many tucks has Time taken
in the space between them.

We are getting older—if not so old. For inside,
I think you and I feel as young as when we rode
to the music of ringing hoofs. How glad I am that
auto-abominables hadn't been invented then!
Aren't you?

So my thoughts have been spinning today. Maybe
that is why I am sending you the whip (or rather
the riding crop) that I used through those days
when I knew the Contra Costa hills. Maybe, too,
you will like to hang it over your mantel to remem-
ber "Idah" by.

With love,

Saturday Evening, the Nineteenth Day of July,
MCMXI.

August 18.

THE DESERT.

IF you love the Desert and live in it, and lie awake at night under its low-hanging stars, you know you are a part of the pulse-beat of the universe; and you feel the swing of the spheres through space, and you hear through the silence, the voice of God speaking.

Then you will know that no better thing waits for man in all the world than just this: the close touch of great things; the un-desire of the small, such as the man-crowded places give you and just enough food and shelter to support life, and enough work to fill the measure of one's days.

You, too, may some day learn the Desert's lure—the Desert's charm. Sometime, your destiny may lead you there; and lying awake in your blankets at night under the purple-black sky that is crowded with palpitating stars, with the warm desert wind blowing softly over you, caressing your face and smoothing your hair as no human hand ever could, and bringing with it the hushed night-sounds that only the land of the greasewood and the sage knows; then—all alone there with only God and the Desert—you will come to understand the old prospector and his ways; the Red Man who was there before him; and all who by reason of years of dwelling there, have made it their own. But not now; not till you and the Desert are lovers.

So I say to you: "Go! go to the gray land, and search till you find its heart!" If you go and live there, you will learn to love it. And when you come to love it, and if you should go away, you will never for one instant forget it through all the after years. It will be with you in memory ever afterward—a something so cherished that it has no counterpart elsewhere in all the world. And always—though you go to the ends of the earth—you will hear the still voice calling and calling!

—IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.

August 19.

January 8, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Again I write to thank you for kindness and presents sent to all of us. My husband returned safely and loaded with the best of gifts—flowers, books, and sweets; nuts and useful things . . . All were most acceptable, but our best love and thanks go out to you for the beautiful books. We have only a part of our home books here, and every one added to them makes us happier. We have always read aloud to our children at night before bed-time, and in that way we all have the benefit of each book.

The boys dug a fine bed for the Cannas, and we have them planted, also most of the roses. . . .

I have received your last letter full of kindness and consideration for me and mine in which you ask if I will accept the things mentioned therein. I will most gratefully accept any package you will send me; to refuse would be nothing but false pride.

I know the value of such bundles. My two girls are as tall as I am, and what couldn't be used for them or myself even, could be made over for our baby girl.

August 20.

WE do our own sewing, and it is very easy to change things a little if necessary. Children and girls wear out things quickly as you know, and everything helps when one has as many girls and boys as we.

It is certainly most friendly in you to even think of doing all these things for us, and we appreciate the kind good wishes and thoughts even more than the deeds.

* * * * *

I am, very truly,

Your friend,

Mrs. Mills certainly lost no time in sending the things she had mentioned in her letter when she learned they would be acceptable, as the date of the following letter shows.

February 1, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Your bag came, and you will be glad to know everything will be of much use to me for what cannot be worn can be used in other ways, especially the towels as three boys do have to wash and wipe their hands pretty often. It was most kind and thoughtful of you to send such a bag to us.

(See August 21)

August 21.

(From August 20)

YOU will be pleased to know that every rose you sent is growing, and the cannas breaking through the ground already.

You remember how bare and barren it looked as you went out the house when here? I wish you could see it now! Of course, the flowers are young and small, but children have made good gravel walks and rock beds, and we shall have a very pretty garden soon. With the fine big porch, it looks home-like and comfortable, and I feel you will be pleased.

Trusting you are well, with best wishes, I am very truly,

Your friend,

Indeed—altho' she did, literally, when it came to giving, "sow beside all waters"—Mrs. Mills rarely "let her left hand know what her right hand was doing," yet both hands were busy in good deeds and works.

It is not her girls alone, who "arise to call her blessed."

These letters are quoted to show how very helpful she was in giving, so tactfully, the small needs of life.

Wasn't it like her to send towels for the use of those boys?

Several letters expressing gratitude are given on September and October pages, and serve to show how wide and varied were the interests calling forth her helpfulness.

August 22.

GREAT as her work was, Mrs. Mills will be loved and respected for what she was as much as for what she did. To those who had the great privilege of knowing her intimately, was given an insight into the life and character of one of the most remarkable women this country has ever produced.

Her efforts were always put forth in the cause of progress, both material and intellectual—no well-directed movement, having in view the good of her State or its people, ever failing to meet with her hearty support.

She was a very progressive woman, with ideas far in advance of those early days in California, when she and Mr. Mills founded the little school in Benicia.

Throughout the years when she gave her life, her talents, and her means for the educational and spiritual betterment of the young women of the coast, she was always abreast of the times, and in the light of modern progress, her keen-sightedness in looking into the future, and the carefully laid plans that were to serve for the subsequent developments in school and state, now seem to have been almost prophetic.

“How great the changes in the education of women which the period of her active life covers! This period represents the whole aggressive movement for the higher education of women.”

August 23.

DR. D. K. PEARSONS, benefactor of colleges, said in his old age "that he remembered seeing Susan Tolman, a 'bright black-eyed young woman,' on her graduating day."

I remember distinctly seeing them (Mr. and Mrs. Mills) in the autumn of 1854 at the Sem. (Mt. Holyoke). She seemed young and active then; full of zeal for missionary work, and ready with counsel for some who thought of giving their lives to the service.

Mr. Mills gave a talk to the school on a Wednesday p. m., giving such an account of heathen superstition and idolatry as I have never forgotten. He closed with these words: "We have the Bible—and they—have it not."

After a short rest in the United States they settled in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, at the head of Oahu College, where also Mrs. Mills made her own peculiar and lasting impression. More than one prominent clergyman, her pupil then, has said, "I owe the first strong impulse to make a worthy life for myself, to Mrs. Mills."

She has never forgotten her early missionary experience, and Ceylon has ever been a household word at Mills, while the needs of the wider fields at home and abroad have never been overlooked.

August 24.

DR. MILLS died in 1884, leaving a reputation for unusual financial ability in the management of affairs as well as for consecrated Christian scholarship, while Mrs. Mills continued President, with two short interims, until 1909, when Dr. Carson, her friend and choice, succeeded her to the position.

The College charter, secured in 1885, placed the institution on a firm footing as the only Woman's College on the Pacific Coast. It is the child of Mrs. Mills' heart, and though relieved from active duty, she still continues her earnest efforts in its behalf.

In it she has her home, and here she finds strength and solace in her declining years. All that she has done, and is yet doing for its welfare, can never be estimated. More than all, her desire has been to see it a truly Christian College where the highest training of the intellect should be made conducive to the highest spiritual ends.

She has always considered her school as a true daughter of Mt. Holyoke, and until very recently has made frequent visits to the mother institution, and sought in every way to keep the bond between the two close and intimate.

August 25.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.—Proverbs 31:26.

ONE of the most intensely interesting and helpful memories of Mrs. Mills will always cluster around her afternoon talks to the girls. They were most instructive and edifying, as well as charmingly entertaining, the direct subjects being clothed in such attractive language.

During one of these talks, when speaking of politeness, she gave this most beautiful definition of the word: "Politeness is kindness manifested in an easy and graceful manner." Doubtless many of her listeners have since given that rare definition of politeness to their own children.

In another of her afternoon talks, she was speaking of economy, and said, "The truest economy and the largest benevolences always go hand in hand," and in her own daily life she proved the truthfulness of this saying.

Recently, in looking over souvenirs of the old school days, one of her pupils came across a little card which spoke eloquently of the loving and thoughtful care she gave her students. It reads: "Dear child, I wish you would stay in bed today, and so get rested and well. Don't get up until I see you."
S. L. M."

Her devotion to her students was beautiful and touching. In a letter to H. M. D. of September 12, 1908, Mrs. Mills wrote:

"How many girls I have to love and pray for, and they grow dearer as the years go on."

August 26.

IN my childhood, even in my womanhood, Mrs. Mills was always a big part of our Christmas, and the holidays have never seemed the same since she left us.

The packages from her always seemed larger and more mysterious than any of the rest, and when she herself came for her occasional Christmas visits, the joy of all of the children was unbounded, for we loved her devotedly, and her name was a synonym in our minds for all that was good and beautiful.

When we behaved well, she had a way of rewarding us with what we wanted most; when we were naughty she never scolded—she just “talked,” and we never could quite remember what she said, but it was kind that we knew, and she seemed to look with her dear eyes, right down into our wicked little hearts. At any rate, it was much more effective than any punishment, and made us feel far more sorry than if we had been spanked by our mother.

A very tangible reminder of Mrs. Mills, came to me the same year of the waist episode, elsewhere given, in the form of bracelets. The gold ones were my “thank you” bracelets, and the silver ones, “If you please” gifts: rewards which had been promised when I learned my first little lesson in politeness. . . . I never forgot my “please” and “thank you” after I was the proud possessor of these bracelets.

August 27.

I WAS always a pupil of Mrs. Mills, and never overcame that feeling. Had I remained to graduate it would have been different for she always came especially close to her Seniors, as three of my daughters for whom she did much and who were graduated under her, can testify.

I will relate one or two incidents that are personal, but still interesting to me. My mother and father came to California in the early '60s by the way of Panama. At Panama, other passengers boarded the steamer among them a little elderly (?) gentleman and a small lady. My parents took them to be missionaries, and thought the lady a so-called "old maid," her slight figure and side curls being characteristic of those dear unmarried women.

My father was much amused to see the very attentive manner of the lady, as this couple walked up and down the deck or sat in steamer chairs. He said, "That old maid is surely setting her cap for the missionary minister; I never saw anything like her devotion." Imagine their surprise upon learning that the couple were the Rev. C. T. Mills and Mrs. Mills, and that they had been married several years.

Some years ago on Admission Day, dear Prof. Keep in miner's costume, sang my song "49" (words by Joaquin Miller). I took my children to Mills for the day.

The exercises appropriate to the day had begun, and my song was about to be sung, when Mrs. Mills beckoned me from the audience. As I started forward, she said, "Bring all the children." So we mounted the platform. I with baby in arms, the rest following.

Mrs. Mills then introduced me as "Mrs.—— and her five children, the composer of the song," etc. My older children were much embarrassed, and have never forgotten the circumstance.

August 28.

(From August 6)

THEN Mrs. Mills would tell us of some girls who had been at the reception given the new girls.

She would say, "Of course we want you to have a good time, but several of the young ladies said to me as they bade me 'good-night,' 'Good-night Mrs. Mills, I have enjoyed myself so much.' And I said, 'I am pleased, my dear, but I hope that next time you will enjoy somebody else.'"

I have never forgotten it. Every time I hear it, and that is often, I think of Mrs. Mills.

Then when we would go to her room and ask if we might speak to her, she would have such a humorous little smile on her face as she said, "My dear, what have I done that you speak to me. You may speak with me if you wish."

When we asked to invite some girls to our room for a little party, she would ask if they were not the same ones we had before, and when we admitted that they were, she would suggest that we ask some of the other girls next time, saying, "I never like these parties for my wife and me and my son John and his wife."

August 29.

“**T**HAT is neither Here nor There” is a saying of Mrs. Mills that has come to me almost daily during the years since I was graduated. How often she used it to dismiss all that was trivial or futile or unworthy of burdening the mind!

And now, in after years, when I hear some one in the fret and jar of daily life, suffering over some trifling misunderstanding, or wasting nerve force on something that has gone wrong—something that seems a “mountain” today but will be a mole-hill tomorrow—or hear the useless fretting of the “trouble borrower”—the voice of Mrs. Mills comes to me, softly down the years, “That is neither here nor there.”

Each year I seem to feel more wonder as I look at Mrs. Mills and realize her ruggedness of body and mind, her wonderful memory and untiring executive ability.

My admiration grows with the wonder, and my affection has always been hers.

She is certainly a marvel.

(From a letter written July 5, 1907.)

August 30.

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.
—Gal. 6:5.

MRS. MILLS had retired from the Presidency the year before I attended Mills College, so I did not come into the personal relation with her as often as the older girls did; still I would like to add my reminiscences.

An amusing little incident comes to my mind whenever I wear a thin waist. I am no small person. One evening on my way to the telephone, Mrs. Mills accosted me in the hall with "Too thin, too thin my dear; your waist is too thin." It never occurred to me or to the girls that she meant other than my own waist, which surely to my mind was anything but "thin," until she said, "My dear, what would you say if you saw your father coming down the hall with no more on than you have?"

"She hoped," she said, "that none of her girls would marry an ——— or a ——— man because she wanted us to choose men of the highest morality, and she did not believe men in those classes were as a rule, of that type."

We couldn't deceive Mrs. Mills! At one time the girls of College Hall were rather extravagant in the use of lights, and would often burn both gas and electricity when one or the other would have been sufficient. . . . One evening she went to College Hall on a tour of investigation. The news of her purpose spread quickly, and light after light was turned out in many a room before she entered. All to no purpose, however, for with the ever ready twinkle in her eye, she crossed room after room, and felt the globe which was still warm.

August 31.

GIVE Mrs. Mills my dear love. I realize how sorrowing and lonely she must often be now that so much of her chosen work has passed from her hands, and the dear sister has gone.

I have copied into my Mt. Holyoke record about Mrs. Mills the prayer of Dr. Archibald Alexander, which she has made her own. I often use it for myself.

The prayer referred to, and given on the opposite page, is "The prayer which Dr. Archibald Alexander wrote for himself at three score and ten, and used daily up to his death."

Mrs. Mills kept in her favorite Bible, a copy of this prayer. It is typewritten on very thin paper, and shows that she must have read it frequently.

A Prayer.

O MOST merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not if my strength faileth. May my hoary head be found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility and my body from protracted disease and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be Thy Holy Will. I humbly ask that my reason may be continued to the last, and that I may be comforted and supported that I may leave my testimony in favor of the reality of religion, and of Thy faithfulness in fulfilling Thy gracious promises. And when my spirit leaves this clay tenement, Lord Jesus receive it. Send some of Thy blessed angels to convey my inexperienced soul to the mansions which Thy love has prepared, and O, may I have an abundant entrance ministered unto me into the Kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

September 1.

MOST of the letters on these various pages were written to Mrs. Mills by students or friends, and have been kept by her—some, through so many years as to be yellowed by time.

Their content will show that she was touched, pleased, and encouraged by the appreciation or love they express; especially by those assuring her that she had helped some girl to a deeper sense of her love for her Savior, and to a desire to do His will.

She would sometimes say to us, "Do not keep all the flowers for a friend's casket." Surely she looked upon these expressions as flowers, amaranths, that came in season for her heart to enjoy and her soul to cherish.

* * * * *

It was very kind of you, dear Mrs. Mills, to take the trouble to write, yourself, and send the paper, and I appreciate it very much. I shall value them both, and shall always keep them.

God has been so good to me ever since I first came into this world that sometimes, when I think of my mercies, I am overwhelmed.

My greatest desire is to be so much like my Savior that others may want to know and love Him, too. And I want to do all the work for Him I can, that the world may be a little better because I have done the things He called me to do.

September 2.

WHAT could I have done if I had not received the education that I have? and where would I have been had it not been for the Christian influences of Mills College?

I know, only too well, my natural tendencies, and knowing them, am sure that if it had not been for these influences I would not have been a Christian.

When I began to write, it was my intention to simply thank you, but somehow I feel I want to let you know my inside life a little.

It has been a relief to me to tell it to you, for though I know that God has promised strength and wisdom to me if I trust Him, still I wanted your sympathy. I know I have it, as all "your girls" do, and the thought encourages me.

Thanking you again, I remain,

Your loving loyal pupil,

September 3.

MUCH has been said of Mrs. Mills remarkable memory, and her thoughtfulness in the little things of life.

Not long ago, the writer came across an old letter written by her, January 25, 1900. In it she speaks of the noted Emma Nevada, an alumna, and shows that she remembered such a small detail as the hour of her nap.

She wrote:

“Emma Nevada will be in Portland soon. Your mother knew her well, and I hope you will both call upon her.

“She always takes a nap after luncheon for an hour, so do not go until after that time.

“Emma has grown lovely and sings better than ever. Her voice is wonderful in its flexibility, and though not strong, it is so sweet and so well cultivated that it fills the largest theatre.

“She is a lovely good woman, wife, and mother. She leaves San Francisco on Saturday.”

The date of the following letter is not given, but the note was written at a time when courage, strength, patience, and faith were put to a severe test.

Dear D——.

I wish I had such an Easter Card as is in my heart for you.

I love you. I pray for you. It is the best I can do.

You have been a real comfort and help to me.

I don't mean to be cast down nor unchristian in any way.

This has been a hard time for me, but God has helped me. I want to be and do just as He would have me. Pray that I may.

Yours in tender love,

S. L. M.

September 4.

MY silence is the result of neither indifference nor forgetfulness. The fact is, I find myself unable to say anything at all worthy of Mrs. Mills. When I attempt it, I feel a good deal like a mere novice trying to explain the strong striking parts of a great work of art.

Mrs. Mills impressed me by her quickness to perceive the effect of anything done or attempted in the College; her remarkable kindness; her strong resolute will, never exerted, so far as I know, in a harsh or unsympathetic way, but compelling conformity to her wishes with, apparently, the greatest ease; her untiring energy; her strong, earnest faith in, and love for, her Heavenly Father.

Mills College known so favorably, far and wide, is a mute but at the same time, a telling evidence of her great ability as an Educator.

I wish I could say fully just what I thought of her. She was, to me, a constant source of wonder and of admiration.

Mrs. Mills should be classed as one of the great women of this Coast.

September 5.

SOME one has said:

“Behind every human undertaking there is a personality.” Certainly behind Mills College, was and is, the personality of Mrs. Mills. Her influence everywhere felt; in government, administration, curriculum. In hospitality always remembering the comfort of others—the cup that cheers, the birthday cake, the special dinner on her own birthday, the afternoon luncheon for hungry girls, the Friday night basket of crackers.

As housekeeper she managed everything. She kept a cook over thirty years, her coachman over forty.

When Emma Nevada gave a concert at the College for the benefit of the new Lisser Hall, it greatly gratified Mrs. Mills to say, “The dear child sang only the songs that I like.” On one occasion a crippled girl wondered why Mrs. Mills kissed her when “she only shook hands with the others.”

In her private dining-room, at luncheon one day she said, “Here are alligator pears. Who likes them?” One at the table replied, “I love them.” She said, “Like alligator pears, and love your parents, my child.”

With “far-reaching affection and interest” she kept track of all her girls, and knew all their lives, their joys and sorrows after they left the school home. Her admonitions to her girls were clear and concise, and meant for practical application. Among them many of us recall: “Be good. Be kind. Be wise. Have high ideals. Do thorough faithful work. Try always to do as you would be done by.”

September 6.

(For a birthday of September 5)

IT was Easter-time. I was six and Billy between three and four. We were most anxious to send "Grandmother" an Easter card, and were delighted to find a card decorated with lilies.

We made a frame out of bits of wood, and painted it with gray paint begged from the workmen who were painting our house.

We did not tell mother, so almost "burst" for three days while we kept our secret, and waited until Easter morn should arrive and disclose our big surprise.

On my last visit to my beloved friend there was the little card in the queer little frame, on her dressing-table where it had rested for twenty years!

She knew it was a gift of love, and she kept it always before her as a reminder of the little ones who had sent it.

After her death it was given back to me. It is now on my desk, one of my treasured possessions.

Not until I was grown, did I learn the verse on the supposed Easter card to be: "And He said unto her, 'Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace and be cured of thy plague.'" And then I realized another reason why she had kept it—it must always have brought a smile.

September 7.

July 28—99.

MY dear Mrs. Mills,

I was very sorry not to see you again before you left.

Your good-bye note was just like your dear thoughtful heart, and I am hoping to make amends for the brief moments here, when I may be again in California.

You ask for a copy of the few words I said at our reunion. I had only jotted down a very few of them, and now as I try to write out from memory some of the many thoughts that were almost choking my heart with their tenderness that day, they seem very few, and weak, and cold compared with my feelings then, and all the time for you and that precious period in my life.

We do grow homesick for the past, as we go on in life—and the inexorableness of the past—its blank wall, as it were, is so hard to bear.

So your coming all unchanged in such marvelous ways, brought the spring-time of our lives back to us, and it was, oh! so sweet.

September 8.

7th January, 1907.

Two East Ninety-first Street, New York.

DEAR Mrs. Mills,

In Margaret's name I have to thank you once more for your exceedingly kind thought of her. The lovely flowers which came to greet her on New Year's morning gave her a great deal of pleasure, and I can assure you we all deeply appreciate your kindness.

With all good wishes for the New Year, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

LOUISE W. CARNEGIE.

Oh, if the earth, the world, were not the better for all the influence wrought by your hands, born of your life—the soil would have been barren indeed.

If you can feel that you have seen a little fruit, while still with us, I joy to think of the white harvest you will see, when earthly knowledge is swallowed up in "Knowing the Lord" beyond.

With sincerest love, and dearest, tenderest memories of the years gone by,

Your old pupil,

September 9.

Mills Seminary, Feb. 13, 1882.

MY dear Father,—

This is Sunday. I have just come up stairs from lunch; we had a very nice lunch. It is very cold here today, and now I am sitting by the window and can see the trees sway back and forth in the wind and the brook goes rippling on, it seems to me, faster than usual, as if to get itself warm. Just now it is beginning to rain, and the very hills seem cold, but I can hear a bird, now and then, sing out a note. All this, as I look out on it, makes me have, as Longfellow wrote, "A feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain, and resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain."

Now I have asked myself and am asking myself all the time, what is this longing? and I have almost come to the conclusion that it is God's spirit striving with me and trying to make me give up all my doubts and come to Him.

You have no idea what an influence Mrs. Mills has over me, and she does not know it. It is beautiful here in every way.

September 10.

WE have such delightful views from our room. One morning not long ago, it had been raining, but had stopped for awhile and all the hills looked so dark and they seemed to ask the sun to come out. Pretty soon, way over in an obscure corner, there came a ray of sunshine just on one little hill, then it seemed as if the whole scenery was lit up, for the sun came out so beautifully.

I almost drew a breath of relief when I saw in the way I put it, that little hill reflecting the light and warmth from the sun, all over. Now, I wonder if you see my point?

I called my room-mate's attention to that beautiful view, and I believe if I had been a painter, I should have, if possible, conveyed it to canvas. Indeed, we have so many beautiful views here that I think I can say, "How beautiful are the works of God."

Now, I want to tell you about our Sunday School lesson. We have a lovely teacher. Mrs. Mills does not omit religious exercises Sunday morning any more than other mornings.

The lesson today was about Christ and his friends and enemies and was very interesting, but there was one verse which puzzled us. . . .

(This leaf of a letter was sent over thirty years ago to Mrs. Mills by the father who received it, that she might know of her Christian influence over his daughter.)

It is touching to find how carefully Mrs. Mills treasured these letters expressing gratitude and appreciation.

September 11.

SONNET—MRS. MILLS.

WHEN her full life in memory, I recall.
That mother-touch that all of us have
known,
I ask, "Does motherhood belong alone
To her who bears a child? to her whose all
Lies at her breast, and doth her heart enthrall
Because her own reflection there is shown;
A motherhood of instinct that can own
No flesh but hers?
Is not the name miscalled?
And shall that name of mother be denied
To one whose universal motherhood
Op'd wide her generous arms to all who came
And with a tenderness without a name
Made them her daughters?"
Her touch will not depart
With years. Childless, yet hers was the mother-
heart.

LURITA STONE, S. '09.

December 15, 1914.

September 12.

Inscription in Dining Hall at Mills College.

“Break Thou the Bread of Life
Dear Lord to me
As Thou didst break the Loaves
Beside the sea.”

THE following lines were sent to Mrs. Mills after Miss Grace Hibbard of the Women's Press Association of the Pacific Coast, had been entertained at luncheon at Mills College.

GIVING GOD THANKS.

Around the tables spread with food, were standing
Girls, like the spring-time blossoms fair,
While through the open casement, sunbeams slanting
Rested in glory on their hair.

A silence—and then voices, birdlike, singing—
“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”
Full, clear, accordant, joyous, upward soaring,
Tender, adoring, soft, and low.

Wrapped in the sunlight, may they ever praise Him
With hearts and voices on life's way,
And sing together with the “Hosts” in Heaven,
When dawns for each “the Perfect Day.”

—GRACE E. HIBBARD.

In remembrance of September 11, 1897.

September 13.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!—Isaiah 52:7.

OF the many memories of Mrs. Mills, to me one of the most inspiring is the broad scope of her interests.

Life to her was rich and full, and amid her many duties and responsibilities she always found time to inform herself on the great problems of the day.

She took also a keen personal interest in all phases of philanthropy.

Mrs. Mills thought in large terms and with an open mind; she was ever eager for suggestion and help from any source.

One can never associate narrowness with her nature, but her warm generous impulses will always be a source of affection and inspiration.

* * * * *

Mrs. Mills was such a rare, magnetic soul—and what a fragrant memory she leaves behind!

It has, indeed, been a liberal education to me to have known so intimately for so many years such rare spirits as Mrs. Mills and Miss Tolman and my father.

Perhaps they are “talking it over” now, as Mrs. Mills so often said.

September 14.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

MRS. KATE MILLER, the mother of Miss Ege, the present Acting President of Mills College, in July, 1914, went to the home prepared for her in the Father’s House. She was eighty-one years of age and in many respects was much like Mrs. Mills.

Of each it can be truly said: “A woman who knew the joy of living, and the joy of accomplishment, whose interest in life, people, and good works continued to the very end.”

“She hath done what she could.”

I appreciate more than words can express, the privilege of saying a few words about Mrs. Mills in the Year Book to her memory.

Her beautiful life and good works are an enduring monument to her.

If one thing more than another stands out in my memory it is—her earnest desire to help those whom she considered worthy, yet were unable to avail themselves of the delightful privilege of attending her beautiful college.

She was always interested in each individual girl’s spiritual welfare, and all of her words were words of wisdom and loving counsel.

September 15.

From directions given by Miss Tolman to her class in Literature. (Taken from an old exercise-book).

UNDERSTAND from the first what is meant by literature and what you expect to gain from its study here. Try to avoid superficial study, and to that end do not read too much. Compel yourself to repeat the substance of what you read without referring to the book; this will prevent inattention.

Keep in mind that study about literature is not study of literature. Try to have only so much of one as will be needed to appreciate the other.

Lord Bacon's Students' Prayer:

“To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit: we put forth most humble and hearty supplications that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds toward divine mysteries.”

“Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more; I have sought thee in thy courts, fields, and gardens, but have found thee in thy temples.”



September 16.

JANE C. TOLMAN.

Born 1831; died 1912.
Mrs. Mills' Youngest Sister.

From Miss Julia Tolman's "Daily Food" texts, 1838.

I will look unto the Lord: I will wait for the God of my Salvation. My God will hear me.—Micah 7:7.

Sister Jennie's Birthday.

MISS TOLMAN has a monument of grateful remembrance in the heart of every woman who has had the lasting joy and benefit of a visit to Europe after having had training under her in the study of Art.

It is hard to remember any one artist more than another which would be a favorite of Miss Tolman. She loved so many and in such different ways. But I really believe she loved the Greuze (original) which hung in her library more than any other picture she owned.

She always wanted mother to go with her when she wished to select a new picture by one of our local artists, and together they would go over the ground.

Miss Tolman loved the beautiful in clothes, furniture, ornaments, as well as in Art, and those who knew her at the College will remember how beautifully she could arrange flowers. No one else could do it quite so well as she.

Her eye for combination and form was perfect, and, in my time, she always kept the reception parlors dressed with flowers.

September 17.

ON that first visit to Benicia, nearly fifty years ago, we attended General Exercises. It was Friday afternoon, and the girls entertained us by reading compositions, reciting, singing, and piano playing. All was very good. I was deeply impressed, and saw at once the great advantages those young ladies had compared with when I was a boarding-school miss.

I was educated in the convent of St. Agnes at Memphis, Tenn. The Sisters were lovely women and everything was very elegant. The rostrum of the large hall was covered with fine velvet carpet, and a square piano was on either side. The Commencement Exercises lasted three days. As we were called, we mounted the rostrum and made a courtesy, an old-fashioned way, but much prettier I think, than the stiff bow of the present time. We practiced for our grand display for some time. As I compared the two, it seemed very superficial, but it was very pretty—those lovely Southern girls dressed in pure white, so graceful and innocent.

But to return to the exercises at Benicia Seminary. One young lady read a composition on Bread. It seems that she had tried to make some bread, and called forth the laughter of all present, by referring to it as having the consistency of the streets of Benicia. It was after a rain, and those of that day will easily recall that the mud was so deep a horse could scarcely get through it.

The years have only impressed it upon me, that those who take the full course at that great institution of learning, Mills College, will go forth as well-educated, splendid women and so cannot help being ornaments of society.

(Mrs. Mills always cautioned them not to live to be "a mere ornament to society") and wherever their paths may lead, they will reflect honor, respect, and dignity upon California.

September 18.

ON one of my visits to the College in the early years, Mrs. Mills accompanied me on my return home.

As I was waiting on the steps for the bus, she passed me, saying, "I will be ready in a minute," entered her private apartment, dressed herself, not forgetting the overskirt, filled her sachel, and returned in what seemed less than a minute, pinning on her shawl.

After we were settled comfortably in the train, she took a hank of yarn from her sachel, and had me hold it while she wound it. After the winding, she commenced to knit. Her fingers flew as she worked, talking all the while. Then she laid the knitting aside, to peel an apple which she passed on the point of her fruit-knife to me; she peeled another, divided it, and gave it to two little girls sitting in front of us; then peeled one for herself, eating and talking all the while—and what she said was always worth listening to and remembering—then she returned to her knitting again.

Once when I drove into Benicia, she came to the parlor all covered with flour, saying: "After teaching the Science class, I went into the kitchen and made fourteen pies for dinner."

Just think what a remarkable woman she was!

I always felt that I was blessed in knowing her so intimately.

Upon whose shoulders will her mantle fall? Surely there is no other like her.

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September 19.

After the graduation of a student.

My Dear Mrs. Mills:

MY mother and I arrived home in safety Saturday evening. Mamma and I both wish to thank you for your hospitality at Commencement time.

I felt so bad at leaving my college home that I could not trust myself to tell you how much my life with you has been to me, or how much I appreciate all that has come to me through the eight years of study, and the personal contact with yourself and other members of the Faculty.

The money paid for tuition does not, to me, begin to represent what I have received through my connection with Mills College. I love it, Mrs. Mills, with all my heart and will always do with joy anything that I can to advance its interests.

As for myself, I intend to live so that you may never be ashamed of me as one of your daughters.

Though I may not be with you as in the past, in person, my thoughts and prayers will always be yours.

September 20.

NO matter how much I may enjoy new sights and scenes, Mills will always have a first place in my affections. I love every tree and bush on the place; I do not believe any one appreciated the flowers more * * * or knows better just where they all are.

I cannot express to you in words, Mrs. Mills, all the gratitude and love that are yours; I can only say, God bless you many, many times for the work which you are doing.

Ever your loving pupil and daughter.

Such a letter surely is one of the precious flowers of life. It goes to prove, too, what all closely associated with Mrs. Mills have come to recognize—that she was one of those rare persons that the longer and the better one knows them, the more does one love and admire them.

Every day revealed some new and lovable trait in Mrs. Mills, to those who knew her in the intimacies of her private life. C.

September 21.

My Dear Mrs. Mills:

THOUGH I have often voiced my appreciation of your kindness yet I desire to express it to you more fully now, as I am about to go elsewhere.

Here I have found a delightful home replete with refinement, and full of invigorating action to climb up and on in life's work.

I trust I may be pardoned if I say that I have a nature which has always felt a deep religious feeling and the love of Jesus in its depths, and that I have been often shocked by the intolerance and the bigotry of the many sects (or the people professing those sects) with whom I have come in contact.

But here, with your broad mind and Christian heart sending forth a strength which permeates this whole institution, I have found a liberality of thought and a more Christ-like life than I have ever found elsewhere.

Your kind consideration I can never repay, but my esteem and love for you will cause me to do gladly any services for you which you may require and I am able to give.

Sincerely,

September 22.

My Dear Mrs. Mills:

OFFICIAL notice has been received that I am to graduate next Tuesday night. The invitations will be ready tomorrow and then I shall send you one, but I thought I could not wait to let you know it.

You have helped me so much in every way that I want to express again my appreciation. In a financial way you have helped in my work; with your influence you have helped me to a position, and above all your individuality and energy and Christianity have aided me, personally, more than anything else.

I have this term sent you two girls and I shall not cease in my efforts to get you more. * * *

I write you my appreciation because I know that though I shall see you soon, you will be so busy that I shall not have the opportunity to talk with you for many moments.

Good-night, dear, and God bless you.

September 23.

Miss Lyons' Room,
Mt. Holyoke,
Sept. 23, 1880.

Dear Girls:

I intended a long letter, but have only time to send you love and promise to do better soon.

These leaves are from the trees overhanging Miss Lyon's grave.

I am enjoying so much here.

Yours in love,
S. L. MILLS.

To
Miss Alice White,
For Senior Class,
Mills Seminary,
California.

“Mrs. Mills made a trip East during the first half of my senior year, and each day sent the class a line directed to one of us in turn.”

A. W. S.
Class of '81.

September 24.

From words of Mrs. Mills to "her girls," May the fourth, nineteen hundred eleven.

"I KNOW you will remember what I used to say when you went out from us, 'Be good and do good,' and so I say still. How I would like to see you all, but this I cannot expect until we meet in the dear Father's house above. Let us not come short there."

When we came here in 1871 the grounds were quite barren. * * * When we began the work of beautifying the grounds, Mr. Mills said, "We must make it beautiful enough for the King's daughters," and so it is, I think.

Over eight thousand girls have come to us since we began our work in Benicia in 1865. They are scattered so widely now, in twenty-eight states and various countries.

Not all have been graduates, but all have been our dear girls, many of them now home and foreign missionaries, founders of schools, good teachers, wives, and mothers.

My heart goes out in tenderness to all, including the husbands, and dear little children. How many there are! The Lord bless them all.

Not a day passes that my heart does not go out in prayer, earnest prayer, that God will bless every one and make each one a blessing.

September 25.

MRS. SUSAN MILLS SMITH.

Mrs. Mills' Grand Niece.

NO words can express the true greatness of Mrs. Mills' life, and those who were most intimately associated with her, never cease to marvel at her brightness, hope, courage, strength.

Frequently, when she felt most heavily burdened, she would call to mind some helpful Scriptural passage. So often she would repeat the words of Paul: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

I recall, too, how beautifully she brought out this text in Chapel, taking it phrase by phrase and giving special emphasis to certain words, so that the passage came to have a new meaning to all of us.

No one who ever attended Chapel at Mills could fail to be touched by the depth and beauty of her prayers. Seldom does one hear a prayer given with such sweetness, sympathy, and comprehension, and Mrs. Mills in her daily life sought to follow the teachings of her Master.

September 26.

MRS. MILLS' care and thoughtfulness especially endeared her to students who were timid and lonely. She would always put them in the care of an older student, and saw to it that they were made to feel most welcome and at home. But more than this, she sought to make them realize that she had a personal interest in them.

Often at night, though worn and weary with the day's duties, she would go to the room of some homesick girl to give her a word of cheer, or to carry some flowers or a plate of fruit.

She could never keep anything for herself. If a box of fruit were sent to her, it was immediately divided with students or faculty. She was always thinking of others, with never a thought for herself.

Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Philippians 4:6, 7.

September 27.

MORE important and precious than her efficient administration, was her unswerving devotion to the kingdom of God. Mrs. Mills felt the keenest anxiety for each immortal soul under her influence.

One of the first things she did after going to Benicia was to gather together in a little room a few earnest girls and hold, perhaps, the first prayer meeting that was ever held in the old school, other than the usual formal religious services.

The little prayer meeting grew until it had to be held in one of the largest rooms in the building.

From that time on, through all the fifty years while the institution was under Mrs. Mills' guidance, the wonderful influence of this godly woman was felt, and many a young soul was converted and taught to follow her example, in radiating her Master's purpose.

There was a definite purpose in everything she did. She considered a walk a waste of time for her, if it did not lead her to the gardens, the stables, or laundry, where she could give necessary directions. Thus, in those Benicia days, by the economy of time, one woman was able to conscientiously and intelligently look after her large household, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Beside all this she found time to dispense a charity that made her beloved far and wide by the needy ones. She found leisure enough to keep up a wide circle of friends "and to exercise a generous hospitality."

September 28.

NO one could come face to face with Mrs. Mills without feeling the strength and beauty of her personality. Her intelligent face glowed with the intensity and earnestness of her nature.

There was an old-time grace about her that made her manner distinctly kind and genial. She was at all times a very responsive woman, and it was a lesson and an inspiration to spend the day going through the city with Mrs. Mills.

“Her unobtrusive kindness,” for thus we always thought of it, was felt everywhere. Every one she met, even those crusty and glum by nature, seemed to respond to the warmth of her greetings, and the sincerity of her friendly interest.

On the cars, in the shops, at any gathering, whether the individuals were of high or low rank,—everywhere it was the same, and always there was that note of mingled affection and respect—a respect she commanded, not only because of her position, and in later years, because of her venerable age, but because of that innate something within which impelled it.

David Starr Jordan once wrote to her: “You will let me use the good old word ‘revere,’ when I speak of you—for this word, with all it means, is yours by right.”

September 29.

DR. WARREN LANDON, President of the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, has kindly sent these and other letters from Mrs. Mills, for such use as may be required.

Mills College, California.

May 2, 1910.

My Dear Dr. Landon:—

I write now just to say that I am so glad you are to be made the President of the Theological Seminary. It belongs properly to you.

* * * * *

I was sorry not to attend the closing exercises, but it was impossible for me to do so. I am glad to feel that you are going to be permanent on this Coast. The Lord bless you and direct you in all your ways.

With very best wishes, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

S. L. MILLS.

Under date of December 30, 1910, she writes:

“I have been intending * * * to write and congratulate you upon becoming President of the Theological Seminary and to express my best wishes for you in your good work before you as well as my sympathy in the trials that will come to you also. The Lord bless you in all your work and way. * * * ”

September 30.

Mills College.

Dear Dr.:—

I want to thank you at once for the article you have written for the Presbyterian—so good.

I have ordered a number to send to friends. It is just right.

We are so afflicted in the death of our dear Prof. Keep. He has been like a son to me for twenty-five years. So fine a teacher. Mary will tell you, and such a devoted, lovely Christian—helpful everywhere.

Whom can we get in his place? Pray for us.

Kind regards to you all.

S. L. MILLS.

It needs only a glance at these letters to show that the last one was written by Mrs. Mills herself, in her own characteristic way, while the others were dictated and completed in form by the stenographer. It is a regret that her penmanship in the above letter cannot here be given in fac-simile.

October 1.

A LETTER from a mother after the graduation of her daughter.

Dear Mrs. Mills.

I was sorry to leave yesterday without saying good-bye to you personally, but I could not find you in the crowd, and as I had promised to drive home with a lady friend, I was hurried in my leaving.

But if I had seen you, it would have given me no opportunity to express my feelings in the smallest degree. I could not have safely dared to attempt to say all that my heart prompted.

Even during the Commencement exercises, tears often filled my eyes—flowing from mingled emotions of pride, gratitude, sadness, regrets, and tender memories, which absorbed my thoughts to such an extent that they rendered me, at times, entirely oblivious to surrounding circumstances.

We are painfully conscious under some conditions, that we live double lives. One of outward appearance—of the senses—of the Present. The other—the truer self—depending on the emotions—founded on the Past—looking toward the Future. I lived more in the latter state of existence, during those two days, than in the enjoyment and beauty of the actual occasion.

October 2.

DEAR and honored friend; I cannot put into words the sense of indebtedness I feel toward you and the grand Institution that has done so much for my child's welfare and happiness. Her life has been enriched by your generosity; that she may prove fully worthy of it, is my earnest heart-felt prayer.

It grieves me deeply to realize how little I am able at present to do in return, but it shall be a sacred obligation to repay the debt sooner or later, and to return in a suitable manner the help so generously and nobly given to my child at the period of her life when it was of the greatest use and advantage.

I will not make promises that must depend on others for fulfillment but hope, through my own efforts, to meet all just obligations.

We rejoice to feel that you are looking forward to a happy reunion with old schoolmates. May blessings attend you!

Lovingly yours,

October 3.

Sunday, Jan. 29.

DEAR Mrs. Mills:

I was thinking of you all this morning, and wishing I could be with you this afternoon for church and this evening for one of the meetings. I never forget them, and I often think how much good they did us, and how willing the girls were to speak for Christ or say a word to help and comfort some lonely one.

If they only realized while at school what a splendid beginning they could make in their Christian life, what a firm foundation they could build with all the kind and anxious ones to help them, they would not let the opportunity slip, for such a chance never, I think, could come again.

I have never met with the whole-heartedness and loving kindness that bound us together so perfectly, any place else.

As it is always hard to get different ones to take the meetings for prayer in our societies, it usually falls to the lot of some of us to do it a number of times.

I always take it when I am asked, and I always feel a little as if I were back at my dear school again.

I still have my sewing class on Saturday mornings, and now have been there long enough to have the children fond of me. I had them down here at the hotel during the Christmas vacation; had a tree for them, and some ice cream and candy. They seemed to enjoy it. I hope to have them again before going away for the summer.

There are so many things to do in New York, and so much done, that one feels as if she were really living, but oh! how much more we should do!

* * * * *

The calendar is a sweet reminder of school. I keep it on my desk, and it brings up lots of sweet remembrances. You are always so thoughtful of us, and we appreciate it with all our hearts.

With love, believe me, yours devotedly,

October 4.

THE spirit of what Mrs. Mills urged upon her girls lingers in the text of one of the Baccalaureate sermons, "And thou shalt be a blessing"; also in this appreciation, "She hath done what she could."

Her hospitality was a household word. Guests who drove out to the concerts and to commencement were invited after the exercises, to tables bountifully spread with cold meats, hot rolls, coffee, tea, berries with cream, frosted cake, and fruits. Where could we expect anything like that now?

The atmosphere of the school was that of a home. Each girl's birthday was honored by a cake which she as greatly delighted to bake as Mrs. Mills to give.

Two, whose homes had been broken up, were married with all the sweet home ceremony—one in Seminary Chapel, and one out under the oaks.

The study of Domestic Science was an uncharted field in the earlier days, but in her weekly talks to her girls, Mrs. Mills urged upon them the importance of economy and efficiency, and gave them many helpful suggestions as to the true way of making home happy by their presence.

It troubled Mrs. Mills to have the impression prevail that her girls dressed elaborately and expensively, for she practiced and advocated simplicity.

A visitor, who had raised the question, was asked to stand where she could see the girls as they passed, and to point out such as seemed to justify her criticism. One was singled out from the rest, and Mrs. Mills delighted to tell that this girl had ripped, sponged, and pressed the goods and made the dress she wore. Her cleverness and bearing had won for her a distinction.

October 5.

SOME of my happiest girlhood recollections were with Mrs. Mills at dear Mills College.

My dear, dear Mrs. Mills:

Your dear long letter came a few days ago. How glad I was to get it, and hear all about Mills and the dear friends there!

Life out in the world is very different from that life there, and yet while one could not wish to be always so protected, one must be thankful for the poise and preparation received there.

I have plenty to do; am working hard all day, and yet each night seems to see nothing done. I have a large house. All the homes here are large rambling affairs built after the old Spanish style.

How I wish I had a big bank account from which I could draw and do something for Mills, but you know how little a missionary has and how many demands he has. Later I am hoping to send a little gift, and though very small, I know every little helps, and I am sure no big sum could be given with any more love.

October 6.

MY latest is a Temperance Society for poor boys. I have twenty now, and have put them to making cork picture frames for the benefit of the society. Boys have to be doing something, and they seem very much interested in this.

With us winter is just beginning, and with you such a wealth of flowers. How I should love to go through the old grounds and just be free to pick my fill of the dainty blossoms. I have never seen anything in my life like the Mills roses.

You should see my little boy! He is such a dear chubby fellow. . . . He is a great comfort to me. I shall send a photo later.

* * * * *

Your letter was a great comfort. I owe you so much—unspeakable.

What I received at Mills is not to be measured nor calculated in dollars and cents; and the more I see of life, and the longer I live, the more thankful I am for all I received while there.

Again much love, my dear Mrs. Mills.

Very lovingly yours,

October 7.

A Greeting from President Mills for the College Magazine.

A GREETING from me is asked for the Alumnae. What can I say in this brief space of all that is in my heart! How I wish I could look into every one of your dear faces, hear again your merry voices, and give you the greeting that is in my heart.

How the years slip away as I recall the school-girl names, and go back in memory to the happy days when you were our pupils, and our loving daughters! How widely you are scattered, and how varied have been your lives!

Very many of you have been successful teachers; all of you useful in the community, the Sabbath-school and the church, in organizations, religious and literary and benevolent—almost numberless.

Many of you are good doctors, nurses, librarians, lecturers, writers, musicians. Many of you occupy important positions as presidents of clubs and societies; but best of all, a host of you are good wives and mothers. Many of you are grandmothers, and some great grandmothers.

Of our seven hundred graduates, very few—not fifty in number—have been called from us to the Better Land.

October 8.

THE testimony that comes to us from you all has done our hearts good. More anxious we were to have you true, noble, winsome women than to have you known among the world's distinguished ones. You have honored us at home and abroad, and we thank you.

How I wish I had done more and better for you when I had the opportunity, but I assure you I think of you, love you, and pray for you every day.

I have sympathized with you in your sorrows, and rejoiced with you in your joys.

Come and visit your Alma Mater whenever you can. A warm welcome in house and heart awaits you always.

Be loyal! I know you will. Lend your help, and stimulate others to help your Alma Mater so that she may be all she should for you, California, and the world.

October 9.

TIME and busy cares temporarily dim many of the words that were not only indelibly written upon my memory, but became a part of my young life. Coming as your letter did, a sweet surprise to me in my own little home where baby voices keep mother busy, away from Mills and the girls, and all that life I held so dear, I am utterly at loss to recall on the moment just what our beloved one used to say. I can see her, and I can hear her, and I shall always remember and abide by the lessons of her personal training, but I can think only of times and places, when and where I was most impressed by her wonderfully magnetic and commanding personality.

Realizing the inestimable value of coming more closely in contact with Mrs. Mills, I sometimes went to her room on Friday evenings, if I thought she was not pre-occupied.

Often I stood and waited—Teddy ready to spring at my white shoes, for he disliked them quite as much as did Mrs. Mills. Finally I would hear, "Just a moment, dear, then you may come in."

Whenever I went into Mrs. Mills' hall it was with nervous expectancy. The going seemed terrible, but once in, Mrs. Mills holding my hand and looking straight into my eyes, I felt I had awakened in spiritual surroundings, and the light was dawning on all that previously seemed dark.

Often she spoke to me of joining the church. One night she sent for me, and said: "My dear, why are you not a member of our church? You know I want all of my girls to be professed Christians before they go into the world." I said, "I should like to be, but I cannot believe in all." She said, "Why if God can make a little flower so perfect and beautiful, and we know He can, you must surely believe in the wonder of His work in the human heart, as well."

October 10.

I THINK that Mrs. Mills was never more lovely than at my first Alumnae Luncheon when she stood up to speak to her girls. In tones half-whispering as she tired at the end, she told us that altho' she was to be succeeded by Dr. Carson, she wanted us all to feel that Mills is ever our home, and although she might not be present to welcome us again, she wished us all to come back and feel just the same, free and happy, and be just as sweet to Dr. Carson as we had been to her.

How often she said, "I want my girls to make good wives and mothers. Most of them are wives and mothers, and I am glad."

Then she would tell of the one girl who had ten sons—wasn't it? and three daughters, and would show the picture, and tell how proud she was of them. I can see her cock her head a bit to one side, smile—Oh! ever so sweetly—and say, with slightly pursed lips, "And I am proud of the mother."

She would often tell us we must keep accounts in order to make efficient wives and mothers.

I could write on endlessly of my own experiences while Mrs. Mills was supervising my bringing up; always teaching me to be careful and cautious—not alone of my laundry, but of my health.

How well I remember the morning after prayers that she sent me to change my waist because the weather was cold, and my sleeves were short.

I fear all these are too personal; I can only say that Mills to me cannot be Mills without that One who was the essence of all that was grand and noble—an earthly example of the word Love.

October 11.

NOT often is it permitted to have the sun in life's day not only stand still, but also retreat backwards many degrees.

No day seems to have quite hours enough in which to accomplish all one desires ere set of sun. Yet days slip into weeks; and years, decades, suddenly confront us! Since when? Childhood! Youth! Oh! those blessed long-flown times!

"I would I were a boy again," and "Backward, turn backward, O, time in your flight, make me a child again just for tonight" spring to the lips of men and women, as a wave of homesickness for the long ago surges over them. Even memory is not given much opportunity to comfort one long; it is soon lost in the demands of the present.

Into lives full and crowded with all the responsibilities and cares of middle life has now entered one whose simple presence has revolutionized the calendar for us.

By the quiet wave of her magic hand all the web spun by three decades, and more, has vanished.

We stand on the shores of our youth again, and who is there of us whose heart is not thrilling today with all the feelings of that period.

October 12.

THE coming of Mr. and Mrs. Mills to Punahou marked a new era in its existence. For several months, the school had been without a President and a warm welcome awaited the arrival of one.

We cannot forget the thrill of excitement that pervaded the school, as for the first time we saw Mr. Mills upon the platform and Mrs. Mills beside him.

We did not suppose we should have much to do with her—in time, we might perhaps make her acquaintance, but our attention was centered that first morning upon our new President.

Within a few days, however, a pleasant greeting and inquiry from Mrs. Mills as to whether this was Emma Smith or Mary Ellen Andrews, assured us she was losing no time in meeting every one of the pupils and establishing a preliminary acquaintance.

In a few days, we heard that Mrs. Mills was to teach some of the classes. We were not sure whether we liked the idea. We had never had a lady teacher, and there was no experience to assist us in this new departure.

But it did not take her long to capture the citadel of every heart. Words are too weak to tell of the magical power she exercised over her pupils.

The doors she opened, the windows she flung wide, the material she discovered and brought to the front to work upon!

October 13.

THE joy of growth, development, achievement was beyond expression. It was such a delight to follow her leading. She aroused the very best that was in one. She never permitted a moment's discouragement. Ever and always we were to try.

The ambitions of my life, I trace to the spirit of her influence during those precious years.

She made the social life so bright and pleasant among the boarders. She had a marvelous way of finding out the birthdays of the pupils, and remembering them with a large birthday cake in which every one shared when the evening study hour was over.

Even the day scholars were not forgotten. From time to time some one would be invited to stay all night, and then in the social hour would appear the celebrated cake. One evening there were three cakes, three birthdays being remembered together.

Memories cluster so rapidly—words are too few in which to voice all the depth and tenderness that cling to each.

Forever inwoven with our beautiful youth; forever a part of the lives we have rounded out in later years, we can now only say:

For aye and for aye will we cherish thee, shrine
thee—

Before thee swing incense of loyal devotion—
Behind thee, will follow with consecrate striving,
The world to uplift, through a like inspiration.

October 14.

Feb. 9, 1909.

MY dear Miss H——.

Yesterday I paid a visit to Mills College. How can I thank you sufficiently for your letter of introduction to Mrs. Mills—one of the most, if not the most, remarkable women I have ever met.

All in all, I say the most remarkable woman.

I never spent a half day so full of interest as the time I spent there.

The woman—so remarkable in herself and her work—well, I shall never see the like again. I am most happy to have met such a rare woman, and to have seen the school—such an ideal school in every particular.

I need not tell you that your name at the school is loved and honored, and the fact that you introduced me to Mrs. Mills gave me a welcome that I seldom get anywhere. Wherever we went about the buildings or grounds, if we met teacher or servant, she would say, "This is a friend of Miss Hatch," then a pleasant smile or word. . . .

Mrs. Mills took me into the small dining-room and showed me where you used to sit; into the pantry, and showed me the bread. The house is so home-like—pictures, flowers, pretty home things everywhere. What a home it is for girls! The lawn reminded me more of an English lawn than anything I have seen in this country.

Before I left we returned to her room, and the maid brought us in tea and cakes. Mrs. Mills walked with me to the foot of the hill on the way to the station, her pet, "Teddie," was with her. She seems to be in very good health, is very active in her duties, and seems so happy.

I think no woman ever so impressed me with her great moral worth, her unselfish life, her life of the noblest sentiments as has this truly great woman. I am so glad, so very glad to have met her.

With much love,

October 15.

A TYPE of good heroic womanhood." Mrs. Mills stood to me for all that is noble and good. The Christian welfare of each girl in her keeping seemed to be of vital importance to her.

While traveling in the East a few years ago, I met a lady who had attended Mills College for a short time. During our conversation I said that upon my return I would tell Mrs. Mills I had met and talked with one of her old pupils. She replied, "I don't believe she would remember me."

When I did see Mrs. Mills, and told her of meeting this lady, she remembered her very distinctly, which goes to prove that her personal interest was certainly in the individual.

I personally feel that through Mrs. Mills' loving generosity, my daughter has had the foundation laid of a good and noble womanhood. Often in the daily affairs of life, I hear her say, "Mrs. Mills told us to do thus or so." "Mrs. Mills would never allow us to" so and so. It is thus her influence for good will live on and on.

The day I had Mrs. Mills as my guest to view from our window the parade in honor of our beloved President McKinley was indeed a memorable one; a day which it will always be to me a joy to remember.

Her charming graciousness as a guest in our humble home was indeed a lesson such as the Savior and Teacher of all mankind tried to instill into the hearts of His followers—that of meekness and tenderness.

The good that Mrs. Mills spent her life to accomplish will live forever and ever, for "it is only the good that we do and embody that is really worth while," one great writer has so well said.

Indeed, I appreciate this opportunity to express some few words of that Grand Good Woman, Mrs. Mills.

October 16.

AQUILA TOLMAN

Born 1705; died 1771.

Mrs. Mills' Paternal Great-Grandfather.:

One man among a thousand have I found.—Ecclesiastes
7:28.

For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight
wisdom, and knowledge, and joy.—Ecclesiastes 2:26.

THE SONG AT THE WHEEL.

A bird with its glory of plumage
Flew in at the kitchen door;
He perched on the kitchen table
While I scrubbed at the kitchen floor;
And he flooded each nook and corner
With the song from his swelling throat,
Till my soul forgetting its bondage,
Found its own, in each kindred note.

O, Spirit of song and beauty!
Thou immortal, with touch that's divine!
Not our toil at the Wheel can withhold thee
From the hearts thou knowest as thine.
Sing on, O my soul, sing forever,
'Midst the grime and the grind of my life,
Like the bird that sang his sweet message
Unheeding the sordid strife.

Sing on, till these walls are resplendent
With groinings of golden glow;
Till this humble door is a portal
Where angels shall come and go.
Sing on, in the joy of thy birthright,
Unhurt by the cares that are mine;
Sing on, O, my soul! sing forever,
For God and His worlds are thine.

AMELIA WOODWARD TRUESDELL.

October 17.

May 22, ———.

Dear Mrs. Mills,

* * * * *

I want to thank you for the year I have just had at the College; I feel I can never fully express my thanks either in words or actions, for what has been given me includes not only my instruction, my delightful relations with students and teachers, but something that comes in all and with all, that makes me feel I am truly gaining that which will be a sustaining power in my life forever.

As I have come to know you better from your talks to us as a school and from my own talks with you, you have become more and more an inspiration to me; one of my most cherished hopes for next year is that I, as one of your senior girls, may come to know you even better still.

The College, too, grows dearer to me! I am truly proud of her, and it is my earnest prayer that I may to some degree be worthy of her.

* * * * *

I trust that you will have a pleasant restful vacation. I expect to remain at home, but a summer at home is always delightful.

Devotedly yours,

October 18.

An Expression of My Esteem for, and Devotion to,
Mrs. Mills.

WE loved her—because she loved us. She touched the heart of every young girl who knew her. The sweetest influence came from her words and her life.

Work and study were encouraged, sweet and refined thoughts were ever given.

The reading of the Scriptures, her prayers at eventide, and the beautiful hymns sung by the many happy girls, were an inspiration and something never to be forgotten by those who were under her guidance.

The Christian life was made so plain and so beautiful that one could not help accepting the thoughts she gave.

May her good work go on, and may those in authority be blessed in the understanding so wisely carried on these many years by our beloved Mrs. Mills.

Every one loved her. She was like some great general in making people love her, and serve her.

She was a mother to all, and that is why, all over the world, thousands of her "girls" think of Mrs. Mills, smile reminiscently, then sigh to think that such a great life has come to an earthly end.

May her work go on and on in praise of her!

October 19.

Dear, dear Mrs. Mills,

I am so disappointed to have to leave without seeing you. In my present state of mind I'd probably drown you, for it is all I can do to say good-bye to dear old Mills and all its dear people; but I did want to express my heartfelt appreciation of the kindness that has been showered upon me every day since I came, and to let you know how much I love you, and all you stand for.

My privilege has indeed been great, and all the more precious because it was never dreamed of as possible four years ago. And now I am going home, and begin to repay all that I possibly can.

One thing I can do this summer, and that is, collect minerals for Prof. Keep's mineralogy class and send them from time to time. I cannot help financially, as much as my heart longs to, but I can and will give a great deal in loyalty. . . .

My heart is full and it is hard to say good-bye, but I must. May these last years be full of peace and joy for you as the reward for the happiness you have shed in our little home.

Yours most lovingly,

October 20.

MY first recollection of Mrs. Mills is of seeing her as a supposed visitor in our Mental Arithmetic class in Benicia, little supposing that she was soon to play so important a part in our school life.

Very shortly after, October 20, 1865, Mrs. Mills established the delightful custom of providing a birthday cake for each pupil in her turn. Mine was the first, a fact that Mrs. Mills always remembered, as needless to say, I did also.

It was such a surprise, too! We had been for a moonlight walk to the beach—a rare treat, and upon our return, were ushered into one of the recitation rooms where a large frosted cake in honor of my birthday was awaiting us. There was some pretty little ceremony in connection therewith, but the cake was the principal thing.

For many years thereafter there was a cake for every birthday. So I always feel that Mrs. Mills' memory should be linked with the birthday idea; she made so much of it.

As I have been thinking of Mrs. Mills in connection with this memorial, and of the good she was so constantly doing in so whole-hearted and generous a way, it has also come most forcibly to me that I cannot think of her as ever saying the bitter or unforgiving word. "I am sorry that she feels so," or "That it has happened," and the pathos of her voice expressed more than the words, when some one had failed to understand her or had repaid her kindness with forgetfulness or ingratitude.

Neither did she treasure it up or retaliate; her forgiveness was complete.

So many failed her, too, I have often wondered how she could give herself, her time, her strength, her means so trustingly; so spontaneously.

(See May 31)

October 21.

THE Twenty-third Psalm was a great favorite with her. The book of John she could almost repeat, also much of the other gospels. "Abide with Me" and "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love" were never omitted on those Sunday evenings when favorite hymns were selected.

One day I was asked why I wore a silk dress and velvet basque for school. I said I had nothing else. Mrs. Mills replied, "Poor Flora McFlimsey," and I soon discarded the dress. I think it was on this occasion, too, when Mrs. Mills said that other girls would be more comfortable if some of us wore plainer clothes, that I said "I didn't think." I shall never forget the snap of fire from those wonderful eyes as I was taken by both arms with a half-shake and a half smile, "My child, you are here to think." That sentence was so much to me.

I always loved Mrs. Mills. One night late I was sent to her to report, having been an accomplice in some prank. After talking a moment, she noticed that I was cold and chilly. She ran into her office, came out with a glass of port wine, had me drink it, then sent me to bed without another word. That ended my pranks.

Mrs. Mills' corrections and admonitions were always so just, so deserved, and so tactfully given that I could but think of all she had to forgive and be patient with, and so during my seven terms under her I never felt a particle of fear or awe in any way. By the many thoughtful things she said to me and of me, I am sure she knew and understood and appreciated this.

October 22.

My dear Mrs. Mills:

When I say good-bye to you tomorrow, I know that words will wholly desert me. At no time can I find those that will even begin to tell you the feeling of my heart.

I only pray to God a fervent prayer that you may realize my gratitude and my love, and the depths of them.

I pray, too—often and often—and I shall not stop that praying, that some way may be given me of proving my gratitude. If in my Art study, I in any way succeed, it will be because you have given me this rich beginning.

All that my life is with all that is in its future, has been moulded and shaped here. I have worked imperfectly, with so very many faults, but with all my heart I have tried to receive and to make my own, the great things that have been given me.

My constant prayer is for you—for your joy in the realization of the magnificent work that you have done and are doing—and for Mills College—for those gifts that will make it what you and these others who so earnestly work with you, wish it to be.

With my love and my gratefulness,

Mills College,
May 23, 1907.

October 23.

“MAY our Lord teach you how to walk through the ways of time and yet breathe the air of eternity. May the breezes from the hills of God blow down the vale and in their inspiration may you find your strength.”

Friday Evening.

My dear, dear Mrs. Mills:

Since your letter of last week I have thought of you so much, and hoped that the Alumnae meeting might not tempt you to overtax your strength.

Miss Bushnell writes that you are still confined to your room. I do hope they are taking good care of you, and that when you do get out again, you will let others shoulder the burdens and the excitement of Commencement week. . . .

My heart goes out to you in loving sympathy for I know how hard it is for you to be kept quiet this time of all others, and how many things you want to be up for and doing. . . .

Nellie B—— is coming from Dallas next month. She writes that she is “so anxious to see Mrs. Mills again. I did so enjoy the little time we were together on my last trip, and the memory of it has been more than pleasant.”

Just as your last visit here has been a bright spot to me, my dear, dear friend.

All join me in loving greetings and hopes for your speedy recovery.

With deepest, tenderest love and a heart full of affectionate gratitude for all that you have been to me these twenty-five years,

I am always yours fondly,

October 24.

January 4, 1897.

121 Avenue Wagram.

My dearest Mrs. Mills,
Very dear friend.

We all wish you a happy New Year with all our hearts.

Only by a mere chance we are at home during these holidays. I was engaged in Russia, and expected to sing there all the winter in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and Warsaw, but at the close of my St. Petersburg engagement was taken ill, from the bad water (no one told me I should not drink it) so I gave up my engagements, and came home to take care of myself.

I am quite myself already, thanks to my dear husband's good care and my baby's sweet kisses that I think will cure almost any illness. So we had our Christmas tree and costume party and all the amusements that so delighted our darling, for it is for her, of course, that we do it all.

Mignon sang and danced like an angel. . . .

Mignon has written you a line herself. She loves you as if she had known you all her life.

They are waiting for me in Russia, but I think I shall leave them at least this year . . . and shall probably sing in Florence next month.

With love and every good wish for the New Year,

Your affectionate and ever grateful child,

EMMA NEVADA PALMER, J'ai foi.

October 25.

Chère Mrs. Mills:

Je vous souhaite une bonne année. Nous avons eu un très bel arbre de Noël et nous avons bien pensé à vous. Je vous remercie de tout mon cœur du joli mouchoir, et de la belle image que vous m'avez envoyés. De tous les cadeaux que j'ai reçus, c'est celui qui m'a fait le plus plaisir.

Je ne vous ai jamais vue, mais je vous aime autant que si je vous connaissais depuis bien longtemps.

J'ai toujours désiré aller chez vous comme maman, mais comment laisser ma chère maman et mon bon papa, je les aime trop pour cela, mais s'ils viennent avec moi, oui.

Je parle l'Anglais et je le lis mais je ne l'écris pas encore voilà pourquoi je vous écris en français.

J'espère toujours aller à Mills.

Je vous aime et je garderai toujours très précieusement ce beau mouchoir ainsi que l'image.

Je vous embrasse bien, et de tout mon cœur.

MIGNON.
(1897)

Paris, 127 Avenue de Wagram,
11 January, 1898.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

I wish you a Happy New Year, and a lot of love. Many, many thanks for the beautiful calendar you had the kindness to send me for Christmas. The little pug dogs on it are darlings, and one of them is the real image of my own little pug, Roméo.

I wish I could kiss you now, this minute.

I hope you have not in California weather like we have here. It is raining nearly all the time.

I am glad that my dear Papa and Mama have come back because they were gone two big months away. . . .

I must leave you now to study my lessons. You see I am learning to write in English this last year. I do not spell well yet. I kiss you very hard, and wish you a lot of happiness.

I love you very, very much,

MIGNON.

October 26.

THE newspaper clipping from which the following is copied, gave Mrs. Mills a personal pleasure, for Mignon, or "Gloria" as she was called at the College, from her wealth of golden hair and beaming countenance, she regarded as a granddaughter—a very loving and lovely granddaughter, too.

"It is Mignon's matinee," wrote Mme. Nevada-Palmer at the end of her invitation to her intimate friends for the fete given by her on Thursday afternoon, and "Mignon matinee" it was, for never did the gifted and talented child give her friends more pleasure by her artistic singing and dancing. Dressed in white, with her long golden curls hanging over her shoulders, and holding a bunch of white lilacs in her tiny hands, she looked like a little angel as she stood on an estrade overhung with palms. Her execution of 'Las Enfants,' by Massenet, and Arditi's waltz, 'Il Bacio,' was really wonderful. She sang in German for us too, and the charming song 'The Sleepy Little Sister,' by Mr. Sebastian Schlesinger, who accompanied her.

. . . Then Mignon danced with the grace of a youthful Loie Fuller, a series of serpentine dances, the electric colored lights being admirably arranged by Doctor Palmer. Among the guests were Sir Campbell Clark and Lady Clark, the Marquis de Castone and Mme. Marchesi, Mrs. Lymon Collins, the Comtesse Rene de Coetlogon, Mme. Koenig, Miss Minnie Tracy, Miss Bullet, Miss Berthe Schlesinger, M. Harold Bauer, Mr. M. P. Main, Messrs. Frank Holman and Holman Black."

October 27.

A note written in Benicia.

Still Hour, May 28.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

I think I have really found my dear Saviour, and I know I love him, but sometimes I do that which is far from right, and I do pray earnestly that I may overcome my faults.

I thank you for all you have done for me. I cannot tell you how much you have helped me in the right path, and ask you that in your prayers you will remember me.

Yours truly,

Note the formal complimentary close, as compared with the more spontaneous expression that precedes the signature in letters of recent years.

May 11, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

You cannot imagine what happiness it was for me the other day, to have seen you.

To me, you looked just beautiful. Oh! what a glad surprise to have found you looking exactly as you did twenty-six years ago.

When I think of those vanished years I realize that Mills has always been the oasis in the desert of my life.

* * * * *

Dear kind friend, I pray sincerely that God will continue to bless you in the future as He has done in the past.

To me you are a saint, forever enshrined in the Sanctuary of my being, and your life-work has made you a heroine and a benediction to the women of California.

Hoping to see you soon again, and with best wishes for your welfare and happiness.

Always yours lovingly,

October 28.

MR. LUCIUS TOLMAN.

Born 1823; died 1871.

Husband of Mrs. Mills' Sister, Julia.

From "Daily Food" texts; Miss Julia's book.

Julia Tolman and Lucius Alden Tolman were married June 16, 1862.

He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the ways of his saints.—Prov. 2:8.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head or heart or hands
Offend against my God.

I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart.—Psalm 119:32.

I WAS at Benicia two years, and then we moved to the new home—the beautiful Mills College of the present.

Our first days were darkened by the falling asleep of Mr. Tolman, whom many of us knew to honor and to esteem.

Just as the merry girls came flocking to the new home, his kindly spirit passed away to the Heavenly Home, leaving loving hearts to cherish a bright and loving memory.

Mr. and Mrs. Tolman came to California in 1870.

Mrs. Tolman returned east after her husband's death. She did not rally from the shock of it, and went to join him before the year had closed.

October 29.

Thanksgiving Greeting, 1906.

Mrs. C. T. Mills.

My Dear Sweet Friend:

I want to tell you by pen as I cannot by spoken word, for the tears, how I appreciate the home I have with you.

When I allow myself to think of the scenes of April 19th—the utter desolation of spirit in which I sat down at a near street corner on somebody's box, and looked on while my income was swept out of existence and my house and dear souvenirs of a life's love vanished in flames—sat and thought of my age and loneliness—when I think of those hours in what would have been grey dawn if it had not been fire red, I can only wipe my eyes as I am doing now, and thank God and you.

I do not mean that I today would have been in the parks like those poor bedraggled ones, but I might well have been in some lonely rooms or an average hotel with uncongenial people, instead of being in this beautiful place where I am treated by you and yours not only as an honored guest, but also as a beloved friend.

It is not a question of money, but of what God loves—the keeping of my brother.

I can only try to tell you what I feel, but God knows, and sometime, you will hear the angels chant the story amid a great chorus of similar deeds.

Some seer has said that our heavenly mansions are decorated on their inner walls by pictures of our good works on earth.

I think of the wondrous gallery which will greet your eyes. Not least among these scenes will be that of the "Open Portals" for the homeless.

May the Guardian Spirits wait long before they bear you to the Presence of the Master.

Lovingly and gratefully,

November 29, 1906.

October 30.

(For a birthday of October 31)

FROM the New Testament the favorite Scripture passages loved all my life thro' Mrs. Mills' frequent use and application are:

Matthew 6:3-8, 33, 34; in fact all the Chapter.	
Matthew 8:11-14	Romans 13:10
11:28-30	12:1, 2, 10, 11
25:21, 29, 34-40	14:17
Mark 8:34-38	I. Cor. 2:9
12:29-31	10:12, 13
14:38	16:13
Luke 19:10	15:58
John 4:24	3:5
6:27, 33, 35, 63	Gal. 6:9
14 entire	Eph. 4:22-25
15 entire	6:10-18
Romans 6:23	Phil. 2:5, 9-11
8:26-28, 31, 35, 37-39	
Beatitudes and Commandments.	

February, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

I cannot let this precious occasion pass without expressing my great thankfulness at ———'s wise decision.

I feel she has thoroughly considered the great responsibility of uniting with the church, and will try to do the best she can—which—is as near as possible for us to become a Christian on this earth.

I pray she may never have her faith shaken from its foundations.

* * * * *

I am happy to have her make this choice while with you, knowing it will be wisely fostered during her life with you.

Ever in love,

The above letter from a mother, to Mrs. Mills, speaks for itself.

October 31.

MISS ELLEN BUSHNELL.
Faculty Member.
Died 1898.

San Francisco, October 31, 1897.

My Dear Mills Friends:—

I cannot tell you how surprised and touched I was, on opening Miss Tolman's letter, to find such a loving and generous remembrance from the dear Mills College friends.

I said to myself: "What am I, or what claim have I upon their generosity, that they should thus honor me, so?"

I cannot find words to express my thanks, but in my heart the memory will ever remain.

I feel most unworthy to receive such a gift, but it will cheer my heart in the days to come to recall your affectionate sympathy.

Remember me in your prayers, and God grant I may be in time restored to you, and be able to take up some of the work so near my heart; if not—may I cheerfully say "Thy will be done."

Thank you one and all.

Yours most sincerely,

E. W. BUSHNELL.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

* * * * *

I can not understand God's dealings, but He assures me that "when I pass through the waters He will be with me," and so I am trying to trust.

"It is better to walk with God in the dark than alone in the light."

I want to thank you for all your kindness to me, and the brightness you have added to my life. . . .

I cannot look further into the future than today, but living or dying I belong to the Lord.

With warmest love,

Affectionately,

E. W. BUSHNELL.

Our beloved Nellie Bushnell whom God called home in the prime of her womanhood.

We feel like speaking of her with bowed head and bated breath—beautiful was she in life and beautiful in death.

"He giveth His beloved—sleep."



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. MILLS

ON the following pages, up to November 18, unless devoted to special birthday dates, are given selections from addresses, congratulatory messages, and other items of interest in commemoration of

The Eightieth Birthday of
Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills,
November 18, 1905.

This was a most notable occasion and one in which all Alumnae of Mills have reason to feel a personal pride; especially in the fact of having known and been under her who was the just recipient of such honor as was accorded her upon this occasion.

Well might she have said to us, in Browning's words:

“Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, ‘A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half: trust God; see all,
Nor be afraid.’ ”

The arrangements on this occasion were ably planned and admirably carried out by and under the direction of Dr. Louis Lisser, then Dean of the Department of Music at Mills College, now the Dean Emeritus.

November 1.

INTERESTING programs of exercises were carried out in connection with the notable occasion.

On the evening of November the seventeenth, a reception in honor of President Mills was held at Century Hall, in San Francisco. Literary exercises were held in Lisser Hall, Mills College, on the afternoon of the eighteenth.

These were followed by a reception in Mills Hall, the main building.

On the afternoon of the seventeenth, the students had a basketball game on the College Campus, and on the evening of the eighteenth presented tableaux and a play in Lisser Hall.

The White and Gold, the College magazine, presented its issue of November-December, 1905, as an "Anniversary Number Commemorating the Eightieth Birthday of Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills."

Quite a full account of all exercises and addresses is given, and from it most of the selections of the following pages have been made.

The poem sent by Professor Elmer E. Brown, U. S. Commissioner of Education, now Chancellor of the University of New York, is given under date of November the seventeenth.

November 2.

THE invitation, on satin, hand-lettered and beautifully illuminated, was presented to Mrs. Mills.

It reads:

Mrs. C. T. Mills,

Dear and Honored Madam:

The Board of Trustees of Mills College and Seminary, the Faculty, the Alumnae, the Students, and the Members of the Mills Club, desiring to commemorate your long-continued and distinguished services in the cause of education, also to give opportunity for the expression of the high and honored place you hold in the public esteem, and to bring you the tribute of warm affection and reverent regard felt by your many hundreds of grateful pupils and devoted friends, have proposed to celebrate with fitting ceremonies the Eightieth Anniversary of Your Birthday, and unite in requesting the honor of your presence at a Reception to be given at Century Club Hall, San Francisco, Friday afternoon, November the seventeenth, from two until five; at the Exercises to be held at Lisser Hall, Mills College, on Saturday at two o'clock, November the eighteenth, nineteen hundred and five.

November 3.

The Reception at Century Hall, San Francisco.

* * * * *

OLD SOL has a reputation for being auspicious on Mills days, and he could not afford to prove the rule by allowing the exception on this day, one of the most memorable in the history of our College, namely, the day set apart for the celebration of the eightieth birthday of our beloved and honored President, Susan Lincoln Mills.

Such a happy occasion, the friends and daughters of Mills College have seldom witnessed—and it would indeed take a master pen to portray fittingly, the beauty of the scene, the rich blending and changing of color, the perfume of the flowers, the strains of music, the murmur of voices, and the loyal and reverent attitude of every member of the assembled company toward the gracious and modest little mother, who, in her usual way, thought not of her own honor and position, but constantly strove to increase the pleasure and joy of every one about her.

There was a loving greeting for each comer, a reminiscence, a word of praise or commendation.

One of Mrs. Mills' especial graces is her ability to remember faces and names, and as girls of the seventies and eighties and nineties came forward, there was not one name misplaced, not one face forgotten.

November 4.

IF, perchance, some one of the three thousand young women who have passed through Mills portals, was unable to be present on the memorable occasion, in fancy let her climb the broad winding stairway, leading to the beautiful reception hall of the Century Club.

Now let her pause at the doorway for a moment. How quickly her eye rests upon the airy, graceful festoons of white and gold, and how her heart thrills with loyalty, as she espies the scores of Mills pennants and feathery chrysanthemums, tinted and fashioned by a kind providence, especially for Mills girls!

But while she is lost for this one brief moment in thought, a College mate, whom she has not seen, perchance, for years, quickly grasps her by the hand and leads her away in triumph to greet President Mills and the other ladies of the receiving party.

Memories crowd thick and fast upon her, and as she clasps the dear hand and hears again the familiar voice, words fail to express the gratitude and love in her heart.

* * * * *

Soon she is chatting with some member of the faculty, or with a trustee; or, perchance, she is introduced to a young girl whose face and manner are strangely familiar, and whom in a moment she recognizes as the daughter of her dearest classmate. . . .

Wherever she turns, she is sure to find friends, and friends are sure to find her.

The time has come to say farewell, but she leaves President Mills and all her friends with a greater love and loyalty than ever before, and she is proud to be one of the Alumnae, who, together with the Faculty and Trustees and Mills Club, have made President Mills' Birthday Reception one of the happiest occasions of this year, and of years to come.

November 5.

Ceremonies in Lisser Hall, Mills College.

ON the afternoon of November the eighteenth, the formal exercises in honor of her work and her public service were given in Lisser Hall.

Mrs. Mills entered the Hall escorted by the President of the Board of Trustees,

Mr. Charles R. Brown

of Oakland, followed by Trustees, Speakers of the Day, and Faculty.

As she entered and walked up the aisle to the platform, she was greeted by an outburst of melody from the organ, and by much applause and a hearty welcome on the part of the assembly.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. McLean, and an anthem by the choral class.

Mr. Brown, after a happily worded greeting, introduced Professor Gayley, who spoke in the place of President Wheeler of the University of California.

Mr. Brown read Professor Elmer E. Brown's beautiful poem to Mrs. Mills upon her eightieth birthday.

Professor Stillman of Stanford, representing President Jordan, recalled his thirty years of friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Mills in a very felicitous way, and paid a high tribute to Mrs. Mills' contribution to the educational life of our State.

Judge Morrow responded happily to his introduction in a speech full of his characteristic and delightful humor and warm appreciation.

Honorable Warren Olney spoke for the Trustees.

Thomas F. Kirk, State Superintendent of Instruction, gave words of congratulation and appreciation of President Mills' service as an educator.

Miss Mabel Thayer Gray spoke for the Alumnae, Mrs. Corenah Wilson Wright, for the Mills Club, Miss Clara K. Wittenmyer, for the Mills Faculty.

November 6.

ALTHO' the influence of her wonderful personality in the life of the school was dwelt upon, it was a real regret that in the brief time allotted, more could not be said to express our deep appreciation of the great self-denial, large-hearted devotion and the wisdom of Mrs. Mills as well as the courage of her long years of labor alone, yet it was the reverent thought of all our hearts—and, after all, silence was, perhaps, more eloquent than words could have been.

Dr. Lisser, the executive head of the exercises of the day, named the senders of many congratulatory telegrams which came from all parts of the world, but the late hour precluded the reading of most of these messages.

After an anthem by the choral class, adjournment was taken to Mills Hall where Mrs. Mills received the hearty congratulations of her friends, and their compliments upon her splendid vigor, her eighty years of youth, and the promise of good things yet in store for her.

The twilight gradually gathered as the guests departed and evening fell upon one of the most happy valuable days in the history of the College; a day in which every student present felt it to be one of the privileges of her college life to share—to get a little glimpse of what it has meant to found the College and sustain it during all its years of growth.

November 7.

MRS. MILLS, we bear you the felicitations of the University of California. We congratulate you on founding and fostering this College whence have gone forth so many noble women with love for you in their hearts and high ideals for mankind; a Woman's College with as important a service to perform as either of the great universities; a College, we believe, destined to bless the womanhood of this State far beyond the dreams of its most ardent advocates, its dearest supporters.

We felicitate you upon the fulfillment of your eightieth year of mortal life; the first stadium of your youth immortal.

It is a great pleasure to be present on this occasion and pay a deserved tribute of respect to Mrs. Mills and congratulate her in the name of all the good people of this State on the monumental work she has accomplished in the organization and development of this magnificent institution.

The celebration of a birthday of this character, is something more than a personal matter; it is of public interest; it is an affair of the State; it belongs to the history of the time. . . .

Now Mrs. Mills, in looking back over her years of devoted active and successful labor, must take great pleasure . . . in realizing that she has been one of the pioneers in this splendid era of intelligent progress in the higher education of women.

With loving regard for her useful life, and grateful acknowledgment of her moral worth, and with kindly appreciation of her genial, loving soul, we invoke for her future years—which we hope may be many—the choicest blessings within the gift of the Divine Ruler.

November 8.

THERE is a certain church, in the far East, to which, at a particular service each year, the people bring their torches; they light them at the altar, and then bear them through the streets to their homes in every quarter—thus illuming the city to its uttermost parts.

Each year, from out these doors pass a group of graduates, bearing throughout the world torches lighted at this altar of learning.

To some are given the responsibility of brighter flames—as to her, who charms the whole world with her song; or to her, who at our government's appointment has chief care of our Army and Navy's sick; and to others who have won local fame by professional careers. But the greater number by far, carry theirs to light a fire on their own hearthstone, and who shall say that these do not shed a farther beam?

It is not well for daughters to protest too much in public their love for their mother; but rather to show their "bringing up" by their living, and their appreciation of it, by their interest in the younger members of the family. Now that we are grown up, we realize our responsibility in this mother—and appreciate as never before that the future welfare of the college lies with us, quite as much as with the Trustees and the Faculty.

"Though it is a far cry from Dawson to Chili, and from Holland to Mexico, we, the Alumnae, are all bound together and to California by the one unseverable bond—our love for Mills."

November 9.

A Birthday Page.

WHEN death separated these two devoted help-mates, the Seminary was plunged into mourning, and the task of guiding the institution through sunny and stormy days fell upon the brave little mother's shoulders.

How well she succeeded all the world of education knows, and her gift to her beloved California, State of her adoption, was a western Woman's College.

Her influence is and always will be felt throughout the State, beyond its borders into other states, and across the waters into foreign lands.

From the homes of "Mills girls" radiate the ideals which were implanted in their minds during their life on the campus and in the home of Mills Seminary, now Mills College.

The College has inherited a great gift; the gift of the loyal daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who as they have gone into the world, have made records to be proud of. Will our College years hence bear up the record of the history of Mills Seminary, and add to its greatness?

We "Mills girls" answer "yes, the influence of our Alma Mater parents will grow as the years come and go, and Mills will become one of the institutions that California and Californians are proud of."

To one Sunday morning I can trace my first recollection of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills, my beloved Alma Mater parents. We had just bought a home on the avenue. We went to the Seminary to attend service, but were informed upon arriving there that it was vacation and services were discontinued until after the Christmas vacation.

We were invited into the sitting-room, and there met Mr. Mills. For a long time I had looked forward to the time I should be known as a "Mills girl," and I had heard much talk of the founders of the school, so had pictured Mr. Mills in my mind. I expected to see a tall severe man, but to my amazement a small gentleman with kindly face greeted us. He impressed me more than did his wife, and the picture in my memory is when Mrs. Mills said, "Cyrus, the sun is shining through that upper shutter; will you please close it?" "Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Mills.

November 10.

MRS. MILLS has lived to see her Seminary grown into a College chartered by the State to confer degrees. Its three courses have been arranged, amended, and revised to conform with like lines of study at our Universities. Here, however, we have what no University can well incorporate with its larger organization, namely, a distinctive home life in which the resident teachers may unite to create and maintain an atmosphere that will pervade the life of every true Mills girl who shall thus go forth into the world to "glorify the commonplace."

We embrace this opportunity to express our earnest hope that means may soon be taken to grant State Teachers' Certificates to our qualified College graduates without necessitating loss of time and needless expense. Scores of our girls, even from the Seminary, teach with success, entering that station in life well disciplined, well-rounded, and with that sympathetic kindness, even temper, and sincerity that are the "potential agencies by which to win, direct, and control pupils."

Conscientious instructors who have with painstaking personal care molded the mind, disciplined the thought, inspired to high ideals—follow with intense interest those who cross the threshold of school-life to join the teaching force. Should we not justly experience the certain humiliation that comes to one who knows the qualifications the graduate has developed under the influences here given, when she must assiduously review the three R's to pass the ordeal of a county examination—else must take a Normal School course for a certificate, or attend a University to receive a degree therefrom. What a disparagement upon that recommended by us and conferred thro' her who is perhaps the oldest College President in America. (See Nov. 11)

November 11.

WHY cannot a young woman trained here, be eligible to a certificate upon recommendation of President and those members of the Faculty who have close personal knowledge of the qualifications educational, temperamental, and disciplinary, fitting her for success in such calling?

It is establishing no precedent.

It is eminently fitting and right.

It is a measure that should be introduced and should receive the unanimous support of those in position to favor it. May President Mills be made to rejoice thro' the enactment of such a measure in the near future.

The personnel of the Faculty repeatedly changes, yet seems it as one, because so guided and directed by her who has presided over all, for a period of forty years; at first as the constant aid and support of her husband, Dr. Mills, and later alone except for the abiding presence of his counsels and his hopes. We cannot separate the woman and the work. Her personality, her wonderful knowledge of and supervision over the minutest detail of the life here, whether of employee, student, or teacher, is marvelous in its comprehensiveness, making her the magnetic center from which all else emanates, as radii to a circumference which at every point responds to the contact.

Those who regard us as under an influence not in keeping with the progressive ideas of the day—greatly err. President Mills has brought through eight decades such of the New England training and early Mt. Holyoke thought, as have given balance to our whole educational scheme, while with a keen intellect, a mind eager for the best in modern ways and methods for this daughter of her heart, she is wonderfully in touch with the spirit of the present.

November 12.

THE celebration of Mrs. Mills' birthday was made the happier by the host of tributes which came from co-workers in the educational field and appreciative friends who could not attend the celebration in person. Space fails us for the printing of many interesting letters; a few are given as representative.

From Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, came the following greeting, in part:

"You have laid foundations upon which others will build, and no man can foretell how great the structure may become; but every one can safely foresee that Mills College has established itself into a permanent life of highest usefulness to the community."

From Prof. Thos. R. Bacon of the University of California:

"In my last visit to Mills College I quoted a saying of Walter Bagehot: 'The great pleasure in life is in doing the thing which people say you cannot do.' If the saying is right, you have great pleasure in life. For you have done what people, including many of your dearest friends, said that you could not do. Every one knew that you could keep a good school, but every one, almost, denied that you could make a college for women. And you have done it. You have done it in the face of suspicion, opposition and the competition of free co-education. The value of the college education which can be got at Mills is now acknowledged by all whose opinion is worth considering."

Let me congratulate you most heartily upon the completion of the eightieth year of your youth! When I saw you at Mills College last spring, I understood the secret of your escape from the numbing spell of old age. . . . —Henry Van Dyke.

(Other messages are found under Nov. 14, 15, and elsewhere.)

November 13.

DEACON SAMUEL TOLMAN.
Born 1754; died 1835.

DEACON SAMUEL TOLMAN wrote the history from which the following is taken, for his cousin, Desire Tolman, Mrs. Mills' grandfather. Mrs. Mills had the manuscript in her possession, but at her request it has been sent to Miss Mary Tolman of Manchester, N. H.

The original is exceedingly interesting. It is most legibly written, and in it the quaint spelling of the olden time is preserved. With it are copies of two ancient instruments—the wills of Thomas Tolman, Sr., and Thomas Tolman, Jr.

I, Deacon Samuel Tolman, oldest son of Johnson Tolman, have writ some of the outlines of this ancient history, beginning from the 29th of May, 1630, to the 29th of May, 1830. As I am 75 years 6 months old and you are still older, and as we are living on a small remnant of time . . . I have writ these lines chiefly for the rising generation. . . I have got the whole history in the house, which I have writ with my own hand on A sheet of parchment; & to have it kept secure, I have bought me A cane for which I gave seven dollars on the first day of Janry., 1824, which is hollow. I onserue the top & put in the History; I then onserue the middle, & in the lower part I put the old Indian deed, & my great grandfather's will, & the history of the Church of Christ in Stoughton. . . .

As to myself, my greatest enjoyment now is peace of mind and contemplation on the great things which ware done for me by my conversion. I am filled with admiration why I was not passed by & cast off forever, as I was over 19 years of age and had lived without God, & I had no Savior because I had never accepted Him in A right way. But be the name of God adored that by His grace I was brought into God's marvelous light. . . .

I might write of many things which have taken place in our day and generation but my room for writing grows small, or I might write of many things which have taken place in our day and generation, and of many things concerning your father's family and my father's family . . .

This to Desire Tolman, son of Aquila Tolman, my father's eldest brother. .

Stoughton, May 29, 1830.

November 14.

“**H**OW great has been her work and how great the changes in the education of women which the period of her active life covers! This period represents the whole aggressive movement for the higher education of women. . . . In this conquest, Mrs. Mills has been a leader.”—Charles J. Thwing, President Western Reserve University.

“It seems to me that there is no man or no woman in this State who has done more to merit the public esteem and gratitude than this venerable lady who is still so active and effective in her good works. Long may she continue to enjoy her present health and serenity of mind.”

—David Starr Jordan.

“I am sorry that it will be impossible for me to join with you and other friends and admirers of the President and founder of Mills College in testifying, on the occasion of her eightieth birthday, to the great and good work she has accomplished, and also to the high esteem in which she is held by all Californians.”—Governor Pardee.

“Let me tender my congratulations, not merely on your reaching that stage of life, but on having made so notable a record before you reached it.”—Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador to England.

“Permit me to congratulate both Mrs. Mills and the College which she and her husband have founded that she is able so fully to see the results of her labors as a pioneer in the cause of woman’s education on the Pacific Coast.”—Arthur Hadley, President of Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

“President and Faculty at Mount Holyoke College congratulate Mrs. Mills and Mills College on their celebration of her eighty years of useful and beautiful living.”—Mary E. Woolley, President Mt. Holyoke College.

“Cordial congratulations to Mrs. Mills on eightieth birthday and on her many years of life useful to education.”—William R. Harper, University of Chicago.

November 15.

“We have long been familiar with the invaluable services which she has rendered to the cause of education in California.”—James B. Angell, President University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

“May you round a full century.”

“Many congratulations on your eightieth birthday, and sincere appreciation of your work for the higher education of women.”—M. Carey Thomas, President Bryn Mawr College.

“Wellesley College rejoices in the wide sisterhood of colleges which extends over this whole broad land, and from the Atlantic on the East sends its greetings to the college on the Pacific in the West.”—Caroline Hazard, President Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

A most appreciative letter coming from a group of miners in Grass Valley, California, reads in part as follows: “We are with you in mind, and here tender our heartfelt congratulations and kindest regards. This from the men who, in the past ten years, felt the good of your gentle words in times of adversity. As further token of friendship and goodwill find enclosed draft for one hundred and thirty dollars, same to be applied towards a fund for a gymnasium for the College.”

Interesting letters and telegrams were also received from the presidents of the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Arizona, the University of Nevada, Amherst College, Brown University, Princeton University, Vassar, Westminster College, Dartmouth College, Whitman College, Occidental College, Barnard College; also from President Daniel C. Gilman of Baltimore, Md., from the Dean of Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.; and from other similar institutions located at various places throughout the United States. A number of most interesting letters were also sent by the surviving members of the class of 1844 in Williams College, of which Dr. Mills was a member; also from Mrs. Mills' surviving classmates of '45. Many other letters and telegrams from old pupils and personal friends all over the country were received by Mrs. Mills.

November 16.

MISS CYNTHIA K. GOULDING.

Died December 31, 1912.

Associated with Mrs. Mills for nearly forty years.

THEN came Miss Cynthia Goulding, who, like her name, was the pure metal without dross.

It is beautiful to think of Miss Tolman, Mrs. Mills, and Miss Goulding going home so near together.

How many years they were associated together here! and now the re-union unhampered must be a happy one.

A copy of the following lines is preserved at the College, in Miss Goulding's handwriting:

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should early friendships be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should early friendships be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus:—

For auld lang syne we'll sing,
For auld lang syne.
We'll sing a song of friendship sweet,
For auld lang syne.

'Tis here we searched for knowledge rare
Nor ever did repine;
But many a steeper path we've trod
Since auld lang syne.

For harder lessons we have learned,
Full many a weary line.
We've coned since those of earlier days
In auld lang syne.

And when we leave our earthly tasks
For service all divine,
We sing of how he loved and led
In days of auld lang syne.

Chorus:—

Of auld lang syne we'll sing
Of auld lang syne;
We'll sing of how he loved and led
In auld lang syne.

November 17.

TO MRS. SUSAN LINCOLN MILLS, ON HER
EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

NO mean nor common joy is theirs
Who, having early lighted
Their lamp at some pure flame,
See it go burning on through length of years,
Undimmed, while little lights, that from their own
Were kindled, in bright clusters or alone,
Go twinkling cheerily through ways benighted.
Theirs is a hallowed name,
Better than earthly fame
With all its gilded monuments can claim.
I think, dear Lady, Mary Lyon held
The burning light—a warming light and clear—
To which the eager girl drew near,
That you were then; under her eye you spelled
Her word of all words, duty,
You caught her love of the deep inner beauty,
And learned her high and holy fear.

No common joy is theirs whose motherhood
Is wider than the circle of their own:
Though all bereft, they cannot live alone.
Lady, that greater good
Is yours in generous plenitude;
Mater of Alma Mater shall you be
To a great company in this fair land,
And lands beyond the sea,
Who in sweet maidenhood have learned
That nobler motherhood to know
And love and understand:
And light and love that from this wellspring
flow
Shall be from heaven upon your head returned.

ELMER E. BROWN.

1905. (See Nov. 25 for a birthday of Nov. 17)

November 18.

MRS. SUSAN LINCOLN MILLS.

Born 1825; died 1912.

RUSKIN says, "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps not before them." Thickly did Mrs. Mills strew the path she trod with the flowers of womanhood. "May the paths of her daughters be as thickly strewn with flowers of love and good deeds."

Through her instrumentality our lives have been enriched, strengthened, ennobled, and we, our children, and our children's children, shall rise up and call her blessed.

To look back at a long life and to know that every great turning place the course has been chosen that helped, that aided in the advancing of a great number; to have done many times, works which would have been left undone, and to know surely that many are grateful and that One is pleased—that is your greatest birthday reward.

November 19.

From remarks made at the Birthday Dinner,
November 18, 1914.

* * * * *

MRS. MILLS was too near and dear to me, and still is in memory, for me to even attempt to tell my personal love and deep feeling for her, but I will take time for a few statements and suggestions.

I suggest that all here who did not really know Mrs. Mills, become acquainted now, in-so-far as is possible, with that wonderful woman to whom the fulfillment of the College is due. Read the Mills Magazine giving the account of the eightieth birthday, November 18, 1905, when messages were received from all parts of the world, and Mrs. Mills was proclaimed the Dean of College Presidents of our land; a College Bulletin of 1911 which gives the account of the Founders Day, marking the going out of the Seminary; the Mills Magazine, March, 1913—the Memorial Number. These are mentioned because they are in our library and easily found. Our Librarian, who knew and loved Mrs. Mills, will direct you to many other articles on file.

Get what you can from people. Trifling experiences that are common to school-life, as when Mrs. Mills suddenly appeared at a "feast" to the discomfiture of the "feasters"; what they did; what she said—while possibly of passing interest, should not take first place. They are remembered by the student, but are soon forgotten by the busy woman who has important things to consider.

While Mrs. Mills was too much in sympathy with student life to be utterly averse to such affairs, I would not have your highest thought of her be formed from such events. She is too big—too marvellous!

As you hear of her and read of her—let it be her wonderful personality that impresses you. What she was; what she accomplished; how she kept abreast with the times, linking the past with the present.

November 20.

ACQUAINT yourselves also with the early history of your College of which Mr. and Mrs. Mills laid the foundation nearly fifty years ago; . . . the giving of its buildings and lands to the State of California to be held in trust by a Board of Trustees for the higher education of young women; the granting of the College Charter by the State in 1885, when Mrs. Mills was elected to be President of the College, as well as of the Seminary; how after nearly forty-five years of service she resigned in favor of her beloved friend and one-time pupil, Dr. Carson, who was this year followed by Miss Ege as your Dean and Acting President.

Miss Ege, too, has known Mrs. Mills and her work for the greater part of twenty years, and so knowing her hopes and her desires, is well-prepared to carry out in those important combined positions the will of the founders. She has asked of you, co-operation and service. "Strength united is always stronger" . . . stand by all her position signifies in this wonderful history of which each one of you is now a part. Be a worthy part.

Two years ago Mrs. Mills came into this dining-room during the dinner-hour to enjoy our enjoyment and to invite us to the Gymnasium where music for dancing was in waiting. Pretty red programs were provided. She was fond of red, you know, and often spoke of its brightness and cheer. How we all enjoyed that evening! It was established then as her wish, to be the home dance of the fall, as the Colonial Party is of the spring. . . .

This is the date for this anniversary dinner and dance, and let me ask you all . . . as perhaps my own last request, that hereafter, in planning your fall festivities, see that the dinner and Home Party of November 18, has the first place on your Calendar of Events.

Always think of November the eighteenth as the birthday of Mrs. Mills, the friend of young women and the first President of Mills College. She always preferred being called Mrs. Mills instead of "President," because it brought her so much nearer to her girls. Make it, too, a kind, forgiving, loving, loyal, cheerful day, and still further with the little lad of the Christmas Carol say, "God bless it."

November 21.

A Collection of Birthday Letters.

DEAR Mrs. Mills:—

I regret very much to be unable to be at Mills on your birthday. All the good things I am going to miss—and most of all—the talk that our little Mother gives her girls.

For I do think of you as “Mother,” Mrs. Mills, and the five years of girlhood spent at the College under your guidance will always be a very sweet and tender recollection to me.

The discipline, moral and physical training, and hours of worship have shaped my future and have given me an ideal that I shall always keep fresh in my memory.

To me these lines of Longfellow are very beautiful. Perhaps you recall them:

“Ah, nothing is too late
Until the tired heart shall cease to palpitate,
Cato learned Greek at eighty. Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
When each had numbered more than four-score
years.

And Theophrastus, at four-score and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimer, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.”

Your life has been spent for others, dear Mrs. Mills, and may your coming birthday bring you a wealth of peace, happiness, and health.

Lovingly,

November 22.

THE following letter was received with a little picture of clouds and sea lighted by sunshine. Although the picture still hangs above the mantel in Mrs. Mills' room, it is evident that she prized the note as well—a touching tribute to the writer:

My Dear Mrs. Mills:—

The sweet light of your love irradiates the clouds and illumines the sea of many a life—and mine is one—so the little picture is symbolic.

God bless and keep you many happy years and enable you soon to see a most encouraging and satisfactory beginning toward the fulfillment of your desires for this school—this child of your life.

With more affection than I can give expression to,
Yours lovingly,

November the eighteenth.

My Dear Mrs. Mills:—

This “birthday number” of the Worlds Work is given you on your birthday, to be followed for a year by a monthly reminder of much that helps in the progress of this great world of ours, which is, after all, so small.

It is your touch with these things that helps to keep you so well-balanced and young.

May your mind be just as keen and your heart as tender for many happy years to come. May your hopes for the College be more and more realized. ‘May the love of all your friends encompass you, and God’s love keep you ever at His side.’
Affectionately,

Nov. 18, 1902.

November 23.

OUR dear Mrs. Mills; May her one beloved child, "Mills College," live forever,—and forever represent the highest ideals of womanhood.

This, her great aim in a long and busy life here, should not be forgotten by California.

I am thankful for three women who most moulded my character.

My mother, who in early childhood made me loving, happy, and obedient.

Mary Atkins Lynch, who stood for truth, strength, and right, in my girlhood.

Susan L. Mills, who stood for loyalty, faith, and work, in my more mature years.

May her benign face be forever a beacon, luring girls to better things in this life, and to a triumphant place in the next.

When a letter of congratulation was written by a mother of a Mills Alumna at the time of Mrs. Mills' last birthday,—in acknowledgment, a type-written letter was received, and in one corner was written in Mrs. Mills' own but then feeble hand, "Thank you for your daughter."

In greeting me on my return from a trip to the mountains she said: "You have been among God's greater handiwork. How broadening and ennobling! and yet how insignificant it makes one feel to visit these giant forests and these wonder spots of nature."

She seemed to instill in one the true values of life; and girls were so well prepared for the outer life in the world by the strong and firm foundation of character-building.

November 24.

“ENCLOSED herewith are a couple of pages of my impressions and feelings concerning Mrs. Mills; I hope you will be able to pick out one or two little things that will aid you. I feel greatly flattered by the request and do not want to ignore the call.”

Note: The article that accompanied the letter from which the above is taken, is so characteristic and so well and fully written, that it seems a pity to select “one or two little things” for the Birthday Book. It should be recorded in its entirety, so will be retained as an article for the contemplated volume of “Memoirs.” Excerpts will, however, be used in this book.

There was nothing masculine about Mrs. Mills' personal appearance, her tiny body clothed always in black, her face serene beneath the parted white hair; but to me there was always a sense of strength and force of character greater than most women possess.

Her executive power was marvelous. Left to carry on the battle when the school was still in its early stages, she went bravely forward, planning building, working always toward the goal she and Mr. Mills had set for themselves.

Often, she must have been disheartened, but a brave face was always turned toward her friends.

She had the power of distinguishing the petty things of life and of overlooking them, relegating them to the background; she realized that thoughts must look up toward great things to achieve great things.

November 25.

I RECALL one incident that occurred about the time that Mrs. Mills must make a decision whether or not the Seminary for Girls should become a College. Some friends visiting, asked at the dinner table, what her decision would be. She replied:

"All with whom I have counseled advise that the Seminary be converted into a College. The times seem to demand it and the Coast needs it, but in the event of making the change it would be necessary to retain the Preparatory Department." Objections were expressed as to this plan, whereupon she remarked:

"If we abandon this department we shall 'kill the goose that lays the golden eggs'; this we cannot afford to do, and if, notwithstanding, we are told that we must, I shall feel myself a frail bark between Scylla and Charybdis."

It would be a joy to me to say all I could in praise of such a remarkable woman and of such a dear friend as was Mrs. Mills.

(For a birthday of November 17)

Mrs. Mills humor was unusual. Her talks to the students were often filled with droll remarks which always delighted us. Even her suggestions pertaining to the rules of the household were delivered in such a way that they met with ready response.

On her way to Sunnyside one day, she caught sight of a home-sick Freshman lying face down in the alfalfa patch: "My dear, this alfalfa is for the cows." There was a drollness about Mrs. Mills' humor that was delightful. Naive, quaint, it was always expressed in a manner quite individual and characteristic of the great personal charm that was hers.

She loved people, and her keen insight into human nature and her warm sympathy found ready response.

Mrs. Mills often read this passage from the Ninety-first Psalm, and it seemed to be the keynote of her religion:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in him will I trust."

November 26.

“Never burn that which would cause a chick or bird to open its bill.”

I REMEMBER how Mrs. Mills loved her bevy of California quail which always found a safe place on the grounds.

I can see her now at about 4:30 in the afternoon with a large pan of wheat going from her door over toward the clump of buckeye trees, spreading the wheat as she goes and calling the quail which come in quick and hungry response for their evening meal.

Such a string of quickmoving brown, slick, little beauties!

Sometimes Fritz would follow her, but when he was discovered he was sent back post haste.

My daughter often referred to Mrs. Mills' counsel. Advising them not to be extravagant and wasteful, would say never to destroy anything that would make a chicken open its bill.

During my sojourn in Oakland a few years ago, I spent many a pleasant hour in my dear old friend's company. I told her I wished she had never mentioned the crumb for the chick, as I often found myself going from the dining-room, through the kitchen, and away out to the back porch with a small piece of bread to throw to the fowls.

How heartily she did laugh at my wasted energy.

November 27.

For Mrs. Mills on her birthday, November 18, 1898.
With love of _____.

(Written evenings while hearing the practice of
Handel's "Largo" by Miss Zue Geery.)

Again the Hand of Time marks off a year,
As one by one the numbered days have sped;
A year of many a joy, and many a tear,
That mingles white with raven on thy head,
And counting o'er the Rosary of thy life,
We find that more than three score ten are said.

We look upon the beads of years ago—
And see the polished spheres of childhood's days
So closely followed by their sister ones
That mark the paths in learning's devious ways
Where Mary Lyon—woman nobly true—
On thoughtful mind engrafts the truths she says.

Then comes the day of days, the hour of hours,
When joined by wedlock's consecrating band,
The threshold of the maiden's life is passed
To teach the Master's word on India's strand
With one who at the chancel's holy rail
Doth take in love, the maiden's heart and hand.

Next back returning from fair Ceylon's isle,
Hawaii's untaught youth their steps arrest
And here, as always, in the Master's name,
They to His love and faithfulness attest
And show that those who on His Word rely,
Have Heaven's favor and are truly blest.

Still onward, onward in their chosen work
They cross our own Pacific's peaceful tide,
And in this sunset land, the Golden West,
They moor their barque, still following duty's
guide,
For in Benicia's little town of schools,
They gather many a maiden at their side.

November 28.

As time rolls on, the roof-tree is too small
To shelter all who would its portals pass,
And so this home, near Fruitvale's hills is planned,
With ample room for each and every lass—
And Alma Mater from this beauteous place
Will guard for aye, each Graduating Class.

Thus in the Master's name with loving zeal
Thro' cloudy days and brightest sunny weather,
Each helping each to place a high ideal
They bear the joys and ills of life together,
And with true Christian Spirit found this school—
A work whose influence will last forever.

And then—an angel summons comes to him
"The Master calleth and hath need of thee
Life's battle has been bravely fought and won,
Henceforward bear the palm of victory."
And her companion from her side is borne
To do God's will throughout eternity.

Ah! Sad it seems, 'twas not permitted them
Adown life's vale to travel hand in hand.
But God in grace, moves most mysteriously,
And not in ways by human wisdom planned,
So she who would accomplish His designs
Must bear the Cross as He doth give command.

For "finish all thy work," He bids, "then rest."
'Tis not yet thine to cease from thy endeavor,
The rest prepared for thee when it doth come
Know'st not 'twill then be time to rest forever?
Thy plans and purpose, consummation need
The way thou'lt surely find—"Till then rest
never."

And so, the wondrous work goes wisely on,
Through womanhood's indomitable power.
And as we now assemble, one and all,
To sing the years passed, since thy natal hour,
We crown thee Queen of Western women true
Whose lives must be to thee a glorious dower.

We wish thee many happy years to come
Till sets thy sun in life's full eventide,
And count thee, golden beads of faith, hope, love;
The Christian virtues that shall e'er abide—
The Aves of Life's chaplet all complete
Proclaim a Gloria Patri far and wide.

November 29.

San Francisco, Cal.
November 18, 187.

DEAR Mrs. Mills:

I find that today is your birthday, and although I am a little tardy in sending my congratulations, I trust you will accept them as the sincere expressions of a warm and loving heart.

They surely come from one who loves you very tenderly, and who appreciates all you have done for her. If I should try to number your kindnesses to me, they are more than could be enumerated. One reason why I wish to regain my health, is that I may spend and be spent in your service, and for the dear institution which we both love.

God has been very good in sparing you, to carry on the work which you and dear Mr. Mills begun, and I trust you have many more years of usefulness in His service.

I hope this birthday will be one of the pleasantest you have yet passed, because so much has been accomplished, and heaven is so much nearer.

With many congratulations and a heart full of love,

Yours sincerely,

E. W. BUSHNELL.

Mills College,
November 18, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

All good wishes, best love, and congratulations to you on this, your birthday!

In the years I have lived in the same house with you, your life has been an inspiration to me in many ways, but in none so much perhaps as in your beautiful thoughtfulness and even tender sympathy for others. It has been an illustration to me of Browning's words, "Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living"; so I would like to express my wish for today in Burns' words, "May ye just be as happy yoursel' as ye like to see anybody else."

Very lovingly,

November 30.

“Never thoughtlessly nor deliberately wound the feelings of another.”

I RECALL that when two motherless girls received an invitation to their father's second wedding, they with their companions composed the most sarcastic and unkind letter their combined efforts could produce for the event.

By some “wireless” the matter came to Mrs. Mills' knowledge. She spoke so beautifully to these sisters of their father's unfailing kindness to them, of how long he had been faithful to their mother's memory, how she herself had had their experience—that she quite won them over to her point of view.

The letter that would have caused an estrangement was not sent; instead, the girls attended the wedding.

As the years passed they realized more and more the wisdom of her counsel while the marriage proved a real happiness to all.

I need not say that both Mr. and Mrs. Mills have done very much for me while Mrs. Mills' unfailing kindness and optimism have influenced me all through my life.

My very dear Mrs. Mills:

Miss B—— unites with me in adding our expressions of love to the many you receive this day.

* * * * *

May the blessings of patience and courage continue to be yours.

May you still wait God's promise, and trusting in it, have faith in the fulfillment of it, for it must come to you whose aim has been, for so long, to do His will.

“I cannot think but God must know
About the thing you long for so.
Because He is so good and kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
You to the thing you long for so.”

With fond love,

November the eighteenth.

December 1.

SOON after their arrival in California, in 1865, Dr. and Mrs. Mills purchased the Benicia Seminary of Mary Atkins. They were induced to take this step and continue the work of teaching, instead of taking the rest they had contemplated upon their return from the "Islands," through Mrs. Mills chancing upon the poem, Finish Thy Work. The verses made such an impression upon her that she cut them out and pasted them in her Bible. They are still there. No doubt the influence of this poem led her to plan for the work of the College to be continued under another, while she herself was still here. (See December 11.)

Four of the seven stanzas of the poem are here quoted.

Finish thy work; the time is short,
The sun is in the west.
The night is coming down; till then
Think not of rest.

Finish thy work; then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then go in peace
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done, well done."

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest—
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God,
Is rest forever.

The idea of resting in heaven in the sense of being inactive or even of "sitting about and playing on harps" in continuous praise to the Most High, did not appeal to Mrs. Mills. She thought that there, as here, is ample opportunity for active service, which would be more abundant praise.

Often she would say: "I expect to glorify my God by action. I expect to go on swift wings from planet to planet, and star to star, and understand much of the wonder I so desire to know but which is not here revealed."

December 2.

(See September 29)

December 19, 1914.

* * * * *

JUST as I was leaving, I gathered a few letters from my letter file which I enclose. . . . They testify to her thoughtfulness and to her interest in all with whom she was in any way associated.

The letter of December 5, 1912, must have been dictated only a few days before her death. It breathes a calm trustful spirit.

That she remembered my two daughters almost to the last shows how she carried all her girls upon her heart. Her memory never seemed to dim in this respect.

In the days of her presidency, I was always impressed with the apparent ease with which she carried upon her mind a multitude of details about the College, and particularly about her girls.

(The letter referred to above.)

December 5, 1912.

My dear Dr. Landon:

I received your and Mrs. Landon's kind message, and I thank you with all my heart for your words of comfort and appreciation. I feel that I have done very little for our Lord and Master, and wish I might have been permitted a few more years of work in His service, but it seems not to be His will and I must accept it as such. There are so many things that I wanted to do for the College and for my girls.

I am glad that we have had your two daughters, and I hope it will be possible for H—— to remain until she graduates.

Give my love to Mary, and accept my sincere regards and best wishes for Mrs. Landon and yourself.

Cordially yours,

SUSAN L. MILLS.

December 3.

MRS. MILLS' smallest but oldest and most treasured Bible, is a repository of much that was precious to her along with the Scripture itself.

On the inside cover and on the fly-leaves are written in her own characteristic hand, the following:

S. L. Mills—gift from dear Father. Stolen from me by a heathen boy in Ceylon, found and returned by a Christian Hindu.

D. L. Moody's favorite verse—Isa. 12:2.

I. Sankey's—Numbers 6:24-26.

Proverbs 31:30. Psalm 91:8, 9, 10, 11.

Bury thy sorrow, let others be blest,
Give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

Put any burden upon me, only sustain me; send me anywhere only go with me; sever any tie but the tie which binds me to Thy service and to Thy heart.

Holiness is the law and love, the motive of our lives.

Interleaved leaflets: "How shall I read the Bible?" "How to receive the blessing of the fullness of the Holy Spirit"; "Rules for Peaceful Living," with references to Bible texts.

(Surely Mrs. Mills needed no directions from human kind to direct her either how to read the Bible or to receive the Holy Spirit.)

Pasted in, are sentiments and poems, as follows:

"Nothing is too little to be ordered by our Father; nothing too little in which to see his hand; nothing which touches our soul, too little to accept from him; nothing too little to be done for him."

"God hears no more than the heart speaks, and if the heart be dumb, God will certainly be deaf."

Finish Thy Work.

We Must Answer to the Master.

The Voice in the Twilight. (Given elsewhere.)

Christ Bears the Heavy End.

Several beautiful poems are interleaved, also the prayer by Dr. Archibald Alexander, given on another page.

(See Dec. 1; Dec. 11, opposite Dec. 31.)

December 4.

I WISH to express my sympathy in the loss of Mrs. Mills. I have just returned from a trip East. I first learned of her death from a San Francisco paper which I obtained on the train as I was returning. . . . I regret very much that I was not home in time to attend the funeral services.

I was going to say "sad" services, but I have been told by several who were there that they did not seem sad at all, but only very impressive.

In the mail which I found awaiting me on my return was a letter from Mrs. Mills in reply to one which I sent her at the time of her birthday. It was typewritten, but signed with her own hand. It was written just a week before her death.

We cannot mourn that she has gone. She was ripe for the change, and evidently the time of her departure was at hand. She has done a splendid work, and she will long be remembered.

Her last request of me, the last time I was over was this: "You must stand by Dr. Carson." I told her I would, and I shall endeavor to keep my promise. . . .

December 5.

I THINK I knew Mrs. Mills as well as any College girl of my time, and my memory is full of incidents connected with her. Many of course are very personal so may not be of particular interest to others.

My first personal interview with Mrs. Mills occurred a few days before the first "Prom" in my Freshman year. She sent for me, and said that inasmuch as my father was a clergyman, before permitting me to attend the dance she wished to make sure that I had my parents' permission to go. I assured her that it had already been granted. Then, with a twinkle in her eye, she said she thought it was old-fashioned to disapprove dancing and was glad I could go.

Her wonderful memory impressed all who knew her, I am sure. I recall one Alumnae Day in particular, when she stood in the reception parlor and greeted woman after woman by her maiden name. Some had not been back for ten, fifteen, twenty years, but Mrs. Mills called each one by name unhesitatingly, inquiring after parents, sisters, husband or children as the case might be. I remember my amazement as Mrs. Mills asked one woman who had attended Seminary some twenty years before, if she would like to see her old room and proceeded to take her to the very room she had occupied as a girl. I followed to see whether she really could do it. She did it.

The quotation I remember hearing her use oftenest was: "Freely ye have received; freely give." She wrote this in my "Daily Food" book of texts, and also in my Memory book. And this same verse she wrote in most of the memory books, so she must have loved it very much.

I always loved, too, her "Good-bye and come again."

One of the last things I recall her saying to me is: "My dear, keep busy; be helpful and useful, and never a mere ornament to society."

Every incident calls back the memory of so many more, that I could write on and on. I am so glad the sayings of dear Mrs. Mills are being brought together in one book, and shall be glad to send more.

December 6.

DURING my Sophomore year, my sister began her Art instruction in San Francisco. When possible, she would spend her week-ends with me at the College. One day Mrs. Mills sent for me, and very mysteriously led me down the hall through her room to her bed-room where she drew out a huge box of pictures of various kinds, and proceeded to spread them out on her bed. "Now, I want you to choose a picture for your little sister," she said.

I was relieved of the responsibility, however, for picking up a photograph of Grace Hudson's painting—a fat Indian baby with tears rolling down its chubby cheeks—she said: "Give this to her and tell her 'Mrs. Mills sent it.' " The incident is just one example of Mrs. Mills' kindness and generosity, and her thoughtfulness for those who were outside of her great circle of girls.

This same artist sister made me a large poster of a Harvard College boy, for my room. He had a large "H" on his sweater, was smoking a pipe, and answered over College Hall to the name of "Billy." One day, Mrs. Mills stopped before "Billy" and pointing to the "H" on his shoulder asked, "What does that stand for?" I answered that it stood for "Harvard," to which she replied, "My dear, I'm sure it would make me nervous to have a man of that size in my bed-room. I think that H stands for horrible."

I have always loved to think of one little incident which seems to show Mrs. Mills' love of pretty things, and of color in particular. I had a scarlet skirt which my Junior and Senior classmates will remember, I am sure; it lasted so long and was so very gay. Mrs. Mills loved that skirt, and every time she saw me with it on, never failed to make some remark about it.

One day she said, "My dear, that is such a pretty color. God gave us color to make us happy, I am sure."

December 7.

THE REVEREND GEORGE DE WITT CASTOR, Ph. D.
College Pastor from August, 1909, to the time of
his decease; July, 1912.

WHILE it was not my privilege to know Mrs. Mills in any intimate way, I did have the good fortune to feel the touch of her personality in the few meetings granted me during the last few years of her life. She impressed me especially as combining the qualities of forcefulness and motherliness.

The last time I saw her was also the last time my dear husband preached at the College. On that occasion when, in reply to some question of hers, Mr. Castor said, "They take very good care of me here," Mrs. Mills with an affectionate pat on the shoulder said in a most maternal way: "Well, they'd better take good care of you."

Queen Victoria when interceded with, once, by a governess, in behalf of one of the princesses who seemed in no physical condition to perform an allotted task, exclaimed: "Royalty must know no weakness!"

Something of this same spirit seem to dominate Mrs. Mills on the occasion of Founders Day preceding the incident mentioned. Because of physical indisposition the doctor had given directions that Mrs. Mills was not to stand during any of the exercises. The vain attempt to enforce these directions by a personal friend who was with her on the platform, revealed that strength of mind and will which so long triumphed over physical condition—one of the many noble characteristics which caused Mrs. Mills to be generally known as—a wonderful woman.

December 8.

IT is exceedingly difficult to put into words the many wonderful memories of Mrs. Mills which come very often into my mind. I can so easily shut my eyes and see her as she lived among us—the center of our lives, or recall the loving tone of her voice and her joy in our fun. I have still a very real consciousness of her warm sympathy and tenderness which went out to so many girls.

Of the many pictures, I love best the one of the quiet room where we gathered for prayers at night, and Mrs. Mills at the desk turning the pages to find just the verses which she wanted to read to us. And then the beautiful rendition of them: “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork,” or, “He that dwelleth in the secret places of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,” and others.

Most of all, I like to dwell on the very real personal relationship which one felt when she led us in prayer. It always seemed to me that each must be the one for whom she was speaking, and the simple phrasing and spirit of confidence expressed the inner communion which dominated her life.

It was my privilege and one which many another girl must have experienced to be occasionally very closely associated with Mrs. Mills. She would come to my room, which was near, and ask me to walk with her on some errand about the big house, and as we went, she always talked of her hopes and plans for the College or spoke of some incident of old Seminary days.

Many times, just before the last bell at night, I would go to her room for a good-night word. There was always such an atmosphere of peace in that room. “My child,” she would sometimes say, “He has a plan for every one of us, and we must trust Him to work it out as He sees best.”

December 9.

THIS Thomas Tolman was the descendant, in a direct line, from Sir Thomas Tolman, Grand Almoner to Egbert, the first King of the Saxons, A. D. 825.

LINEAL TABLE OF MRS. MILLS' DESCENT.

FATHER'S SIDE (AMERICA).

THOMAS TOLMAN, SR.

Born in England, 1608; died in Massachusetts, 1690.
First generation in America. Came to New England in

THOMAS TOLMAN, SR., 1608
1630 in the ship "Mary and John."

SARAH

|||

THOMAS TOLMAN, JR., 1633

ELIZABETH JOHNSON

|||

SAMUEL TOLMAN, 1676

EXPERIENCE CLARK

|||

AQUILA TOLMAN, 1705

WAITSTILL LEADBETTER

|||

DESIRE TOLMAN, 1748

SARAH HOWE

|||

JOHN TOLMAN, 1791

ELIZABETH NICHOLS

MOTHER'S SIDE.

JAMES BOUTELL, 1726

ELIZABETH SMITH

|||

ELEANOR BOUTELL, 1765

LEVI NICHOLS, 1763

|||

ELIZABETH NICHOLS, 1792

JOHN TOLMAN, 1791

JOHN TOLMAN, 1791

ELIZABETH NICHOLS, 1792

|||

EMILY (Condron), d. 1856

JOHN TOLMAN, d. 1845

ELIZABETH (De Witt), d. 1845

SARAH (Foster), d. 1852

SUSAN (Mills), d. 1912

Twins { JAMES TOLMAN, d. 1855
 { JULIA (Tolman), d. 1871
 JANE TOLMAN, d. 1912

December 10.

“The thought of our past years in me doth breed perpetual benediction.”

IT made me very sad to learn of the death of dear Mrs. Mills. I was just wrapping up a picture of my twin babies to send to her when the word came.

Ever since they came I had looked forward to having their picture on the mantel or desk in Mrs. Mills' room, for when we were Seniors she always showed us the pictures that came to her of her girls' babies, and I knew my little twins would be welcome.

How I would miss dear Professor Keep. I can't realize that he would not be there to welcome me. I am glad that I could return for the one very short visit after I graduated, and I love to think of his welcome then.

Mrs. Mills never forgot any one, and was so prompt in supplying the needs of those about her that a thing was no sooner said than it was done.

Truly you say we can hardly appreciate her work and influence. Her many pupils and those who knew her well will carry her teachings into the future and thus her work will continue here.

I send this little notice about Mrs. Mills whom I have known for many years, and have admired very much for her many gifts and her strong individuality.

December 11.

From a clipping in Mrs. Mills' favorite Bible.

HAVE you ever thought in what condition your work would be found if you were compelled to turn it over suddenly to some one else to carry on? In the following beautiful and impressive lines, some one has asked this question:

“If you and I today
Should stop and lay
Our life-work down, and let our hands
Fall where they will—
Fall down to lie quite still,
And if some other hand should come,
And stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that
It could wind—
Beginning where we stopped; if it
Should come to keep
Our life-work going—seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctively made yours or mine,
What would it find?”

The conclusion follows thus: “We do not turn our life-work over to others to carry on. We finish it in some imperfect way, and on God's great judgment scroll the record stands forever for weal or woe.”

Not so with our Great Heart. Hers was a life-work for others and not to be finished and left by her in an “imperfect way.” Altho' she hoped to live to ninety years that she might complete some incidental work, the great work of her life was turned over to one of her choice, three years and a half before her death, so that when the Reaper came for her, her work went on without delay.

(See Dec. 13)

December 12.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours;

And their works do follow them.—Revelation 14:13.

YOU asked me to send you the date of my birthday. It is the date of my dear father's and Mrs. Mills' death, December the twelfth.

They were the same age within five days, and died the same day Father in the morning and Mrs. Mills in the evening. Strange was it not?

Father went many times to see Mrs. Mills on the eighteenth of November, and she would introduce him as her twin. We were neighbors, you know, for many years.

The morning post of December 12, 1912, brought a letter from Mrs. Mills. It was dictated and type written. She had not as usual, herself signed her name, but I was happy in the thought that she dictated the letter. It commenced: "My dear Jessie, for so I love to call you." Among other things, she wrote: "You may not know that I have not been very well the last year, but I hope to be able soon to visit my dear girls in Stockton."

I answered her letter at nine o'clock that same evening and posted it. The next morning, December 13th, on the front page of the San Francisco Examiner was a likeness of Mrs. Mills, and an account of her death at nine o'clock the evening before—just the hour I was answering her last letter! Little did I realize that that great spirit was passing out at that very moment. That letter will always be cherished as one of my most precious treasures.

"Tho' lost to sight to memory dear,
Thou ever wilt remain."

December 13.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

(Kept by Mrs. Mills in her desk, with other treasured selections.)

LET me not die before I've done for Thee
My earthly work whatever it may be.
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled;
Impress this truth upon me: that not one
Can do the portion that I leave undone,
For each one in Thy vineyard hath a spot
To labor in for life, and weary not.
Then give me strength all faithfully to toil
Converting barren earth to fruitful soil.
I long to be an instrument of Thine
For gathering worshippers unto Thy shrine;
To be the means one human soul to save
From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave.
Yet most I want a spirit of content
To work where'er Thou'lt wish my labor spent.
Whether at home or in a stranger clime
In days of joy or sorrow's sterner time,
I want a passive spirit to be still
And by Thy power to do Thy holy will.
And when the prayer unto my lips doth rise
"Before a new home doth my soul surprise,
Let me accomplish some great work for Thee."
Subdue it, Lord! let my petition be,
"O make me useful in this world of Thine,
In ways according to Thy will, not mine."
Let me not leave my space of ground untill'd
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not die before I've done for Thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be.

December 14.

“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

“That man may last but never lives
Who much receives but nothing gives.
Creation's blot, creation's blank.”

THESE two quotations very frequently come to my mind in connection with Mrs. Mills as they were so fully exemplified in her life.

The first she often repeated in Chapel. She was especially fond of this, not only on account of its significance, but because Mary Lyon had given it to her class at their graduation.

The other quotation, though a “homely” one as she called it, was a favorite with her father. Mrs. Mills' missionary activities alone show how fully she followed the teachings of these words.

She gave not only of her means, but most unreservedly of her own energies. In her daily life she was untiring in her desire to make others happy and comfortable. Perhaps it was only going to the kitchen for a loaf of brown bread for some friend especially fond of it, or hastening out of doors for flowers to give to some departing friend, or searching for Michael regardless of the weather, that the carriage might be brought for some one not quite equal to the walk to the station.

She was ever most thoughtful for her “girls,” as she loved to call them, and her life was full of what might be called the “humble kindnesses.” She was always ready to lend a helping hand to a stranger as well as to a friend, were it a kindly word of sympathy or more substantial aid that was needed. So many girls have been helped through her generosity to an education which would other wise have been quite impossible.

December 15.

Services in Lisser Hall and at Sunnyside.

ALL that is mortal of the beloved educator, founder of Mills College, Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills, who has been instrumental in educating women to preside over thousands of happy and refined homes, now rests in a flower embowered grave at Sunnyside on the grounds of the institution which through her efforts has become famous throughout the world.

The services were simple but beautiful, in keeping with the character of her whose loss we mourn, and were witnessed by hundreds of friends including many former students. All present were imbued with a feeling of respect and reverence for the noble woman whose career of usefulness has been brought to a close.

“Jerusalem the Golden” and “In Heavenly Love Abiding” were the two hymns sung by the choir, vested in white, during the walk to the resting place at Sunnyside.

Unutterably impressive was the sweet singing of the young women whose voices quietly reverberated among the trees on the hillside across which the procession wended its way. It was the expression of a sweet and hopeful grief, resting in the faith that she who was mourned had gone to her reward.

Students also in white carried the floral tributes from Lisser Hall to place them with loving hands and tender thought above the flower-palled bier at Sunnyside. The final eulogy here was followed by the chant of the beloved Twenty-third Psalm, “The Lord Is My Shepherd.”

December 16.

WITH ceremonies simple and beautiful, as was the character of her whom they honored, the funeral of the late Susan Lincoln Mills, founder and President Emeritus of Mills College, took place yesterday on the College Campus.

The bells in El Campanil were sweetly chiming as the procession of students, faculty, and friends passed from Mills Hall where the body had lain in state, to Lisser Hall where the formal services were held.

The impressive cortege was led by the College choir garbed in white; next were the officiating clergymen—Dr. Frank L. Goodspeed, of the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland, and Dr. George C. Eldredge of St. John's Church, Berkeley; then the President of the Board of Trustees, the President of the College, the President of the University of California, and the Trustees of the College, as honorary pall-bearers, walked beside the flower-palled casket which was borne on wheels, the active pall-bearers—employees of long service—following; among these was Michael Herlihy who had been with Mrs. Mills for forty-five years.

Next were the relatives (representing three generations), the faculty, the students dressed in white, and the employees of the College.

December 17.

MRS. MILLS' great gifts were devoted entirely to the guidance of souls. Her wonderful genius as an organizer, her literary gifts—all were used only as they might be devoted to guiding the young women whom she made it her life-work to teach. She was a pioneer in adventures for the faith.

You see about you here a thriving college. This might have been a much greater institution had Mrs. Mills wished to use her abilities in that direction alone. But she built up the college not for the college itself, but for the opportunities it would give her to help young women.

She was a pioneer in woman's education; a woman who forty-seven years ago conceived and carried out the idea for a girls' seminary along broad and comprehensive lines, out here on the Pacific Coast.

She who might have lived a life of selfish ease and quiet, chose rather to live a life of service for others. "Her girls," as she called them, were her first thought, and the beautiful spirited women who have gone through these halls and passed a portion of their lives on this campus are the living monuments through which the memory of Susan Lincoln Mills will be perpetuated throughout the land.

In the intimate human touch lay the secret of her influence. We may accomplish much by wise planning, but how much deeper the influence of what we really are! By the strong cords of affection we lift others up to our own Pisgah's heights and through our own eyes they see the splendid promised lands to conquer and possess!

Surely the vision of Susan L. Mills will go on in the lives of her many daughters.

The great kingdom of the mind and heart will be made glorious on these western shores, because she has lived and labored here, and having entered into her rest, has won the plaudet, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

December 18.

“With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey’s end
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
‘Farewell, we yet shall meet again.’ ”

A RECITAL of Mrs. Mills’ visit to India made a great impression upon me. Her patience with the heathen of that day, her loving-kindness and her benevolence, how characteristic of her whole life spent in doing for others. She once said that her mother had taught this lesson to her children: “Give what costs you something; be willing to do some extra work, or to deny yourselves something that you may give to others.” And I can see Mrs. Mills’ eyes brighten and her look of innocence which made one feel how dear she was, when she told us how well she remembered her confusion and dismay when as a little girl sitting on the front seat in Sunday School, she dropped the penny that she had earned. “Those big ones we had then; it rolled and rolled.” She thought it would never stop; and was sure she would never see it again. But it was found, and she dropped it into the missionary box.

One of Mrs. Mills’ favorite texts was that of Mary Lyon, “Freely ye have received, freely give.” Another was, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

Mrs. Mills’ thoughtfulness for all her girls was one of the many great traits of her personality. She always thought of the comfort and happiness of both guests and girls. The pleasant nod to each when met on the campus or in the halls; her wonderful gift of memory, all must remember.

“I have spent a long peaceful life; sometimes, young ladies, it has had its hardships and privations, but I am ready to go when He calls me.”

December 19.

YOU know that Gladstone was familiarly called "The Grand Old Man" of the century, and it seems to me that Mrs. Mills was the Grand Old Woman of the century. I always look upon her as a wonder.

I was privileged to be one of her Benicia pupils. She taught several of the classes at that time, and made them very interesting. Her pupils, that is those in her own particular classes, appeared always with excellent recitations and so there were always ten or fifteen minutes to spare which she devoted to an up-to-date development of the subject, a talk on some topic of the day, or reminiscences of her life in India or Hawaii.

I am sure no other woman has exerted the far-reaching influence that Mrs. Mills has during the last fifty years of her busy life. Her pupils have come from the four corners of the earth, have married and sent their daughters to her, and many of those daughters would have sent their daughters, a constant proof of her great value as an educator and disciplinarian and of the love, esteem, and admiration which existed in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to come into intimate association with her.

Each year on Founders Day, some of these old "girls," mothers of families, some of them with more grey hairs than Mrs. Mills herself, would visit Mills College hoping to meet old friends, and sure of a warmest kind of a welcome from their dear teacher. She never failed to remember them and greeted them by their maiden names.

These old pupils never failed to make a pilgrimage to the charming home of Miss Tolman, who for so many years shared Mrs. Mills' educational cares and responsibilities, and such a warm place in the hearts of her scholars.

Mrs. Mills' physical vigor was as remarkable as her mental, and the Benicia girls declared that she never slept; that she was omniscient, omnipresent, and a mind-reader.

December 20.

A MEMORY OF MRS. MILLS.

THOSE of us who were, for a time, her children,
Grieve not at the passing of a founder of places of
learning,
That is for those who knew but the fruits of her
labors—
We who loved her, mourn the loss of the woman.

Can we forget in spite of distance or time, the many
Little inconsequent things she did to make us happy,
When she herself must have been troubled and weary?
And the way she understood the first dull homesick aching!
She never quite forgot what it meant to be this side of
twenty,

Full of the foolish, restless, dreaming thoughts of girlhood—
It was as easy for her to laugh with us at our fun, as to
Meet with grave respect our matters of weighty importance.
Do you remember that night when Wo, the faithful,
Was to return to his home; she led him up on the platform,
With no less courtesy than she would show to a famous
speaker?

And how she shared in all that we did, with unfeigned
interest,

Whether it were in our classes, or out on the sidelines
Watching us play to uphold Mills' sacred honor!
There was nothing in life too common or mean or trivial
But she would give it her wise and fair attention—
So we knew a wholesome fear of her disapproval
And a great and glorious pride in her commendation,
Knowing each to be just and comprehending;
And in her quick bright eye, the kindly sense of humor,
Balancing right and wrong, and shaming many a culprit.
Hers was the mother-heart, guiding, trusting, believing—
How many times she might have reproved us and did not,
Saying instead, "My child, I am sure you must have for-
gotten."

How many times she was tired, and still we demanded
All the attention and energy youth never loses;
How many times we must have hurt her, and knew not,
Thinking her ways perhaps a little slow and old-fashioned—
Those same ideals we hope to teach our own daughters.
What a woman to know, to believe and love and follow!

Those of us who were, for a time, her children,
Grieve not at the passing of a founder of places of learn-
ing;
That is for those who knew but the fruit of her labors—
We who loved her, mourn the loss of the woman.

December 21.

THAT you may know my great love for the dear little lady who became in the years spent with her my second mother, and who was called away in the same week as my own dear mother, I am writing these lines to you.

There comes into every life sometime or another certain influences so great that no measure can be taken of them. Those influences that shape our life's course are nearly always those given by a mother, a father, or some one very close, and should we stop to consider what they are we cannot tell, they so slowly and subtly have woven themselves about us; and so it is with our dear lady of love and thought for all. She wrought so slowly but so certainly that I for one cannot break that influence into its many parts. I can only say:

If I have a little more charity toward my neighbor, a little more tact in meeting a stranger, a little more certainty that the life correctly lived is the only safe life, and a little more love for my family—then she helped bring all these things into my life.

This is so personal a revelation that I ask you do not use it for publication, for it was not written with that in mind, but only that you may know how truly I love her who is also so dear to you.

Note: How can one refrain from recording this beautiful appreciation! Is not this little book for her girls and closest friends, and should not this family of hers, now that she is gone, share these intimacies, these very, very personal experiences and their influence, when they reveal beyond all else the dear, warm, human, sympathetic heart of Mrs. Mills that manifested itself more and more as the years passed by. In that I have omitted the name, is my hope of pardon for having entered the tribute.—C. K. W.

December 22.

Sabbath Evening, December 15, 1912.

My dear Dr. Carson.

Before the day is done, I want to tell you how perfect in every detail was the beautiful service of this afternoon, when the Mother of us all was laid to rest.

The exquisite arrangement of flowers in Mills Hall, the service in Lisser Hall, and the never-to-be-forgotten processional to Sunnyside—so beautiful—so perfectly as she would have had it.

It seemed to me, the singing of "Hark! Hark, my Soul! Angelic songs are swelling!" was a glad triumphant note! Death was, indeed, swallowed up in Victory!

The slanting rays of the sun, resting on the heads of the girls as they moved up toward the hill where we laid Her—seemed like a benediction.

And who can forget the strains of "The Lord Is My Shepherd," after the "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" had been said? It sounded back among the trees like tend'rest lullaby.

Oh, how glorious to live that one may die like that!

There are times, like this afternoon, when the hushed heart feels the Infinite so near.

May God's richest blessing and guidance rest upon you and us, in the great work that lies before us. The work She has bequeathed us to carry on.

* * * * *

Affectionately,

December 23.

IT is given to few to retain through their last years such wonderful clearness of mind. That power with her great interest and knowledge in connection with those with whom she was associated, made her seem much younger than she was.

She was truly a wonderful woman, and has left her impress upon many thousands with whom she came in touch, and the world is much better for her having lived in it.

I am glad it has fallen to your lot, Dr. Carson, to take her place in Mills College, and many will rise up to call you blessed, for whatever you do will be done well.

I realize now, what a great factor she has been in my life, and how strong and lasting her influence has been. The very memory of her wonderful personality will be an inspiration to me as long as I live.

Mrs. ——— and I thought the services from beginning to end, were most beautiful and dignified; and quite the most wonderful thing was the procession of lovely young girls bearing the flowers.

A most pathetic, but firm figure, was faithful Michael, and over me flooded memories of a quarter of a century, of kindness on the part of dear Mrs. Mills and loyalty of those who served her well.

We pray that under your wise and loving guidance, the College may go on in the years to come, in honor of its Founders and to your satisfaction.

(From letters to President Carson)

December 24.

December 15, 1912.

* * * * *

I CANNOT rest until I tell you how wonderfully beautiful this afternoon has been; not only to me, myself, but to all with whom I was able to speak.

To me, it will always be so Christian a burial—a truly Easter service.

That long procession of white-gowned, flower-laden students—how I wish you might have seen it! And the singing and what they sang!—both processional and recessional; and that exquisite “O, Night Divine!”

My mind jumps from one point to another with no regard for proper sequence, and I marvel, more and more, that anything so wonderfully simple, so perfect in its setting, was believed possible and became possible as in this afternoon’s service.

* * * * *

“Mrs. Mills was like Mrs. Stanford in that she with rare ability and devotion continued the work commenced by an able man who died too soon to see the full fruition of his labors.”

“It is the remarkable personality, devotion, and force of character of this wonderful woman that young women of Mills Seminary and College have something distinctive about them, a refinement and dignity; a beautiful spirit of unselfish service.”

“Mrs. Mills had been so closely identified with all mission work and was so personally beloved by many of our ladies that deep regret was spoken on all sides, each feeling a personal loss not only to themselves, but to the State, and, especially, to our young people, so many of whom had been trained by her.”

December 25.

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto us is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2:10, 11.

MRS. MILLS never lost an opportunity to impress upon us our wonderful heritage of a Christian birthright.

How she did enjoy planning for the Christmas-tide! and in the true Christmas spirit of her life motto: Freely ye have received, freely give. For especially did she remember those in the vicinity and others that she knew of elsewhere, who had little, if any, more than the real necessities of life, and she would take advantage of this opportunity to send in her effective way, just what would be most acceptable.

She seemed to know, intuitively, what would be just the thing in every such case.

She, herself, was always the delighted recipient of many and varied gifts.

What could be put to College use and adornment was quickly adjusted to its place after the opening of the New Year. Until that time, the gifts were arranged in her room for the daily enjoyment of herself and friends.

In a manner perfectly natural and seemingly appropriate, the course of time found her giving away small articles that pleased her, for she was possessed by the overwhelming desire of passing on to others the same tokens that gave happiness to her.

If we who knew this, gave her a book, we would not write in it, for we knew that as soon as she became mind owner of its contents, if it had pleased her, forth it would fare to some one who would derive from it a like enjoyment.

December 26.

EARLY in the December of her death, the dear one planned her Christmas cards to bear the season's greetings and her name.

She liked brightness and the suggestion of Christmas cheer, so they were to be lettered in gold; the envelope to have an inner casing of holly red.

These greetings were duly sent, in-so-far as we at the College knew to whom and where to send them.

Enclosed with each was a card worded as follows:

“Our beloved Mrs. Mills left us on the evening of December the twelfth, passing away in a sweet and peaceful sleep.”

She went from us so near the Christmas time that, in many instances, this little card was the messenger to the recipient, that the beloved friend had gone to be with her loved ones “gone before.”

Blessed are they which do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. . . . And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.

—Revelation 22:14, 17.

“I was deeply touched when I held the Christmas cards sent for our beloved Mrs. Mills through her wonderful forethought of us all.”

“I cannot tell you how touched I was at receiving dear Mrs. Mills' Christmas greeting. The tears fell thick and fast; it seemed as though she were speaking to me from the other land.

“She remembered us to the very last, and never can we forget her dear personality, her brilliant mind and her many other charming qualities.”

December 27.

SUNNYSIDE.

AROUND the world circles a wreath of immortelles. Not the flowers, which fade or are destroyed, but the souls touched by the life of Mrs. Mills. With her rare combination of attributes, she came like a celestial body appearing but once in generations. The stay was spent in loving service, reflecting the teachings of Him with whom she walked so closely.

This is my most pleasing picture of Mrs. Mills. It is "prayers." She has just finished reading, and is closing the large Bible, which always lay on the desk in Seminary Hall. Her face is aglow with divine light. She looks out over the room, and a maternal sweetness spreads over the small, strong face.

Truly "her children arise up, and call her blessed." Each and every girl was like her own daughter, and, in fact, she was the only mother many knew. Guide, protector, inspirer, comforter—these were the roles in which her lines were spoken and her part played with untiring faithfulness, even "in the least."

Above everything came her plea, "Be womanly women." The father of a Seminary girl told me that he was in doubt about a private school until Mrs. Mills remarked that her prime aim was to make womanly women for homes. "I left my daughter there," he added.

As the wireless sends forth its messages through miles and miles of space, so must our thanks and appreciation travel back to her at "Sunnyside," happy with loved ones. "Sunnyside" it ever was where her great strong personality tarried, "Sunnyside" it is where she rests from all she has done.



December 28.

KISSED by the first rays of the rising sun,
caressed as lovingly by his lingering, beams
at evenfall, is a hallowed spot embowered in
roses—

SUNNYSIDE

Here the birds carol their most joyous melodies,
the winds waft their gentlest zephyrs, the roses
breathe their sweetest perfume.

The last day that Mrs. and Mr. Mills were together on the campus they went to the beautiful, sunny hillside to make plans for a home. Only a day or two later this spot became Mr. Mills' resting-place, and here Mrs. Mills now rests. Sunnyside is one of the most beautiful spots on the campus. There is no suggestion of sorrow, but the triumph of noble living over all—even death.

The Ancients believed that when the first beams of the rising sun played upon the statue of Memnon it responded in strains of music. When the beams of the morning sun play upon the monument on that hill-top, the solid granite may be silent. But all the groves and dells are vocal with harmonies that blend with songs of worship under consecrated roofs. The monument may crumble, but the work of the Founders will endure. We come not to speak any farewells; but to salute a living force.

“They meet tonight; the one who closed her eyes
Unto the earth's sweet pleasures and its woe,
And one who found the mansions in the skies
In all their splendor long, long years ago.

What will they say when first their eyes shall meet
Or will a silence take the place of words,
As only saints can know how strangely sweet
A rapture such as only heaven affords

Will he who went before ask first for those
Left far behind, those whom he loved so well
Or will the other, new to heaven's repose,
Question of all its meaning—who can tell?

One went so long ago, and one tonight
Took the long journey, far across the tide;
This only do I know: they meet tonight,
And, meeting, both I know are satisfied.”

December 29.

EACH day, God's world and word seemed to reveal new meaning to her mind preserved in activity, and to her heart retaining its treasures.

God did, indeed, seem to be with her at "every turning of the road" of her last year's journey, and crowned with the halo of His gracious presence, she was in less than one month after her eighty-seventh birthday, lifted up into final completeness.

Every day and every place, and everything she loved about the College, to those who knew her heart to heart, wears the beauty of holiness and ever will.

As you read these pages and get anew the revelation of what she was and what her influence is and will continue to be, you will realize more than ever before, how greatly her life and its memories "tend to enrich human fellowships."

* * * * *

I cannot close these pages without expressing my sincere thanks and appreciation to those who have so kindly sent material for this book.

Although many letters have been sent in for me to select from and revise, they have for the most part, been recorded as sent.

The spontaneous expressions are so much more human and readable! From a literary point of view, these pages might have been made "as elegant as an iceberg," but doubtless would also have been as cold as one.

December 30.

FOR this same reason, I have used excerpts of letters from those who felt that in the limited time they could prepare nothing worthy. I crave their pardon for having done this, but these same natural expressions and those from other letters quoted, unintended for print, are to my mind, among the choicest parts of this little book.

As said in the Introductory Letter, this book is only a preliminary issue of what is designed to be a permanent Memory or Birthday Book. It is intended only for Alumnae and other Mills Girls, their children and the personal friends of Mrs. Mills, so we want to keep it, too, "heart-to-heart" and full of sympathetic love.

Those who have not had time or opportunity to write for this edition, will, I trust, appear in the next. Send as many pages as you wish, but have each one complete in itself and under a birthday date. Many pages in this are carried from one date to another in succession, because of my dire necessity of quoting fully from various articles in order to complete the book.

The permanent edition should be as complete and attractive as possible, and to that end I ask you not only to contribute, not omitting the birthday dates, but also to offer suggestions. For any criticism of the present book which occurs or comes to you, please send a counter suggestion for the next book, or any other direction or counsel, even though you think the idea may be apparent to me—for this is to be our book, and we want it to be in the best shape and arrangement we can plan for it.

If I may appeal to you in the spirit of the verses at the close of this book, I am sure I shall "do better" for you this new year.

December 31.

“**D**O my work and yours, too.” For over a quarter of a century this last request of Mr. Mills was ably carried out by our dear Mrs. Mills.

* * * * *

Thus, through busy days, weeks, and years, this good woman worked, loved, gave, prayed, and who knows but she saw visions of what was yet to be. Methinks, on Sunday afternoons when she was granted a few hours safe from all intrusion, when she made her regular pilgrimage to Miss Tolman's cottage, and home again by Sunnyside, when she was alone communing with her own heart, by Mr. Mills' grave—that there she saw the vision, Mills College standing alone, a tribute to its founders, a monument throughout the ages that are to be, the accomplishment of their two hearts' desires today fulfilled—a college for young women of the West! His work and hers, too!

For her there was no surcease, no laying aside the armor, until she could see ahead, and know that Mills Seminary, its noble work complete, was about to emerge into Mills College.

We are thankful that she lived to see it accomplished, that she had several years of well-earned rest, surrounded by friends and scenes beloved, amid the young lives being imbued with the very principles for which she labored and won—more precious than gold or fame—truth, reverence, love, character, and the beauty of service.

“The long day is done,” she has gone to a glorious reward, and “her works do follow her.”

“So He giveth His beloved sleep.”

THE following beautiful stanzas that I have chosen for this last page are copied from a paper worn and yellow, that is in Mrs. Mills' Bible.

He came to my desk with quivering lip—
The lesson was done;
“Dear teacher, I want a new leaf,” he said,
“I have spoiled this one.”
In place of the leaf, so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new leaf all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled
“Do better now, my child.”

I went to the throne with quivering soul,
The old year was done;
“Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one.”
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted
And into my sad heart smiled
“Do better now, my child.”

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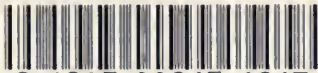
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