

Shelburne, Vt.
August 11 } 1925
Sept. 15 }

Self-registering Thermometer (Fahrenheit)

Taken { minimum in early Am. x = rain fall
 maximum in late P.M. s = Sunday

1925	June	July	August	September	
1		41 66	42 x 55	40 76	1
2		44 59	s 52 70	41 67	2
3		44 74	49 x 79	33 68	3
4		43 x 55	47 77	47 x 64	4
5		s 51 x 74	50 x 79	48 76	5
6		43 81	54 x 69	s 41 74	6
7		54 x 76	54 x 74	42 52	7
8		50 77	53 x 68	45 x 64	8
9		40 72	s 52 x 75	30 ³³ (7:15 AM) 62	9
10		40 77	59 x 72	40 x 64	10
11		46 79	51 x 67	50 83	11
12		s 54 x 76	48 70	56 x 87	12
13		43 x 71	40 x 58	s 60 x 60	13
14		(45 x 76) <small>6:20 AM</small>	50 x 61	50 67	14
15		45 75	48 77	42	15
16		45 x 73	s 46 80		16
17		56 x 70	49 81		17
18		54 x 71	49 82		18
19		s 47 76	54 x 78		19
20		45 76	50 x 73	s	20
21		49 x 71	46 60		21
22		55 x 62	37 ³⁹ (7 AM) 64		22
23		50 69	s 37 ⁴⁶ (7:30 AM) 72		23
24		45 ⁵¹ (7 AM) 73	40 ⁴⁹ (7:30 AM) 80		24
25		48 72	46 82		25
26		s 54 x 64	50 77		26
27		49 x 58	37 64	s	27
28		s 53 x 59	53 x 69	32 67	28
29		50 ⁵⁵ (6 PM) 70	31 ⁷⁰ (7:30 AM) 73		29
30		44 x 68	s 40 78		30
31		43 67	45 73		31

Max. + Min. between
 Sept. 23, 1927 and 6:55.
 88° Max.
 - 32° Min.

2

Boston Evening

Transcript

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1926

*Chinook Writes Dog History
In Ice of Mt. Washington*

Wisdom, Strength and Steadiness of Walden's Famous
Lead Dog Made Possible the Perilous Mush Up New
England's Highest Peak—Lives of His Team and
Possibly of Men Entrusted to Him

By W. A. Macdonald

Special to the Transcript

Gorham, N. H., March 31.

CHINOOK stood on top of a mountain yesterday. He led the dog sled team of Arthur T. Walden of Wonalancet, New Hampshire, from the Glen House here up the eight miles of iced and snowy trail to the Summit House on Mt. Washington. It was the first time it had ever been done with a dog team. It was said to be impossible to do.

Five years ago, Walden discussed the trip with Ray Evans, who runs the Willis House at Gorham and who has guided parties in the mountains here most of his life. Evans was the only man, of the many Walden asked, who said that the adventure was possible. Evans was the guide yesterday. Without him and Joe Dodge and Harold Mohn it would not have been successful. There were times when men's lives were in danger.

The danger, on the side slopes of the mountain above the Half Way House, Walden said before the start that dogs could not keep their feet on glare ice. Over any other snowy footing they can travel and haul a load. They can pull a sled up a hill that looks like a leaning wall. They can cross country on any roughness, but they must have footing that gives their feet a grip. When they strike ice they begin to slip. Their toe nails are unable to hold them. The problem was to reach the mountain on a day when conditions were suitable.

Ice Worst in Years

As long ago as last Feb. 21 the plan was projected. It was talked over with Walden one night in the lobby of the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec during the Eastern International Dog Race. Walden and Jake Coolidge of Pathé and one other made the plan. It was proposed then that the trip be made immediately after the New Hampshire Point-to-Point Race of Feb. 25, 26 and 27. The date was to depend on conditions on Mount Washington. Walden kept informed of those conditions, he heard first that the ice above the Half Way House was the worst in years. The snowstorm of the new winter blew was on Oct. 10.

That first snow is still on the ground in the mountains. But on the ridges where the wind blows almost all the time with terrible force the ground had been swept clear. Only enough snow remained there to melt and freeze again as ice. From that ice the new snow blew as fast as it fell. That is why there is three hundred feet of snow in Tuckerman's Ravine whence Joe Dodge and his partner, after two nights without sleep, rescued Max Englehardt last October. The blowing snow from the ridges has piled up that three hundred-foot accumulation in the ravine.

Driving Through Mountain Beauty

It was after the middle of March when Walden was notified that there was snow enough on the ridges. He had finished the New Hampshire race and was driving about New Hampshire and Vermont for pleasure. At North Conway, N. H., last Sunday morning, he took a passenger aboard his sled who was to climb the mountain with him. They slid out of the rutted roads of North Conway into the country where was never a mark of wheel or runner. With old Chinook in harness and eight other dogs in the gang hitch, they moved easily up the long lift through Pinkham Notch. For a few miles the passenger took to snowshoes for warmth. Walden rode the runners or ran and then strapped his own snowshoes on. He ran with them as easily as he walked, webbed shoe lifting carelessly over webbed shoe in the long practiced ease of his years on the Alaskan Tundra.

The day was lovely. The mountains walked up on either side, their summits bright, their slopes in umber shadow. Even the dark shadows were clear, so perfect was the light in the dry air. The woods were like interminable etchings in umber and sienna, rising to black and purple. Higher still, the snowline banked the edge of the sky with glistening white. Over all in the blue, hung a cloud like an enormous snowshoe. And from time to time the great white dome of Mt. Washington showed above the timber and higher than the other peaks. Six thousand, two hundred and eighty-seven feet above the sea level is its official height. And through the steel runners as the snow settled beneath their quick passage, and the occasional call of the driver to his dogs and the surf of the wind in the trees.

Chinook the Wise and Steady

Over miles and miles of mountains the wind caressed the forest with its soft and potent roar, the white ghost of the mountain with which men may take no chances lightly, the sinister rush of the softly roaring wind. And old Chinook, pulling steadily in the harness; he was to need all his steadiness, all his intelligence, all of the great strength in his more than one hundred pounds of body. For there came a time when he stood at the head of the team of young dogs who looked to him as leader on the icy side of Chandler Ridge where the slope sidewise was steeper than the roof of a house. Then Chinook's ten years, eight of them in harness, helped to save the team and perhaps the lives of men.

The afternoon of Sunday Walden reached the Glen House. In the evening others arrived. There were Phil Coolidge of Pathé, Ludwig Gelskop of Pathé, Arnold Belcher of Boston, Joe Dodge from the Ravine House who has been four years in the Appalachian huts and who can with perfect ease be reached by letter addressed "Joe Dodge, White Mountains," and Ray

Evans and Harold Mohn of Lynn, who learned his skis in Norway and whose skill with skis is nothing short of wonderful.

The moon was in the slightly clouded sky. The wind spoke steadily like an invisible ocean. It would not be possible to reach the top in such a wind, said Evans, but it might die down. The thing to do was make the Half Way House by daybreak. With dawn it might be still. The wind had been blowing all day, and its sharp burden of snow had been moving like clouds upon the summit. The party left the Glen House just before two o'clock on Monday morning on the first attempt which failed. They left equipped with cameras and snowshoes and provisions, with ice creepers and ropes. Walden was carrying perhaps two hundred pounds on the sled, and Evans and Dodge and Mohn had packs on their backs. They travelled across the open to where the carriage road of Mt. Washington begins.

Half Way House Before Dawn

They entered the forest. The moon laid the streaked shadows of branches across the hard deep snow of the road. Beneath five feet of that snow lie the tools of workmen who left them there when the first storm broke last October. For the first two miles there was no need of snowshoes. The dog team slid ahead and upward rather than any men could climb, and ahead in the moonlit dusk the bright spark of Walden's cigarette always showed where he was waiting for the party to catch up. When they caught him, he stayed a minute to give them rest, and then glided on into the shadows again. The woods caught the sound of talk and the laughter of men having minor mishaps in a sport to which their muscles were unaccustomed. At the right, the trees gave way for a long look downward to the golden chain of the lights of Gorham and to the valley filled with moonlight like a basin filled with silver. Far off the wind swept never ceasing through its wild home in the mountains.

It was not yet dawn when the party reached the Half Way House, whose chains hold it to the ground against the wind. Inside the house the thermometer registered exactly who as the first sticks went into the stove to start the fire. To stand on the porch at the back of the house was to hold to the railing to keep from being blown away. "We'll never make the top today," said Evans. The dogs, out of harness, came into the house with the men and promptly went to sleep. The job was to keep from stepping on a dog. A pan was filled with snow to melt into water for coffee. Now and then a man would stick his head out the door or go out until he was blown back. Over the frozen sea of the mountains, day began with a faint brightening of the light. Rose color touched the snow of the highest peaks. Clear green made bands across the sky. The colors deepened and multiplied and the round sun broke over the mountains, a dazzling coin as fresh as the day. In a little while if was time to try the last four miles of the climb.

The First Test

From the Half Way House to the Horn it is perhaps a quarter of a mile. The party left their snowshoes, Mohn left his skills, all strapped ice-creepers to their boots. Between the Half Way House and the Horn was the first side slope. It was steep and crusted with hard snow. The wind began its sweep here. It set a gusty wall against the men. They toiled across the slope toward the corner called the Horn. It was largely for observation, because the dogs could only go part way. The wind was too much for them. The men themselves, creepers and all, could not go far. As they reached the rocky turn all the strength of the wind struck them. Evans and Dodge, who got farthest, had to hold on to each other, and both are powerful men. Belcher was blown off the trail and clung to a rock. You could lean forward without bending from the waist until hands would almost touch the ground. It was blowing seventy miles an hour and a dog team there would have been lifted off the mountain.

The Pathé men gunned the picture with men holding them steady at both head and feet. Both Evans and Dodge said it would be possible for strong and experienced men to climb the four miles more to the top. But both said they would take terrible punishment doing it. The party crept back from the Horn with the aid of ropes and rested. After a while on snowshoes they turned slowly backward down the mountain. The dog team as usual was far ahead. They reached the Glen House before noon.

The Second Attempt

All through the afternoon of Monday they watched the mountain. Up at the skyline the dot of the Summit House was black against the snow all about it and on all the ridges the snow was blowing in clouds in the terrible wind. That was no place for a man who cared for his life. Yet behind and above it all, the sky was clearly blue, and through all the forests of the mountains sighed the deep and endless wind.

Evans thought it would die down by nightfall. There was a change of moon that night he said, and it promised a change of weather. The first attempt had failed, but Tuesday promised better. Some of the men who had tried the trip to the Horn shook their heads and doubted. Yet there were

signs. The snow clouds were smaller. The deep sound in the forest diminished. It would be worth trying.

At 7:15 on Tuesday morning the party started, there was wind in the valley, but no snow blew on top of the mountain. Walden harnessed six dogs, the same number he had used on Monday. They were in single file hitch instead of the gang hitch. Chinook led the team and it was to be Chinook's last great adventure. The great old dog is in his tenth year now. Behind him in the harness were five of his sons. They were Kaitaz, Tronder, Kewalk, Shagwa, and Ballarat. Young dogs all, except Chinook. The men were Walden, Evans, Dodge, Mohn, Gelskop, Belcher and one other. They left the Glen House at 7:30 A. M. The team started after the main party but quickly caught up. To find out how fast dogs can walk up hill it was only necessary to catch hold of a knotted rope attached to the sleigh and keep pace with them for two miles. Even with the help they gave in pulling a man over the hard places, it was impossible to keep up to them without frequent rests.

Not, at any rate, for an average person. But Walden, fifty-five years old and tireless, trotted behind, holding the handlebars, seemingly without fatigue and always smoking cigarettes. The trim figure of the grim faced little man went along and upward straight as an arrow. He wore a fur cap on his head, a tan parka setting snugly across his fine shoulders and belted about his narrow waist; his feet were encased in moccasins.

Over the Slope on One Runner

To the Half Way House it took just two hours and fifteen minutes. There the party stopped for half an hour to unload the sled and strap on creepers. The wind had begun to rise, but to nothing like that of the day before. Its velocity was between twenty and thirty miles an hour. The temperature on leaving the Glen House was 24 degrees above zero, at the Half Way House it was 12 above and Joe Dodre strapped a big thermometer to the pack on his back to make a record of it when he reached the top. The sky was clear.

The first job was to get the dogs over

that side slope to the Horn. Evans took a rope that was tied to Chinook and Dodge and Mohn on the slope above. The dogs held up the thirty-five-pound sleigh which otherwise would have slid downward, pulling the team with it. Walden holding the handlebars and wearing creepers like the rest kept his footing, and at the same time with tremendous strength swung the sleigh upward so that it ran on its upper runner only. Across they went.

They reached the Horn and passed the four-mile mark. Here the ground was bare for a short distance, swept clean of snow by the wind. The wind was stronger, now and blowing in gusts which made it harder to gauge the efforts needed to resist it. The party passed the fairly level going and struck across the long side slope where sometimes the edge was guarded by a stone wall and sometimes not. To reach the stone wall was an anxious task. The slope was hard crusted snow at an acute angle. Yet Ludwig Gelskop and Arnold Belcher climbed it fine and again to a point higher than the dogs, and Ludwig with his little hand movie camera and Belcher with a newspaper camera gunned the

team coming and going. How they reached some of those places, how they stayed there when they reached them is something hard to say. Of this was lung-bursting, heart-breaking climbing when legs were hard to lift and lungs hard to supply with oxygen enough in the increasingly rarified air. Besides, and most important, these two men were equipped only with toy ice creepers bought in a city store and hardly better than worthless for such mountain work.

On the Brink and Slipping

By now Dodge and Mohn had gone on ahead toward the top. The rest of the party lost sight of them and fought along behind. Side slopes, were passed and stone walls reached. Then they came to the lower spur of Chandler Ridge.

No stone wall protected them here, the side slope was as near perpendicular as it could be and still give foothold even with the best of creepers. Down was the slope, in a clear fall of a quarter of a mile down, on which, once started, no man would ever stop. The men and the dogs and the sled started across that wall.

Walden was forward with Chinook, Evans was back with the sled. Midway across the slope the sled began to slip. The temperature had gone down now, the wind blew gusts of fifty to sixty miles an hour. On that wind the snow swung like steel shot.

The sled was slipping. It was moving ever so little down the deadly slope. The dogs stopped dead, their fur a wind blown tawny ruffie. In the distance lay the miles of frozen mountains, a beautiful picture if the moment had allowed of beauty. Evans could barely hold up the sled, Walden could barely hold up the dogs. They could hold there by exerting all their strength, but they could not go ahead and they could not turn back. The young dogs were beginning to bow downward in the middle of the line. Walden, more than any one else, realized how acute the danger for his dogs, pushed by the wind, were beginning to turn downward in a dash that would never have stopped without death or injury to some one. All but old Chinook. There the great dog stood at the head of the line unswerving. Not even did he

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CHINOOK WRITES DOG HISTORY

Continued from Page One

turn his head to escape the wind. Four feet planted, he stood there an example to his sons, a figure of strength, duty and courage. It was not enough.

The Narrowest Escape

Another member of the party managed to creep above the sled and grasp the knotted rope attached to it. He dug a foothold with one ice creeper but could not make a dent with the other. Still the help was enough to hold the sled. Ludwig Gelskop, aided more by his courage than the toy creepers he wore, worked along until he was able to lift the burden of a camera bag from the shoulders of the man holding the rope. Walden gave the word and old Chinook started. Walden helped the dogs, Evans held the sled, the man above pulled upward on the knotted rope. They made a few feet and stopped. A few feet more and stopped. Exhausted the man with the rope made the rushes short, but the distance was made, the slope was passed, another stone wall was reached and Walden and his team and Evans and the third man were safe. But Belcher and Gelskop were not in sight. Evans took fifty feet of rope and went back.

Belcher and Gelskop were stuck. Belcher had started to slip and had saved himself only with a ski pole which he carried. Ludwig had slipped twice and managed to save himself. Then he had crept to Belcher, whose nerve was all that carried him through the trip, and the two of them stayed there supported by the sled rope. After a while they worked their way to a rock that jutted out of the snow. There they braced themselves and waited, with a quarter of a mile below them. Evans found them so. Getting to them, aided by his heavy sled, he roped them, one at the middle of the line and one at the end. He made a loop across his shoulders and slowly got them across. That was the worst of the trip.

After that the climbing was hard, but safer. The distances travelled between rests shorter, and rest, for the less experienced members, meant to fling themselves flat on their backs on the snow in the gusts of wind, and lie there until they could move again. Evans was all right and Walden was always for speeding the trip. At the last, the rests were a hundred feet apart. Nearly to the top, Ludwig and another were caught in a gust so strong that they had to throw themselves down to keep from being blown over the wall. But Ludwig always clung to the hand camera.

It was 1.25 P. M. when they reached the Summit House. Mohn and Dodge had started the fire in the Boston & Malne hut. They had hot soup ready and tea and baked beans. The party crowded in and the dogs came, too. Joe Dodge had frozen one arm from the elbow down. Evans had had his nose frozen. Joe's thermometer recorded ten below zero. Walden had not a white mark of frost on his ruddy face. Walden and his team had made the trip. He had wanted to make it for years and had believed it could be made. But you wouldn't have known that he was pleased to look at him. Only that he was humming a little, softly.

Walden's Pæans

"Make it a song of the old Alaska, Arthur," someone said, and the humming turned into words. Mohn, as he caught the tune, picked it up with a harmonica and to the accompaniment the husky baritone went on.

To you dog hunchers all,

With your yip and your yawl,

By the crack of a whip in the morning:
I drive from the West,

Where the kiootch men are best,

And the hooch is as strong as my longing.

When he had done with that he sang several verses of a were-wolf song that began:

This is the story the sages tell
Of lovely lake o'er hill and dell,
But where no man is known to dwell
Because it lies next to the gates of hell.

Chinook Sits on the World

So Walden was pleased and he had a right to be. The party was fed and warm and ready to start back. But before they

left, Chinook walked in the wind to the very top of the mountain and sat down in all his great dignity alone with the frost covered Tip Top house for a background. He will never do stunt work or hard work again. Walden has said it.

The party left the top of Mt. Washington at 4 P. M. They went down over the rough road of the telephone line, avoiding the dangerous slope of Chandler Ridge. It was hard travelling and men held back the sled with ropes. But it was quick, only an hour and a half back to the Half Way House. They stopped there to remove creepers and gather up snowshoes, and went on downward on the last four miles. It was seven o'clock when they got there to the comfort of the warmth and the excellence of Mrs. Pike's cooking. Walden sat, after dinner, among a group in a room that looks toward Mt. Washington. The moonlight was in the mountains but not yet in the valley. The great ghostly dome of the mountain was clearly outlined against the sky. Walden lit a cigarette, snapping the match to flame, with a flick of his thumball. The room was still. Outside there was not a sigh of wind in all the trees of all the forest. The great dog, Chinook, lay sleeping at his partner's moccasined feet.

6

Boston Evening

Transcript

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1926

The Climb They Said

a Dog Team

Couldn't Make



1

THE photographs above were made by Arnold Belcher last Tuesday when he climbed to the top of Mt. Washington with Arthur T. Walden of Wonalancet, N. H. and Walden's dog team. The trip was one that few people believed could be made by dog team. The team was led by Chinook, the best known lead dog in the country, and the other five dogs were all sons of Chinook. The members of the party were Arthur Walden, Belcher, Ray Evans, the guide, Harold Mohn of Lynn, Joe Dodge, Ludwig Geiskop of Pathe and W. A. Mac-

donald of The Transcript. These all reached the top of the mountain. The temperature at the Glen House at the bottom at the time of the start at 7.30 A. M. was 24 above zero. At the Half Way House it was 12 above and at the summit it was 10 below zero.

Parts of the trip which required eleven and a half hours from the Glen House to the top of the mountain and return were made over precipitous slopes of ice and hard-crusting snow where a foothold would have been impossible without ice-creepers. At points a slip would have meant a quarter of a mile drop down a slope steeper

than the roof of a house." It was at one of these places, the slope of the lower spur of Chandler Ridge, just past the five-mile mark of the eight-mile climb, that the dog team was in danger. The dogs, unable to get a foothold, were supported by Walden and Evans until someone else was able to get a grip on a rope attached to the sled and keep the sled steady while the rest of the crossing was made.

1.—An easier part of the way up. Some of the slopes were protected by stone walls at the outer edge of the carriage road over which the upward trip was made. The carriage road, however, lies in many places under five feet of snow which slants with the mountain. In some places there

was no wall visible. The dogs, where they had any kind of footing at all, walked faster than a man could climb.



2.—At the top of the mountain, the Tiv Top House for background. The dog team accompanied by Mohn, Evans and Walden. It was from a building within a few feet of this point that Max Englehardt started downward in the October storm from which he was rescued in Tuckerman's Ravine by Joe Dodge and his partner.



3

3.—The party in the Boston & Maine hut next to the Tip Top House. They reached the hut at 1:30 P. M., six hours after the start from the bottom of the mountain. Mohn and Dodge had preceded the others and the hot food they had pre-

pared had made the party comfortable enough to have a picture taken. From left to right, they are Mohn, Evans, Dodge, who is mostly hidden, Walden, Mardonald of the Transcript, and Geiskop. Chlnook is at Walden's feet.



4.

4. Safe in the protection of the stone wall. The dogs had to be taken over the unprotected places with extreme care. Sometimes Evans went ahead with a rope attached to Chinook. The danger was that the weight of the sled would pull the whole team down the slope and perhaps the men who were holding it, too. Walden's strength in tipping the sled upon its upper runner in crossing some of these spots was a notable thing. It was reasonably hard to cross without doing any more work than was required to keep one's self up.



5



6

5.—Looking backward to the Half Way House from the Horn. The first hard work was on this slope where the crust was fairly hard and the descent sharp. Here the wind began to have free play. On the day before, when the first attempt failed, it was estimated that the wind blew seventy miles an hour higher up the mountain and pretty nearly that in the vicinity of the Horn. The Half Way House in the background is just below the four-mile mark and is chained to the rocks to prevent its being blown away.

6.—Joe Dodge, the walking thermometer.

Dodge strapped the thermometer to his pack when he left the Half Way House on the way up. He had lent his parka and wore a heavy woolen shirt which did not prevent him from having one arm frozen from the elbow down before he reached the Summit House. It was ten below zero by Joe's thermometer when he reached the top. When the rest of the party got inside the hut the fire in the stove had warmed the hut to 50 above and before they left it had gone up to 70 degrees.



2

7.—The slope of the mountain above one of the stone walls.



(Photographs by Arnold Belcher)

8.—Chinook sits on top of Mount Washington. He was taken out of harness and, with traces trailing, the old dog climbed gravely to the highest point where he sat down to contemplate the miles of rugged country spread out below him. It was the steadiness of Chinook that made it possible to take the team up. Walden would not have attempted it with any other lead dog. Chinook stood firm at a time when the task looked hardest and some of the younger dogs were beginning to waver. On the way down Walden spoke to him at the beginning of every steep descent saying softly, "Steady, Chinook, steady," and Chinook made it steady.

Birds

Shelburne N.H.

1925

(1) Herring Gull

Merganser

Black Duck Aug. ^{2 in Creek} - ^{at farm}

Bittern

Gr. Blue Heron June 29 ^{↓ intervals ↓} July 21 [↓] Aug 4 ^{② over river} 1 seen at intervals in Aug. & July.

Solitary Sandpiper

Spotted Sandpiper

Canada Ruffed Grouse

Marsh Hawk July 26 ^{↓ over the intervals ↓} ^{of rising 2 in B.} 1 seen at intervals in Aug. & Sept.

Sharp-shinned Hawk

Coopers Hawk

Goshawk

Red-tailed Hawk

Broad-winged Hawk July 17 [↑] ^{nest to wigwam}

Bald Eagle June 11 ^{2 at river near wigwam} July 5 ^{② over the river from the wigwam} seen at intervals in Aug. & Sept.

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(2) Sparrow Hawk

Cespey July 2 - ^{down the stream} ^{+ creek.} R.M.B. seen 2 or 3 times in July & Aug. seen and accented
Killdeer June 28 week described by Mrs. Annie Daine. See Journ. June 28 -
Barred Owl

Black-billed Cuckoo

Kingfisher

Hairy Woodpecker

Downy Woodpecker June 17, 26[♀], 27[♂], July 4, Sept 8[♀]

Yellow-bellied Sapsucker

Pileated Woodpecker July 23 a. s. Philbrook heard one callus on the
Knubble early this A.M.
1 seen on Sept 1 & 3 near here by Dr. Stephen Deschamps -
Flicker June 8, 17^{feeding young}, 18, Sept. 8 & 10 ^{in tree} ^{in village} ^{in house} ^{in village}

Whip-poor-will

Nighthawk

Chimney Swift July 18^{see notes}

x = ordinary

Hummingbird June 8, 9^{2♀♀}, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16-18, 20, 21, 22-27, 7, 6-8
2 ♀♀ continually feeding.
July 9 - Sept 10

Shelburne N.H.

1925

(3) Kingbird June 16, July 8, 9-27 ^{village} ^{pr feeding} ^{young} ^{1 seen frequent} Aug. - Sept 9 ^{occasional}

Phoebe June 14, 16, 20, 27, 28 ^{several} ^{village} ^{seen occasionally} July 27, Aug. ^{occasional}

Olive-sided Flycatcher

Wood Pewee

Alder Flycatcher

Least Flycatcher June 27, ^{1*} Aug. 21

Prairie Horned Lark

Blue Jay Sept. 7 ^{flock} ^{and mice with}

Starling June 16 ^{nest} ^{in tree near Shelburne Sta.} ^{July 8} ^{2 following} ^{hatched in} ^{village} ^{near corner}

Crow June 8, 9 ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ - 7, 6 - 7 ¹⁰ ⁸⁻²⁷ ^{constantly}

Aug. - Sept 10 ^{flocks + single birds} ^{continued}

Bobolink June 14, July 5, 7, 8-27 ^{not seen very far here} ^{this summer}

Cowbird

Pl = Blue-bird farm

Red-winged Blackbird June 10 ^{1 pl} ^{1 pl} ^{1 pl}

Baltimore Oriole June 17 ¹ ^{nest in} ^{release off} ^{R 2nd Home}

Rusty Blackbird

Shelburne, N.H.

1925

(4) *Bronzed Grackle*

Pine Grosbeak

Purple Finch June 9 ^{1*} 12 13-15, 16, 21, July 10 ^{2*} ^{1♀ Eastern} 23 [♂]

Redpoll

Goldfinch June 9 ^{1♂} 10, 11 ^{1♀} 12 ^{1♂} 13-15, 16, 17, 18 19 20 21 ^{many ♂♂} ²²⁻²⁷ ^{seen com- 20,} ^{usually} ²²⁻²⁷ ^{July 6} ^{continually present} ⁷⁻⁸⁻²⁷

Aug. continued. Sept. 7 ^{several}

Vesper Sparrow June 16, 17.

Savannah Sparrow June 11, ²⁻³ 17, 18, 20, 23, July 5, 8 ³⁻⁴

White-throated Sparrow June 18, 20, July 6, ¹ ^{seen} ¹⁷⁻¹⁸⁻²⁷ - Aug. occasional ^{occasionally}

Chipping Sparrow June 8, 11 ¹ 12-13 ¹ 14-15, 16, 17, 18, 20-21, 22-27 ² ^{one seen} ^{July 5 with bands, 8-10 - 27} ^{constant; Aug - Sept 10} ^{continually}

Field Sparrow

Junco June 15, 18 ^{2♂♂} ^{1 nest of 1} ^{seen} ²⁰ ^{July 6} ^{constant} ²⁷ - Sept 10 ^{continued}

Song Sparrow June 11, 17, ¹ ^{seen} ^{July 5, 6}

Swamp Sparrow

Towhee

Rose-breasted Grosbeak July 21 ¹ ^{seen} ²² [♂] ^{nesting} ⁱⁿ ^{brush} ^{by} ^{me} ^{collected,} ^{well} ^{seen}

Shelburne N.H.

1925

(5)

Indigo Bunting June 9^{*}, 10^{*}, 11^{*}, 17^{*}, 18^{*} - 21^{**} - 22^{*} - 27^{*}, July 1⁶⁹, 5²⁰

Scarlet Tanager

Cliff Swallow ^{feeding young at Elmwood house} June 17 July 1[∞]

Bank Swallow June 9[∞], 10[∞], 11[∞] - 15[∞], 16-17, 18[∞], 20-27 - July 7-27[∞] ^{constant in the air}

Tree Swallow June 12²

Bank Swallow

Cedar Waxwing June 20²⁻³, ^{some June & July} ^{a few seen earliest} ^{July, many} Aug 4 Sept 10 into

Whip-poor-will

Red-eyed Vireo June 8^{*} - 16, 16[∞] - 27[∞] - July 6^{1*}, 7, 8[∞] - 27[∞]

Blue-headed Vireo June 5^{*} - 15^{*}

Blk & White Warbler

Nashville Warbler

Tennessee Warbler

N. Parula Warbler Sept. 2¹⁸ + 4

19
Shelburne N.H.

1925

(6) Cape May Warbler

Yellow Warbler

Black-throated Blue Warbler June 18^{4 eggs} 7^{1st to} 19^{3.} 20⁴ 21⁸

Indigo Warbler July 9^{♂+♀} 10[♂] 11[♂] 12[♂]

Magnolia Warbler Sept 10^{several} 11¹ 12[♂]

Chestnut-sided Warbler

Black-poll Warbler

Blackburnian Warbler June 15^{1♀}

Black-throated Green Warbler

Pine Warbler

Yellow-Palm Warbler

Oven-bird June 12^{*} 20^{*} 27^{*} 29^{*} 5^{*} 8^{*} village

Water Thrush

Maryland Yellow-throat June 10^{*} 15²⁰ 20¹⁰ 21^{1*}

Wilson's Warbler

Shelburne, N.H.

1925

(7) Canada Warbler

Redstart June 12^{*}

Opeit

Catbird June 17^{1 seen} July 8^{1 killed}

House Wren June 7, 8, 9 s. end of main 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, box s.w. piazza occupied.
 16, 17 villog 18-21-27. July, box on s.w. piazza vacated, 5 ♂♂ occupying main tray
 8 ♀♂ piazza, 1 ♀ house in tree (apple) ♀♂ occupying main tray
 1 ♀ farm, western driveway. During July 9 to 27 from 10-3 birds have been around

notes relate
 to our cottage
 unless other
 wise noted

The pigeon and on a number of occasions, going in and out of the one on the s.w. piazza but with no evidence
 seen occasionally in bushes near the cottage but
 of habitation - Aug. none nesting here this season -

Winter Wren

Zooon Cerepea

White-breasted Nuthatch Sept 10² thru

Red-breasted Nuthatch

Chickadee June 24^{*}

Golden-crowned Kinglet

Ruby-crowned Kinglet

Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 1

Rainy all day, sky heavily overcast -

It has been a very disagreeable day out of doors. A wet, misty, continuous rain has fallen all day. Grass, green, has been cut flat all day, and a good deal cocked up has also lain out, and it must lie there till Monday - No haying is done on Sunday.

Miss Brown has kept the house to-day, as she has some trouble with the muscles of the back. It is much better this evening I have spent my time between the cottage and the farm. My aunts for July & August have taken a good deal of time. I try to read the papers, but somehow or other I don't seem to find any time to read. And I should -

There have been arrivals to-day; Mrs. Gude and her two sisters the Misses Boggs, Mr. & Mrs. Folsom and child & others -

I had a long talk with Gus this evening about the project in view of making electricity from sea water. Gus was willing to ~~out~~ of the state. He says of course, it is a commodity and should be transmitted as much as any other. You wouldn't make the world come to your state to buy or sell it there in order to use it. Suppose you had to go to Florida to buy oranges -
The Woodfords & Miss Gardner left to-day -

Euphorbia corollata Townsend.
Abundant on banks by Glen House, Green Mount. Coll. E. S. Burgess.

1925
Aug. 2

Sunday - Shelburne, N.H.

Clear sky with scattered clouds mild.

This morning we called on Howard Philbrook, who is getting on finely. Of course it is slow.

Then we walked down over the intervals to the river. All nature is in her best estate. - The views are very fine.

Returning we saw in the grasscut interval before us on the left, a young Woodchuck. We went to it and got close up to it. He wanted to get behind us but as he couldn't be sat up, chattered and faced us. It was intensely interesting to watch from so near a position, his postures, sounds and movements. - Finally we let him pass us and he then leaped rapidly away, half running and soon reached his hole by the white birches next the rubble.

Young woodchuck

This afternoon we had a call from Mrs. Shores and a gentleman friend of theirs. We sat on the piazza and they enjoyed much the hummingbirds drinking at the tumbler. I walked with them over to the Erectors.

Call from Mrs. Shores.

This evening we went to Sunset Rock to find Mercury. We saw one planet, but I think it was Mars. Mercury, Mars & Venus set not far apart, but among the hills here, it is hard to be sure.

Miss Clark, Miss Foot, Mrs. & Miss Newhall came to the cottage and we showed them Moon, Saturn and Jupiter with his 4 moons.

Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 3

Clear and bright thru, thunderstorm in early P.M. followed by clear sky -

This morning we went down early to see Miss Moore off. We shall miss her -

I spent some time this morning on acct. I still leave my monthly acct. to balance. Book from

I received by mail to-day from Miss Short-ridge a charming book "When we were very young" by A.A. Milne and full of fascinating illustrations by Mr. Sheppard. I have read all the verses aloud this afternoon by the fire at home -

This evening we invited Mrs. Newhall & her daughter to come up to see the heavens. We had decided to-day to take the celestial telescope out of the box into which we had put it, preparatory to sending it to Cambridge to Mrs. Willson. It was good to see it once more on the stand - I could show the ladies Jupiter and the 4 moons and Saturn and the rings so clearly. The heavens were never clearer. The ladies were very enthusiastic and pleased. On returning to the house we had a good talk - Our friends are intimates with the Churchills, Jacksons and others of my acquaintance. Eric appeared for a while, *Desmodium canadense* (L.) DC.

Flowering & fruiting plants back of the Farm house in the passage way, and on its hill slope -

Shelburne, Vt.

1925
Aug. 4
(1)

A warm day, though the sky had a film of thin clouds over it, part of the day. A very sultry day -

This morning Miss Brown & I walked over the river and called on Mr. & Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson is always very bright and capable. She is getting on well with her work, giving supper and breakfast and bed to travellers in autos, running her little shop, selling gasoline, &c. - Mr. Wilson unfortunately is incapacitated for much of any work. The view from their ground over the river and beyond is really, very fine -

The walk home was a very warm one more so than any this summer. I rested this afternoon. Later Miss Brown helped me put into press some weeds from the Wilson yard -

There came by mail this P.M. from Mrs. C. a very good specimen of the *Vaccinium* she had written me about with peculiar berries as to color -

This evening Miss Morse came up and showed us her rosaries. She has a wonderful collection and tells most interesting stories -

Ambrosia trifida L. -

Wced 4 1/2 ft. high, back yard of Arthur Wilson, outside of village

Anthemis Cotula L.

Wced about 3 ft. high, back yard of Arthur Wilson -

Tilia americana L.

Fls. - Large tree near the road, foot of slope back of Red House, at farm - white, n. side

Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 4
(2)Letter from Mrs. John E. Sawyer, Lancaster
Mass., Aug. 3 1925. Extract.

"The *Vaccinium* proves to be *V. atrococcum*
var. *leucococcum* and Mr. Sargent is quite
interested in it because of the berries. The
color is a dull pink and resembles that
of an unripe blueberry, but is perfectly
ripe. There seemed to be only one bush
and we hope to get some plants from it
as it is not growing in the Arboretum.
Mrs. Bayard Sawyer's gardener will try to
graft it, &c. I am sending you another
specimen with berries in a separate box
hoping they may show the color."

Affely yours
Evelyn F. Sawyer.

Shelburne, N.H.

1925 Pleasant A.M.: more or less sunny, thickening
Aug. 5 up in P.M., followed by a thunder storm, rest of
day cloudy →
Augustus E. Philbrook's
Birthday
70 years -

This morning I congratulated "Gus" on his birthday and gave him "The Vascular Flora of Cook Co., Maine" by A. S. Pease, 1924" in red binding with his name in gilt on the front of the cover, lower right hand corner. I got the book at the Bot. Soc. Nat. Hist. and it was bound by Holzer, Boston.

Gus, ^{was} much pleased and he will enjoy it for its own sake - Miss Boone gave him candy -

I have spent to-day at my cottage, reading and writing. We have begun to band birds yesterday and some Juncos & Chipping's and one White-throat have been banded -

This evening Mr. & Mrs. George Fred Williams have come for a short time -

Before supper this evening, as I was talking to Gus, a swing of my arm threw ^{Gold} my glasses off of my eyes and one of the ^{spectacles} lenses is irrevocably smashed. It is very hard luck for I can't get along without them - He cannot find the extra pair that I have always taken with me. I am simply almost without the use of my eyes - I am writing with Miss B's glasses.

Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 6
(1)

Light film of clouds, very little sun, a little
rain 6 P.M.

This morning Gus found a pair of spectacles sent my
mother, well do me very well until I get mine glasses to
back. Mine went off this Am. to Dr. Paine - Dr. Paine.

In the course of the morning I went over
to see Helen Philbrook in her garden and
had a pleasant talk. Then I went with her
to the *Campanula punctata* locality by the
moss's piety and she was much interested
in the plants. They are still full of flowers.

*Campanula
punctata*

A little later Miss Brown & I walked
over to the Scudder Cottage and called upon
Mrs. Taft who is there with her family. As they
do not come down to meals at the Farm there
are very seldom seen. We had a pleasant talk.

Later I called on Howard and sat with him
some little time. He is improving rapidly
and he is very careful and patient.

This afternoon Miss Morse and Miss Newhall
called and Miss M. read us a paper on rosaries
of the world. She has a wonderful collection.

I know so little about them. Miss Brown
served tea & cake. Later Mrs. Gude and one of
her sisters Miss Briggs came up and we had tea
and listened to Mrs. Gude on the southern
question. She lives in Atlanta, Georgia. She
has strong faith in the rising of the South.

Evening with Gus & Miss Brown getting the telescope
into two boxes for Dickleam & Smith Co Boston -
Achillea Ptarmica L. weed in Helen Philbrook's garden -

File 9 Shelburne
Sept 20, 1925

Shelburne, Vt.

1925

Aug. 6

(2)

This evening Reggie Johnson told us of the
adventure of himself and his cousin, Everett H. Johnson
and the girls who in Reggie Johnson's opinion are at College
this afternoon, climbing up Moses Rock -

They went up by sitting and with rubber-
soled shoes, going up backwards with
hands on the rock. Reaching the top of
the slide comes the overhang, perpen-
dicular and ragged - Though some have
climbed the overhang, Reggie & the others from
their position found it impossible to do so.
The overhang is some six feet or so.

They were stuck right there and it
would be dangerous to go down. So they
yelled as loud as possible and finally
were heard by Mr. Edwards at the Phibkey farm
across the river. He took climbing material,
hurried over the river, climbed Lountersp and
got above the slide, threw over his ties
and thus they got up. This is far too
dangerous a sport -

A climb
up
Moses Rock

This morning Lawrence, early, found in 4 Coons
the big ~~water~~ barrel inside the shed door ⁱⁿ water barrel
an old coon and three young ones, feed up.
He captured one young one. The rest got
away - Later the captured young one got
away. I should have liked to see the grand
one & they returned two or three times before disappearing for good.

Mrs. Gude gave me to-day a memorial half
silver dollar U.S.G. "Memorial to the Valor of the Sol-
dier of the South, Liberty, Half Dollar (American Eagle), on the other
side in Solid Trust. Stone Mountain 1925 (Signed of Reg. Johnson on)

Sueled N.H.

1925
Aug. 7

Sun and cloud all day, a few rain drops. Mild

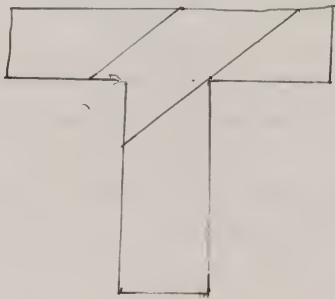
This morning Miss Deane and Miss Maxwell called and we had a good talk on the piazza. Later Mrs. Howard Philbrook with her friend called. All were much interested in the Hummingbirds drinking at the tumbler -

I wrote some letters -

This afternoon after dinner, I sat in the living Room a whole hour and a half talking with Mr. George Fred Williams. It was interesting to hear him.

There has been haying going on during the day. A good deal has been hauled into the ^{stable} barn. A large piece has been cut, and yet a good deal remains standing in the ^{stable} intervals. If tomorrow is pleasant the grass cut today will be taken in, and the rest that is standing will be cut to lie over Sunday.

I spent some time this evening at the Farm talking with others -



Good Buzzle -

Saturday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 8

Cloudy with very little sun. A little rain in the middle of the day - mild.

Again Gus has been disappointed in his haying. He has cocked up what was spread out and left it till Monday. What will to-morrow be? There is much still to cut.

The day has passed quietly. We have changed the dress of my plants and have taken a good number out of press. I have a fine set of *Campylopus punctata*. *Campylopus punctata* Dr. & Mrs. Morse are back from Boston and Mrs. Morse is going to see if the plants set any seed. I doubt very much.

This afternoon I went to a tea with Miss Dean & Miss Maxwell. There were present Mr. & Mrs. Edwin H. Abbot, Miss Newhall, Dr. Spottiswood, Mrs. Newhall, Miss ^{Ruby} Morse. We had a very pleasant, social time.

We staid town for quite a while this evening talking with friends. The night is very cloudy with some stars shining through.

Joe Churchill writes me from Buffalo, N.Y. He is on his way to The Dunes, Lake Michigan, to botanize. Marjorie will join him. Mary Cushing & Alma are with him.

Erigeron ramosus (Walt.) B.S.P. var. *septentrionalis* Fernald
Roadside by my cottage near the house.

Cephalanthus occidentalis L. Downingwell. Flower,
Back of Philbrook Farm barn. Same locality as before.

/ *Desmodium canadense* (L.) DC.
Philbrook Farm. Behind farm house.

/ *Populus tremula* L. Michx.
Philbrook Farm. From young shoot.

Shelburne, Vt.

1925
Aug. 9

Sunny most of the morning, cloudy in P.M. and rain at 4 o'clock. Rained this evening.

I have had a very quiet day at home and at the farm. There are always friends to call, to and at the cottage. I have lots of things to do. My plants are nearly dry and there are always letters to write and no end of reading when I am disposed.

This evening we spent some time at the farm talking with friends. Gus showed me a letter from A.C. Sprague from Camp Curry, Cal., Yosemite National Park, in which he had drawn inimitable caricatures of faces he had met. Sprague is a wonder with his pen. I also discussed with Lawrence a new heading for the letter head - The old one is wearing away - We returned to our cottage at 9 P.M.

Some work has been done on bird banding. Bird We have trapped 20 birds (Juncos, Chippies, & one Banding White-throated Sparrow), two were returns, and some were repeats, and the rest new.

Rob Ware will come on Tuesday or Wednesday. He says he is terribly tired. Charlotte comes somewhat later -

Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 10

Rain this Am; sun appearing in early Pm.
followed by a very smart rain.

This morning I was at home. I have taken most of my plants from press and been generally busy. Robert won't come till the 11th or 12th, but he won't be later.

This afternoon a party of us, Gus, Lawrence, Howard, Robert Clark & I drove to Gorham. Each one had some business to do. The sun shone brightly, but suddenly there was a downpour for several minutes. I went in to Mr. Bennett's and had my hair cut, then I called at the Savings Bank with Judge Evans whom I met nearby and called on Mr. Elisha H. Cady, Treas. Pleasant talk followed. Then I went to Judge Evans' office and we had a talk together there. Then to Shorey's where I did errands but didn't see him. Then I joined the party and we returned home. Before starting I met on the sidewalk, Mr. Cushman with whom I talked for a few minutes - then home.

This evening I went over to Helen Philbrick's and heard Helen, (piano), Peggie (mandolin) & Kippie (saxophone) for some time. Interesting. Then I came home. Soon there arrived Peggie Johnson, Kippie, his cousin Everard Johnson, and Peggie's cousin.

I took out the telescope and we looked at Jupiter this morn. & Saturn.


The latter was too low for any good observation. Then we had a pleasant talk & cool drink & cake.

Tuesday -

Shelburne, N. H.

1925
Aug. 11

Another strange day. Bright sky with heavy dark clouds floating over from west & north, and suddenly pouring out a heavy shower while a short distance away was blue sky and sunshine. This all day - Max. 67° -

It has been a very strange day, bright sunshine following fast upon a deluging shower. The morning early was propitious and the hay cocks of Saturday, 4 days ago, were spread out, and horse manure was cut, when down came a smart shower which has been repeated through the day. Two men returned from the hay field early this morning in the midst of a big rain fall, with a large pile of half-mown hay held over their heads. It was an odd sight. Gun rays  is very effective - This condition of weather has lasted all day. In spite of it all, a party of four from the Johnson cottage drove up on the Glen Road and ascended Wild Cat -

I have spent my time between the Farm and my Cottage, talking to friends, reading the papers, writing, etc.

Rob Ware will surely come to-morrow. He has written that he will phone just when. He has been postponing the trip for reasons -

Desmodium canadense (L.) DC.

A specimen in good fruit behind the Farm-house in the passageway. There is quite a little of it there and in the grove above the stone wall -

1925
Aug. 12
(1)

Wednesday Shelburne, N.H.

Clear, calm, mild, perfect day - Max. 70°.

A perfect day at last - This morning we walked over to Mrs. Wilson's, getting a lift from Dr. & Mrs. Morse a little way. I explored the area back of the house and collected a number of plants, and around it - The area back of the house is in one spot clogged with weeds and I think I got them all. The Golden Glow and Verbena were in front of and at the side of the house a little ways off. We had a pleasant time talking with Mrs. Wilson and we had ice-cream & cake. On our return we got a lift part way from Reggie's cousin who had in his car.

This afternoon we had company on the piazza. Mrs. & Miss Frost, Miss Clark, and Miss Russell. The Hummingbirds drank and the view was very fine for the sun was bright in the clear sky -

This evening Eric, Douglas, a grandson of Mrs. Folsom came up and I showed them Jupiter & his four rooms.

Late Lawrence appeared about 9 o'clock and took us down to the Farm House. We walked quietly to the end of the piazza and looked through the window into the shed where the Curpe waste barrel is and stood perfectly still. There was a light in the shed so that everything was visible. Soon there was a rustling in the barrel and a Coon appeared and looked round. Then he quietly got over the edge of the barrel and slid noiselessly to the ground and walked over the floor

Wednesday. Shelburne, N.H.

1925

Aug. 12 and got round the corner on his way to the hole in the shed where the corns enter and depart. Gradually all four followed suit. One of them stood motionless facing us only a few feet away for a number of seconds ere he departed. It was a most remarkable sight and experience.

We retired to the office for a little while and then returned. This time there were three of them. They behaved as before, departing slowly and noiselessly. Lawrence says that back of the house, and close to the high stone wall behind the bushes is a freshly trodden trail which these corns must probably follow. We spent about 3/4 of an hour during this performance, and then returned home.

Rudbeckia laciniata L., var. *hortensis* Bailey. (Abundant introduction in lecture Wilson's place. No cult. plants there.)

Epilobium angustifolium L.

Cellar of Wintthrop House in the village, kept by Oliver & Abe Green, when I was there in 1886.

Long burned.

Verbena hastata L.

Just of Arthur & Mrs. Wilson, a little east of the village.

Rudbeckia laciniata L., var. *hortensis* Bailey.

Abundant escape on the grounds of Arthur Wilson a little east of the village.

Leonurus Cardiacus L.

Just of Arthur & Mrs. Wilson, a little east of the village.

Galeopsis Tetrahit L., var. *bifida* Dejeune & Courtois.

Waste ground of Arthur Wilson, a little east of the village.

1925
Aug. 13

Thursday -

Shelburne, Vt.

Rainy day, varying from very light to harder.

As usual it has been a very unpropitious day overhead.

This morning at 10 A.M. I drove with Dr. Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Howard Philbrook to the Golf Links and I walked with them over the course, hearing a little something about the game. It was extremely interesting. A caddy came down towards the end, and told us that Lawrence was going after Rob Robb's Ware at Upper Sohan. When our return I arrives found Rob here. It was good to see him. He looks well, but is very tired. At dinner he met a number of good friends and on our return to the cottage we spent a while putting into press a few plants he had got on his way here.

About 4 P.M. Rob had gone up stairs to rest. Miss Deane & Miss Maxwell came up and sat with us till 6 P.M. Rob was asleep.

Evening spent partly at the Farm.

- Friday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 14

Dull clouds, with light rain through the day - Rain for periods at intervals -

It has been another heavy moist day. As usual no haying. Much partly made hay is lying out discolored - Too bad. There is much still to be cut -

The day has been quietly spent - Rob is taking things very easily, analyzing a few plants, reading & talking, and this afternoon, taking a good long nap -

This afternoon we had a call from the occupants of the Scudder Cottage Dr. Mrs. Traft, two children (a boy and a girl) and a little girl, a nephew - We had a very pleasant talk for some time - They saw the Hummingbird drink at the tumbler.

As I went in to my study this afternoon *Air-Tester* I saw on the table a remarkable bronzed image of a sea-monster with a tube connecting the tail and mouth, through which was constantly passing some red globules at short distances from each other - *** Robert has just come in. It is the *Air-Tester*, a scientific instrument accounting for Humidity & Circulation in a room. A circular of full information accompanies it.

Robert left this on my table for me -

This evening we staid till 8:45 at the Farm and then came home -

A tooth in my upper jaw is very painful. It aches incessantly and yet is sound - Tooth-ache

Saturday. Shelburne Vt.

1925
Aug. 15 Clear, calm, mild --

At last it has been a splendid day and much hay has gone into the barn - A good week will finish it -

The day has passed quietly. My tooth in Tooth slowly toning down - Miss Brown is talking cars better for it -

This morning Robert & I went on to Sunset Rock and over the Scudder Pasture through the Yellow Gate. There we lay down and talked for a good while, returning to the cottage in time for dinner.

This afternoon was spent at home - Rob wants rest and he certainly is getting it. Some children came up with a very young barn swallow that had fallen from the nest. Miss Brown banded it and then took it back to the barn and climbed up and put it on an empty nest - Will it be fed?

The Air Test is interesting me very much. Dr. Luoss doesn't understand it.

This evening three arrived Mr. Mrs. Gardner & 2 children. I met Mr. Mrs. S. in 1918 and once before. I had a pleasant talk with Mr. Gardner this evening - They were all rather tired and ready for bed -

This evening Mr. Brown & I tested the telescope on Jupiter & Saturn. Jupiter has 3 moons on the left and we are sure we saw 1 on the right - The table same that is eclipsed.

Sunday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 16

Cool, calm, hot. Max. 80° - Hottest day since June 6.

This has been a wonderful day. The heat has been intense, the air has been calm and a slight breeze has spread of the landscape.

I spent part of the morning on the piazza at the Farm, talking with friends. Then I went over and called on Miss Gude and her two sisters. Miss Gude gave me a beautiful photograph of Mary, the adopted daughter of her daughter Mrs. Coleman. Prof. & Mrs. Coleman with Mary are now in the west where the Prof. is visiting colleges. I shall frame the photo when I get home. The rest of the morning was spent at home. Rob was busy writing.

After dinner Rob & I walked over with Prof. Emerson to his home and inspected his photographs with the camera he bought with the \$3.00 left him by Rose Morrison, and then we went over the entire garden and discussed every feature. All is in fine shape. The Shirley Poppies whose seed came from Roland Thayer are very beautiful.

This afternoon at 4 P.M. tea with Miss Deane & Miss Maxwell. Later Miss B. & I walked over the intervals and saw a beautiful sunset. This evening 24 in music room sang, Mr. Baker played. Later he played to a few friends. It was a very pleasant evening.

1925
Aug. 17

- Monday - Shelburne, N.H.

Perfect day, but hot; calm. Clear with glorious cumulus clouds - Max. 81° F.

It has been a very fine day. Gas did a good lot on the hay fields and weather like this should see all done this week.

This morning we did little, but sat on the piazza part of the time reading and talking and I did a little work besides. I took the Air Tester over to show Howard. He was much impressed and thought he understood it. He compares it to an ordinary thermometer.

In the afternoon Prof. & Mrs. Diller called and sat with us on the piazza. Robert was napping. They are well as usual. Diller asked me about Artists' Rock. It is correct on the Govt. maps of 1897, according to Mrs. Philbrook. I have the maps. It is a portion of Olivette. Artists' Rock

After their departure I sat on the piazza with the horses & Howard a while.

After supper I staid quite a while at the farm. Rob read a little from a collection of short tales. I sat on the piazza and later joined Gus & others there.

The night is clear, calm, cool and there is promise of a good day coming. Fire in a small fire broke out in the Red House ^{Red House} by the Shelburne Station - Easily extinguished ^{at} Shelburne Sta.

1925
Aug. 18

Tuesday ~ Shelburne, N. H.

Clear, very hot, cloudy in P.M. - temp. 82°.

The chosen days for beeying have come. Will they last? Much had been done today but 3 more good days are needed.

It has been too hot to make any exertion to-day. I have been at home and at the farm, talking with friends.

This afternoon Mrs. Folsom called with her mother and daughter. Her mother has gone to-day.

This morning, before dinner I read that a large hedgehog had been killed and Hedgehog was lying near the back entrance to the Killed Emerton place. I took my nippers and a small box and hastened to the spot. There lay the largest hedgehog I ever saw. I pulled out a good number of the bristles for study. I like to thread one in the top of a letter sheet.

To-day Mrs. Miss Newhall & Mrs. Folsom, her little daughter, and her mother Mrs. Chapin called. This evening friends of Mrs. Gude came up, Mr. & Mrs. Westbrook and two sons. Mrs. Gude & Miss Bogg. The Westbrooks staid and we showed them Jupiter & Saturn. They showed up finely. I accompanied them back to the Steaks.

The heavens are very brilliant, and I hope for a clear warm day for Mrs. to do a lot of beeying. —
Linaria maroccana Hook. Introduction as a weed in Emerton Garden
Coll. L.H. Bailey
Sept. 29, 1925

- Wednesday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 19

Foggy in early Am., clearing soon, rest of Am. clear, warm, thunder clouds in the west by noon, passing round by the north, a few drops here - At about 5.45 pm heavy thunderstorm with wind and flood rain.

Crucial tracing has been done to-day with threatening clouds overhead. It has been interesting to watch the work from the cottage piazza -

This morning Mr. & Mrs. Gardner and daughter came up and spent the morning on the piazza - They were interested in the Hummingbirds and the work in the hay-field - Mr. Gardner gave a very clear statement in regard to the working of the Air-Tester that Robert gave me -

This afternoon Robert beat me twice at croquet. We used a third dead ball. By 6:30 Rob & Miss Brown started for Upper Gorham for Charlotte who will come to the cottage -

After they had gone a short time, down came a torrent of rain with lightning and fierce thunderclaps and wind. It lasted for some time and a light rain continued into the evening -

By 6:30 the party returned Charlotte, Robert and Miss Brown. They drove straight to the Farm. It was good to see Charlotte again, and she will get a good rest here. We hope for a sunny day and clear cool weather -

Hydrocym satureum Jesse. L. By 12.2. Trachs, Upper Gorham N.H. coll. Miss Brown
S.P. - 1000000000

Thursday - Shelburne N.H.

1925
Aug 26

Clear morning, clouds gathering in the afternoon, a few rain drops - Warm P.M. Cool P.M.

The telescope returned to-day from Dickinson & Smith - It is very satisfactory except for two points in the eye-piece. There are two bits on the glass, - one "and something shakes inside." - I have written them about it. Telescope arrives.

Robt & I have gone over my plants to inspect them - He took 2 or 3 pieces, I put a few things into pots of his and one of mine

This A.M. Miss Zoom conducted a party over the Yellow Trail to Bowls & Pitchers. They were Mr. & Mrs. Sprague & Mrs. Gardner and they were enthusiastic over her guidance. This P.M. she drove with Mr. & Mrs. Gardner & the two children to Glen Ellis Falls - they had some rain & two rainbows -

Miss Zoom leads a party of 15 + plus bowls and Pitchers.

I went to a tea at Miss Deaver's at 4.30 with Miss Maxwell. Present Robt, Charlotte, Miss Hooper and Mrs. Deanean, Miss Morse.

Robert beat me at two games of croquet met this P.M. before supper -

Friday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 21

Cloudy and clear, cold windy. Max. 60°

This morning a party consisting of Mr. & Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. & Miss Newhall, Dr. Spottiswood, Miss Morse, Robert Case, Miss Brown & I took a walk down to the top of Larele Hill. Air very cool and bracing. Back an hour before dinner.

I waited at the Farm for guests announced to me by Gus. They appeared a little after one in two cars - There were F.S. & Mrs. Matthews, Miss Maynard, Mr. Hubbard & Genevieve and two children, Margaret Ellen Hubbard and two children and a maid - It was indeed an occasion - Warm welcomes - First we all had dinner, then we went up to the Cemetery who had asked us and our guests enjoyed the walk over the place and the fine array of flowers - Then all came over to our cottage and we had a good time on the piazza in bright conversation and our guests were enthusiastic over the view. They all at last got into their cars and returned to Rawdolph for the night, then on to Campton. It was a rare occasion.

Visit
from
F.S. Matthews
&
party.

The evening passed quietly in the usual way, mostly at home -

Dianthus barbatus L.

Several plants in the grass near the Wheeler Cottage, which is by Wheeler Pond, not near cultivated plants.

Saturday. Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 22

Perfect day, clear very cool, mercury at 7 A.M. 39°

This morning Mr. Sproague, with Rob & I took a walk over to the village and on to Mr. & Mrs. Wilson's where we spent quite a while, talking. Mrs. Wilson had just picked a few parts of splendid ripe strawberries, from their never-bearing vines and we each had a good saucer-ful with rich cream. We wandered about the place and then walked home.

Strawberries
&
cream.

This afternoon I was at home, busy at my table. Calls from Mr. & Mrs. Cibbott, & Dr. Spottiswood.

This evening at supper I met Prof. E.S. Burgess his wife and sister. They stay here till Monday. I had a few words with them. I fear a cold coming on, and I came up right after supper.

Mrs. Thayer has sent me to-day a specimen of *Gentiana linearis* probably from Lancaster coll. by herself. I don't know its range in central Mass.

Gentiana linearis
from
Lancaster,
Mass.

1925
Aug. 23

Sunday - Shelburne, N.H.

Clear, calm, mild - Perfect day.

Last night was very cool, min. 37°, and the day has been perfect.

This morning Prof. & Mrs. E. S. Burgess and Miss Burgess came up to the cottage and we had a good long talk. There were six of us together. Prof. Burgess told us all about his work in the Girls Cottage of the city of New York of which he is the head. He has a fine position which he has held for many years. Prof. Burgess was interested in Pease's Hoop of Cows Co., N.H. I gave him a Hummingbird picture & one to his sister. I also gave him a copy of my Flora of a salt marsh under reclamation.

This afternoon Lindsey Jenkins called from Jackson with two Scotch girls. We had a very pleasant call. Lindsey's father has died and he lives alone with his mother. They didn't stay long.

My cold made me feel pretty this morning for a while, and is still with me, but Catch I have enjoyed the day. I have no cough, mainly. The catch birds at intervals through the repeats day but they are almost always repeats.

This evening twelve people came up and we showed them Jupiter + 3 moons. Saturn + rings. Moon. Party of 12
see other
moon, Saturn
+ Jupiter
It was a very successful occasion -
Saturn is getting quite low for good view.
Miss Brown helped very effectively.

Monday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 24

Clear and warm but pleasant - Fine day.
Calm -

This morning Rob + I walked down into the intervals to the edge of the brook on the west side of the Knubble where some *Gentiana linearis* grows. It is most all in young fruit, but Rob got two flowering plants.

The rest of the day we have been at home busy in one way or another -

I have had a very fine letter from ^{Long} Fernald of 8 pp. written "Aboard a motor ^{letter} boat travelling the length of the Straits of Belle Isle, Aug. 4. 1925" He continued it "Sunday, Aug. 9. Lying over at Cap Signon" 2 1/2 pp. more, then "Flowers Cove, Aug. 17" 3 pp. more

The trip has been wonderfully successful and includes no end of new sps, and other very rare species, and sps. not known in our country - Letter written clearly in pencil.

The afternoon Mrs. Gude + one Miss Boggs called and we had a long talk on the piazza. Charlotte + Mrs. Gude had much in common in re access the water.

This evening I saw Bunny Morse who has returned from his trip out west in the Yellow Stone Park. He gave us good acct. of the party, the route, the scenery. The camping out etc etc It was a success.

The moon + Jupiter are resplendent
to-night

Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug 25

Very warm, light clouds - calm.

This morning Gus & Lawrence, Robert & I drove to Gorham on errands - I saw Shorey about some "Boulder" cards and I saw Judge Evans a few moments and got into a three errands. It was very hot in the town - The drive to and fro was nice and cool.

This afternoon after reading, resting, &c. we four walked over to the Emersons for a little tea on the lawn. On the way we met Mr. Usher who was very enthusiastic over the big mountain tramp. It was a pleasant time with Prof. Mrs. Emerson, Mr. & Mrs. Clark & son, and a few others. The garden was showing its very best.

After supper I came up soon and showed Jupiter and his moons and the moon to Mrs. Clark's little boy who had never seen them. He was impressed and asked questions.

The party who started on a long mt. tramp Sunday returned to day after a wonderful experience. Route, Fentons Ford Success, Goose Eye, Mahogue Notch, &c to Griffin Notch. I haven't yet heard the details.

Haying over !!

Last load full of weeds that had got in, was dumped into the river! Met end of interval not far from the dividing line -

Haying over!!
Began July 20.

Desmodium canadense (L.) DC. Pin Hill back of Farm 1st me.

Wednesday. Shelburne Vt

1925
Aug 26

Clear, cool and windy, growing colder.

This morning Rick and I walked down to the southwest corner of the interval where a lot of weeds that had come up in ground that was bare this spring was being loaded on to the hay cart and cast into the river. The strip green potatoes last year - How the seeds got in is a puzzle. There were *Polygonum lapathifolium* and *Chenopodium album*. Five loads were thrown into the river. The *Polygonum* was very coarse.

Mr. Westbrook & his two boys came up later and I showed the elder boy how to press plants. I had a pleasant talk with Mr. Westbrook (New Canaan, Conn.). He is inspecting quarries and publishing the results.

At home much of the P.M. Read some. We four played croquet before supper. Evening was spent in conversation at the Farm and by an open fire at the Cottage.

- Thursday. Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug. 27

Clear, calm, cold. Max. 64°

This morning after watching a long game of croquet and not seeing the end we went off for a picnic to Moose River. There were two cars Lawrence in one and Mr. Gardner in his car. The party consisted of Miss Deane, Miss Maxwell, Mrs. & Miss Newhall, Mr. & Mrs. Sprague, Mr. & Mrs. Ware, Miss Morse, Miss Snod, Mrs. Morse, Mr. Gardner Miss Brown & me.

The time was 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. The people were all very bright and cheery and all had a good time. The clearness of the air, the beautiful foliage and the clear running water of Moose river made a very remarkable sight. Soon after we left, they all came up to our cottage for a tea on the piazza excepting Miss Snod, and Mr. Sprague. In addition were Mrs. Gardiner, Dr. Spottiswood and Dr. Morse. We had a very bright time. The Hummingbird was of great interest.

After supper Mr. & Mrs. Gardner and their little daughter came and saw Jupiter this moons Saturn this rings and the moon. They showed up wonderfully through both telescopes. Later Prof. Smarten called and we had a good talk in the sitting room.

Mercury at 8.45 P.M. - 39°
Eupatorium maculatum v. Moose River picnic grounds, Gorham, N.H.

- Friday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Aug 28

Clear, cold, min. last night, 32° !!

I have had a quiet day, feeling rather tired. I put into press some *Eupatorium maculatum* L. from the stony border of Moose River picnic ground. I have written some and read some. This afternoon I actually lay down for quite a while as the others did. My tooth has troubled me a good deal at intervals. I am sorry I am so far away from Boston -

This morning a party drove up to Gorham and climbed Pine Mt. They were enthusiastic over the view. The height at the fire lookout is 2440 ft. The Johnsons, horses and fessers were in the party. Our friends are beginning to leave and some new ones will come -

Pine Mt
ascended.

This afternoon we all called on Dr. & Mrs. Morse

1925
Aug 29

- Saturday - Shelburne, N.H.

Clear, bracing. Min. at night 31.

This morning Rob, Miss Brown & I drove up to the Wigwam and from there walked up the Ganton Pond Trail some mile and a half. It was most attractive, woods bordered the entire way and the trail was an abandoned logging road. We reached the spot where I got the yellow lady Slipper earlier and after a hunt found it in fruit. We took a little. On our return we gathered other plants, met the car at the Wigwam and returned to dinner after a most enjoyable morning.

This afternoon Rob & I spent a good deal of time over our plants, discussing them and getting them into press.

This evening, Rob & I went over my blue print maps showing well the region in the County - I collected:

Cypripedium parviflorum Salisb. var. *pubescens* (Willd.) Knight
Wampwoods -
Epipactis

Solidago latifolia L.

Bidens cernua L. var. *elliptica* Nees (Rhodora xxiv. 206-207, 1922)
Drepanites altissima L.

All collected on side of Baldcap on the Ganton Pond Trail a mile to a mile and a half above the Wigwam

1925
Aug. 30

~ Sunday ~ Shelburne, N.H.

Clear very warm. Very hot at midday.

Since my arrival here there have been
41 clear days and 42 rainy days -
Raining days means rain part or whole of the day -

This morning Robert & I walked over
to the village and on to the old cellar
where Rosa spinosissima grows, was in
good fruit. Lawrence says it is a mile &
a half to the Post Office. So I call
the distance to turn to the Hebbard mill
near which is the Rosa $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, making
our walk $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It was very hot
indeed - I reached home soaked.

This afternoon was spent quietly at
home, engaged in talking and writing
letters - At tea time there appeared ^{Dr. Rushmore}
Dr. & Mrs. Rushmore, Stephanie and a ^{etals come.}
little cousin of hers. It was good to
see them and they stay quite a while.

The Wares go on Wednesday - I shall ^{The Wares}
miss them - Miss Brown's face troubles her. ^{Sep. 2. 2.}

This evening Robt reads to a few ladies
at the Farm and I am at home. He
& Charlotte stay some time at the Farm.

It is a wonderfully clear night.
The moon and Jupiter are resplendent -
Pastinaca sativa L.

Flower & fruit by the old cellar where Rosa
spinosissima grows. East end of village -

1925
Aug. 31

Monday - Shelburne, N.H.

Clear, warm in midday, then comfortable.

This morning Rob and I walked up the road to the end of the Brown Farm and the beginning of Miss Gates' Farm, a little over a mile and a half. In the corner of the Gates' land, growing in the grass land as far as the woods some 50 ft. or more away are an innumerable number of Botrychia. We spent some time in collecting a number, getting as small ones as possible. Finally we returned home making our walk a little over 3 miles.

We were at home this afternoon, making over our plants. &c. &c.

This evening Dr. Rushmore came up to the house with me, and we took out the celestial telescope and got good views of Jupiter, Saturn and the Moon. His wife and the two little girls will come up soon.

Mrs. Brown has kept up stairs to-day. Her face and some of the teeth have been painful. This evening she feels easier.

Mrs. Brown has trouble in her face

Botrychium

In grassland on the Gates Farm at the corner on the road next the corner of the Brown Farm. Border of woods -

- Tuesday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Sept. 1

Clear, calm, mild, with the middle of the day warm - Remarkable number of rainless days.

We have been at home to-day, getting plants out of press, changing driers, &c. &c. Miss Brown is better to-day. She still keeps in Brown's room, but the pain has subsided, and the trouble in the mouth has apparently broken. I am now looking for a rapid recovery. It is so unnatural a condition.

This afternoon Prof. Emerton called and we (Rob & Charlotte, Prof. E. & J) had a pleasant talk. Then we all walked over to his house and met Mrs Emerton & Robert. There was a very beautiful sunset.

Prof. Emerton's hand seems a bit better, but it is still very swollen. He sees the Doctor regularly. Prof. E.'s hand slightly better.

Mrs. Gude & the two Misses Buggs left this morning by auto for Sugar Hill. I have enjoyed them very much. They gave me Mary's address "Mary Coleman, 5712. Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill."

Miss Putnam whom I have met here before came this evening. I had a good talk with her. She knows all about Susan Sheppard and Miss Christensen.

- Wednesday - Shelburne, Vt.

1925
Sept. 2

Clear with glorious cumulus clouds, cool.

This morning Rob + Charlotte were left us by the train for Gorham on their way home via Vt. Their visit has been a very pleasant one, and they feel they have got the rest they needed.

Clarissa
Wells

At 10.15 A.M. Dr. + Mrs. + Stephanie Rushmore, Stearns' car + I started off with the Dr.'s new cooking apparatus for Screw-Lugs Falls. Air clear and balmy. At the Falls, Dr. Rushmore cooked our dinner in fine style and we had a fine time. Then we drove on to "The Fall" which impressed them tremendously. The Fall all but Mrs. R. + me went to the bottom. Then on to Moose Cave. I had never seen this before. It is a very wonderful cleft in the rocks through which flows Bear River. A huge mass of rock up above had ^{been} broken off above and it slid down over the deep chasm of the stream. The gorge under this rock with the water flowing along far below is very impressive. Then we drove straight home as we went. A delightful trip.

After supper they all four came up and looked at Jupiter and his moons through the celestial telescope. My monthly copy of Sky Map misrepresents the moons of Jupiter.

This evening the moons were as represented for Sept 3 instead of Sept 2 -

Heracleum cicutum Michx.

Head ripe fruit, roadside, near Moose Cave
Swanton, Maine, Oxford Co. 5 feet tall.

Saxifraga microphylla Pursh. Mts by Moose Cave

1925
Sept. 3

- Thursday -

Shelburne, N.H.

Cool, cloudy -

Miss Brown went down to supper this evening. She was cordially welcomed. She has been housed since Friday, Aug. 28 -

This morning I spent much of the time working over the Cow Parsnip (Heraclium Cavatum Michx.) of yesterday. In fruit it is a plant, five feet high with a hollow stem the size of one's finger and very tough roots - I want to show all this for once. The fruit is dead ripe - I put many sheets into press -

See Sept. 2.

This afternoon I rested quite a while. Prof. & Mrs. Cawerton called -

The farm is very full now. Indeed Gus tells me he never seated so many at the tables as he has to-day -

Mrs. Sheffield and Miss Hammond have come.

Letters from good friends come pouring in. I love to hear from them. Art Sprague is back from the far west - He has had a wonderful experience.

Friday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Sept. 4

A little rain in the early morning
Cloudy, stars shining through clouds this evening

This morning I went over my plants in
press and removed all but *Araclemum*
Dr. Spottiswood called - Miss Brown received from
her just before she came, a box of New
Jersey preaches - It was a great treat -

This afternoon we had calls from
Dr. + Mrs + Stephanie Rushmore + Stephanie's cousin.
A little later Mrs. Sheffield called. We had
pleasant talk and they enjoyed the Humming-
birds -

This evening at the house we heard
Mr. Usher play and a crowd of young and
old sing songs. It was very interesting.

Miss Morse is wonderfully clever in cutting
out figures in paper. She did a number of things
and one with a pair of scissors she gave - It is
below on this page, and the next -





- Saturday - Shelburne, Vt.

1925
Sept. 5

Clear with scattered clouds - mild.

At home this morning writing, &c.

This afternoon Dr. Rushmore called at the cottage in his car, and we started off for Gorham where we did a few errands. Then we drove on to Randolph as Dr. Rushmore wanted very much to see Dr. Pease. It was a delightful drive over a fine road with magnificent views of the mountains. We found Dr. Pease working in his garden. We adjourned to the house and met Mrs. Pease and Henrietta who is getting to be a big girl. Dr. Rushmore was a graduate of Amherst College and there was much in common to talk about.

Dr. Rushmore + I drive to Randolph.

From there we drove straight home in time for supper.

I learned there after I left for Gorham with Dr. Rushmore there called at the cottage Prof. & Mrs. J. S. Diller, Prof. & Mrs. Geo. S. Burgess, Prof. Theodore E. Hamilton & Miss McEwen.

They drove over from Gale's Cottage - I was sorry to miss them - Miss Brown entertained them -

This evening Helen and her daughter Helen came up and we showed them Saturn & Jupiter - We had to fight with the clouds - But both showed well though Saturn is really too low -

All my plants are dry except the Geranium of Sept. 2, and that won't take long -

1925
Sept. 6

- Sunday - Shelburne, N.H.

Sun and cloud, evening cloudy - Chilly.

This morning, there called at the cottage seven, Mr. & Mrs. Brigham of Brewster St., Prof. Cemerlin, Miss Putnam, Miss Sudd, Mrs. Morse and her sister, Miss Bishop, Miss Haskell and two or three others. We had a pleasant talk and they were interested in the Hummingbird drinking -

This afternoon I wrote letters, did some work on my acct. At 4.30 P.M. we went to an afternoon tea at Miss Maxwell's & Mrs. Lane's. Dr. & Mrs. Rushmore, Mrs. Sheffield, Miss Morse, Dr. Spottiswood -

This evening there was the usual Sunday singing in the parlor, Mr. Usher at the piano and the leader - It is always pleasant to hear the gathering all joining in -

I have written a number of letters today also. So I have not been idle. The sky is very overcast this evening and the telescope cannot be used.

~ Monday ~ Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Sept. 7
(11)

~ Trip to Randolph ~
Clear sky and sunny clouds.

This morning Miss Brown & I drove to Upper Gorham, took the train there and went to Randolph by noon. Stanley & Mrs. Dease met us and we drove to their cottage. They gave us a cordial welcome. Henrietta is growing into a bright pretty girl. Before dinner Stanley & I went over a Newfoundland map and I read Fernald's letter to me and I got a very good notion of where the party went and what they got.

The view of the big peaks was magnificent, the tops clothed in big fescue shine and then covered with snowy clouds.

After dinner we drove a little way up the road and then left the car by Mrs. Sabau Watson's house and walked into the woods on a trail and visited the memorial bridge over Moore River. It is a splendid structure and it commands a fine view up the stream to some beautiful falls and a distance down stream.

Returning we called on Miss Elizabeth Jones who had a charming home and is very enthusiastic and amusing and capable. She knows Mr. Sprague. There I met Mr. Sabau Watson who runs the Ravine House. I had a brief talk with him.

64

- Trip to Randolph.
- Monday, Shelburne Mt.

1925
Sept, 7
(2)

Then we visited Mr. & Mrs. Geo. N. Cross in their very pleasant home facing the big mountains. Mrs. Pease, senior, is staying with them this summer - Mr. Cross is quite deaf, but I conversed easily with him, as he had a speaking instrument which I could easily use. He was much interested in hearing about Robert Ware - Then we returned to the Pease home and after a while drove to the station, only to find the train $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. late. We returned to the house and later drove back and left our good kind friends who had given us such a very delightful day -

Lawrence met us at the Upper Enham Sta. and we drove home, reaching there by a little after 7 P.M.

After supper we retired to our cottage.
Cirsium arvense (L.) Desf., var. *integrifolium* Wimm. & Grab
Randolph, barnyard.

Polygonella articulata (L.) Meisn.
Randolph, r.r. track, sandy soil -

Plantago major L.
Randolph, intervals

Campanula divaricata Michx.

Randolph, 1/2 mile west of Appalachia. Rarely adventive.
(For above see Flora Cois. Co. N.H. Pease.)

- Tuesday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Sept. 8

Clear & cool, except for a little light rain in the Am., and some clouds.

This morning, before breakfast, I put into press the Campanula of yesterday, and immediately after breakfast I finished the rest. This will be the last, for we have decided to go home on Sept. 15, just a week hence.

My journal takes some time to write and I hate to condense interesting facts.

Before dinner I walked over to the Rushmores and sat with them a while. I always like to talk to Dr. for I always learn something.

This afternoon we had friends drop in to sit on the piazza and drink tea and talk. Miss Brown made some sponge cake and she opened some dates, took out the stones and put in some peach and it was very acceptable.

There were present Miss Putnam, Mrs. Maxwell, Dr. Spottiswood, Mrs. Sheffield, Dr. & Mrs. Rushmore. We had a very pleasant time conversing and story-telling.

This evening we found Miss Stowell at the farm. It was a pleasant surprise. I have not seen her for a good while. She stays for a couple of weeks.

I have a letter from Mr. Raye this evening. Our new Secretary, Mr. Rod, is going abroad for a year, and who will do his work. Mr. Raye appeals to me to help the Club out of this scrape!

- Wednesday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Sept 9

Clear, cool and bracing - Last night cold. Min. 30F.
Evening very black with clouds.

This morning Miss Brown & I walked up to Gates Cottage, two miles, and called on Prof. Mrs. Dillar & Dr. Burgess. The rest of the party had gone on a drive. The view of the big mountains from here is very fine indeed and the clear atmosphere added to the effect.

Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Kimball, who are here, took us back in their car.

Dr. Rushmore went on a hike by himself to-day to Gentian Pond, Dream Lake and over trails and through woods for a long way returning this afternoon. He is a splendid trumper. I shall follow the course with him to-morrow on my maps.

Letter writing takes up a good deal of time. I am never through -

To-day we have been over the plants I have in press and taken out the bulbs.

Few are left and they will be ready in 2 or 3 days. Then all my pressed plants will be done up and ready for packing.

September 15 will come very soon.

I staid down at the farm for some time after supper talking with the many friends - The night is very dark indeed and rain may follow.

Anemone quinquefolia L.

Flowering specimen brought down from near Dream Lake - by Dr. Stephen Rushmore.

Thurston - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Sept. 10

A little rain after midnight, and a little after dinner - Evening clearing - Mild.

We were both of us busy this morning doing the many things that must be done before leaving for home - I leave logs, but one can't stay here all the time.

This afternoon we walked over to the Station to bid Dr. Spottedwood good-bye. Our friends are gradually leaving and others are coming. At the station I met and chatted with Mr. Doven in charge of the r.r. track - He returned home on foot.

This evening Dr. Rushmore came up to the cottage and we went over, with a blue print the route he took yesterday to Gentican Pond, Gentican Pond, No. 2, Dream Lake and adjoining region, finally getting back to the logging road that brought him back to the McGowan, Yellow Trail and home.

Later Prof. Emerton called and we had a pleasant chat on birds, gardening, etc.

Verbascum Thapsus L.

Specimen to show seeds, and leaves of a first year's plant. By path round the ^{fine} well back of the Farm house -

- Friday - Shelburne, N.H.

1925
Sept 11

Clear, calm, very hot. Max. 83°
Hottest day this summer -

This morning I was busy at home getting my plants ready to be packed and taking most everything out of press. I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Huber who wrote me from Biarritz, France, July 4, and I got it Sept. 10!! She addressed it to Shelburne, N.H. only. On the envelope was "Try England", and later that was crossed out and "Try America" written - It was good work. I have replied and sent letter to Mrs. Sears of Concord, N.H.

Miss Huber's
letter from
Biarritz, France
2 wks. coming

This afternoon I rode with Dr. Morel to Gorham. He had an errand. It was very comfortable riding -

At 4.30 P.M. I went to a tea at Miss Deane's & Miss Maxwell's. Some half dozen present. Pleasant conversation -

After supper I went up to the Gleason with the Rushmores and we talked on the piazza for some time. The air is very still and warm - Dr. R. walked back with me - Their picnic at Moose River was a success, children in bathing etc. They drove to Berlin and saw the huge pyramid of logs which is always such a sight.

The time for our departure is drawing near, I regret it, but we must be at home soon - There are things I must attend to.

- Friday -

Shelburne, N. H.

1925
Sept. 11

Very hot. max 83°F

I was at home all the morning, keeping cool in my study and writing letters and getting ready for my departure -

In the afternoon I went to a tea at the room of Miss Maxwell Thurin Deane. It is their last one for they go soon -

There were Mrs. Dumblee, Mrs. Greenough, Miss Putnam, Mrs. Ementon (part of the time) Mrs. Sheffield, Prof. Ementon & myself.

We had the usual very pleasant talk.

While I enjoy the social side of these teas, still I think there are too many of them -

- Saturday - Shelburne N.H.

1925
Sept. 12

Morning rather cloudy, thickening with P.M. into a heavy thunder-storm - Evening a very fine misty rain -

Today has been a very busy day, in the work of getting ready for departure - Miss Brown has been hard at it all the time - I have been clearing up my table which takes a long time as there are so many details that must be put together, as I need most of them at home -

Then I have discovered a bundle of letters brought up on June 6, which answered and I have just come across them and they are ones that should long ago have been attended to. For instance, a long one from Grace Williams about my coming wedding in July - Alas! I have never even thought of it!! I have written long replies -

Dr. Rushmore invited us to a drive to Jefferson Highlands and a tea at the Red Squirrel Inn - Alas, the rain storm broke it up -

Miss Putnam called this afternoon with two ladies, Miss Young & Miss Singleton from Randolph to see the bird banding -

Dr. Rushmore went up to Dream Lake this morning - He says it is 1985 ft. above the Shack - Evening at Sam & home -

Dream Lake
1985 ft
above the
Shack.

1925
Sept. 13

- Sunday -

Shelburne, Vt.,

Cloudy, with thunder and rain, mercury
lowest ~~at~~ night 60°, highest in the day 60°

This morning I was very busy trying to
finish up my correspondence which has
been very large this season.

Before dinner Miss Putnam & Miss Kimball
called, and the latter gave us a very remarkable
account of her work in West Orange, N.J., with
little children.

After dinner we should appear at the main house when I was still there, but Charlie & Effie Lord who were touring through the mountains. We had a very pleasant talk. Charlie had a good talk with Gus, and then we drove up my cottage and surprised Miss Brown. They staid some time and we had a long talk over many things. Marion has adopted two little children! Miss Brown served tea and cake. Finally they left for Bethel Inn. Charlie & Effie had appear

Miss Stowell appeared later.

After supper I went up to the Shack with Dr. Rushmore and we had a long talk. Then Mrs. R. and the children came in the pouring rain. The children acted charades very cleverly. They have all added very much to our pleasure and we shall certainly call soon after our return home.

We leave Tuesday morning after a long stay here.

1925
Sept. 14

- Monday - Shelburne, N.H.

Cloudy and clear with massive cumulus clouds. Air very cool. Breeze.

This morning we bade goodbye to ^{Rushmore} ~~the~~ The Rushmores who left soon after breakfast for a 165 mile drive home. How I should enjoy such a drive. I have enjoyed very much their stay.

Then we walked over to the station and I got my tickets for Boston - A walk up the track and out to the road took us to the Wilsons. Mr. Wilson was at home. He told us of the sale of a part of his land and his feeling of comfort for the future -

Then we walked back to dinner. Lawrence picked us up just north of the bridge.

The afternoon was spent at home - Toward the end we called on the Emersons and said good bye - There is still much beauty in the garden and work to be done preparing for the winter -

This evening at the Farm there was a good deal of leave-taking. Large ^{Northern} ~~there~~ there was a very fine display of Northern Lights and many of us went out in quest of the aurora. Having bands of light shot up in every direction around the horizon. It lasted a good while -

Everything is ready for our departure.

Shelburne, N.H., to Cambridge, Mass.

1925
Sept. 15

~ Sunny, cool ~

This morning, amidst many adieu^s, we left Philbrook Farm for the station and home - Miss Deane, Miss Maxwell, Peppie Johnson, and others were with us.

The change at Danville Junction was without much delay and we reached Boston on time. A Checker taxi took us home.

George Brown & his wife, Etta (Milner) Brown greeted us. They have been here all summer and leave now for their new home.

Mildred appeared soon and will stay with us -

The foliage in Shelburne was beginning to turn in spots and this was seen on the slopes of Moriah and on the road-sides -

Our summer has been a very healthy one with scarcely a break of any kind.

I have not done any real vigorous work, but have collected a number of plants, two or three of which are not in the Co. Co. Flora.

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Books at Philbrook Farm
in the Little House -
Sept., 1925.

Manual for the study of Insects - Comstock -
Manual of Weeds - C. A. S. G. S. P.
Common Spiders - Emerton
How to know the Mosses. E. M. Dunbar
Pleasures of the Telescope - G. P. Servino
Astronomy for Everybody - S. Newcomb
Uranography - Young -
Webster's Dictionary - 40,000 Words -
Check List of Gray's Manual, Ed 7. 3 copies.
Laboratory Astronomy - Millson
Trees and Shrubs of Mexico (unbound) P. C. Standley
The Constellations and How to find them. W. Peck

No. 1-

Shelburne N. H.

1925

June 6 Plants collected in Shelburne, Cois Co., N. H.
Sept. 15 by Walter Deane, between June 6 and Sept. 15

- Aug. 31 *Botrychium angustisegmentum* (Pearse & Moore) Fernald
- " " " *dissectum* Spreng. forma *obliquum* (Muhl.) Fern.
- " " " *ternatum* (Thunb.) Sw., var. *rutae-folium* (A. Br.) D.C. Eaton
- July 15 *Poa palustris* L. (*P. triflora* Sibb.)
- June 10 *Sisyrinchium angustifolium* Mill.
- " 18 *Cypripedium parviflorum* Salisb., var. *pubescens* (Willd.) Knight
- " " *Habenaria dilatata* (Pursh) Gray
- Aug. 29 *Epipactis tessellata* (Lodd.) A.C. Eaton
- " 8 *Populus grandidecortata* Michx.
- July 31 " " " " Large leaves fr. young shoot.
- Aug. 21 *Dianthus barbatus* L.
- July 10 *Brassica arvensis* (L.) Rose.
- June 17 *Rosa spinosissima* L.
- " " *Robinia Pseudo-Acacia* L.
- Aug. 3 *Desmodium canadense* (L.) DC. fl. & fr.
- " 8 " " " " fl.
- " 11 " " " " fr.
- June 20 *Gaylussacia baccata* (Wang.) K. Koch
- Aug. 4 *Tilia americana* L.
- " 12 *Epilobium angustifolium* L. (cellar of Wintthrop House where I went when first in Shelburne)
- June 15 *Larum Carvi* L.
- Aug. 30 *Pastinaca sativa* L.
- " 10 *Pyrola secunda* L.
- July 11 *Epipycnanthemum repens* L. fruit
- " 13 " " " "
- Aug. 12 *Verbeena hastata* L.
- " " *Nepeta Cataria* L.
- July 25 *Prunella vulgaris* L., var. *lanceolata* (Barton) Fern., f. *candida* Fern.

No. 2.

Shelburne, Vt.

1925

- Aug. 12 Galeopsis tetralix L.
- " " Leonurus Cardiaca L.
- Sept. 10 Verbascum Thapsus L. Fruit, and 1st year leaves -
- July 9 Pentstemon laevigatus Ait.
- Aug. 8 Cephalanthus occidentalis L.
- July 31 Campanula punctata Lam.
- Aug. 29 Solidago latifolia L.
- July 10 Erigeron ramosus (Walt.) 3 SP, var septentrionalis Fern. & Mieg.
- Aug. 8 " "
- " 4 Ambrosia trifida L.
- " 12 Rudbeckia laciniata L., var. hortensis Bailey
- " 29 Bidens cernua L., var. elliptica Miegand
- " 6 Achillea Ptarmica L.
- " 4 Anthemis Cotula L.
- " 29 Prenanthes altissima L.

Gorham, Coös Co., N. H.

Coll. W. Deane

- July 28 Habenaria fimbriata
- Aug. 27 Eupatorium maculatum

Randolph, Coös Co., N. H.

Coll. W. Deane

- Sept. 7 Cirsium arvense (L.) Scop., var. integrifolium Wimm & Grab.
- " " Plantago major L.
- " " Campanula divaricata Michx.
- " " Polygonella articulata (L.) Meisn.

No. 3.

1925

Mt. Washington, Coos Co. N.H.

Coll. W. Deane

- July 19 *Juncus trifidus* L.
 - " " *Arenaria groenlandica* (Retz.) Spreng.
 - " " *Angelica atropurpurea* L.
 - " " *Ledum groenlandicum* Oeder
 - " " *Vaccinium uliginosum* L., var. *alpinum* Bigel
 - " " *Diapensia lapponica* L.
 - " " *Solidago Cutleri* Fern.
-

Ketchum, Riley, Oxford Co., Maine.

Coll. W. Deane

- July 21 *Lycopodium clavatum* L.
 - " " *Habenaria fimbriata* (Lit.) R. Br.
 - " " *Dianthus deltoides* L.
 - " " *Gaultheria procumbens* L.
-

Bethel, Oxford Co., Maine.

Coll. W. Deane

- July 26 *Dianthus deltoides* L.
-

Grafton, Oxford Co., Maine. near Moose Cove.

Sept. 2 Coll. W. Deane -

- Heracleum lanatum* Michx. 8 stalks of one plant.
 - Solidago macrophylla* Pursh
-

No. 4-

1925

Shelburne, Coös Co., N. H.

Coll. Mrs. J. B. Faye

June 14 Cypripedium parviflorum Salisb., var. pubescens (Willd.) Knight

Shelburne, Coös Co., N. H.

Coll. Miss L. M. Brown.

Aug. 18 Linaria maroccana Hook. weed in Emerton garden

Gorham, Coös Co., N. H.

Coll. Miss L. M. Brown.

Aug. 19 Hordeum sativum F. essen. by r. r. track.

near Hillsboro Center, Hillsboro Co., N. H.

Aug. - Coll. Mrs. W^m MacLiskell.

Gentiana linearis Froel.

Green Grant, Coös Co., N. H.

Aug 1 Coll. E. S. Burgess

Euphorbia canadensis Townsend.

Wells River, Orange Co., Vermont., railroad track

Coll. R. A. Ware.

Aug 13 Linaria minor (L.) Desf.

Launceston, Worcester Co., Mass.

Coll. George Richardson

July 31 Vaccinium atrococcum (Gray) Heller forma leucococcum Deane

No. 5.

1925

Lancaster, Worcester Co., Mass
July- Ptelea trifoliata L. escape.
Coll. Mrs. John E. Thayer.

East Gloucester, Essex Co., Mass.
Coll. Mrs. Geo. Sheffield.

July 14 Morus alba L. neglected field, 6-8 ft high, fruit, by stone wall

Greenfield, Franklin Co. Mass.
Coll. J. R. Churchill

June 24 Arenaria stricta Michx.

The Berlin Reporter

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1925

MAN LOST ON MT. WASHINGTON

Searchers Find Max Englehart Near Hermit Lake, Badly Exhausted After Three Days' Exposure Without Food.

Max Englehart, who was employed at the Glen House during the summer and who has been in charge of the Stage Office on Mt. Washington since the closing of the Summit House two weeks ago, was lost on the mountain. Englehart was last seen on Friday, just before the terrific storm which has been raging on the mountain, settled down. On Monday, two men were sent up by Elliott C. Libby to tell him to come down and when they got there found the place deserted, and a note on the table saying that he had left at 12 for Tuckerman's Ravine. The message was undated and was as follows: "Laf at 12 for Tocmans Arein, no Wood." The fury of the storm and the high drifts of snow made it impossible for the men to make a search so they returned to the Glen House for help. Early Tuesday morning Mr. Libby with a crew of men went to the summit and made as thorough a search as was possible in the blinding storm which still raged. They found this message written in French on the clapboards outside the building: "Je pars, date Oct. 10, 1925. Poudre de neige, le vent souffle d'une force de 100 miles mugit. Max." A few tracks were found near the head wall in Tuckerman's and Joe Dodge, caretaker of the A. M. C. Huts, with several men, attempted to go down the Ravine but had to give it up on account of the wind and the snow drifts which were 10 feet deep.

Mr. Englehart was found near Hermit Lake Wednesday at 2 o'clock by Joseph Dodge and Arthur Whitehead, managers of Pinkham Notch Huts. He was badly exhausted after his three days' exposure on the mountain and had to be carried part way down the Ravine.

They reached the Huts at 8 o'clock where they were met by a party of newspaper men, Elliot Libby, manager of the Glen, Roydon S. Leavitt, Carrol Noyes and Howard Gray of Gray's Inn, Jackson and taken to the Glen House. Dr. H. H. Bryant of Gorham was called and attended to Englehart. He was put to bed and with the exception of frost bitten feet it is expected that he will be all right within a few days.

Englehart's experience is without parallel in this section and it is nothing less than a miracle that he has survived. He tells the men that he left the Stage office Sunday noon as he was afraid to stay there any longer, the wind was coming with such force that the building was lifted from its chains and shaken. He chose the Ravine thinking it would be more sheltered than the road.

The storm raged with such fury that his progress was slowed and he made shelters in the snow for himself. When found he was in a snow hut he had made over a brook, a little ways from the trail. He was without food since Sunday morning and had existed only on water which he said would keep a man alive for 8 days. No doubt Englehart's experience in the Rockies and woods of British Columbia was what saved his life.

Stevenson Not on His Pedestal

A Clarification of the Personality of
a Writer Who Has Suffered
Greatly at the Hands
of Injudicious
Biographers

By Edwin Francis Edgett

IS there anything new and strange to write about Stevenson? One after another come forth the biographers, the commentators and the expounders, and as we open each volume this question always comes to mind. And always the answer is the same and positive. There is something new to say about Stevenson, both of the man and of the writer. That this is so is due not to Stevenson himself, although his many slenderness and the romantic phases of his life undoubtedly contribute to it. Those responsible in large measure are his wife, certain members of his family and certain friends who have set him upon a pedestal as an idol to be worshipped, and who have tolerated the saying or nothing about him that would represent him as a wholly human and fallible man.

The dispersal among considerable other material of some Stevenson manuscript poems ten years ago concentrated Mr. Hellman's mind upon the subject of this idealized Stevenson. They had been put upon the market by Mrs. Stevenson's daughter not long after that lady's death, and they had been brought to New York from Samoa by way of California. Access to them by Mr. Hellman revealed a considerable number of Stevenson's poems which disclosed facts about his early life hitherto undescribed by any biographer and left practically unnoted by any editor. Their principal feature consisted of over one hundred pages of autobiographical verse, with other rich material in letter, essay and fiction form, some of which has already been made available through the Bibliophile Society of Boston.

It is useless to say that all this is unimportant, or not contributory to the elucidation of Stevenson's personality and his work as a writer. To say that it contains secrets that should not be revealed is absurd. Other writers have had their lives and thoughts laid bare before the public after their death. Therefore, why should Stevenson be an exception? As a matter of fact, the writings which made him famous do not disclose the whole man. Something of him had to be suppressed, for he wrote for the friends and the home, and there was a commercial reason, if none other, why nothing unfit for the minds of babes and sucklings should be published. The Stevenson ménage needed money for the exigencies of its daily existence. There was an invalid to care for, and however much Stevenson may have rebelled, his wife saw to it that nothing of his should appear in print that would injure the sanctity of his reputation.

The case is succinctly stated in Mr. Hellman's "prefatory and egotistic" opening chapter. "No student of Stevenson's life, no critic of his writings, has failed to observe that he was a delightful egotist and that the grace and tact with which he, so to speak, handled his egotism account for the appeal of much of his work. An ever-interesting subject to Robert Louis Stevenson was that R. L. S., whose qualities and whose faults were so well known to this author of self-revelatory essays, letters, books of travel and romance. His winning personality is writ large on his pages. Yet no biographer has gone with fullness of research into those spheres of Stevenson's creative work where the man himself is most intimately to be approached in the formative period of youth. For the emotional release of the young lover, for the self-clarification of the young intellectual, and for the technical development of the young craftsman, were the score upon score of poems that came from Stevenson's pen—mainly during the period of youth—poems showing the influence of Helne, Burns, Ferguson, Wordsworth and Goethe. That Mrs. Stevenson should have suppressed the early poetry of her husband—should have, calmly aware of her misstatement of fact, recorded that the majority of verse was merely a pastime, an avocation of Stevenson's—has placed the students of her husband's life under a disadvantage which until recently bade fair to be perpetual." Fortunate indeed is it that Mrs. Stevenson did not follow in the footsteps of Lady Burton and destroy some of her husband's most valuable work.

The dispute over Graham Balfour's biography of Stevenson, and Sir Sidney Colvin's editorial work on his letters still rages, and doubtless will continue to rage as long as interest in Stevenson continues. Mr. Hellman contends, and justly, that in his two volumes Mr. Colvin assumed a dual role, that as author of the introductory note he said many true things known to those who knew them, and that as selector of the letters he omitted many important views of such essential qualities in Stevenson as the intensity of his friendships, his subjection to the influence of women, in particular to two who played a vital part in his early life, the individualism of his moral code, and the quixotic element in his chivalry. There were, he finds, few flashes of courage, but finally he gave in to what he considered the better value of silence and discretion.

Says Mr. Hellman: "Phrases concerning the haunts of artists at Fontainebleau and in Paris, and concerning the circumstances in which Stevenson followed Mrs. Osbourne to California, I have not only omitted but were substituted by a wording that is almost verbatim the issue of Mr. Osbourne's pen. Mr. Colvin had written that his own way of handling so delicate an episode was the best and safest way and that to depart from the facts which he had in such well-chosen words so carefully covered was to leave inexplicable the adventure of those days when Stevenson was starving in California. Yielding on this point he has, by his own admission, been unjust to Stevenson and to the world of letters. Whatever extension there may be (and there may seem to be extension, for Mr. Colvin was in a position where he had either to give

up the work or to accept orders), the gravity of this act becomes intensified by the quarter-century of silence that has succeeded it, and that has continued even after the death of Mrs. Stevenson who, according to Mr. Colvin, had been willing that the truth should be known."

It will be seen from all this that Mr. Hellman's book is extremely contentious, but no discussion of Stevenson's whole life could be otherwise. His own story is as romantic as any story he ever wrote, and the whole truth will not make any biography of him or any analysis of his character less sympathetic. In fact, it will give an extended, if not a new understanding of the man and also of his work. Mr. Hellman closes on a note of justifiably extreme appreciation. "Whatever his own disappointments," he says, "as an author, he fought the brave fight. He sought to adhere to the ideals of the artist and to the code of action of a man of honor. In contradistinction to those who are silent for their own sakes, he was silent for the sake of others. The child who had been made fun of by other children; the youth

who was not generally liked in his university days; the young man whose profligacy and whose bitter reaction against dogmatic religion had made him unpopular to the verge of exclusion in the staid society of Edinburgh, had, by virtue of the finer qualities of his mind and of his nature, developed into a man who came to be regarded with affection and admiration, the world over. And rightly so. Kindness and courage and the desire to give pleasure to others are the main merits in Stevenson's life. They constituted the philosophy which Stevenson consciously evolved for himself, and, with rare lapses, consistently acted upon during the difficult years of ill and harassed manhood. The shadows on his character, all his human weaknesses, are lost in the larger light of his achievement as one of the torch-bearers who hand down to others the inspiration of the chivalrous spirit."

Of course, no extended discussion of Stevenson into which enters the controversial element would be complete without references to the friendship of, the separation

from and the famous article contributed by W. E. Henley to the Pall Mall Magazine in 1901. Echoes of the sensation it created have scarcely died away, but many who lost their heads over it and who sprang heroically and somewhat foolishly to what they thought was Stevenson's defense, look ago recovered their sanity. What Henley wrote, in part, was this: "For me there were two Stevensons; the Stevenson who went to America in '67; and the Stevenson who never came back. The first I knew, and loved; the other I lost touch with, and, though I admired him, did not greatly esteem. My relation to him was that of a man with a grievance; and for that reason, perhaps—that reason and others—I am by no means disposed to take all Mr. Balfour says for gospel, nor willing to forget, on the showing of what is after all an official statement, the knowledge gained in an absolute intimacy of give-and-take which lasted for thirteen years, and includes so many of the circumstances of those thirteen years that, as I

believe, none living now can pretend to speak of them with any such authority as mine."

But Henley did not stop there. He continued: "At bottom Stevenson was an excellent fellow. But he was of his essence what the French call *personne*! He was, that is, incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror but he must invite its confidences every time he passed it; to him there was nothing obvious in time and eternity, and the smallest of his discoveries, his most trivial apprehensions, were all by way of being revelations, and as revelations must be thrust upon the world; he was never so much in earnest, never so well pleased (this were he happy or wretched), never so irresistible, as when he wrote about himself. Withal, if he wanted a thing he went after it with an entire contempt for consequences. For these, indeed, the Shorter Catechist was ever prepared to answer; so that whether he did well or ill, he was safe to come out unabashed and cheerful." If we forget the lengths to which the Stevenson

idolators were wont to go, we wonder what there is so terrible in all this. It is frank but it is the truth, and it is not unkind. But the Stevenson idolators would not allow the truth even to be whispered and therefore Henley was anathema thereafter. Upon many of the phases of this controversy we have Mr. Hellman to thank for setting us aright.

In substance, manner and form, Mr. Hellman's book will be an addition to any Stevenson library, which to the assiduous collector must be growing by leaps and bounds. Mr. Hellman's previous work in the collection of hitherto unpublished poems by Stevenson issued by The Bibliophile Society in 1916 has put him in a foremost place among Stevenson authorities, and to these pages he has added a number of valuable illustrations and facsimile manuscripts, including a reprint of the handsome title page to that edition, and reproductions of several drawings from the pencil of Stevenson himself.



A Portrait of a Scotchman Writing, Drawn by Stevenson, Perhaps from One of His Uncles

The True Stevenson. A Study in Clarification. By George S. Hellman. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.



Josephine Preston Peabody
At the Age of Eighteen

Josephine Preston Peabody Intime

Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody

Edited by Christina H. Baker

The life story of a poet told in her own words by extracts from her letters and from her vivid and ardent journals in which she set down her thoughts, her ambitions, the arts she loved and the joys she created for herself. A book of interest not only to her contemporaries and admirers of "The Piper" and her other plays and poems, but to the young artist who is seeking a spiritual companion.

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The Diary and Letters of an Artist in Poetry Who Was One of the Distinctive Figures in Modern American Letters

By Abbie Farwell Brown

NOT since the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, with which for several reasons this book is bound to be compared, has there appeared so significant a revelation of the inner life of a woman of genius. Romantically absorbing as is the story of this "Cinderella" to whom her Fairy Godmother seemed to have given nearly all the gifts that women find most precious; illuminating as a study in the development of a poet's consciousness; it is perhaps the beauty of the subject matter itself that will give the book its high place in the world of letters. For it contains some of the best work of a consummate artist, sheer poetry in prose. It sheds some of the mysterious magic of an illuminated soul. In these pages Josephine Preston Peabody seems to breathe again, lively as she lived, one of the most picturesque and inspiring figures in our literature.

"Oh, if I could only have a hand in the tug at the Drama in America. If I could only pull and haul and boost and kick and push—and hear 'one responsive onward squeak!' (Diary, December, 1901.).

It was high time that attention should once again be turned to the leading exponent of American poetic drama. And it was equally important that in these days of careless workmanship and still more slipshod ideals we should have a bright glimpse back to the way of thought and habit of life of a sincere craftsman and idealist. To the world that needs them belong ultimately all uplifting and inspiring human documents. But it was a generous act on the part of those nearest and dearest to her so soon to share with others these treasures of her inner thought and fancy. (She died on Dec. 4, 1922).

Not least among the remarkable qualities of Josephine Peabody was her ability to continue a diary, artistic in form, throughout her full and busy life, from early youth almost to the day of her translation. "Expression is my habitual instinct—the wish to write or relate almost all of my small experiences and thoughts is strong upon me always." Her letters, too, for she was a generous correspondent, an artist, that even the briefest and most inconsequential note dashed off in her vigorous and decorative hand was an event. Each carried some glint at least of her radiant self, while her longer epistles, laden with some novel reaction, some wise criticism or subtle fancy, are rare examples of the lost art of letter-writing, when thoughtful persons thus exchanged ideas. It was this living quality of every sentence she penned which made many of her correspondents preserve her letters. Therefore Mrs. Baker had an enormous mass of available manuscript from which to assemble material for the three-hundred-odd pages of her sympathetic task.

Mrs. Baker has made no attempt to arrange a biography. There is a brief "Chronology of Events and Publications" as an appendix to the text, a Preface, and a brief introduction to each of the three sections which are entitled "The Incoming Tide," "Full Tide" and "Ebb Tide." The story unfolds in the poet's own words, excerpts from Diary and Letters, with the least possible intrusion of other personalities and the least editorial interruption for comment and elucidation. Indeed, one sometimes feels this austere detachment carried a little too far, and wonders if the text might not be more richly suggestive to those who knew not the poet in the flesh if there were given a few more explanations of references vague and apparently irrelevant.

It were well-nigh impossible so to choose from her very words the salient sentences which should faithfully recreate the whole many-sided personality behind them; Elf, Puritan, Beauty-Lover, Idealist, Reformer, Poet, Home-Maker. One must perforce through elimination stress certain developments, or characteristics, or events. Those who know the subject best will inevitably question the wisdom of some accents and omissions which to them seem especially significant. On finishing this absorbing volume one's first reaction, after gratitude that we have it at all, is grief for the doubtless equally precious material which has had to be omitted. What a pity to telescope those fragrant years!

In Mrs. Baker's Preface she states her method and purpose; "emphasis has been put upon the growth of a creative artist, in the hope that young artists may here find a companion."

Perhaps this is a plan that J. P. would have endorsed, if she must be edited at all, though doubtless she would have preferred her whole message to be given for the world to make the best of it. (Obviously her Diary was written with this possibility in mind). Her pages are full of the serious expression of her "desire to help," which grew to be her ardent passion. "The only thing in the world that makes me feel rich is to spend myself richly in the effort to share Beauty," she says under the date June, 1904. "Oh! To be helping something or somebody!" she exclaims in the midst of her happiest days. "It is worth many spiritual hardships to have given heart to a young thing for an uphill charge."

The editor has chosen skilfully for her purpose. The emerging impression of the poet, richly endowed, generous-minded, developing through anxiety and yearning, without losing faith in the essentials of her ideal; attaining by patience, discipline, work and will-power to eminence among the foremost of her art; winning ultimate happiness and fame in a most dramatic climax; passing tragically amid the beat of wings into the too-early dusk,—it is poignant and absorbing in the extreme. The poet never conceived anything more dramatic than her own Diaries of thirty-two spiritually strenuous years.

To those who knew J. P. best in her girlhood—Mrs. Baker was a friend of later days—one bit of editorial comment must come as a shock. It is the reference to the "poverty" of her youth in a home whose "outward circumstances" were "lonely and unlovely." To be sure the Diarist herself chafes almost daily in her narrow sphere, and she refers in womanhood to that youth with gloomy retrospect. Her adventurous spirit tarried too long, cabin'd, cribb'd, confined by circumstances beyond her control: petty cares, interruption of her work, anxiety over others' troubles,

cramped finances. But to stigmatize her circumstances as "unlovely" gives a misleading impression of stark want and deprivation.

The Peabody homes in succession, from that in "Darkest Suburbs" to those neighboring the University, were far from unlovely. Those who knew her best recall her slender flower-grace in its dainty green sheath against a not inappropriate background of quiet, cultured comfort. Luxurious it was not. But tasteful, with an indefinable picturesqueness and atmosphere wherewith the clever and artistic sisters managed to grace everything they touched, from their pretty, inexpensive frocks to the colorful draperies and suitable accessories. There was a piano and plenty of music and books; excellent rugs, pictures and furniture, cheerful flowers always, service, and generous hospitality. It seemed a different country from ordinary everyday life, with a glamour of bright whimsy, quaint fancy, high and noble ambitions in which the two beautiful girls moved like princesses. "Poverty" indeed, with such a dowry as hers; and "unloveliness" about the "Child of Light!"

"I have stars and I have moonlight. I have the uttermost thoughts of the trees. My riches almost scare me." (June, 1899) "Oh, a wonderful life I lead—cette vie de Cinderella—half a glitter in crystal shoes:

half mice and pumpkin and cinders! Whoever lived such a life of adventure in a nutshell." (February, 1902) "Aware how often since I was born have I been housed with praise—bowed—covered with leaves and flowers and petals; Heaven knows why. No Cinderella of any story was more adorned from time to time by friendly hands with unwonted things beautiful. It is an ever-recurring surprise and refreshment in my life, and it makes me utterly forgetful, for the time of wonder, of the recurrent solitude and hurts." (May, 1900).

The real poverty of her life—one gift forgotten by the Fairy Godmother—was the lack of sufficient physical vitality and endurance to offset her spendthrift emotional, mental and spiritual largesse of self from day to day. While the dawn often brought such heights of ecstasy as only a poet can know, too often the sun sank into corresponding depths of gloom. One feels this as one reads. She speaks of it frequently herself.

Humer bubbles up through letters and diary like the inexhaustible brook which it was her delight to follow. Would there were more of her wholly gay, delightfully mischievous letters given, complete. For one misses from the book its due proportion of the tricky spirit which was one of the most endearing sides of J. P. One could better spare some of the many passages of stolid courage or of sheer desperation. Could anything be more wholesome for the "young artists" than to consider how this girl of genius varied the serious, the difficult, the painful crises of her life with this saving grace which she herself speaks of, in another person, as—"the far-seeing gleam of humor that has transcended all kinds of grief and horrors. It's the way this thistle-down defies a tomahawk." She sets down a brief record of a certain date as, "Thirteenish." The word suffices! She speaks of herself in workaday-mood as a "meek-eyed grub." "Some day, you nice little pin-feathered cherubim, let me go along in the sun, walking and leaping and praising God!" She speaks in a letter of trimming a hat "in fifteen minutes, with certain ingredients I found at home, and a certain fine Nonchalance. (Nonchalance, I discover, is a splendid trimming for hats in extremis!)" "Busy—busy—I feel like a housewifely vision of Ezekiel, with six wings!" "We are in this state of sweet-but-shaky Peace, like a jellified fish; good, to eat, but trembly." The temptation to quote must be smothered.

Among the most interesting of the letters are those to Horace E. Scudder, then editor of the Atlantic Monthly, who was the first person of eminence to give the budding poet wholesome advice and encouragement. She always felt to him the heartiest gratitude, as to her literary godfather. One marvels at those early letters of a girl in her budding twenties, showing such sincerity of conviction, confidence in her self, together with a humble seek-

ling for guidance. These same letters contain some bits of wise criticism and an already defined philosophy worth noting. As of suffrage: "Equality has never seemed to me to mean trunshp." "Certainly all experience is a possession, and I shall have much to say when I am able to say it." "I cannot make up real life out of my head, and I never mean to. We go hand in hand, wayfarers two, and there is no way of escaping that knowledge, I believe, for one who seeks."

Like Stevenson, J. P. showed her Puritan strain in the desire to help others with the written word. Out of her diary and letters might well be compiled a series of condensed and pointed little sermons, Stevensonian in style and pithiness, apt for the artist, the idealist, indeed for any human proper. "If we could only, every night, put off with our clothes the mundane obligations of anxiety and pain, and have our minds vacant of everything but the world-filling breath of life; if we could without intricate thinking dare to rest our cheek against some universal consciousness that I have just thought of a single name for, the will of God. The will of God is that all things shall be full of Love and Truth; we ourselves so full of love and truth as to become a part of the very fabric of divinity." (Letter to Mary Mason).

"You and I know that all adventures belong to that one Adventure. So Pain can't have me, until I'm caught by the

collar; and Pain shan't have me, the moment I can break free again. But I will have all the treasures out of her caves and towers. And there will be another Terror knocked out of the way." (Letter to Anna Branch.)

"Fill your pockets with the candor of high heaven, so to speak, and the briar-rose defences—for friends—that never hurt; and the omnipresence of fire and the recompense of violets and the vibration of the evening star and the momentary contentment of a sparrow in a mud-puddle." (Letter to Margarethe Muller.)

The pages teem with shrewd bits of wisdom which have the terse bite of proverbs, as, for instance: "It is odd how one learns the hostility of solitude and the friendliness of the world—the hostility of the world and the friendliness of solitude—and learns and relearns, and is hurt by the one and healed by the other over and over again."

"No joy possible to mind awake that has not something creative about it." "Level wings—level wings—keep your wings level." "Amen, and God be with us. No; I'll amend that wish. Amen; and may we never be so blind we cannot perceive God with us." "I saw that this came (desolation) of laying up your treasure in your art always, and forgetting that the Man Himself is the Treasury of all he possesses." "Nothing is a treasure that can't be shared." "Have we not heard very, very often of the things that are 'too beautiful to be true'? But I never heard anyone speak of the things that are not yet true enough to be beautiful."

The whole book is a battle-cry to the artist, full of illuminating comment on the poet's outlook, ideal, and source of inspiration. "Prayers to the Lord to bless my work and my tongue and my heart and soul, and to make me justify my existence with things of help and beauty." "In the fundamental crises of life men and motives crystallize into the ritual of rhythm, which is the most democratic beauty there is."

Through the ages one can trace her growing understanding of wild nature, which, like wholesome exercise, had been omitted from her early education, to her physical detriment and danger. Her work was steadily enriched by happy experience on sea and shore and mountain, whereof we get stimulating glimpses through her letters. And her life was widening constantly its horizons of friendship and social contact. From the rather self-conscious devotee of Beauty she became the passionate Sister of the World, eager to share her treasures with everyone—the spirit one finds artistically concrete in "The Singing Man," "Harvest Moon," "The Piper" and "The Wolf of Gubbio."

The most touching and triumphant note of this unique self-revelation, however, seems to me the quite simple and inextinguishable conviction that she was a "Child of Light," sustained by an unfailing source of power. In her earlier diary she wrote "God knows with what unforcedness and secret joy I sometimes think I am a Child of Light by birth. We all are, but I have more to answer for, because I feel it on my head, somehow. Ah, child, child, find yourself. Don't compromise. Don't do things by halves. Do; dare; suffer; shine." That may well have been her life-motto. Mr. Scudder recognized

this with a different accent, saying in a letter to her, soon after their first meeting, "Now and then one is born with a poetic nature and is true to it by an unforced impulse; then it may be everything comes to life through some subtle transfusion of this spirit, and the voice stands apart with a certain singularity. I think this is so with you." Out of her happiness she wrote in her diary (Oct 1907) "Blessed be God. And blessed be this House; and all that we shall ever do, or say, or sing, within it or without. For I can do nothing else but sing a new song all day long unto His hearing, not knowing what to make of so much Light." Later still comes this paean, "Oh me, it frightens me, the dazzling joy and delight I have, so often and often, these hours and days and years in the Land of Promise." "And at the very end, in one of her last letters, she could say, "And now I've written all I can; but the Inside Wonder I shall have to tell you when we meet. For it is still with me; and it says: "Not one word of discouragement. It is All happy, and you will understand in a very short while. Do not trust your own little sense of time; which in the end is always wrong and troublesome. Trust the sense you wake up with."

And so one shares again the moods of this remarkable creature, brilliant as a rainbow, changeable as a chameleon, perennially full of wonder as the new moon; constant to her ideal as the Evening Star, and always unmistakably herself.

Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody. Selected and Edited by Christina Hopkinson Baker. With Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Boston Transcript

324 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON 8, MASS.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1925

DOUBLE HALOS, VERY RARE, SEEN IN SKY TODAY

Described as "Rainbows," the Phenomenon Attracts Many by Colors and Brilliant "Sun Dogs"

At the time of year when ancient prints of the birth of Christ bring celestial halos to the public mind, Boston, this morning, was given an opportunity to study a rare solar phenomenon, 90 per cent perfect—not "double rainbows" as they were described by those who observed the brilliant spectacle—but "double halos" of the meteorologist, illuminating the sky.

Shortly before the sun came up a shaft of light preceded its arrival. Then came a luminous cross formed by two shafts of light and then two complete circles, one within the other, an inverted circular tangent on the outer circle, dazzling in the brilliance of the colors of the spectrum at the point of contact, and three parhelia, or "sun dogs," on each side of and above the sun. These "halos" were circles around the sun, caused by the refraction and reflection of light through prismatic ice particles. By refraction the light was broken into prismatic colors and by reflection the phenomenon was carried to the eye.

This morning was a perfect one for the display, according to meteorologists Mark T. NeSmith and Hathaway of the Weather Bureau, who observed and recorded the occurrence here. Lofty cirrus clouds and others formed at temperatures considerably below 0° Centigrade usually consist of small but relatively thick snowflakes with flat bases or ice spicules, with flat or, rarely, pyramidal bases, always hexagonal in pattern and detail. These miniature prisms bring about the peculiar ocular phenomenon. Rainbows, on the other hand, are produced by a complicated process of refraction of sunlight as it enters and passes out of the raindrops, internal reflection of the light within the drops, and interference of the rays after leaving the drops.

In addition to the most frequent of the numerous phenomena caused by the passage of light through ice crystals of which the more common halo of 22° is an example (occasioned by the prismatic refraction between the sides of the hexagonal spicules forming angles of 60° with each other) there was the halo of 46°, caused by the refraction between the sides and bases of the spicules, forming angles of 90° with each other.

As the great, or parhelic circle of light bisected the sun, there became noticeable the colored bright spots like the sun itself, known as parhelia or "sun dogs," one to the right and one to the left. Each bright spot was in the direction of maximum light or minimum refraction and had the same altitude as the sun. Later, a third sun dog appeared above the sun. Over all was the tangential arc on the outer halo with its bright colors. Some observers reported fragmental arcs, concave toward the sun.

When the reflecting edges of the ice crystals are vertical, according to the explanation of instructions to the observers of the weather bureau, as they tend to be in the case of relatively thin snowflakes falling through still air, parhelia are produced. In general, these edges lie in all directions, especially at the windy cirrus level and when the crystals are of the short columnar type; and as refracted light reaches an observer in every plane through his eye and the sun to which the refracting edges are approximately normal, it follows that the effect produced by the snow crystals must be more or less symmetrically distributed on all sides of the exiting luminary. There may, however, be a maximum brightness both directly above and directly below the sun since ice needles tend to settle with their refracting edges horizontal. This condition gives rise to the halo of 22°, the most frequent and best known of the halo family. Its inner portion is red, because light of that color is least refracted. Other colors follow, with increase of distance, in the regular spectral sequence, but with decrease of wave length they fade so rapidly that green is indistinct and blue seldom undetected.

Twenty-two degrees was the low reading in temperature here for this morning. The forecast is for "Fair tonight and Thursday; continued cold tonight; rising temperatures Thursday; diminishing northwest winds, becoming southerly Thursday. The minimum temperature tonight will be near twenty degrees." Sixteen below zero was the coldest this morning, at White River, Ont., Northfield, Vt., reported eight above zero.

The area of low pressure has moved eastward from the Atlantic coast and increased in energy. The center this morning was east of the limits of the map. Light rain or snow has fallen in the Mississippi Valley from Tennessee northward and in the districts eastward. The area of high pressure has moved southeastward to the Gulf States. Killing frosts have occurred along the Gulf coast. The northwestern area of low pressure has moved to the Dakotas and Minnesota, but the barometer is still moderately high north of Minnesota. Rain has fallen on the North Pacific coast.

Washington Evening Star, Jan. 11, 1926

Editorial.

DR. W. E. SAFFORD, U. S. BOTANIST, DIES

Was Author of Varied Books
and Known for Lingual
Knowledge.

Dr. William Edwin Safford, 66 years old, economic botanist of the Department of Agriculture, writer and generally recognized as one of the leading botanists of the United States, died at his home, 3339 Mount Pleasant street, yesterday. Death was due to pneumonia, with resulting heart complications.

With the Department of Agriculture continuously since 1902, Dr. Safford in that time had completed numerous works on agricultural economics, and his books on several subjects had become the standard reference volumes for the department. One of the volumes prepared by him, entitled "The Useful Plants of the Island of Guam," is considered by officials of the department as a standard work of reference on economic botany of the Pacific Islands. He was an expert on tropical plants.

At the time of his death, Dr. Safford was preparing a book on "Useful Economic Plants of Mexico," with a particular reference to the uses of plants among the aborigines.

Known as Linguist.

Dr. Safford was known for his unusual knowledge of languages. He spoke German, French and Spanish with fluency, and the literature of science and exploration in those languages was as familiar to him as that in English.

Born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in December, 1859, he was appointed to the Naval Academy and was graduated in the class of 1880. He was appointed commissioner to Peru and Bolivia on the Chicago Exposition in 1881 and 1882. He served in the Spanish-American War and was vice governor of Guam in 1899 and 1900.

He resigned from the Navy just before joining the scientific staff of the Department of Agriculture, in 1902, when he was appointed an assistant botanist.

His last special mission for the Department of Agriculture was as a delegate to the Pan-Pacific conference in Honolulu in 1920. Dr. Safford also was a recognized ethnologist, archeologist and a fine arts critic.

He was a member of the Literary Society of Washington and its secretary for many years, and, upon retiring as one of its executives, about a year ago, he was made secretary emeritus. He was for many years an active worker in the Arts Club and a former secretary of that organization, a member of the Washington Academy of Sciences and its vice president in 1911 and 1915, a member of the Botanical Society of Washington, of which he was president in 1921 and 1922, and a member of the Botanical Society of America. He belonged to the Cosmos Club and the Authors' Club of London.

Works of Variety.

Among his special works were the preparation of books on "The Chamorro Language of the Island of Guam," "Edible Plants and Textiles of Ancient America," "Narcotics and Stimulants of the Ancient Americas," "Natural History of Paradise Key, Florida," and a great many technical papers.

Dr. Safford is survived by his widow, a son, D. Wade Safford; a daughter, Miss Bernice G. Safford, and three sisters, Mrs. Edith F. Spofford of Washington, Mrs. Henry Newman Staats of Chillicothe, Ohio, and Mrs. James Q. Rice of New York.

Funeral services will be conducted at his residence tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Z. B. Phillips, rector of the church of the Epiphany, will officiate. The body will be taken to Chillicothe for burial.

Honorary pallbearers will include, from the Department of Agriculture, G. N. Collins, botanist; C. S. Scofield, in charge of the department of Western irrigation agriculture; T. T. Edwards, expert on tropical plants; William R. Moxen, associate curator, in charge of the United States National Herbarium; Thomas H. Kearney, in charge of Egyptian cotton breeding work; Dr. Frederick V. Coville, botanist and in charge of economic and systematic botany for the department, and Edgar Brown, in charge of the sea laboratory department also. Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, chief of the division of mechanics and sound, Bureau of Standards.

Famous Botanist Dead.

Jan 11 - 1926



DR. WILLIAM E. SAFFORD.

Died Jan. 10, 1926.

William E. Safford.

One of Washington's most versatile, valuable and beloved citizens passed away yesterday in the death of William E. Safford, scientist, author and active participant in civic matters. To his friends, who are legion, Dr. Safford was always an inspiration. He had many interests, and with a most cultured mind and extraordinary facility for knowledge he radiated information always interestingly and helpfully. As a botanist he had made many contributions to science. In ethnology he was a well equipped observer. His literary tastes were high and his own ability in writing enabled him to produce many charming monographs and works that are recognized as of permanent value. Dr. Safford's participation in the literary and scientific life of Washington made him widely known. His friends were numerous and were also his ardent admirers. He enlivened all company that he joined and contributed with every contact something to the interest and the information of those who were favored with his association. Throughout an illness of many months that limited his physical activities, he remained at work upon his scientific pursuits, and it is gratifying that the last period of his life was probably the most productive in the way of important and interesting documentary evidences of his brilliant mind.

DR. W. E. SAFFORD, 66, EXPERT BOTANIST, DIES

Pneumonia Causes Death of
Man With Varied Career
in Federal Service.

rites here tomorrow

Dr. William Edwin Safford, 66 years of age, one of the leading botanists of the United States, and an authority on tropical plants, died at his home, 3239 Mount Pleasant street northwest, yesterday afternoon. His death resulted from pneumonia aggravated by heart complications.

He was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in December, 1859. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1880. He was appointed a commissioner to Peru and Bolivia for the Chicago exposition in 1891 and 1892. He served in the Spanish-American war and in 1899 and 1900 was vice governor of Guam. He left the navy and joined the scientific staff of the United States Department of Agriculture in 1902.

His last mission was as a delegate to the first Pan Pacific conference at Honolulu in 1920.

His works include "The Chamorra Language of the Island of Guam;" "Edible Plants and Textiles of Ancient America;" "Narcotics and Stimulants of the Ancient Americans;" "Natural History of Paradise Key, Florida;" and a great number of technical papers.

He was a member of the Literary Society of Washington, the Arts club, and the Washington Society of Fine Arts. He was a member of the Washington Academy of Sciences and its vice president in 1911 and 1915, a member of the Botanical Society of Washington, of which he was president in 1921 and 1922, and a member of the Botanical Society of America, and of the Cosmos club.

Dr. Safford is survived by his widow, a son, D. Wade Safford, and a daughter, Bernice G. Safford, and three sisters, Mrs. Edith F. Spofford, of Washington; Mrs. Henry Newman Staats, of Chillicothe, Ohio, and Mrs. James Q. Rice, of New York.

Funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at his late home. The body will be taken to Chillicothe for burial.

A POET-SCIENTIST.

It has been said that a poet should tent along with the scientist out on the verges of the known as he advances into the terra incognita that lies ever beyond—some one who can interpret to the multitude what the scientist is usually unable to make known to the lay mind in its significance or relationships. Sometimes, however, though rarely, the scientist is himself a poet, a duovir, who is able to make patient original researches in some field of the wide realm of nature and who is also adept in interpretation and divination.

Such a scientist is the present President of the American Association of Science, Dr. MICHAEL DVORSKY PUPIN. He has risen to a foremost and secure place in the physical science whose patron saint, to him, was JOSEPH HENRY. But any one who has read Professor PUPIN'S autobiography, or that briefer biography entitled "A Herdsman's View of Human Life," must know that he has also the poetical gift of a psalmist and the power of a prophet to interpret visions. After describing his experiences as a shepherd boy by night on the plains of Serbia he continues:

On such nights we were all eyes and ears, catching every sound and watching the stars, so as not to permit that a single unguarded moment separate us from our grazing animals. The world of sound and of starlight messages was the only world which existed in our consciousness during those watchful hours; the rest of the world had disappeared in the blackness of the night. It did not reappear until the pale streamers of the early dawn announced what we boys believed to be God's command: "Let there be light!" And then gradually the rising sun, as if by an act of creation, disclosed to our anxious eyes the gayly colored garment of the terrestrial world. Every one of those joyous mornings of fifty years ago made me feel that I was witnessing the creation of the world as it is described in the first chapter of Genesis.

The scientist elected to succeed Dr. PUPIN is, happily, also a man who combines in one person the abilities both of a scientist and an interpreter, a poet—Dr. LIBERTY H. BAILEY of Ithaca, N. Y. He has written a number of scientific treatises and has been dean of one of the greatest schools of agriculture in the world. Lately he has made an extensive and intensive study in South America of the palm tree. But he is perhaps even more widely known for his writings about nature for those who are not themselves scientists, but wish to know more of the world about them. He has even put some of his observations and interpretations into verse. One poem called "Outlook" presents his view of human life. Dr. BAILEY, as many another of his generation, was told in his early days that

In Adam's fall
We sinned all,

but as he came to inquire of nature he found the tribes of men ascending "each from lower round" and in turn predicting "uprising forms." He refuses to blaspheme the perfecting works of God. He sees no "blank defeat" or "canker set against the heart." He sees some such "vista vast" as Professor MOUTRON predicts for the planet. He fears not to look when he has eyes to see and "dreadless" awaits his destiny standing "within the cosmic sea."

His immediate predecessors in this high office have had to do with the stars, the forces that are lending themselves to man's use, and the psychology of man himself. Dr. BAILEY'S interest is in the earth on which and out of which we live and man's relation to it. The title which he gave to one of his books of essays suggests his own attitude toward it, "The Holy Earth," which the Creator after His six days of creation pronounced to be very good and whose "goodness" Dr. BAILEY still finds the basic fact in our existence.

The Berlin Reporter

BERLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

OCTOBER 15, 1925

MAN LOST ON
MT. WASHINGTON

Searchers Find Max Englehart Near Hermit Lake, Badly Exhausted After Three Days' Exposure Without Food.

Max Englehart, who was employed at the Glen House during the summer and who has been in charge of the Stage Office on Mt. Washington since the closing of the Summit House two weeks ago, was lost on the mountain. Englehart was last seen on Friday, just before the terrific storm which has been raging on the mountain, settled down. On Monday, two men were sent up by Elliott C. Libby to tell him to come down and when they got there found the place deserted, and a note on the table saying that he had left at 12 for Tuckerman's Ravine. The message was undated and was as follows: "Laf at 12 for Toemans Arein, no Wood." The fury of the storm and the high drifts of snow made it impossible for the men to make a search so they returned to the Glen House for help. Early Tuesday morning Mr. Libby with a crew of men went to the summit and made as thorough a search as was possible in the blinding storm which still raged. They found this message written in French on the clapboards outside the building: "Je pars, date Oct. 10, 1925. Poudre de neige, le vent soufle d'une force de 100 miles a l'heure maisante, temperature tres mugir. Max." A few tracks were found near the head wall in Tuckerman's and Joe Dodge, caretaker of the A. M. C. Huts, with several men, attempted to go down the Ravine but had to give it up on account of the wind and the snow drifts which were 10 feet deep.

Mr. Englehart was found near Hermit Lake Wednesday at 2 o'clock by Joseph Dodge and Arthur Whitehead, managers of Pinkham Notch Huts. He was badly exhausted after his three days' exposure on the mountain and had to be carried part way down the Ravine.

They reached the Huts at 8 o'clock where they were met by a party of newspaper men, Elliot Libby, manager of the Glen, Roydon S. Leavitt, Carrol Noyes and Howard Gray of Gray's Inn, Jackson and taken to the Glen House. Dr. H. H. Bryant of Gorham was called and attended to Englehart. He was put to bed and with the exception of frost bitten feet it is expected that he will be all right within a few days.

Englehart's experience is without parallel in this section and it is nothing less than a miracle that he has survived. He tells the men that he left the Stage office Sunday noon as he was afraid to stay there any longer; the wind was coming with such force that the building was lifted from its chains and shaken. He chose the Ravine thinking it would be more sheltered than the road.

The storm raged with such fury that his progress was slowed and he made shelters in the snow for himself. When found he was in a snow hut he had made over a brook, a little ways from the trail. He was without food since Sunday morning and had existed only on water which he said would keep a man alive for 8 days. No doubt Englehart's experience in the Rockies and woods of British Columbia was what saved his life.

THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. LXXXVII, No. 6

New York, November 7, 1925

Whole Number 1855

LOST ON A BLIZZARD-SWEPT MOUNTAIN

"YOU want to know how it feels to be lost way up on top of Mount Washington, for one, two, three days and three nights, in one big hurricane, eh?"

"Well, I'll tell you true, my friend. It ain't much fun."

The speaker was Max Englehardt, survivor of a seventy-two-hour battle for life, without food or shelter, "on the bald summit of grim old Mount Washington throughout the terrific 100-mile-an-hour gale and snow-storm that reached the climax of its fury there last week-end." His narrative of that ordeal is transcribed by John T. Brady, who tells us that Englehardt painfully raised himself on one elbow in his bed at the Glen House, as he began his first detailed account since fully regaining his senses, of what he suffered during the terrible experience from which nobody expected him to escape alive. The writer describes him in the *Boston Post* as a thin, but wiry, man, about 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighing not more than 150 pounds, with the weather wizened face of one who has spent most of his fifty-eight years in the open. And we read on:

As I pictured him in my mind's eye, clinging to that lofty, snow-capped ridge-pole of New England that I could see from where I sat, and at the mercy of a hurricane that tore up great boulders and sent them hurtling and thundering down the mighty slopes, he seemed but a wisp of straw.

A native of New Brunswick, his high cheek-bones, black, beady eyes and straight hair unmistakably reveal a strain of Indian blood mixed with the French, and no doubt the instincts inherited from his aboriginal ancestors played an important part in saving his life.

His speech is the picturesque patois of the French Canuck and, as it would rob his dramatic story of much of its delightful charm to dress it up in the King's English, I shall try to give you his own expressions in so far as they are lucid.

"Yes, sir, my friend, I'm telling you, that was no pleasant soiree, what I had up there on top Mount Washington those three, four days and nights," he continued.

"When I was little boy I've been out fishing with my father to Newfoundland banks and you see there some tough storms. But you couldn't scare me with broad ax then. One time in Montana I was lying asleep in the path of a herd of stampeding cattle, with my saddle for a pillow, when my pony kink me and wake me up. You have to jump pretty quick when cattle come rushing at you like that, and there ain't no time to dress up."

"I've been in Rocky Mountains and up in the woods north of Lake Superior through some bad weather. I'm telling you, my friend, I've been in some tight places, but by damn I never saw before anything like that wind up there on Mount Washington last Saturday, Sunday and Monday."

"Believe me, boy, she blow like hurricane for sure, and bimby she blow some more, like what you call tornado. She came up quick, too, so quick that I didn't have half a show to run to the storehouse for some more firewood."

"The old stage office on top of the mountain, where I was sent two, three weeks ago to take good care of any people coming up from the Glen House, is a pretty good sized building, 'bout 24 feet by 30, with three rooms down-stairs and two in attic."

"She's chained to the mountain-top by four big chains as thick as my arm, but that wind last Saturday just pick her up and slam her down, bang, bang. All night she toss like little ship in a stormy sea and every minute I expect her to weigh anchor and go sailing out to Portland harbor."

"'Bout midnight I lie me down to catch a wink of sleep, but I woke up with one big start when wind, she rip the storm-door off the house, hinges and all. That door went away quick, you bet, and didn't wait to tell me where she was going. Some fisherman will probably find her next spring floating on Lake Sebago."

"I thought the other door was going to blow in after that, so I broke up a wooden bed that was in the shack and braced it. My firewood was all gone so I used the other pieces of the bed to build a fire and cook my breakfast."

"Sunday morning the wind was blowing harder than ever and the chains on the house creaked and groined as the giant ghosts were shaking them. The snow had piled up in big drifts during the night and the temperature had drop way below zero."

"Soon the bed, she was all burned up, and I say to myself, 'Max, you must get some firewood from the railroad shed or freeze to death before you know it.'"

"So I started out and up the steps to the woodshed 'bout fifty feet away. But

when I got almost to the top of those stairs, the wind, she lift me right up off my feet and t'row me down to the bottom."

The breath was knocked out of him, he related, and he had "one hard struggle" to crawl on his hands and knees back to the stage office. After which—

"This is no place for you, Max,' I said to myself, when I get there and catch my breath. 'Looks like the winter she has come for good and plenty, and you're going to die like rat in trap unless you make tracks down mountain pretty quick.'

"The wind, she was still howling like a pack of 10,000 hungry wolves, and my mind was soon made up to leave the shack behind and try to make my way down through Tuckerman Ravine, as the wind would have been right in my face on the carriage road."

"So I left a note on the table in the shack, saying that I was leaving at noon, and which way I was going."

"Then a big blast of wind lifted the stage office 'bout one, two feet off the ground, as I was getting ready to light out, and I got so scared that the whole 'she-bang' was going to blow right off the mountain-top, that I grabbed up a package of raisins to eat and a blanket to wrap around my head and started out."

"The wind blew me along double-quick, but I had never been down through Tuckerman Ravine, and I couldn't find the trail-markings in the blinding snow."

"I was lost, but I kept my head, and when I came across some of my own tracks in the snow I realized that I was walking around in a circle."

"This will never do, Max,' I said to myself. 'You'll only tire yourself out and get nowhere. You better look for a shelter for the night.'

"But I don't think a bird could find a feather or a twig to build a nest up there on that barren peak, and I finally decided to burrow into a snowdrift on the lee side of a big boulder."

"Breaking through the hard crust of the drift I scooped out a hole 'bout six feet deep with my hands, and wrapping myself in my blanket I crawled into it. And I'm telling you, my friend, if you are ever caught on a mountain-top in a snow-storm that's the only thing to do to keep from freezing. Just dig into a drift like an Eskimo dog and the snow will keep you warm."

"With dry clothes, another blanket and something to eat and drink, I could have stayed there all winter like a bear. I slept more that night than I had for two nights in the stage office."

"Next morning, that was Monday, I had to 'bust' my way out through the thick crust of snow that had formed over the entrance to my cave during the night.

"The wind, she was still blowing a mighty gale, but it had stopt snowing, and I decided that by returning to the summit I would have a better chance of finding the piles of rocks which mark the trail down through Tuckerman's Ravine.

"My lips were cracked and bleeding, and my tongue was beginning to swell from thirst, but I knew better than to eat any snow. I ate some of the raisins instead, but they only made me sick to my stomach and I threw the rest of the package away.

"I lost my hat while wandering around the summit looking for the trail-markings that afternoon, and my blanket was torn to ribbons by the wind, but I managed to save a strip of it to tie around my face and head like a bandage.

"I didn't find the trail-markings on Monday, and when I began to feel tired I burrowed into a snowdrift again. Without the protection of my blanket I was cold and got little sleep that night. But I felt rested Tuesday morning, and started out, determined to find the trail to the ravine if I had to crawl on my hands and knees."

By that time his tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth, he related, and he could feel his feet swelling in his boots, but at last he found the trail. And we read:

"I got to the head wall without mishap, but I was pretty weak when I got there, and in trying to get over it I lost my footing and began sliding and rolling down into what seemed a bottomless pit.

"They say I only slid about a quarter of a mile down the face of the head wall, but it seemed more like a mile and a half, and when I landed I hurt my left hip and back so badly that I couldn't walk.

"However, I saw a snowdrift in the lee of a big rock a short distance away and I managed to drag myself to it and with my hands dig myself in.

"That was the most terrible night of all. My legs were numb to my knees, and I'll tell you true, my friend, I said my prayers which I learned as a little boy.

"I could only remember one, two, three lines of them at first, and I kept saying them over and over. But 'bimeby' they all come back to me and I prayed very hard to the good Lord and all the saints to send me help right quick.

"I heard lots of wildcats yelling in the timber just below me that night, but none of them troubled me. If one of them had come for me my intention was to shove my arm way down his throat quick as a flash and then smash him against a rock or tree and break his back. When you think you are going to die, you can do desperate things like that, and I would have tried it if I had been attacked. But I guess they were as scared of me as I was of them.

"Well, I fell asleep that Tuesday night with a prayer on my bleeding lips, and I slept soundly until 'bout ten, eleven o'clock Wednesday morning.

"Then I crawl out of my snow-house once more and I cried for joy when I saw I was near a brook. An Indian once told me you can live for many days without anything to eat if you can get water to drink. But after you have been without water for a few days, you must drink only a little at a time.

"I remembered his advice, thinking some day it might be a good thing to know, and sure 'nough, it was. When I got to the edge of that brook I put two sticks of wood across it, and lying on these I began to take sips of the water.

"After you have a good drink you can yell like a big horn, and when I got up from the brook I started yelling for help.

"Well, you know the rest—how the searching party found me about one o'clock on Wednesday and carried me the rest of the way down the mountain."

While relating the latter part of his story, Mr. Englehardt had been limping about his room on his badly frost-bitten and swollen feet, picking up his belongings in preparation to go to the St. Louis Hospital in

Berlin to get completely thawed out. But something of importance seemed to be missing.

"What is it you're looking for, Max?" asked H. C. Yost, manager of the Glenn House.

But Max made no reply and went on with his search.

"Is this what you're looking for?" said Mr. Yost, a moment later, as he picked up a tiny crucifix from a table, with a loop of ribbon on it large enough to go over Englehardt's head.

"Yes, that's him," said Englehardt, taking the crucifix, and kissing it. "That's what saved my life."

"Yes, I guess it must have," said the doctor, who was wearing a Masonic charm on his watch-chain.

KIPLING KEEPS HIS STRENGTH UP

Oxygen Used as Aid to Vitality, It Is Said

LONDON, Dec. 3 (A. P.)—Rudyard Kipling, who is suffering from double pneumonia at his home at the

little Sussex village of Burwash, is passing through the regular course of the disease. Inquirers near midnight were informed that his strength was being well maintained.

Lord Dawson, the King's physician, and Kipling's personal physician, Dr. Curties, spent most of the day at his bedside. Lord Dawson started for London this evening, but was obliged to return to Burwash on account of the fog. The fact that he left the patient at all is considered indicative of his belief that Kipling is not at the present time in grave danger.

It was deemed advisable today to administer oxygen to the patient, which

simply means that the physicians are affording artificial aid in keeping up the patient's strength, enabling the heart to carry on.

Kipling's daughter, Mrs. Bambridge, and her husband, Capt. George Bambridge, arrived here tonight from Belgium. They will proceed to Burwash.

AUTHOR OF "SOLDIERS THREE"; ILL



(Copyright Henry Miller News Picture Service)

Rudyard Kipling and his wife from photograph taken during an inspection of the yeomen of the guard at St. James's Palace.

MARIA R. AUDUBON
An Appreciation

Four and forty years ago there came to Salem one who was to leave her impress upon the lives of many of the dwellers in this peaceful valley; a gracious lady, who from the beginning of her residence here had Salem's best interests at heart and who gave of herself and of her means to advance the material, the intellectual, the moral welfare of the locality she had chosen for her home.

Born in surroundings given to but few of us to know; accustomed from birth to the best society of her native New York; bearing a name the mere possession of which was an accolade; enjoying the friendship of artists and men of letters; endowed by nature with a splendid mind and with the bearing of a princess, it was not to be wondered at that almost immediately upon her coming to Salem she won both the respect and distinguished regard of all our people.

Intellectually Miss Audubon was without a peer in our locality, and ungrudgingly all acknowledged her pre-eminence. Her conversation was delightfully invigorating and her knowledge of books and men and places most extensive. Comparatively few of us knew of her literary labors or of her wide correspondence with distinguished litterateurs in this country and abroad; both were voluminous.

The tale of her helpfulness to those in need of encouragement, or in distress, will never be told for it was always unostentatious. Her interest in the village library was unflagging, intelligent and helpful.

The granddaughter of a bishop of the Church of England, it was but natural that St. Paul's claimed her interest from the beginning, and no parish activity but received her fullest support. A true daughter of the church, she was constant in attendance and faithful in all good works.

One could dwell at length upon the many beauties surrounding Miss Audubon's life in Salem—her charming residence, her priceless collections which have already been sent to the Museum of Natural History in New York, her books, her wonderful garden replete with choicest blooms; most impressive were her graces of mind and person, but putting these all aside, her love of little children was, to the writer, the most engaging characteristic of this Great Lady.

A nephew residing in Australia, who, while performing heroic service in the World war, suffered most grievous wounds, held high place in Miss Audubon's heart. Her affection for Salem and its people was second only to the love she bore for the devoted sister who lightened the burden of the closing years of our Great Lady's life.

Salem is a better place for Miss Audubon's having resided here.

May Light Eternal Shine Upon Her.

—E.

Card of Thanks.

Miss Florence Audubon desires to express her grateful appreciation to friends for their expression of sympathy in her recent bereavement. For the beautiful flowers, for the helpful services of the rector, organist, and choir of St. Paul's church; to those who acted as pall bearers, to the guild for the bountiful lunch, to those who gave the use of their cars, and to all who by word or deed have shown her sympathy, she extends most grateful thanks.

Wentworth G. Field Dies
Returning from Europe

Wentworth G. Field, 242 East Walton place, retired linen merchant, died yesterday on the steamship Providence as it was coming up Narragansett bay to dock at Providence, R. I. Mr. Field was returning with his wife to the United States after an extended trip abroad. The body will be brought to Chicago for burial. Mr. Field was well known in Chicago. He was a member of the Cliff Dwellers. He and his wife have traveled in foreign countries much in the last ten years.

Sept. 6, 1913.

BOOK SECTION

Boston Evening Transcript

old

AT CONTEMPORARY OF LITE

My heart till then was free from every care.
Till I saw you, and I was struck in equal time.
When I saw you, I was struck in equal time.
Assaulted all my reason, unawake.
The novel vision struck me wholly blind:
From strangers sprang the magic charm dis-
played

by that side presence, all angelical.
Not can I no sensation find?
Doubtless you have from Nature made
Difference so great, and we boys children all!

There is a question whether Camoens's
trouble arose from the disparity in rank
between himself and Caterina de Athaide;
to be sure, she was a lady-in-waiting to the
queen, but her parents do not seem to have
been too well placed financially, nor too
greatly opposed to her marriage with a
promising youth. Camoens was simply a hot-
headed, impulsive fellow whose indiscri-
minations won him banishment from the court.
These banishments resulted in some of his
best lyrics—a product that brings to us
more consolation than it meant for him.
Evidently chastisement could not curb him;
whatever his original offence may have
been, he repeated it; he seems to have loved
his Caterina well but not too wisely. The
second time he was sent off to Ceuta, in
Africa, where, he performed valiant service
against the Moorcans and acquired some
of that first-hand experience which lends so
vivid a character to his epic. Perhaps by
now the Lusitans had been begun; to this
period are also related his three dramas,
which are not of sufficient importance to
occupy us in such a summary as this.
Camoens simply could not keep out of
trouble; no sooner was he back in Lisbon,



Camões

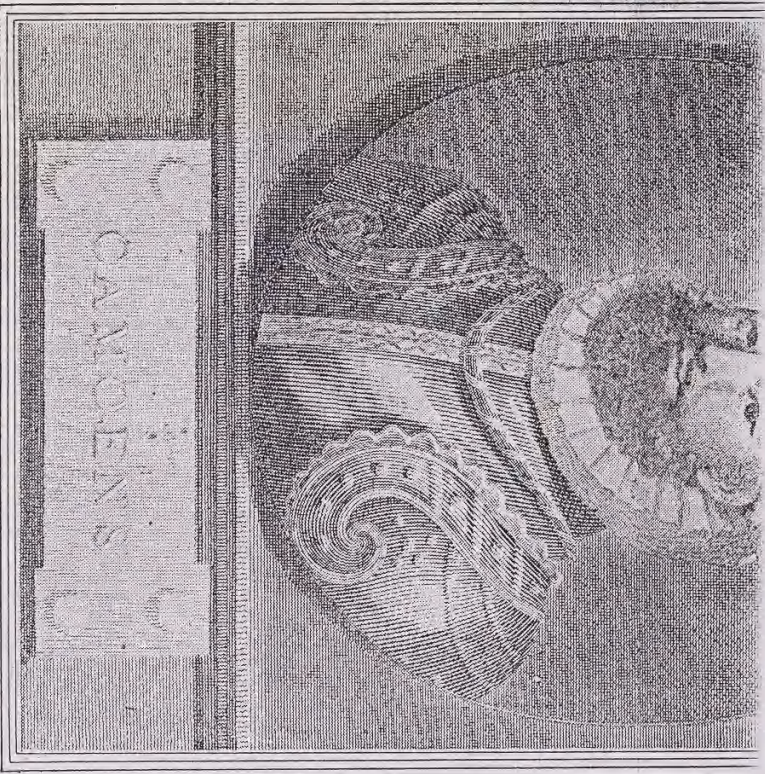
best English product that brings to us more consolation than it meant for him. Evidently chastisement could not curb him; whatever his original offence may have been, he repeated it; he seems to have loved his Caterina well but not too wisely. The second time he was sent off to Ceuta, in Africa, where he performed valiant services against the Moroccans and acquired some of that first-hand experience which lends so vivid a character to his epic. Perhaps by now The Luslads had been begun; to this period are also related his three dramas, which are not of sufficient importance to occupy us in such a summary as this.

Camoens simply could not keep out of trouble, no sooner was he back in Lisbon, in 1570, than he resumed his old ways. Poverty and his naturally bellicose temper drew him back into the army. War was raging in Africa, Brazil and India; the poet chose India. His, however, was literally no plain sailing; he must get into a brawl and be delayed; pardoned as a volunteer for the East, he must meet with one of those maritime mishaps that haunted him all his life. The fleet, composed of five keels, lost one vessel by fire in port; the stormy passage provided Camoens with material for the episode of Adamastor in the Luslads; again we have occasion to note how even the most fantastic inventions of the national epic were born out of the poet's actual experience.

This is but the beginning of the man's adventures, which were to carry him as far as China. Once on the way back to Goa, he was shipwrecked and lost everything he owned. Landing at that city in 1589 or 1591, he was just in time to be cast into jail upon a charge of malversation in office. By this time he had probably been informed of the death of his beloved Caterina, and poured out his grief in some affective poem, in eclogues and pastorals. Burton has translated one of the best in a line for line version:

Ah! gentle soul of me that died, depart!
So soon in discontent this life so vain,
Rest thine eternal in the heavenly reign,
Live I here fain to play sad memento part!
If from those blissful seats where honora thou art.

Thy memory beyond things may not disdain,
Ah, nor forget that love whose radiant
grain



Thou saw'st in purest eyes that spoke my heart,
And if of thee such love again aught of trace,
Thy sash avail this restless eye—
This yearning care no cure shall I get e'er;
Fray him who shrouded these fair years so
fair
As soon mine eyes as soon the light he bore,
It was in April, 1570, that Camoens returned to Lisbon for the last time. The once popular, impulsive, gifted youth was

now middle-aged, poverty-stricken, unknown. Most of his friends, and his one great love, were dead. The plagues, to which nearly half the city's populace had succumbed, had only recently abated. The indignation of reasonable citizens, to represent a faithless, fortune-seeking, venereal slave, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe, begging for his master in the streets of the capital.

The Luslads had appeared in 1572; the immediate appreciation could not have been great, if we are to judge from the size of the pension bestowed upon the poet in that same year. Embittered at the end, Camoens, so long frustrated by an adverse fate, took sides with her against himself. "Who hath ever heard say," he asked, "that on so small a theatre as our poor bed, fortune wished to represent such great misfortunes?" And though these did not suffice him, I envisage myself on my side; for to rest soon, ac-

