



[Ruth Cutler and family papers.](#)

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A
Chapel
Reverie
by
Ruth Cutler.

Copied by


A Chapel Reverie.

It was dark and
silent. There was just
one lone light a great
way off, which faintly
shone upon the arched
rafters and lit the
gilded angel-heads
projecting out into space.
Then, quietly, the organ
woke the echoes in the
dark. The melody was
low and peaceable, and
its clear flute-like tones
soothed and lulled us

into nothingness — for
the music was all.

It was the heart of
a great, deep wood at
sunset, and the golden
light of the setting sun
fell dimly between the
tall trunks and cast
its mystic light upon
the scene. And there
was a sound of the
trickle and splash
of a woodland brook
beside which Pan was
seated with his pipe
at his lips.

Then, of a sudden, he
changed his theme,
and piped in a wild,
wild strain — and there
was heard the faintest
rustling undertone which
gradually grew a little
louder and more hurried.
Pau was summoning the
spirits of the wood, and
under stick and over
stone tripped Pixy, Elf,
Gnome, Fairy, Fay and
Goblin, all skipping,
frisking, tumbling in their
eagerness to reach the
spot to dance and revel —

More and more, and
still they came, hopping
and springing hither and
thither; scrambling for
leaves upon the bending
grass blades or on the
sleeping violets.

The great ball of fire
in the west had slipped
down out of sight, but the
moon, now unrivalled,
spread its soft and kindly
light upon the woodland
revellers. Terriers Pan
played on accompanied
now by a pygmy ncketha,

and to the music
danced the sprightly
faes, gliding in this
direction, skipping in that,
turning and twisting and
hopping and nodding in
the very ecstasy of their
fun.

Then the fiddlers stop-
ped, and Pae was once
again playing a low,
quiet melody. Quickly
as they had come did
all the little sprites
vanish, and the woodland
was left silent except

for the trill of the brook,
and the music of the
Reeds. — Then, even those
were silent, and Pau sat
listlessly musing upon
a stone, until gradually
— the spell was broken,
and Pau's dreamy face
became a gilded angel-
head. Yet the scene was
not entirely conjured
from my imagination.
Others, too, saw it like, and
besides — 'twas in the
music, for I heard it.

On
Entertaining
Book Agents.

by
Ruth Carter.

Copied by
A.

On Entertaining Book Agents.

There are many
people who have an
inherited phobia for book
agents as some people
have for cats, who are in
trepidation at their approach
and whose normal pro-
cedures are inhibited by
their proximity. With
such the advent of any
stranger at their door

throws them into alarm,
for if the visitor is not
a friend, then indeed
she is an agent.

But there is a minority
of others who can main-
tain a normal pulse
even with a book agent
in their best parlor.

To this minority I be-
long through no grace
of my own. I was
simply born that way.
I never could see the

economy of ridding
herself of a book agent
by buying of her wares.
Like feeding the organ
grinder's monkey with
pennies, it only encouraged
another visit; or like
giving a pie to a tramp,
your generosity was
repaid in the marking
of your house so that
other tramps might
enjoy a similar re-
past. I will not

press any further
resemblance between an
honest book agent
wishing to turn an
honest penny, and a
tramp or a monkey,
but some of us prefer
to disperse our
small benevolences
in other ways or buy
our music in other
forms. For my
part, there is nothing
I like better than to

browse in a book store
or library, and the
ignominy of being
offered predigested,
cereal literature is
deep and irritating.

Of all books, those
you would be most
particular about

Choosing for yourself
are religious books.

And as a matter of
fact, it seems as if

there are the very
ones high in the
esteem of the agent
— seem only to
compendiums of
facts — every — one — ought —
to — have — on — hand,
whose crowning and
often only virtue is
their compactness.

I fancy that this
preference for peddling
religious books is due
to the element of
superstition in human

nature. The agent
feels sure that some
mystical motive will
compel you to buy,
and that the chance
of finding a something
— or at least
satisfactory — philosophy
of life within the
covers of her particular
book, will tempt
you, otherwise austere
and wary, to indulge.

But I repeat.

I belong to the
minority who can
say a polite but
firm No, and can
look an agent in
the eye while doing
so. Indeed, it
is the most effective
way of speeding her
departure. But
there was one agent
who would not take
No for an answer.

and I was em-
barrassed in employing
the method of last
visit — namely
walking to the door
with her and tact-
fully putting her out.

She was urging me
to buy some religious
book where ever
alone repulsed me.

An inspiration came.

I told the agent I

did not want the
book because I was
a New-Church man,
or what some people
called a Swedenborgian.
Of course that was no
argument, but it
staggered the book
agent. There was
something she had
not reckoned for —
an entirely new
species of animal.

She had the expression
of dropping her jaw,
but if it did drop
it was imperceptible.
She said not a word
more, but departed
quickly, and forever,
leaving me staring
after her in silent
amusement. Such
was my Talisman.

how a book
agent who comes

To your house
and announces
herself you can for-
give even if you
reject, but the one
who steals into your
house unbidden and
unannounced is an
abomination. It was
on a winter's afternoon
when I was indulging
in a long cherished
leisure time at my
desk that the

telephone rang. A
polite voice at the
other end hinted that
its owner knew a
college friend of
mine, and as she
was passing through
the city, asked she
stop in to see me
until train time —
that is, if it were
perfectly convenient.

I asked, rather casually,

the name of our
common friend, but
she evidently mis-
understood me, for
instead, she gave
me hers, and hastened
to assure me that
if it were at all
inconvenient of course
she would not intrude
upon my time.

I hurriedly & flamed

myself for my
in hospital and
timidity, and told
her that she would
be welcome. She
promised to come, at
three, so my hopes
for a peaceful after-
noon were shattered
and I gave myself
up to the emergency.
After the first
preliminary remarks

If greetings were
exchanged, I asked
her quite explicitly
about our common
friend. Then and
only then did it
dawn upon me
what manner of
person my caller
was. She glitly
proceeded to explain
away my little
"Misunderstanding"

of her relationship.
(How well she
concealed the
twinkle that must
have been in her
eye!) She did
not know a particular
college friend of
mine, but simply
"my college," (and
her knowledge of
that was painfully
limited!) As to

Many of my "fellow
alumnae" were
interested in this
scheme for "home
education" & he felt
sure I would be.
(Of course!) The
idea was that when
one had been out
of college for —
here she tactfully
paused — "well,
a number of years",

me's interest in
things intellectual
flagged. There was
an extension course,
so to speak, in
— a little of everything,
as a matter of fact,
but why repeat.

My first impulse
was to tell her very
plainly that having
gained admission
to my hearth and

lince under false
colors, the least she
could do would be
to leave at once.

But something
tickled very funny
bone just there.

Perhaps it was
dormant deviltry,
but deviltry tinged
with the interest
of a psychological

esperiment. She
had begged for a
chance to be
heard even though
I brought not, and
to my protests she
bowed. She would
not grudge the
time. (Her train,
I presume, did not
leave until evening!)
My conscience was
clear, and I

settled back. She
seemed to have hearing
a-plenty.

Probably never
before had she
been accorded such
attention. She
thrived under it;
she grew oratorical,
eloquent, fervent,
and appeared with
a deceptively dis-

interested person.

She had not been
to college herself,
but here at last,
she had found in
her wares an
equivalent. She
continued without
let or hindrance
in this vein. She
had been wound
up; now she was
unwinding.

Gradually her
speech slackened.
Before long she was
talking in nervous
circles, yet she
avoided the point
— the price.

Evidently a sphinx-
like listener was
disconcerting. But
the sphinx was not
so calm within —
she was hovering

emotions which were
nearly spelling our-
key sympathies all
but gave way toward
the end when,
because she was so
reduced for words,
she was forced to
tell us the price.

Humiliation Profound.
If it had been a
bargain, it would

have not long ago.

But this course
in universal knowledge
in rightly in statements
came dear. Such
comprehensive
wisdom cannot be
attained at bargain
prices, whatever the
method. Still
did I maintain
silence, merely
nodding my head

arms and then to
show that I was
giving an attentive
ear. She at last
rose to go. Never
was victory more
certain and complete,
a book agent leaving
voluntarily! For
the first time she
now asked me
onrighit if I would
buy. Why she had

not employed this
tactic before baffled
me. But she had
not. She had
simply floundered.
Now that her de-
feat was accomplished
I was ready to be
communicative. I
told her that it
was so serious a
problem that I
would have to

there ~~is~~ over. It
was not just the
money, (I said
this unflinchingly),
for I realized that
sixty-five dollars
was little enough
for the value offered,
but ~~it~~ was the
stupidness of
the bargain. I
questioned whether
it were not

Contrary to the
laws of nature for
me to have within
my grasp such
comprehensive
learning, such a
ten:ence in over
sixty nutshells. I
felt I must use
caution. But I
had a young friend
preparing to enter
college. Perhaps—.

She put aside my
remarks as super-
fluous and pressed
me for a definite
answer, which I
gave in the negative.
She was rallying
now. This had won
the air of her usual
battle grounds, and,
so as not to
appear disheartened,

She offered to
telephone me in a
day or two to see
if I had changed
my mind. I
raised no objection—
but as a matter of
fact I, of course,
never heard from
her again.

I have often
wondered how my

Lines of Fate would
have altered had
I bought universal
knowledge in
Dixley in Stallments.

But more than
that have I wonder-
ed if the book
agent herself ever
got renowned, to
entertain other

resigned souls
whom she might
unscrupulously
force to entertain
her.

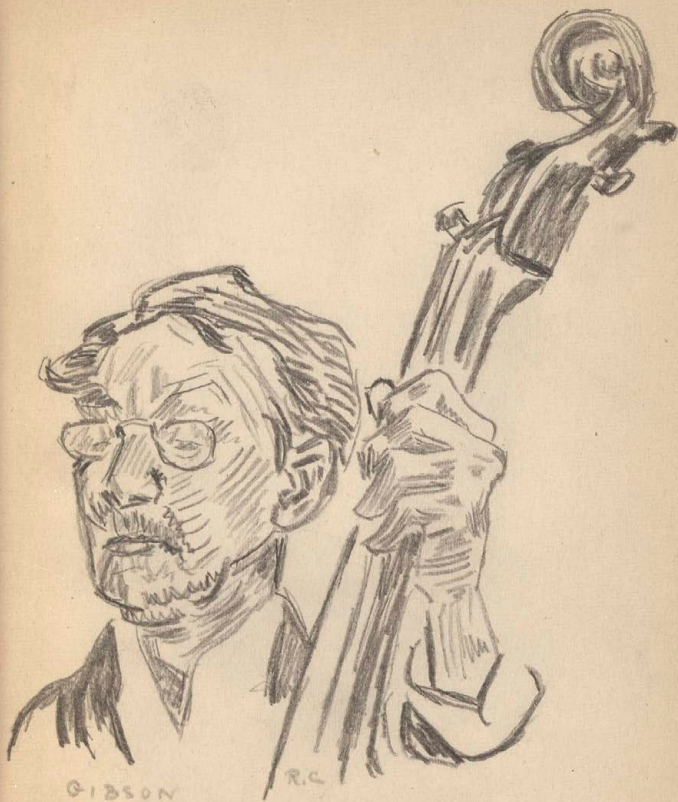
Drawings
by
Ruth Cutler.





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GIBSON

R.C.



Gibson

Ruth Butler

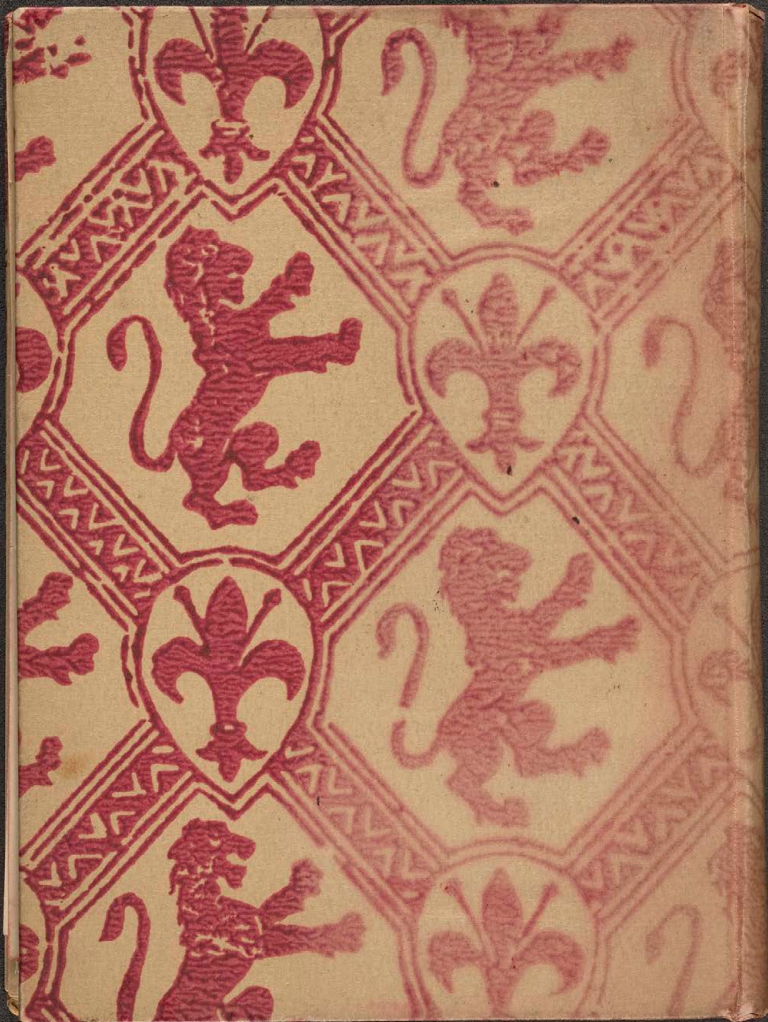








MADE IN ITALY





STATES
REPRESENTED.



"CHILDREN AT PLAY." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

*Published in St Nicholas for
September 1908*

19 *Brown in May 1908.*

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MEMORANDA

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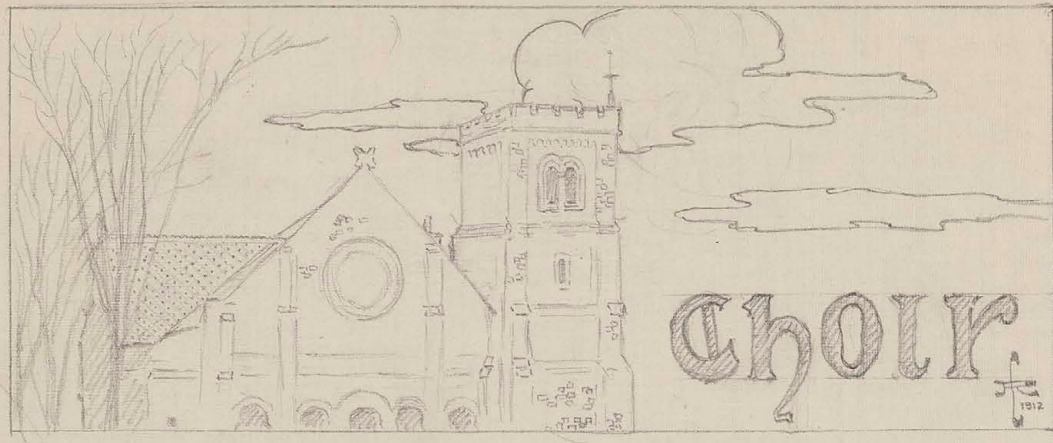
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"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Published in St. Nicholas
for April 1908
Drawn in December 1907

11"



4 1/2"

✓

OCT 18 1910

Ruth Cutler
116 North

THE LADY

FROM THE SEA



The Lady from the Sea

HENRIK IBSEN

Cast

Characters are given in order of entrance

Ballested . . .	Jeanette Bancroft
Boletta . . .	Helen Noyes
Lyngstrand . . .	Hazel Hosterman
Hilda . . .	Margaret Gamage
Wangel . . .	Marjorie Kudlich
Arnholm . . .	Ruth Caldwell
Ellida . . .	Gertrude Lovell
The Stranger . . .	Charlotte Gailor

ACT I—Dr. Wangel's garden

ACT II—Same as Act I

ACT III—A remote corner of Dr. Wangel's garden

ACT IV—Dr. Wangel's study

ACT V—Same as Act III

Committee

Mary Amerman	Carolyn Tompkins
Helen Whiley	Mary Hurlbutt
Harriet Bowen	Dorothea Schelling
Charlotte Burnett	Florence Taylor

The committee wishes to express its gratitude to all those who have given it their aid and criticism

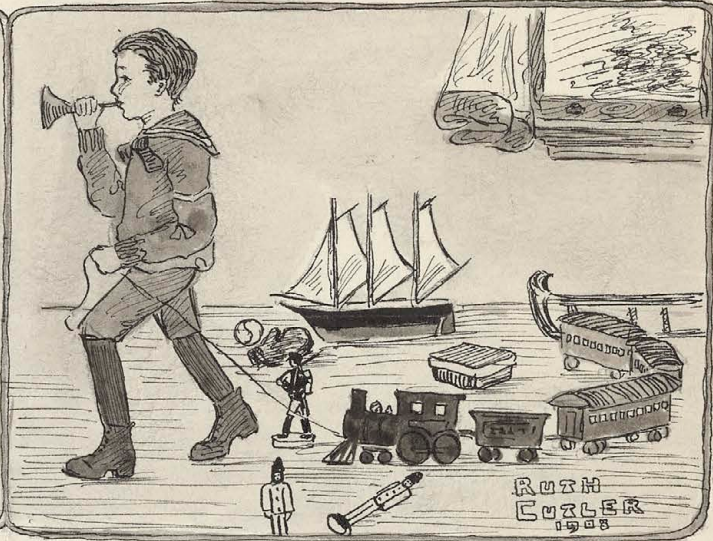
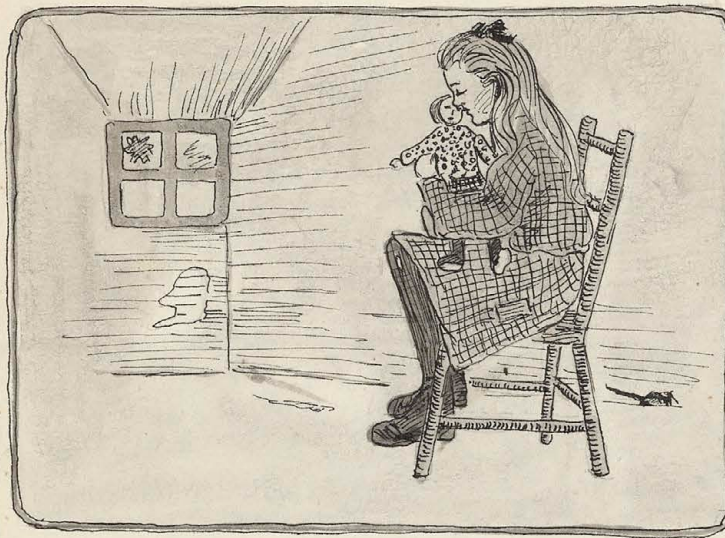
A special vote of thanks is extended to Lolita Bright

The scenery was painted by Charlotte Gailor

Music Selections from Grieg
Agnes Geuder



Ye Christmas Day in ye morning



Reading for December

drawn by

Ruth Cutler age 17

360 Summit Ave.,

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Original.

Mrs E. N. Cutler.

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR
December 1908

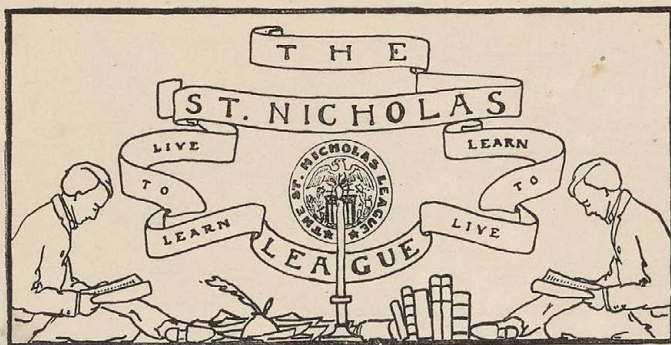
487

MEMORANDA



"RUNNING WATER." RUTH CUTLER, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Published in St. Nicholas
for December 1907.
Drawn in August 1907



"HEADING." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 16.

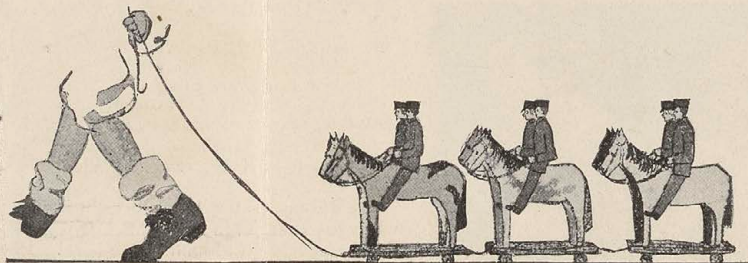
RUTH CUTLER
1907

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*Published in St. Nicholas for August 1907
drawn in April 1907*

1142

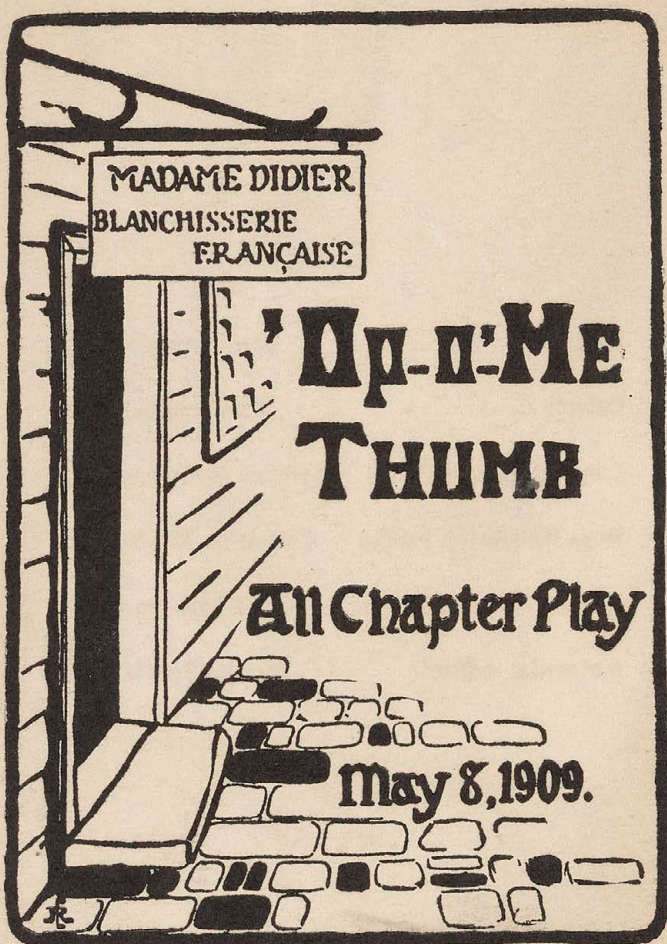
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE.)

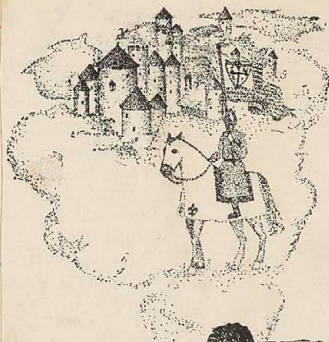
RUTH CUTLER.
1907

*Published in St. Nicholas for October 1907
drawn in July 1907*



Drawn April 29th 1909. Program cover.

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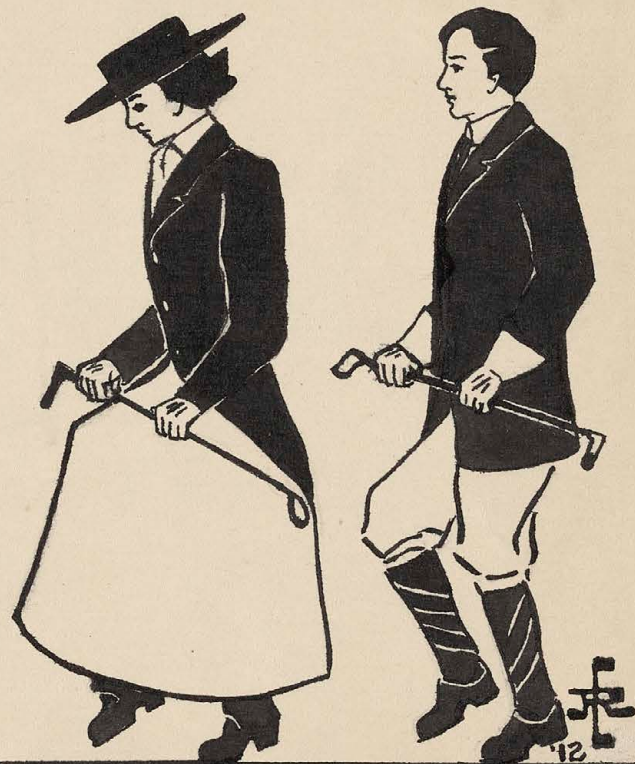
"A PICTURE THAT TELLS A STORY." BY RUTH
CUTLER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

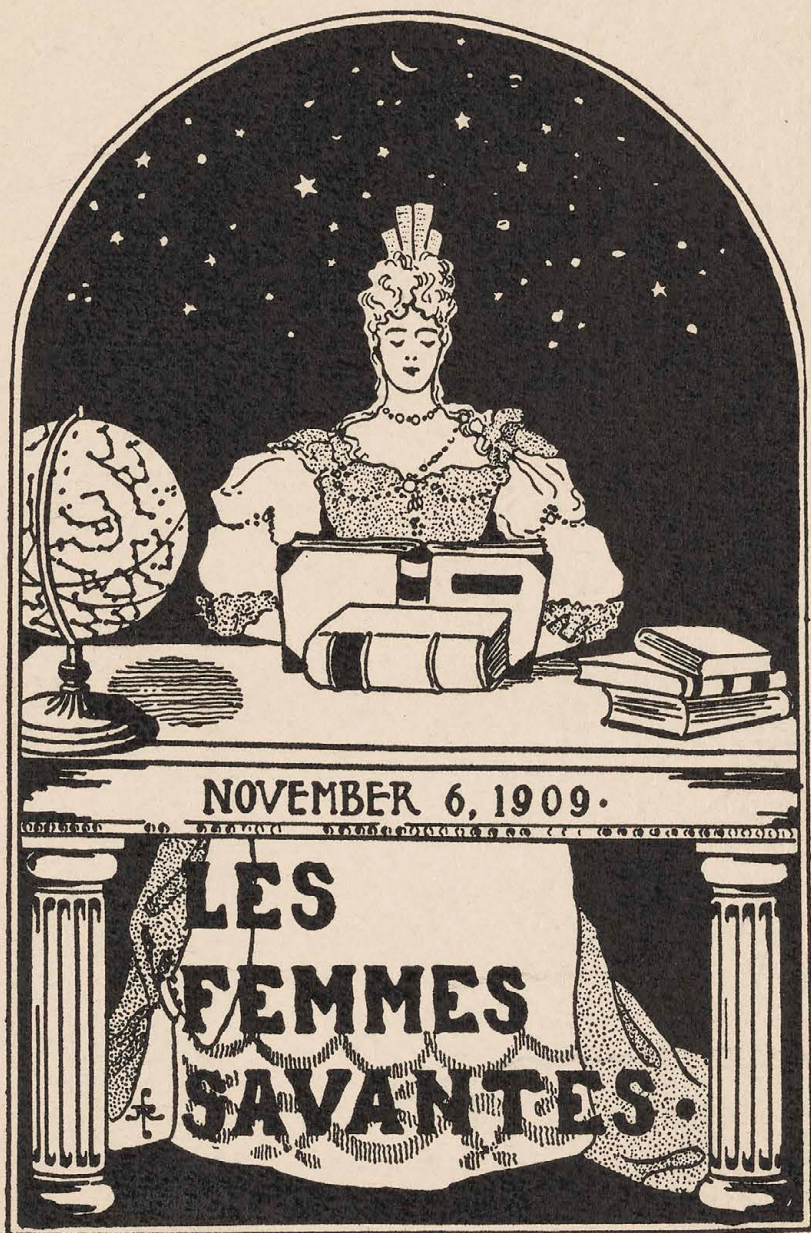
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Published in St. Nicholas for
October 1908
Drawn in June 1908.

19

SOPHOMORE PARTY





NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

**LES
FEMMES
SAVANTES.**

Les Femmes Savantes

Comedy by Moliere

First performed in Paris at the Théâtre du Palais-Royal
March 11, 1672

Cast

Men

Thompson	-	-	-	-	Clitandre
Sherman	-	-	-	-	Ariste
Loem	-	-	-	-	Chrysale
Smart	-	-	-	-	Trissotin
Robinson	-	-	-	-	Hadius
Laurence	-	-	-	-	L'Épine
Wallander	-	-	-	-	Julien
Pratt	-	-	-	-	Notary

Women

Goodrich	-	-	-	-	Henriette
Rieley	-	-	-	-	Armande
Alden	-	-	-	-	Bélise
Chamberlain	-	-	-	-	Martine
Atherton	-	-	-	-	Philaminte

Translation by the Committee

Synopsis

The scene is laid near Paris in the salon of Chrysale's villa

Committee

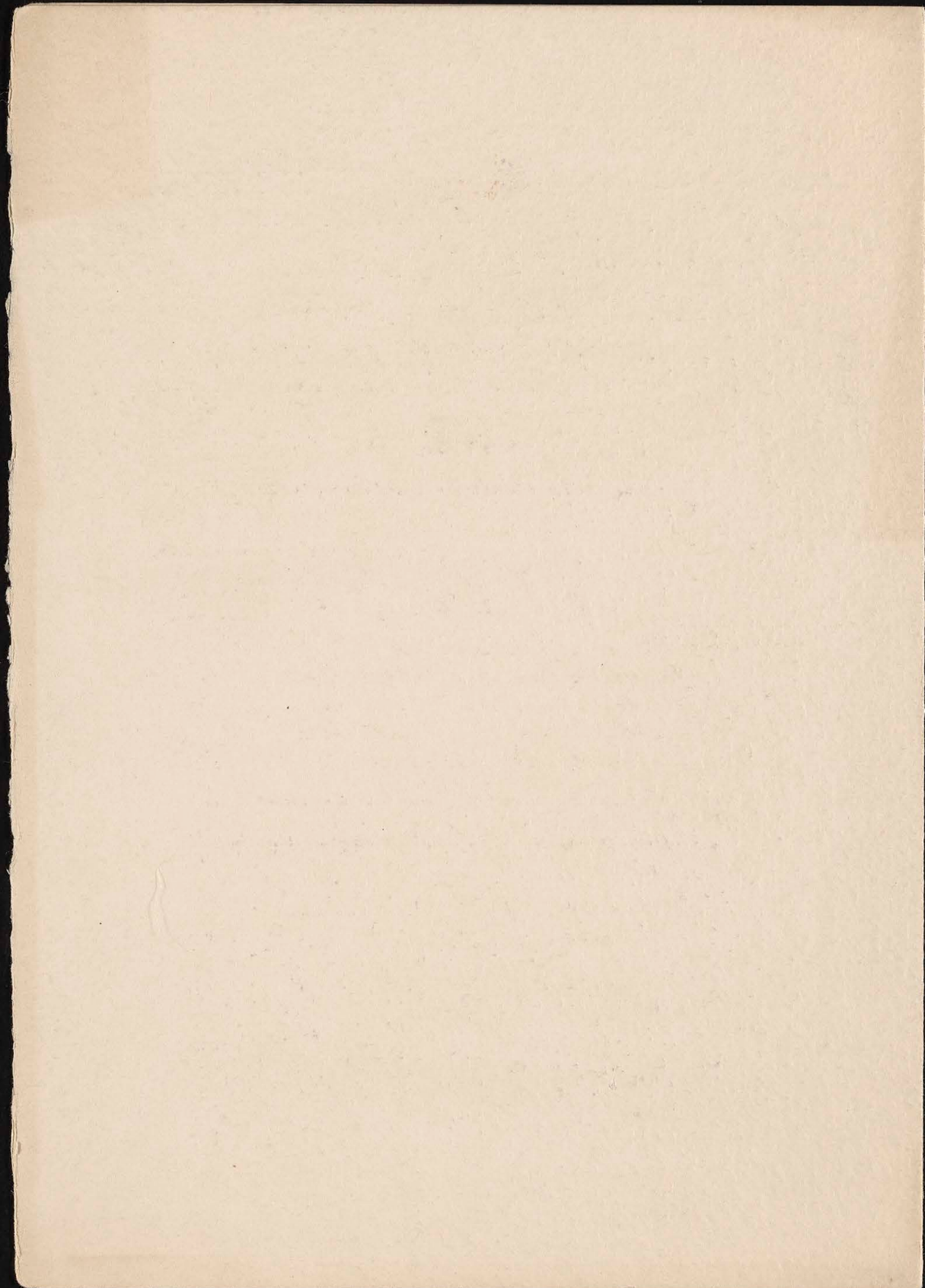
Emire Harriet Avery

Mary Margaret Shelley	Gladys Louise Damon
Anna Warlick Kutzner	Dorothea Gay
Louise Adeline Alden	Gabrielle Elliot

Henriette de Saussure Blanding

The Committee wishes to express its gratitude to all those who have given their aid and criticism.

The Louis xiv auditions loaned by Wm. H. Jackson Company of New York.

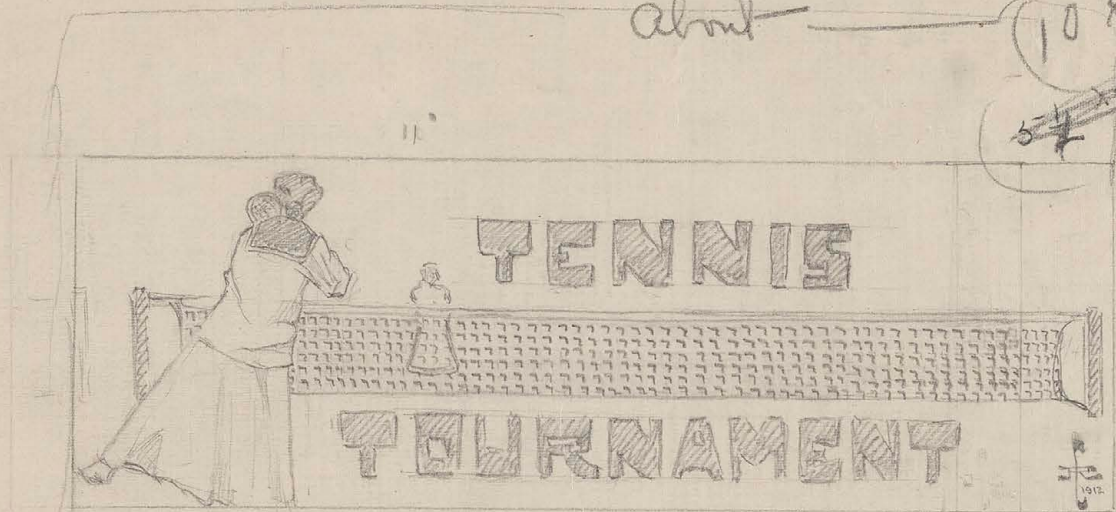


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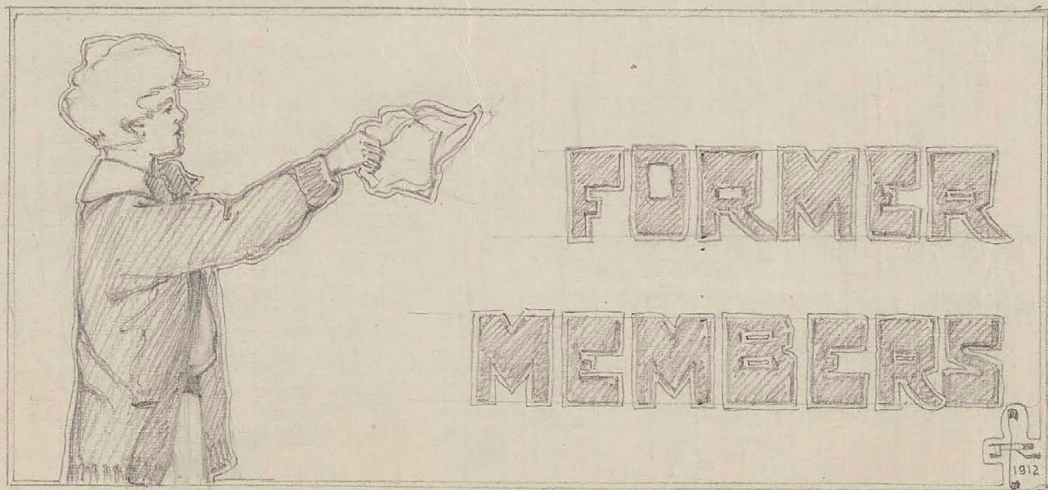
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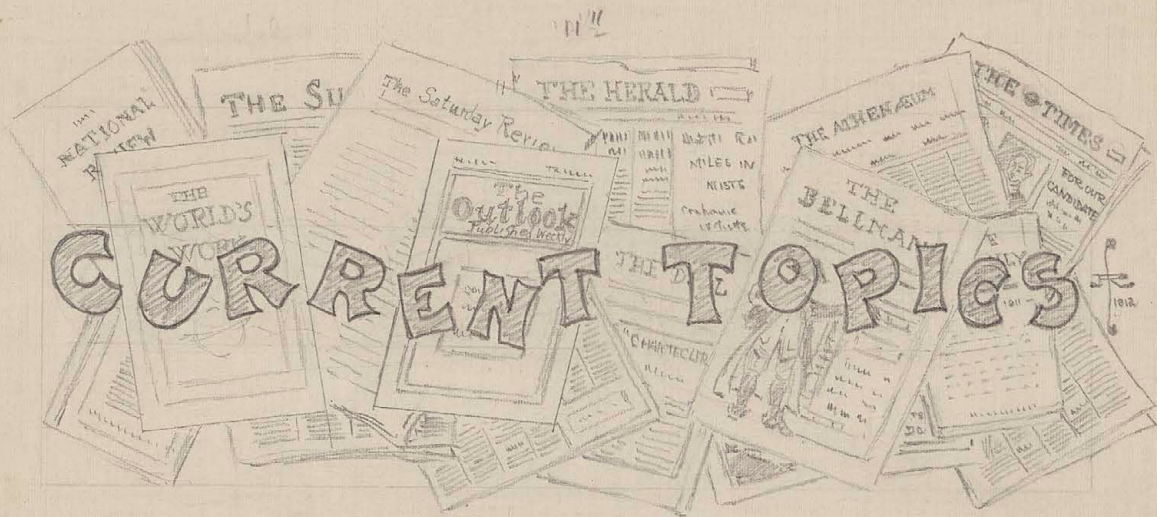
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1912

Ruth Cudler 1910



Ruth Cullen 1910

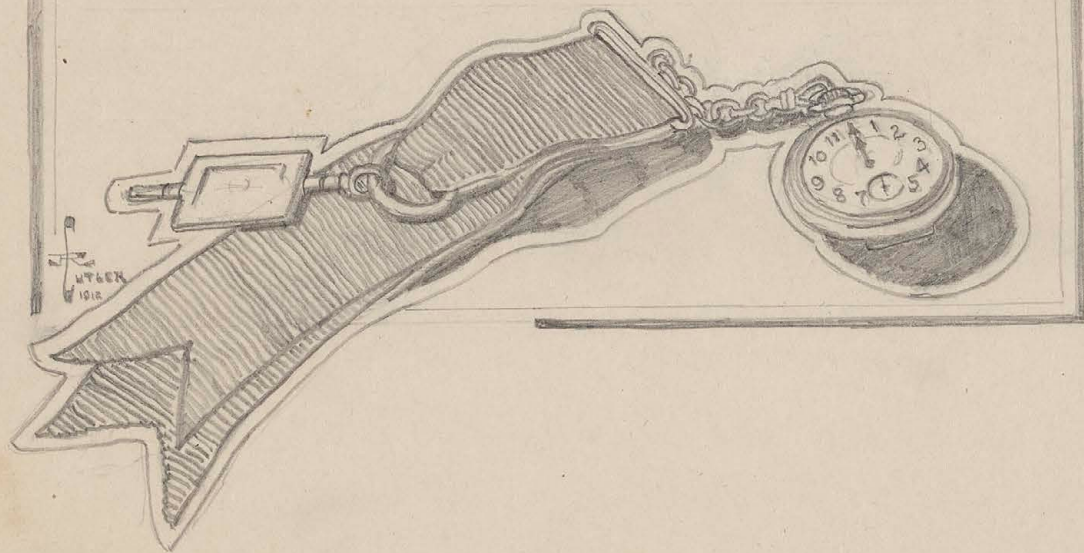


OCT 18 1910

Ruth Cutler
116 North

✓

PHI BETA KAPPA



W. H. C. 1911



"A Heading for October."

drawn by,

Ruth Cutter.

age 14

360 Summit Ave.

St. Paul

Minn.

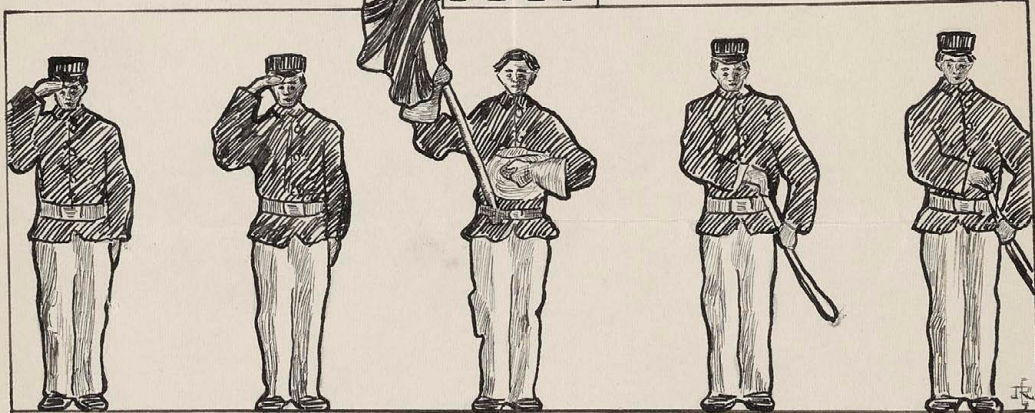
"Original"

Mrs Edward H. Butler.

857

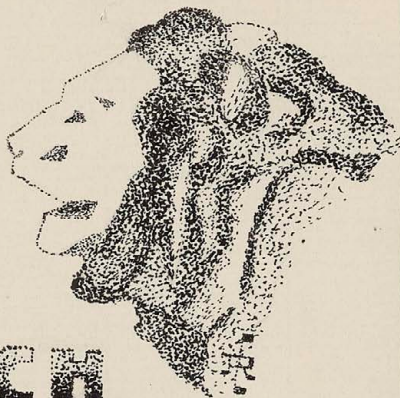
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

JULY



Drawn by
Ruth Cutler age 15
360 Summit Ave
St. Paul
Minnesota
Original.
Mrs Cutler.

1696



MARCH

1 9 0 6

Drawn by

Ruth Cetter

Age 15

360 Summit Ave.

St. Paul

Minn.

Original.

Mrs E. H. Catter.

571



"A Heading for December."

Drawn by

Ruth Cutler

age 15

360 Summit Ave.

St. Paul.

Minn.

Original

Edward H. Cutler.

1867

Drawn by, Ruth Cutler, age 15.
Original
Mrs E. H. Cutler.
360 Summit Ave.
St. Paul
Minn.

Heading for The League
Department of the
St. Nicholas.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

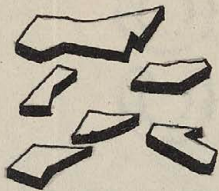
LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE.



ART



LITERATURE



PUZZLES



PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruth Cutler. 1926.

529

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR

December 1906



APRIL

"A. Heading for April"

Drawn by

Ruth Cutler age 15

Original

360 Summit Ave.

Mrs Edward H Cutler. St. Paul.

Meine.

813



"A Study of the Hand"

by

Ruth Custer

(Age 14)

360 Summit Avenue,

Saint Paul

Main.,

"Original"

Mrs Edmund H. Custer.

April 18. 1905.



"Heading for Noorwich."

Drawn by

Ruth Cutler age 15

360 Summit Ave

St. Paul, Minn.

"Original"

Mrs Edward H. Cutler

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR

November 1906

1906



"A Heading for May"

Drawn by

Ruth Cutler age 15

360 Summit Avenue

St. Paul

Minnesota.

WAKE ROBIN CLUB



FR
'12



"Our Horseback"

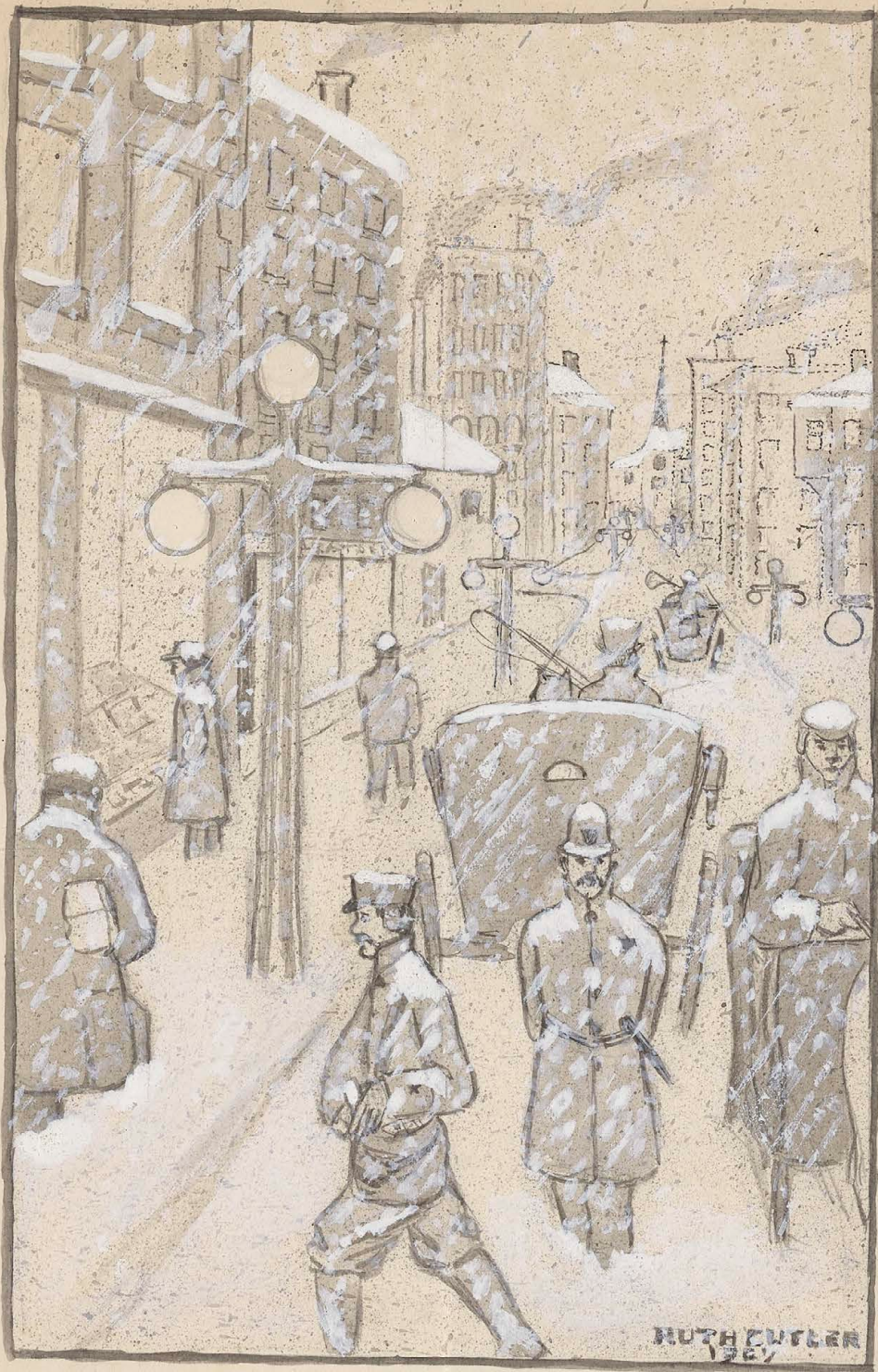
Drawn by

Ruth Cutler (age 16)

360 Summit Ave

St. Paul, Minn.

Original
Mrs E. A. Cutler.



"A Snow Storm"

Drawn by Ruth Cutler age 17 Original
 360 Summit Ave.
 St. Paul
 Minn.

Mrs E. A. Cutler.

1895

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR

January 1908



RUTH CUTLER
1907

"March Heding"

Drawn by
Ruth Cutler age 17.

360 Summit Avenue

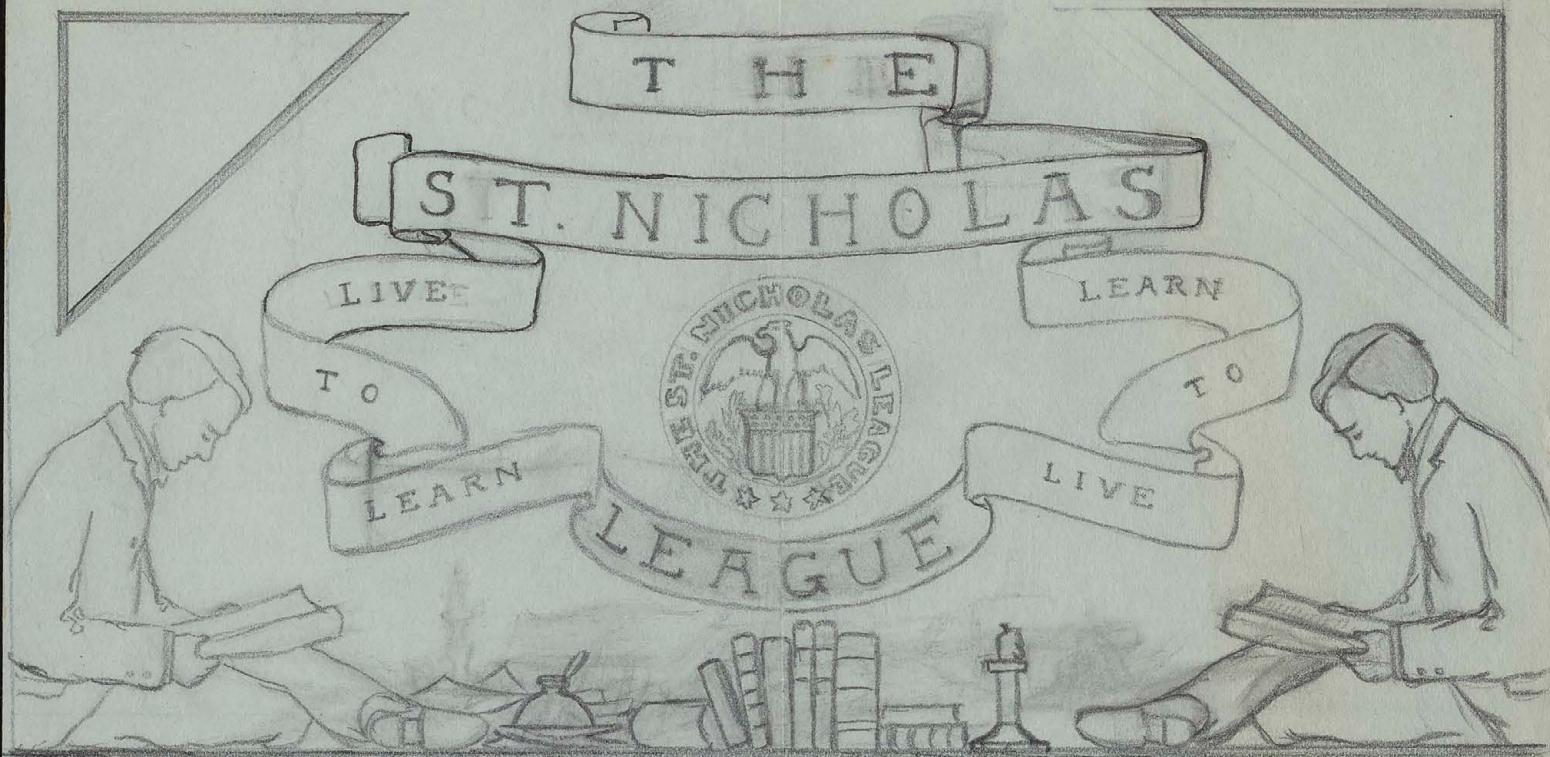
Saint Paul
Minnesota.

Original
Mrs Edmund H. Cutler

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR

March 1908

110



RUTH CUTLER
1907



"The Angler."

Drawn by

Ruth Cutler age 17

360 Summit Avenue

Saint Paul

Minnesota

Original.

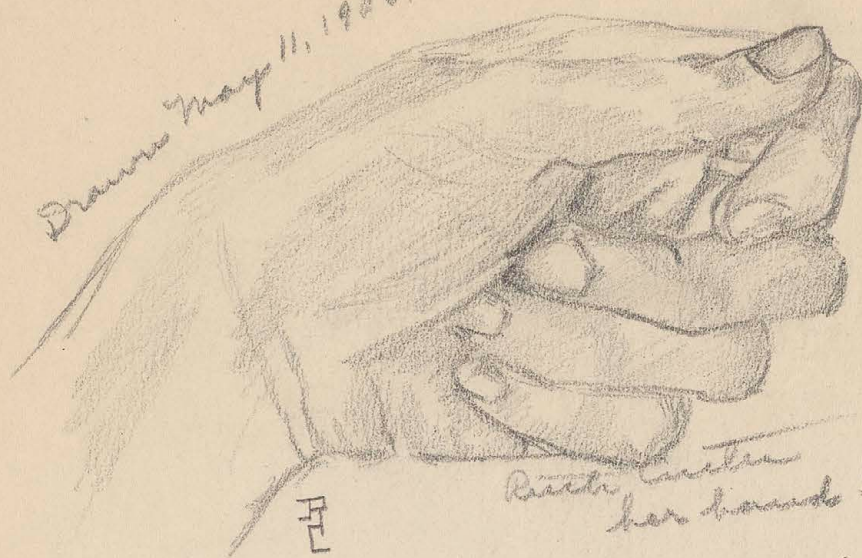
Mrs Edward H. Cutler.

2704

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR
February 1907.

ROLL OF HONOR
FOR

✓
Drawn May 11, 1906 Friday



Ruth Carter
her hands!

FE



Drawn May 11, 1906 Friday
Ruth Carter
her hands!

FE

Christmas Eve.

It was a stormy Christmas Eve. The village clock was just striking ten. A strong wind was blowing the snow against the window panes, and out in the street sleigh bells were pealing forth joyous music. The trees were bare, and the fleecy snow on their branches was occasionally blown off when a gust of wind proved too strong for those myriads of tiny particles.

Tapering icicles hung from the snow clad roofs of the houses whose pathways were being blocked deeper and deeper by the fast falling flakes. The streets were deep in snow and it was all the bundled-up men or even horses could do to plow their way through the drifts, to deliver packages to many a happy family.

The air was fresh, and the wind-driven slanting lines of snow fell so fast that it was almost impossible to see across the street, but once in a while the flicker of a candle

could be seen in a lonely garret.

Indistinctly seen against the sky was the spire of the little village church which was covered with those shimmering star-like flakes, and from inside rang out the clear voices of the boy-choir,

"Peace on earth : good will to men".

By Ruth Carter —