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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

S.H.T.

Laurel, Miss., 2/5, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Duggar:

When you expressed regrets that you are not a finished scientist in every line I promised you a text-book which should make all things plain to you. The book goes by this mail, and when you have mastered - or should I say "mistressed"? - its teachings I am sure that every highbrow biological association will hasten to crown your brow with everlasting laurels, and to lay its greatest honors at your feet.

Yours - in the interest of science.

S. H. Tracy

Monday night - Feb. 16th 1880
My darling Marie:-
I just sat here & felt you
that I am so dear & so
affectionately & deeply you have
told me the chief you
sent me for Xmas &
which I have spent
for a pair of long silk
gloves & a new
dress than bought &
expect to wear while
I am south. I thank you
dearest for your love &
gift. I expect soon to hear
from you again & I am
so glad. To Blimpington &
stay with Agnes until
next Monday & then
to Anne in Savannah
for a few days before
going to Charles in Hankin
ville. Mother & Father

is getting very feeble
mentally & physically.
It is so hard to see
a wonderful man
radically fail & she
has been such a bright
capable woman. I hope
to have time to write
you when I can. Trip
has been so strenuous
here all fall & winter
that I will be glad to get
any & everything that may
be done at night - & to be
done every evening
merely things about women
are out of the way you
are in the same boat.
I am so glad you are
going to Cambridge again this
autumn. I wish I could
go with you. With deepest love
to Charles & me. I am all right

Auburn
2 Ala



April 17th
1920

Dr B. M. Duggan

My Dear Son:-

After eating a good
breakfast this morning.
^{listening to}
+ a thunder storm + hail.
Last night I am up in
my little room at the "Hotel
De Mc Elhenny". - you have
no idea what a long &
tortuous spell I have had
carried me all the Christmas
months & thro February. In
March I had a renewed attack

You should ² see my
room at this hotel - On
the mantel I have a pic-
ture of the home -
Bamboo Hall - then a
good likeness of your
mother - then some
silver piece then picture
of my mother - two tall
Candle sticks with Pink
Candles in them - a
silver ring next. Then
a picture of Mrs Waverly.
Close by are two lots of books
& my little clock from home.
I again thank you for these
nice bed room - slippers -

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I have them on now, -
& they come in so aptly in
sitting around the fire-
place - - We have had
a fire almost every
morning this month.

I sent my w^h man
out looking for a push
Cart - he found one at
Mrs Lipscomb's - (over the
Rail Road) brought it home
- to the hotel & this evening
I will take a ride out to
the Campus to see a Bull-
game between the "Georgia
Tech" & our home team -
Our boys beat the "Michigan"
foot ball - last week.

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A Lady just now came in
& brought me a beautiful
Rose - she happens to be
one of the brides now
President in this H. Unfor-
tunately - my door was
wide open & she caught me
in a "dishes bills Condition" just
as I had come to my writing
table & I had no time to make
any change whatever. I was
still writing soon afterwards
when a Young Prof. Called to
see me - with my night gown &
slippers on. Here comes my dinner
so I must say goodbye with love to all.
& kisses too. from the Old Man.
Affectionately Yours Father. *(H. D. & called)*

Box 64, Auburn, Ala.,

July 11, 1920

Dear Ben;

I purposed for many weeks to write and tell you of the improvement in father's condition. I think I wrote you after I became alarmed and sent for Llewie. The latter stayed with us for several days during which time father passed beyond immediate danger. But he required a trained nurse or a negro man with him for weeks, day and night. For most of the past two months he has been getting along very well, dressing himself and being able to go up and down stairs unaided. He has, however, not extended ^{far} his walks, which he enjoyed daily up to last December & November. However, he occasionally walks to an entertainment, a few hundred yards away in Longdon Hall.

He has had a minor spell during the last four days, the result of imprudence in eating. From this he has

about recovered. He is much better ^{in recent months} but seems to have no rheumatism or pain of any kind, and takes an interest in things about him. He does not read as much as he did last fall.

His last year's rents, sale of hay, Jerseys, etc. had sufficed to pay his expenses to date, with a little balance ahead. He recently sold his Tuscaloosa house and lot, getting \$3300, cash, he tells me. He deposited the proceeds with the Tuscaloosa bank of which Mr. Robt. Cochran is Cashier. As he will miss the Tuscaloosa rent he will for as he has not ^{yet} invested the proceeds of the sale, he will probably invade the principal for the living expenses until farm rents come in next November.

We have had a siege of sickness. While father was so sick Mrs. Camp was desperately ill with pneumonia, from which her recovery was extremely slow. Meantime little Paul Duggan McCormick, on a visit here, contracted whooping cough, could not return to his father's boarding house in Montgomery where there were susceptible children. It was complicated with what was apparently a case

July 11, 1920

of pneumonia. So we had many night shifts with him.

Early in June Dorothy, now 14, visited the family of Rev. D. H. Ogden, in Louisville, Ky., and while there was exposed to measles. So to protect Paul against measles so soon after whooping cough, Fannie took Dorothy to the farm about two weeks ago. There D. developed measles accompanied by such alarming nose bleeding that Fannie carried her to a Montgomery Sanitarium. They are now at a hotel in Montgomery awaiting D. complete recovery and a safe time for her to come home.

We expect Ambrose to arrive tomorrow or next day for a two weeks vacation. He has been making a tour, attending religious conventions in Buffalo and Toronto, and visiting New York, whence he was to come by boat to Savannah. He is due to be back to preach in his church, Molina, Cal., on July 27th.

Fredrick & Llewellyn are on the farm, doing ^{only} fairly well because of lack of labor.

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Effective July 1, 1820 the following changes occurred at Auburn:

The retirement of Dr. Thack on a ^{\$}4000 salary as President Emeritus; the election of the then State Supt. of Education Dr. Spright Dowell, as President, at \$6000; the separation of the directorships of Experiment Station and Extension Service, continuing as Station director at the same salary as formerly drawn while doing both lines of work, and L. H. Duncan, an Auburn alumnus, attaining the ambition for which he had long been striving, Dir. of Extension Service.

This is better for me personally, as it should I relieve me to a certain extent of the strain that have been under since the addition of extension duties 6 years ago. I intend to find more time for writing for the agricultural papers, - for which I have numerous invitations thereby catching up, I hope, with the H. & L.

Only by this change would I be able to get time for revision this fall of the my public school textbook, - which is imperative before next January.

July 11, 1920

I hope now to take life at a somewhat less feverish pace, - or rather to have more time for study & other matters of personal preference.

I think Dr. Davell will make a good president. He has ability, character, enterprise, & a successful record. The college (and also the station) is much hampered financially, and it is yet $2\frac{1}{2}$ years before any regular session of the legislature will be held.

Please write soon and be sure to tell me the date when you expect to be back in St. Louis. I wish you would also let Waver know promptly. This is because when he contemplated a visit last summer to Ala., he had in mind to stop in St. L. to see you. When he gave up the trip last year, I understood it to be a postponement until this summer.

Today for the first time father expressed a willingness to sell the old home, - a wish that mother expressed in her will. If he continues in this mind, and if his strength seems to permit, he and I and possibly Elvie (from Mobile) may spend a week late in August at Bamboo hall, - provided he will agree to letting us condense the furniture into a few rooms & burn the accumulated newspapers.

At the hotel he will not allow a newspaper,
nor the smallest piece of wrapping paper to
be destroyed, so his room, floors, tables &
chairs, are carpeted with paper & other
trash. One errand that we expect to attend
to on that trip is the selection & erection of
a monument on mother's ~~land~~ grave. Father
prefers that it be a double one, saying he
"does not expect to be here a great many years."
I trust that you and family
are enjoying your second summer at
Carmel. Love to all of them.

Your aff. brother
J. Fred Decker.

P.S. Frances is spending the summer at home.
She will again teach in Montgomery.
Paul McCormick is employed as an electric
cal worker in the shipyard of the Tennessee
Coal & Iron Co., at Mobile, - or rather at its
new city of Chickasaw, 10 miles out. He spent
last week end with us. We prefer for M. not to
take up her residence there until fall, & he
has not yet found an available house.
J.F.D.

TOMES, Cornel
9 M. 1920

Sab. M. B. G., St. Louis, Sept. 21.

My own Sweet Heart,

Last night Louise wrote you, and it seems a long time since I had a little chat with you. I scarcely know where to begin, for a lot is crowded into each day. I have not yet let myself get in touch with any more of our friends, for I simply had to clean house - during these first few days of the sundry accumulations of the summer.

Yesterday I ran through my mail, had brief conferences with Webb, Payson, and Walpert, dictated the rush letters, arranged for our trunk, and had a rather long conference with Moore. He knew of the Kellerman offer, and seemed very favorable to progress and action here. I am to have several

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conferences as to ways and means
of securing additional funds, and
it is understood that we will "feel
out" several possibilities, including
the one of the Rockefeller Foundation.
It will take some time to arrange and
formulate what has been accomplish-
ed and outline plans, but I think
it is worth the effort. This is bound
to be in many respects a transition
year, and the small number of
students not only intensifies the
need of funds - additional funds -
for fellowship increases, increased
salaries for better assistants and
helpers, etc., but will also give
me more time to really work on
plans for the future. I have
not yet sprung the leave of ab-
sence possibility, but I am work-
ing towards it.

I found here a letter from Miss
Karrer saying that her mother is
critically ill, and a major operation
probably for gastric cancer, was to

have been made on last Wednesday. We have not heard the result. She cannot be here, in any event, until somewhat after Oct. 1. Mr. Armstrong has been given to Oct. 1 to complete his work with the Bureau of Pl. Ind., and Mr. Wolfpert through this week to finish up his experiments with Dr. Reed on the wheat diseases in the Ill. Bottoms. The new fellow, Mr. Roberts, was accidentally drowned about three weeks ago, and of course his place cannot now be filled. Mrs. Grant received an appointment at a good salary at Cornell, to assist Dr. Shepard, and Greenman was not only willing but anxious to have her accept it. She is here for a few days, but will journey within the week. A new man from Chicago is here for three months to study the fungi Dr. Brust has been interested in, but I shall have him only in seminar.

I have gone over some of Mr

Webb's work, and find that he has the makings (almost) of his thesis, so that he can settle down very soon to a study of his data, literature, etc. After his summer, though, he does not seem to have any excess of pep. Doubtless it will return with cooler weather and activity in the laboratory. The new Japanese student has not yet put in an appearance.

Today I have written many letters, started Mrs. Mullins on getting together the data of my recent experiments, and started a hunt for a laboratory-greenhouse helper. Tomorrow I intend to make a start on one or more of the articles which should be in for the Annals by about Oct. 1.

Louise and I feel that we have done the very best thing possible in making the ^{temporary} arrangement we did at the boarding house the food is good and well cooked. It is not merely

Sept 24/1920

(where we have rooms) is most accommodating, and the rooms are large and airy. They are hot in the afternoons, but this is a hot week, and we don't have to be in them until they are cool. Being close to the Garden, we can, when not otherwise occupied, run in here at my office and read or work under the most comfortable conditions possible.

Louise had her exam this P.m. and she says that she worked hard and thinks she did well. Tomorrow she will make some calls and just have a good time. We shall both make some calls in the evening. Louise bought a white silk waist yesterday, and it is very becoming. The new glasses are quite chic. So you see, my sweet, that everything is working along as best we can urge it in our homeliness of judgment. We are to spend next Sunday in Fleurissant again. Mary and her

mann say⁶ that they can never
forgive us for leaving in such
haste, but you can realize that
I had to be close to the scene of
action.

I am looking out for house
and apartment possibilities, and will
see tomorrow at noon Dr. Burrows
and others at the Medical School who
have just gone through the mill.
By the end of the week I intend
to know a lot more about this
problem than I do now. Of course
I am now following all advertisements
of interest, but I must get things
started here.

Louise and I are both eager to
hear just how you find the new cat-
tage. Do tell me all about how
you are managing, and espe-
cially if there is prospect of
your getting out of it something
akin to rest. Is there any op-
portunity to put George in kin-
dergarten?

Please tell all three children that I shall write each one very soon, and that I miss all of them more than I can tell. And you, sweetheart, I can never tell you a fraction of how 'alone in the big city' I am without you, and yet how 'responsibly' I am trying to carry myself. What is more, I love you more and more.

Any way, Louise says we are getting along better than could be thought possible, so that is something for her.

What about Benjamin's borrowed school books? It seems to me he considered it rather unusual to be permitted to have them until school opened. Should they not be returned? I will do anything you suggest, but of course the books are at Carmel.

We were delighted to have your card today. I shall be glad to get the book on the Japanese question, for the time is getting short.

Prices seem to be coming down slowly in respect to eatables and clothes, and it is everywhere obvious that the main reason they don't come down faster is because too many people have too much money. During rush hours there are now on Tower Grove Ave. almost as many cars passing as we used to see in Washington.

Prof. Tracy died about two weeks ago. The news reached me through a paper sent by Isham Evans. By the way I ran across Isham accidentally on the car Sunday afternoon as I was going to Florissant. He and family were here shopping, and he had tried to reach me at the house. They were leaving that night and could arrange to have a meal with me at the club. With all my love, Marie, Louise, your affectionate "Alphabet-Whistle"

PM Sept. 24, 1920
To Cornell

Graduate Laboratory,
Missouri Botanical Garden

My Love, Louise and I have just
been "talking you over", but in a very
sweet way, I assure you, and all in
reference to the failure to receive ^{our} let-
ters and to how much we would
like to drop in on you in the dear
little cottage. Louise has been back
from school since three, and, as usual,
she came straight to the Garden. It
is very sociable to have her doing
her work over here. She says she is
going to bring some of the girls
with her tomorrow and make fudge.
In a little while we are going
down to 4233 to spruce up, for we

are due at the Erlanger's for
dinner. Mrs. Douglas has invited
us for Friday, and Thursday even-
ing I must put in an appear-
ance at the Ex. Comm. of the Art
League. Up to the present I have
seen nothing of Guilders nor of
Leaguers.

Louise wrote you last night
and I am sure told you of the safe
arrival of the beautiful skirt and
the hab, - oui, tres kotish! Dear,
I am so sorry you were worried
about us, but there was really no
chance to write en route until
after we left K.C. and then it was
so hot and dusty, and in the even-
lightless. Imagine writing when
there were three or more in ser-

ery pair of seats.

I did write to Kellerman upon arrival here and in extenso. In fact, it seems to me that I have done little but write, write, write. There were so many little things to be caught up, and the end is not quite yet.

I took lunch at the Medical School yesterday, and enjoyed seeing the men again. "Teacher" was there, and asked particularly about you. On the Ferry's return they stopped in Ithaca about two weeks, and seem to have had a fine time. They think Ithaca is a dream.

There are no new developments in the house situation. I looked at some impossible things in Cabaune yesterday, and found a batch of new apartments nicely located and just nearing completion in the Ames tract, each of six rooms. They were \$150⁰⁰ each!

As far as I know Louise has not yet heard from "Jack", but it is quite possible that she did not give him a St. Louis address. I am doing everything I can for the pleasure of the dear child, and she seems to be enjoying herself, and is much more companionable. She is calling me now to go, so I must bid you au revoir. With bushels of love to all the family and tons for your sweet self. (Do tell me what you are modeling - you see I have just read your letter of the 24th to Louise, sweetheart).

Your old lonely,
Benj.

Mr. Chaffer called up a few days ago and was delighted to find the gentleman himself at his office, as I was about to telephone about an apartment on Waterman. When I inquired as to details, she casually stated that it was just what we wanted and the rent was \$2000. (1)
 Lawrence
 Bay

Lab. Sept. 24, 1920.

My own sweet Marie, Louise and I have been just like two little children over your two letters, so glad were we to hear how you are all fixed and what you are doing. I am so glad that the cottage is dear and that it makes so much difference in how you feel, but I am distressed that you have had such a time with the pains in your neck and shoulders. You must arrange to have all the rest you possibly can right now so as to prevent anything like chronic rheumatic pains. You know that complete rest of the muscles is the one great salvation.

Well, I have had all my days full, and that is well - to make the time pass. On Wednesday I was out three or four hours to look at house and apartment possibilities, on the strength of advertisements and the suggestions of friends. Three or four apartments on Lindell Ave and 4300, suggested by the Hancocks were only "fair", and the rentals for those 7 rooms were \$125 or \$135, depending upon the location. Then later there was one down here on Magnolia consisting of 7 real rooms and two of bed-square. I was greatly disappointed to find it unattractive

in many respects - narrow hall, dark dining
room entered only through pantry, owner a baptist
minister living in lower apartment with six boys
mousting about everywhere, &c, &c. The location alone
was fine. You know, dear, as I read your letters, tell-
ing me how fine it is to have a really secret place,
I don't want to go ahead and take something which
will not be a satisfaction. Surely I have seen nothing
satisfying yet, and the question is 'Will I find any-
thing of the kind in the next month?' Please tell me
just how you feel about it. The situation has not been
overexaggerated as to St. Louis. I feel it deeply. I hate to
have the family broken up, and miss each and every
one keenly. On the other hand, I would not for worlds
have you come back to St. Louis and go through
a hectic experience with no secret home to give you
joy and recompense. Some friends have told me
that the only thing to do is to associate with
the doctors or undertakers and in that way lo-
cate possible changes in the plans of families
before places are advertised, or get into the hands
of the real estate men! Isn't that terrible.
Louise will probably write you today, but I must
tell you that she passed her examination nicely,
making 80. She thinks that Harriet did not
pass her latin. She has called at the Hancock's, at
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Of course school opened yesterday, and things are now in full swing. Her blue skirt (of the suit) has a large moth hole in front, but Skuy tells her that there is a weaver who may be able to repair it. It is being cleaned. Skuy wants \$15.00 for relining the coat, but she will wait until we see whether or not the skirt is worth it.

We dined at the Moors ~~Thursday~~ Wednesday night, and Mrs. Mr. was as nice as pie. Mrs. Hall remains more or less conscious and simply lingering. Mrs. Moors must have had a time of it at Woods Hole. The nurse and help problems were of course added difficulties. She made a hundred inquiries about you.

I found calls here from Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Shaffer, Shipley & others. Last night Louise and I dropped in at the Lewises. Mr. Lewis was in M.F., MacMillan was just leaving for school, and Emily was sewing on furniture covers. She was of course anxious to hear all about everything, and was really most sympathetic as to your needs and ours. Then seeing the Englers in their front room we dropped in there for a minute. She was as intense and both of them as kind and interested as ever. Mrs. Lewis thought Louise looked so sweet and well. I do hope that the dear

to use every effort towards that end.

I am so glad that you are having fine blue-and-sunshine days, also that you are getting out to the beach, and, in general, having some recreation. It has not been very warm here, but the weather is rather muggy, although the evening breezes are delightful. The garden looks fine, but the work on the new gate house makes an eye-sore that will exist all fall.

I wrote Dr. MacDougal today. They will be leaving their home in a few days, I suspect. Perhaps you will not see much of them after Mrs MacD. goes down to the Highlands [or does she go to the Highlands Inn?]

I have made arrangements for a laboratory and greenhouse boy on half time, and that is the best I can do for the moment. Of course I have done nothing in the way of experimental work yet, and shall not until I get some writing done - possibly not until Miss Karver returns. However, I feel more settled now for ten days or so, and I will let you know regularly how the time passes with us. The book on the Japanese situation arrived ^{day before} yesterday, and I find it about all I could wish.

With a heart full of love for you, my sweet, and a hug and a kiss for each of our dear children, I am,
Yours affectionately,
G. S. Penz.

Monday Sept. 27, 1920.

My own Marie. It is very cool and pleasant today after a rather hot and muggy Sunday, - the greater part of which we spent with the Von Schrenks. Louise and I left the 'Garden' about ten, but did not reach Florissant until nearly 12 o'clock. Jamie Douglas and "R. G." (R. G. Whithmore) were there for the day, as also Mrs. Douglas. In the afternoon a few others came and went, but there was still quite a party for supper including besides those above-mentioned a nice young doctor from Barnes Hospital, Mr. Harvey, and Miss Warfield (they came together), Mr. and Mrs. Beckler. Louise looked very sweet in her new Carmel-made dress, and she had a good time, I am sure.

after dinner the two boys
Mary, Louise, and I went down into
the lower garden and had some
target practice. So many made in-
quiries about you, and Carmel was
much the subject of conversation
during the day. Mary insists
that she will feel hurt if we do
not come out every Sunday. However,
I shall have to make excuse next
Sunday, for I think that is the
very best day for house-hunting.

There were more advertisements
than usual yesterday, but nothing
that I really wanted. It is a
good sign, nevertheless. All cloth-
ing prices are coming down
25 to 35% and some things more,
but this is mostly in woollens
(especially expensive ones) and cat-
tons. Rents will stick. Real es-
tate men are absolutely no good
for rentals. They only want to sell

because of course that nets them
more. Some say that the ser-
vant question is easier, but
laundresses are generally
\$3.60 per day. Annie is taking our
laundry, and this week it was en-
tirely satisfactory.

Mrs. Moor left early this
morning for Fort Wayne after
a telegram stating that Mrs.
Hall could hardly last another
twenty-four hours.

Today I am registering our few
students, breaking in a new
man to handle the cleaning,
etc., and going through a lot of
literature accumulated during the
summer. I will have a lecture
and a seminar this week so
that the regular routine is
at hand. Wm. Gambell Williams

says that his mother and brother
are to live in Carmel, but
that for the time Mrs. Porter is
to be in Baltimore.

I am sorry, dear, that I cannot
report much progress in the house
or apartment hunt, but I am going
out again either late this after-
noon or early tomorrow. I have
certainly had no fruitless time so
far. "Al" Terry wanted to sell me
a house at \$12,000, and to have
heard him talk you would think
that it was "really the only desirable
house for sale", whereas anything in
the city can be bought - at a price.
How are the children getting along
at school? My love to all of the dears,
and a heart always full for my
dearest. Your own Benj.

Laboratory, Mo. Bot. Gard.,
St. Louis, Oct. 2, 1920.

My own Sweet,

Your very dearest letter postmarked Sept. 27 was my delight this morning. This was the letter written just after you were at the Blackman's in which you described in detail your day in the dear cottage that makes all ring with joy. I would give just anything to be with you. Can't we have the little cottage another summer - and put Benjamin and Georgie up on the roof perhaps? Please tell B. that Louise loves his letter, and he does write a very cute letter, - even if we shall have to conduct some spelling matches to sharpen his appreciation of English as she is spelled! Well, you don't know what a time I have had trying to find

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something in which to live.
I have spent a couple of hours
every other day at the job, and
of all the discouraging looking
places — when they are within
reach! I looked at a house on
Cates yesterday, advertised at \$90
that I doubt if wreckers would
pull down for the stuff in
it. A few more are being advertised
but there is always a joker some-
where, if reasonable. The belief is
that more houses will be "For Rent"
shortly after Oct. 1, as that date a-
bout closes moving time, but I
don't know.

'Efficiencies, Bass, well I know
all about 'em', cause the chief thing
is you pay for what you don't get,
and am deficiency. There is a great
group of them — corner DePalmer
and McPherson — advertised as Croome,
reasonable. And there is a living room
and a disappearing bed — that is two.
Then there is a son — parlor, but the son

son must be small and wary, for while he might sit down while the in-a-door stays in, ~~but~~ when he opens the door and lets the in-a-door out, then he must be out the other door, if he wants to be finally on the and not under the in-a-door. That is two more. Then there is a breakfast room, so named because it would not hold a dinner, and also because you don't mind if you do smell both the coffee and the janitor's pipe at that time of day; and the breakfast room is also a means of ventilating into the hall of your neighbors the kitchenette, or wall cabinet, wherein you cook, — and thus you get two more rooms. And if they furn-ish ^{thus only}, you only pay \$175, but if they furn-iture, etc., then you pay \$225. Mrs. Sheffer also recommends this — as seen from a car window. Well, my dear, tomorrow is Sunday and as I have, or may have, used unholly words in my canvassing, I shall do penance (if that is a catholic expression) by canvassing again. Stark as is the lonesome term ahead, my feeling now is that I can't ask you to come and face "what aint". It will do no harm to engage passage for about Oct. 25 — which you can release later, if necessary — and I will watch the situation with a microscopic eye. Louise and I are desolated by the conditions, but if nothing is revealed, we will conceal our sorrow as best we may and consider our own permanent winter quarters. ^{Only, in that case I shall simply have to have my place beginning Feb. 1.} Yes, I forgot the question of boarding the Newcastle-Clive place or the Resona would take ^{entire} our family and very nearly our entire salary (they like

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erally offer to remit anything over \$350) so that we might be quite care-free.

Did I write you that Mrs. Hall died before Mrs. Moore reached Fort Wayne? I asked Moore to let me know developments - for I knew you would want me to send flowers for you, - but I did not get the news in time. Mrs. M. returned last night.

Louise and I have just returned from a Saturday P. M. shopping trip. We left her suit skirt at the cleaners, where they promise to make it like new for \$1.50. We got a pair on silk linings and think we see our way clear to have the coat fixed up at \$7.50. Her other serge skirt is also being cleaned.

I have paid off all bills except this ^{month} furniture storage and piano monthly and all I owe you, dear.

I will send you a check in a few days for realities and emergencies.

We were at the House of Douglas last night, and enjoyed it except for being so awfully late they had begun dinner. Dear little Louise, she simply can't count time, and she will have to learn by experience and not by my correcting her this year. But we would not have been quite so late if there had not been an altercation between motorman and passenger, and all that taking of names, etc. Louise looked very sweet in her freshly-steamed-out velvet dress, and I swiped for her a corsage of crimson, yellow-centered dahlias. We went to see the movies after dinner - Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion" - in order to keep warm.

You see we have had to have furnace fire these last two days, but it is warmer and cloudy this afternoon. Tonight we write letters - here's hoping.

The boarding house holds up well, and you must think of us as eating lots, and taking things easily, as they come; and only are we beaten down by the realization of what we miss in the absence of our family. We love you more than all the world, and it is my one consoling thought - that you are feeling your real sweet self again, and that you think of us and love us too. Kiss all for
Your old Benj.

PM ST Louis
Oct 5, 1920
To Mr. D. C. Cannel

My own dear Marie,

This has been a very busy day, and now has come the half-hour before dinner when I need very sorely a little chat with you, my sweet. You know what I think? That you do not really know how nice you are. Your letter written the day after you had Mrs. Mac Dougal to tea reached me just this morning, and I wanted to hug it, I was so glad to have it. I do depend upon you for a lot - all kinds of inspiration that you know not of to keep me alive and thinking. How fine it would be for me if I could really have a vacation with you. But your days are full after all, and for the present I must be content to hear of

what you do and what you
think.

Dear little Louise is late to-
day, but possibly she has gone
home to rest. This was to have
been her first afternoon of field
hockey. She will have many
afternoons occupied - hockey,
basket ball, and cooking. At a
sale at Vandervoort's we bought
some skating shoes for her, so
you see how she is preparing
for her winter. More and more
she plans ahead.

Do tell our sweet Georgie that
I was so surprised to hear about
his piling the wood so like a
little man that at first I
thought it must be some big
George, like George Cannon, and
then I read it again, and sure
enough it was our Georgie, and
so I was very proud of him.
I shall write to him again

very soon. I do want some snaps of you and the children. Ask Bennie if he can't take them, only he must be in some of them too. Don't bother about being dressed up - I am thinking of the happy faces, and perhaps the little cottage in the background. Louise wonders if you would not let us have some of the summer pictures, including some of those in costume. We would love to borrow them, and really need some to show friends. We have no Carmel postcards nor anything, you see. I will trade, send us or some of the photos, and I will send you a box from the Busy Bee! I have to go down town Wednesday and that will be my opportunity.

We had a very nice day Sunday. I was up early, before even, thinking I would make another mighty effort to find a house or apartment; but really there was nothing. Mary von Schenk called up early and made Louise promise that we would come out early and stay to the midday meal, for we were booked to be at Emilie's for supper. So we did, Louise going alone earlier while I scouted. Hermann was in New York all week and only reached home late Sunday night. Mrs. Douglas and Minette, young Dr. Leland (of Barnes) and Mr. Chaumet were there. The Switzlers and the LaVollies (or something like that) came in during the early afternoon. Our afternoon amusement was pitching quoits. Everybody was eager to hear about you, and Mary told the

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this way. We want Marie, but we can't have her this fall, so I am going out with Hermann in Jan. and I am going up to Carmel and spend a month. What do you think of that? and where do I come in? The Switzers inquired most particularly about you, and he looked well bronzed after their western trip, and he was also pretty cocky until Chauvet and I won three games of quoits hands down over him and Dr. Leland. The latter is a fine young fellow who seems to have a shine to Ninette. Mary brought us in as she drove down for Hermann.

Well, Emily has a wonderful house; she showed us all, from attic to basement. She has not bought a thing yet but carpets and some rugs, and she's as proud

as peacocks preening. "Joe"
is still a little afraid to tramp
around, for fear something may
not be real; but he is looking
real alright, and well-groomed
too. Jodie sends Nancy his love.
The baby is the pinkest, fattest
little fellow imaginable, and
content with the world. And
speaking of the Lewises - Mrs.
Wallace died Saturday night.
Of course there has been no
talk yet of a tablet for the
orphans (sh---!).

I was about to forget to
tell you that on our way to
the Lewises we dropped in
for a minute to see the Al-
bert Traussigs. They were all fine,
all seven. Both Mr. & Mrs.
were looking exceptionally well.
He and Joseph were up on their
old trail in Canada for a

month. He is so nice - said it would be a calamity to let you remain in Calif. this winter, "For then what would become of the dinner club." Whereupon Mrs. T. not to be outdone, invited us to supper on Thursday. I see we shall have to cease making calls or else be accused of dinner-hunting! But it is nice to have people so informally friendly.

It is true that we are not in a hotel now. There is a strike on of the waiters and cooks union, and restauranticulous persons have to take what they can get - and generally help make it too. I have not yet been near the Univ. Club, where I understand they practically have a modified carry-coffee-a-plain. I don't know what the veiled prophet crowd will do.

Tell Bennie that I have been down to the postoffice in the interest of his magazines, and will ferret them out sooner or later. His a postal stupidity, apparently.

Hermann von Schrenk was over today and wants me to help him in a study of some "treating" problems with balsa wood (no high balls involved). He says we can thereby brew some simoleons. Darn on! I have lots of ideas about simoleons, by the way, may some of them only solemnize! Hermann is looking like a rejuvenated actor, if you know what that is. I love you, my sweet, with all my heart. Kiss the dear little ones three. Louise says she will write

Laboratory, M. B. G.

St. Louis, Oct. 9 '20.

Dearest Marie, I hope you will
pardon the sundry kinds of pa-
per I am forced to use when
writing from the laboratory, but
I never seem to remember to
bring some from Louise's room.
You rejoice in the balmy days
at Carmel, but how I wish you
could have been here this past
week or more. It has been per-
fectly ideal. Not a drop of rain
nor a whiff too much or too lit-
tle temperature! But there
you have the sea and the beach
and no particular obstacles to
overcome to get out among
these, or even among the hills,
and they seem to belong

to those who look upon them
and enjoy them. Here it is an
effort to get out unless one is
content with the garden and
the park - but there are fine
just now, even if there is no
sense of possession.

Well, dear, I think I have to
admit that I am lonesome often.
There is lots to do and I am getting
after it slowly but surely, yet it
is not as if there were the home
to go to. I miss you everyone.

I miss you most of course, at
those times of day when we
were oftenest alone together, or
together with just our own little
family. Nevertheless, sweetheart,
you do not need to worry, we
shall get along, and I am
glad for you to have the consecu-
tional peacefulness and free-

Oct 9, '20

dom of action that you adduce
full long enough to be of
real worth to you, and there's
food to us all.

By this time my letter with
check must have reached you,
and just a word about finances.
I certainly did not mean to
convey the impression that
there was \$200 in the bank of
Monterey. There was indeed, but
I had to draw out some for our
trip and the new "bal. forward"
was about \$157. After paying the
insurance on arrival, \$113⁴⁵, I
had very little in the bank
and only pin money in pocket.
But Mabel helped us out wonderfully
by returning \$25⁰⁰. Still, when
the first of Oct. came I had
to pay (due on previous month)

the storage, the piano install-
ment, \$17⁺⁺ on the ancestor
pictures, as much in Club
dues and assessments, our board
and room bills to date, altho^{gh}
ex considerably above one hundred
not to mention little bills. I hope
to pay piano, storage, etc. this
month or time and keep our
board bills paid weekly, for I
know that next month there
will be bills from the stores, sever-
al subscriptions and dues, etc.
Please don't mind writing me
about your needs and I will try
to supply you liberally. Just as
soon as you get this, in fact, please
estimate what you will need
for the balance of the month, for
you see I can let any of the
things mentioned for this end of
the line go over until next

5

Oct. 9, '20

month. Louise's clothes there and here amounted to a pretty good sum. Field hockey, croquet, and Miss Hall's bills are to come and then I think there will be clear sailing on that score for a time at least.

I have agreed to furnish a new outfit for the American Univ., as two students will be taking physiology as minor, possibly also Mr. Fulton. That means a round hundred payable about next June or so. Mr. Bird wants to pay my expenses up to Miles Much., and I would not go except that I think I can land a spring order for a couple of hundred pure cultures at 50¢ per. I must get started in the matter of furnishing pure cultures, though it does not mean

much until it can be done
by the thousands.

Dearie, the house situation
is just where it was last week.
I have been looking over the report
of the Chamber of Commerce
and they prophesy a deficit of
still 10,000 homes in St. Louis
during 1931. I think that the
present inflated prices will come
down, however, as the prices of
materials are cut. Then we may
be forced to buy, but you know
I feel more and more that
we must, or should, get out in
a cleaner, newer part of the
city. I think you and the chil-
dren would be much happier
there.

In the house with Louise
there live also Mr. and Mrs. Pay-
son and Miss Karren. Since

Oct 9, '20

7

Louise and I cannot be together
just now, I am very glad that
there are the roomers mentioned.
However, Louise also thinks that
Mrs. Williams is very fine and
very considerate about possible
needs and conveniences.

This is a very staid and
stolid letter, I feel, dear, but
I will write soon again. Meanwhile,
with lots and lots of love,

I am Your own
Bry.

Minus Cottage
St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 9, 1920

Dear Mother,

I am awfully sorry that Bennie had Poison ^v again & I'm glad that he's well now.

I am taking Domestic Science now on Tuesday afternoons. There are eleven other girls taking it too, among them are Mary Sloan, Marion Wilson, Pie and Tutes. Its awfully interesting for Miss Chamberlain has so many ideas about the economy of time and energy. (One of her rules is to sit down when-

ever you can and only stand when you have to! We each have our own oven, drawer full of utensils, and two gas burners, and every two girls have a sink and a cupboard of dish-washing apparatus. Marie Selden is my cooking partner and we both highly approve of the pot-lifters etc that are Miss C.'s pet joy. Last Tuesday we baked apples and pears, ate them and washed the dishes. Dish washing is a science under Miss C. and woe betide the unlucky senior that forgets to have "A place for everything and everything in its place." Oh! yes! we know a lot already! How to light a fire that will burn in a coal stove, how to use an electric stove economically, how to light a gas stove and

how to regulate the temperature of our cute little ovens.

We start playing field hockey Monday afternoon. Miss Voorhees got permission for us to use the Washington U. hockey field one afternoon a week and she is to be our coach. Just the junior and senior classes are allowed to play. I think it's going to be lots of fun. Yesterday afternoon we played basket ball at Mike's. We all panted and puffed a good deal but had lots of fun. Gee! but I'm stiff today though. I like having Mike's on Friday for then we can stay later and, besides that, we can plan for the following day. Our patrol, (Mary's), is going to the "Look Out", a scout

cabin overlooking the Merimac,
and spend Saturday and Sunday,
as soon as the Tennis Tournament
ends.

I went to Harriets' for dinner last night
and we all went to the Movies, after-
wards, It was quite nice. We saw "Himmlische"
Marion and some of the others

are coming to make fudge in Dad's
laboratory after the Tennis Tournament
is over.

Father and I are going to the Tausigs
for dinner tonight.

I miss you all, but most particular-
ly you. However I haven't time with
so many many things going on to be lone-
some. Hedsps or heaps of love and kisses
to you all. I love you

Louise.

P.S. Couldst send me your cherished "Brownie"
recipe, also list of books you wanted me to read
that you got from "This Side of Paradise". Love L.P.

Mo. Bot. Garden

St. Louis, Oct. 11, 1920

Dearest Persica,

When this letter arrives at Carmel, I am thinking, it will be about Oct. 16, and I wonder if you will associate this with any very important event in modern history! It seems a very little while ago to me, Dear, that we set out with six and rain and bells a plenty, bound for Olean and Galton and New York and London. I could not seem

to tell you then how much
I loved you, and I know that
I have today no more of the
old's facility to tell. But I
feel it just the same, only it
is grown bigger and broader
and deeper. Don't you know
it sweetheart? Besides you, too,
I have so much to be happy
for through you, and right now
I could throw my arms around
you and tell you better than
ever before - I know I could,
and I do even though Mis-
souri and Kansas and Colorado,
Utah, Nevada, and California
intervene. It will be, if I

remember correctly, the first time we
have spent a sixteenth apart, and
frankly I can scarcely bear to have the
day come and go. May you have a very
happy day at Carmel, but may we never
have to spend the day apart in years
to come.

I am not free with verse nor for
free verse, so I cannot send you a
sonnet - or a tone or an image,
or whatever the melo-free-versions
think they do. However, I want to be
educated! I am sending you a copy of
"The Nation" and would like to hear your
comment on "Broken Images", pages 375-376.
The Nation has almost become a yellow-
hammer sheet, but this is a knock
I can appreciate.

Today I went with Hermann and Ham-
more. To see demonstration of a new
paint gun and spray gun being put out by
the W.M. (Bill) Matthews Co. It was a rev-
elation to me. I think it might easily shoot
hair into a bald head, - but I failed to
inquire about that during the demon-
stration. Anyway, it does marvellous things,
and when you have your sculptuary I will
get you one for applying anything like shells,

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waterproofing, water color, bronzing, etc., etc. It costs only \$25.00 per gun, less the air pressure. If I ever have to be a salesman I want to sell something like that - rather than dictionaries, song books, or tracts. Why, I think I could paint an auto in an hour with it, - and three coats at that.

Louise and I had a delightful evening with the Taussigs, and Sunday we went out to Flouissant for a while in the afternoon. The Oliver Carpenters were there - in their big new car, and he talking big business as handily as you

please. Mrs. Carpenter made many inquiries about you. She did not know that you were still in California, and said that Anne was distressed that Nancy did not come to Mary any more.

Louise is reminding me that the hour is ten, which means that she has finished her lessons and is ready to journey homeward.

I must tell you, though, that tomorrow evening we have the first meeting of the Garden Club. We meet at the Navir. Club as guests of the Switzlers. Supper will be served after a talk on Calif. trees by our worthy President.

And now, dearest, goodnight and sweet dreams, and since this must reach you on the 16th may it carry one long sweet kiss, a thousand happy memories and happier promises, and the all-consuming love, of Your old Benj.

No. Botau Garden.
Oct. 12, 1920.

My Sweetheart,

It is late tonight
but I must send you a lit-
tle letter to assure you
that we are O.K. but absolutely
devise in regard to the house
prospect. At least half a dozen
persons called me up a few days
ago to tell me that there was
a house for rent on Maryland
no. 4464. Among the people were
Mrs. Fred Gaussig. Well, I had seen

the rent sign, but an investigation found that the house is furnished and a rental of \$150⁰⁰ is asked. It is the same house we looked at some years ago which rented then with great difficulty at \$75⁰⁰. They will not rent unfurnished. I really have come to the feeling that nothing is possible for some months, and of course as to whether or not we shall want something in a few months will depend upon circumstances. My only hope about this year is that it may speed along, Dear,

I wish you could have attended the Garden Club meeting Tuesday night. Almost every one was there and dozens of inquiries for you were floating around. Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Whittenborn and Peter were particularly nice about it. Hermann's talk on Calli Trees was approved with acclamation. You were amongst us for a brief interval, as one of the slides of pines gave us a glimpse of you and Mary. Several persons around me whispered, "There is Mrs. Dugga!". Dr. and Mrs. Moore were there, and Mrs. Moore wore a black broadcloth suit and red plush or velvet hat. Mrs. Whittenborn and Mrs. Polk rushed up to her saying, "I am sure you had a wonderful time this summer." Mrs. Moore then proceeded to show them why their views were wrong, but broke down in the midst of it, and there was great embarrassment all around.

The Switzler's gave us a real party, with all kinds of things to eat, and a good punch. We sat around and talked until 11 o'clock. Rob. Terry says that zoologists are no longer well

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trained, as shown by the fact that they don't know the life relations of snails. However, he was very grateful to you for your efforts.

So you have been experiencing real wind and rain. It must have seemed weird. We are just as lucky as can be.

It has remained ideal so long. Colder weather and frosts, they tell us are on the way, but just now dahlias and Nasturtiums and roses are everywhere. Mr. Matthews brought a huge basket of dahlias to the meeting,

and some were very large and pretty.

Louise finds nearly all of her time taken up with school, cooking one afternoon, hockey another, basket ball two more, and nice in a while down down. Yesterday she made a batch of fudge, and how we wanted to share it with you all!

Wasn't it nice of Mrs. Jas. O'Reilly - the night of the Garden Club to invite me to dinner there because the rondsunks were coming in to dinner! Mrs. O'Reilly and her sister went with us to the meeting - as visitors. I don't suppose I should drop out of the club just because I can't entertain them this year.

I love you lots and more, honey,
and I adore your letters. Kiss all the family for me and let all the family both say and kiss you for
Old Benj.

I forgot to send the "Nation" stuff last time, and I now inclose it. I am afraid I am in the O'Shea class as to free verse. Please Maury and Benjamin that I have seen B. no letter yet!

Slovak statement adds, rather ambiguously, that this scheme was submitted and approved at Paris. Irredentist plots and hoards of arms and ammunition were discovered last spring by the Rumanian authorities in Transylvania, and several Magyar officers were convicted.

The mad imperialism of Horthy's Hungary is a menace to all her neighbors, but the most immediate danger is to Austria, and this not only because she is the weakest of all. The fact is that the anti-Austrian campaign of the Magyar press and the anti-Austrian measures of the Magyar Government are, in a sense, the answer of French diplomacy to the declaration of neutrality by the republics of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia in the Russo-Polish war. Whether or not the secret military alliance between France and Horthy has actually been concluded or not is doubtful. The Vienna and Berlin press published reports that an agreement was signed at Gödöllő, near Budapest, on July 27 or 28 (on the eve of the Fürstfeld raid). The *Berliner Tageblatt* even printed a summary of the terms by which France insures "rectification" of the Hungarian frontiers, at the expense of Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania, in exchange for Hungarian military aid against Soviet Russia. The French Foreign Office subsequently denied the existence of a military agreement, and stated that no frontier changes were contemplated. On the other hand, the Budapest press persists in talking of the "new French orientation." In the Hungarian Assembly Premier Teleki declared that the Government did not intend to send an expeditionary force to aid Poland, and the mobilization was ordered merely as a "defensive measure." But it should be remembered that the pivotal fear of France, the obsession around which French diplomacy crystallizes, is not Russia but Germany. Horthy may be a completely useless ally against Soviet Russia, and yet he may be extremely useful against German-Austria. A Magyar occupation of Vienna would put an end to the dream of uniting Austria with Germany—indeed, it might be the starting-point of the dismemberment of Germany itself, as it might usher in a Bavaro-Austro-Hungarian monarchy under a Hapsburg or Wittelsbach—a scheme by no means frowned upon by the Quai d'Orsay.

Still, there is a consoling element in the wretched situation on the Danube. The flirtation of the Paris statesmen with the murderers at Budapest had the beneficent result of opening the eyes of the succession states to the real bearing of French policy. The conclusion of the "Little Entente" whereby Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania serve notice that they are determined to run their own destinies is in effect a refusal by these three countries to be the tools and dupes of France. Yet the history of the past two years has demonstrated the complete inability of French diplomacy to learn a lesson and its unerring genius for choosing the worst possible course. As likely as not Paris will seek compensation for the abatement of its influence at Prague, Belgrade, and Bucharest by further fostering good relations with Budapest. Such a course would be consistent with the French advocacy of a "Danubian federation"—a conception aptly described by Mr. Benes, the Czecho-Slovak foreign minister, as a second edition of the Hapsburg empire. Continuation of the Magyar military preparations and press campaign against Austria would indicate that the Magyars feel sure of the good will of France. Turning Vienna over to the White Terror of Messrs. Horthy, Pronay, Hejjas, and Hapsburg would be an ironic aftermath of the great war. Yet the reestablishment of royalty in Central Europe with

the official sanction of "democratic" nations is not in the least an unthinkable eventuality. Horthy is the most likely candidate for divine rights. But a Hapsburg is by no means impossible.

Superfine Frenzy

Broken Images. By Azalea Heppelthwaite Rosenberg. Little Brown Jug and Company.

THIS volume, by the distinguished lyricist whose "The Jaded Lute" and "Whiffs of Yesterday" are liberally represented in all conservative anthologies, marks a distinct divagation in Miss Rosenberg's manner. She has heeded the adjuration of the modernists to grow young along with them; the result is a collection which will be called typical of all that is best, because newest and noisiest, in our poetry. It will be—it has been already—hailed as the zenith of the year's lyric achievement.

As is the fashion, the book is introduced by two poets of admitted standing—the very introductions admit it—and by three college professors with a penchant for reading verse later than Chaucer. Miss Rosenberg is hailed, by them, as a super-Sappho, an over-Ovid, a 17-ounce Pound, a stonier Sandburg. Her lines that follow are no anti-climax. Consider the opening tenderness of the Imagist Portraits, from which we cull three miniatures:

Her

Your eyes
Are amorous coal-scuttles
Filled with a jonquil passion
To tease the hurrying clocks
Of time-spirited candle-sticks.
Faugh! I would empty you,
But the butcher's bill is unpaid.

The reference to daylight saving, in the fourth line, is a fine example of the opening vistas of subject-matter claimed by many minnesingers of today; only the concluding reference to an unpaid bill is reminiscent of an earlier hour in Miss Rosenberg's singing.

A Poet

Benign St. Vitus
Permeates your thinks,
O prophet of an alkaline future,
Heroic and punctual
Last roe of salmon.

Myself

The universe
Minus a dust-grain,
I.

The unique modesty of this is astonishing. We call to mind no other present-day singer who doubts that the complete universe, including the Scandinavian, is in himself.

A more incandescent note is sounded in the section entitled *Images of Fire*. Mark the thermic overtones of these four unnamed sparks:

I.

A tired shoe-maker
Bats the tennis-ball of his enthusiasm
Into two faded violets
And a cigarette stub.
Eheu, where art thou,
Dionysos!

IV.

Three jade-white eyes

culled only to amuse
with verse attached.

M.P.D.

Love to each one
and kisses too.
P.S. B.

Louise says that
the Cornell "papers" were
left at Cornell, and I
wrote you and then
on so she may
fill them with
and send them
to Daisy.

Mrs. Botanical Garden,
Sunday Nov. 7, 1920
7 P.M.

My dear Marie,

We are thinking
of you all as around the fire
or the "dining room" table, with
possibly a caller or two. Perhaps
again you have spent part of
the afternoon down at the
beach. In any case, we envy
you the home cheer. Our
Sunday evening studies are
beginning shortly, but first I
will tell you how the afternoon
and day have passed.

At three o'clock Louise joined
me at the laboratory and
we went out to see Cousin

Catharine (Mrs. Hurd), as she
had tried to telephone us once,
and I felt that we should be soci-
able. She spent the entire summer
at Monteagle, Tenn., and there
was a kind of reunion of her fam-
ily there. Father happened to be
there at the time. I was so
glad to learn from her that
Father improved greatly during
his stay. Then we withdrew our
footsteps to Delmar Br. and
called at the Terrys - where we
^{were} invited for four o'clock tea.

The occasion was a little group
of young medical men, including
Dr. Hart, an Englishman sent
from London to spend a year
in Dr. Terry's laboratory, and inci-
dentally to look into and follow

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American medical school methods. Wain't that a nice honor for Dr. Ferry? He is an interesting young man, and Louise says she found him so!

We were so liberally served with sandwiches (very nice ones made by Mrs. Danforth), as well as with tea and cakes, that we had no appetite for a real supper. However, I had on hand a piece of coffee cake and a nice little batch of honey buns, so Louise and I had these with jelly.

While speaking of food, I should do our landlady justice by saying that she gave us a very fine dinner today. Think of chicken - young and tender, young bste, game, and oyster plant. She made a trip to the country yesterday and found chicken at 30^c ^{per lb} and vege-

tables very cheap.

This morning I browsed in several good books. One of these was Erwin Smith's translation of Duclaux's Life of Pasteur (Pasteur: Histoire d'un Esprit). It is fascinating in parts, and gives one contact with three scientific men of different type. In the annals of microbiology Duclaux is second only to Pasteur, I think. Then I picked up Geddes' Life of J.C. Bose, but this I thought a little too oleaginous. However it is well written. You remember that Bose is the East Indian who specializes in the irritability of sense-phenomena in plants. He is now chief of an institute of his

Nov 7, 1920

name in Calcutta. The other book was *The Governor's Modern Japan*, the racy style and solemn facts of which I am trying to combine into a balanced diet.

I know I should have been writing a report, but then it is that I particularly delight in a little diversion; and certainly when one is pretty much ~~washed~~ during the week, Sunday might be in part devoted to free verse in science, — at least divide honors with the Sunday paper!

Louise reported a very nice time at her club meeting last night. Dr. Moore took her along with Harriet in their car, but she came home with Joseph Traussig. She said that Dr. Dodson,

I can get along at all. But time is slipping up on to two months! Here all that we love, my dear. You own Ben also Eleanor Lamont and her brother, all not knowing that she came with the moons, offered to see her home; but Joseph insisted on going out of his way!

I hate to think of your having been short of pocket money the last of the month, I know what it means; and I could have sent you \$25⁰⁰ earlier, if I had only known.

This was the first Sunday of the chrysanthemum show, and the place must have been crowded. There were machines closely packed from Shenandoah all the way to Shaw Ave., that is, nearly the entire length of the Garden.

Louise says Mrs. Danforth sends you regards and says they miss you in the College Club. Cousin Catharine sends her love, Benninghaus wished to be remembered, the Terrys wished they were "out there" too, etc. And I, plain I, while listening adoringly, wonder continually how in the Lion Hall

The Bellevue-Stratford
Philadelphia

Nov. 22^d 1920

My sweet Sister, -
Thank you for
your recent letter and for your
kind thought in suggesting Mr.
Berkman.

I found a connection on Nov. 1st at
which enables me to do the things
that are essential for the present.

You are often in my thoughts
and I hope missed you sorely
at times during the past few years.

Unfortunately, perhaps, I was not
giving the patience to comprehend
my two brothers. We are a queer lot.

Fiee and the two children are at home
in Cambridge and Louise is still in the
Sanitarium.

With a beautiful of love

Devotedly
Chuck

P.S. This
 writing
 is awful
 I know
 Please
 excuse
 it
 P.P.S. The
 suit is so
 long that
 I'll have to
 send it
 tomorrow
 Love
 Louise

Dear Mother

I am going to try
 and answer all question "im-
 mejitly". First — the tan silk
 smock and skirt arrived
 safe and sound and I could-
 nt wait to wear the smock to
 school. It is perfectly sweet.
 Thanks just heaps Muddie
 darling. As to my suit, it has
 been relined with grey silk
 and the belt has been lowered
 to conform to honorable latest
 style. As a result —

stunning new suit! I am
sending a sample of the beautiful
lining. I saw Mary Lewis and she
was just as sweet as ever. She
was just about to go to the "Coming
Out Party" of Maria Gregg so she seems
to be leading a gay life. I saw
Mother Carpenter and the little
Carpenters - Mary, and little "Redtop".
They are certainly adorable.

The play is over and I am so
glad! Rehearsals took up so much
time that I just couldn't write
before. Miss Kerrer went to see it.
(I gave her two tickets so she could take
someone else with her). It was "King
René's Daughter". Lillian was

splendid and Iria Wieser as Solanthe was perfectly lovely. You remember her don't you when she came to my tea? The lovely girl with the light hair, beautiful manner and good voice.

The dress! Oh Mother!

It is scrumptious! I am sending you a sample so you can tell the color.



Voilà! Everything in ink is gold!

(The sash isn't gold yet but it's going to be) The sleeves have little triangles cut out of the taffeta that are filled with net with two little gold threads run thru to finish them. Also here and there are little gold beads. Joanne thought the plain taffeta neckline was too harsh so I got some net and — there's the result with two butterflies for good measure.

I went to the Fortnightly last night wearing it and was I proud? Well I guess! You see they got enough boys

after all and so they started
Everybody admired that dress.
Harriet said she loved the way
I fixed my hair. (That may sound
conceited, Dearest, but it isn't
meant to be.) Billy Douglas
danced two dances with
me. (He can't dance well at all!)
I danced with Walter Gelle-
horn, Fred Howink, - Bernet, - Saxton,
Howard O'Fallon (He's nice) and
Tommy. Tommy is a good dancer
and he has so much pep that
at the end of each encore we
have to sit down and rest, but
he immediately gets up and starts

off again. It's fun dancing with
Tommy. I danced all the extras
with him. I discovered one shap-
erone whom I knew - Mrs. Price
and she says that next time
she'll see that I get my program
filled out with the nicest boys
that were there. I got some awfully
nice ones last night. Some were
a little shy of course. I had all
my dances taken of course. Mrs.
Price saw to that. So I liked
it very much and am waiting
for the next one.

We are having the wildest
times with "The Garden Bunch".
Joanne and I write verses

about how fickle Mr. Webb is, how many tombstones Mr. Armstrong has in his cemetery, etc. etc. It's quite exciting for they are such good sports, and being southern you can say anything to them and they will take it in the right way. They're awfully nice to me and the Helmich girls are sweet. Florence Helmich, Joanne & I went skating at the Winter Garden on Sunday. I found that one can forget much in a year. Joanne found that after five years her ankles had to get strong all over again; and as for Florence - she was just beginning any way.

That picture of "The Dress" is very awful but you must just imagine that it is perfectly spiffing. Jack has just written that California beat Stanford 38 to 0. Rah for California! No one seems to know yet which Eastern team will play them at Pasadena.

The Seniors' Christmas party for the orphans comes Dec. 17. So we're busy dressing dolls and cooking. Tell Bemie to write about each and everything shot by his gun. I'm so proud of him & everyone is quite interested. May, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Moore, & Mrs. Van Sledright send love. Murrie, darling & Miss ~~you~~ ^{you} but I'm truly getting along beautifully. Much love to all - heaps of kisses - ~~loves~~.

P.S. I need
those snap
shots! Must
have some of you
please! I
want all
the pictures
I can get of
you all!
Love
Dorcas

12 Hortense Place
Dec 27, 1920

Mother darling,

How we missed
you at Christmas. It was
not a real Christmas at all
— more an anti-climax to
something that wasn't there.
When I woke up Christmas
morning I saw just inside
my door a plate of home-
made sandy made by Mrs.
Payson, a lovely real linen

handkerchief made by Joanne,
 and a box of Christmas cakes
 for us both from Mrs. Williams.
 The night before (Christmas Eve)
 Father and I had been at
 "Aunt" Mary's for dinner. They had
 a tree with something for each
 person there with appropriate
 verse. Aunt Mary gave me three
 artificial flowers - like beautiful
 dahlias - shading from dark red
 and brown to flame. They are lovely.
 The verse - Here's to the lovely bud

What charms has she - oh lud!
 She lifts her eyes -
 Down go the "bys"
 yes all - with a dull thud!

3. Dr. von Shrenk gave Mrs. von Shrenk
a sponge, soap, a special kind
of grease removing soap, a finger brush,
and I don't know how many other
things having to do with cleanliness
and each and every one had
a cute verse about killing
dirt germs!! It was ex-ruciating
ly funny. Dr. von Shrenk would
bring out one present and Aunt Mary
would read the verse about removing
dirt germs. Gales of laughter - another
package - another verse funnier
still - more laughter - whoops!
still more - and more -!!
We had lots of fun and as usual

4
Aunt Mary had something 'good'
for colds". She had a cocktail
first with caviar paste(?) on little
rounds of toast. Quite spiffy(!)
only somehow I couldn't see it. ☹
I had that much cocktail but I must
confess that I like prohibition better
than that. The last course at dinner
was a fruit-cakey plum-pudding
with lighted brandy burning on it.
With it was served Kumshel(?)
(made from anise) and Crème de
Menthe. I have decide that the only
anti-prohibition drinks that I like
are - Cherry Bounce and sweet Vi-
ginia Dew.
(marcy doesn't this letter sound
intoxicating?)

Dec. 27, 1920

5.

Christmas morning Joanne and I went as usual over to the Oelsman's for breakfast. Everyone had presents from the Oelsmans and they had a big tree — "an everything". I gave Joanne a gray leather pocketbook lined with changeable blue and yellow silk for Christmas. It matched her new gray fur collar. ~~she~~ Father gave her a box of candied fig buds. Dad gave Mr. Webb a mouse trap "to catch the Bear with" — (by the way have we told you the whole story of the Bear? It's a long one — Joanne is the Bear and I am the

Little Bear - we tease Mr. Webb
a lot and he tries to retaliate -
in vain) I gave Mr Webb a child's
book - Robert Willie and the Pirate
& The Apple-pie Princess - both con-
tained meanings that everyone recog-
nized. He! - Mr. Armstrong got "strong
winds" from Dad and a doll's saucepan
to heat soup in for me - we tease him
about being a bachelor -.

Mrs. Orleman gave Joanne and me
each a box of writing paper and evl.
cards. (This is some of it).

Then - we opened your package.
Mussie darling those smocks are
perfectly adorable! They are just too
sweet for words - and those
beads - those slippers - everything
including the cute card and the

lamb's wool powder puff. That red
smock is the most wonderful
shade of red - everyone who sees
it promptly and immediately falls
head over heels in love with it!
As for the white one - well it's a
dream come true! The beads are
beauties sure enough! Turquoise
moonstones they ought to be called
or something like that. What are
they really? I thank Bennie heaps
for them. They go beautifully with
the red smock and I am wearing
both at the present moment.

The slippers are scrumptious and
I am going downtown tomorrow to
look at corduroy - ah - breakfast

robes!

Father left last night right after
Joanne's dinner party held in the
Paysan's bedroom with Joanne's Turkey
as center of attraction.

Mrs. Lewis called up again and
said that she couldn't get any peace
of mind from thinking about me
unless I should move bag and
baggage and come to stay with
her. Which I did. I sent her
sweet though? I am to assist
at the Harvard Lake Club tea dance
given by the Moores - joy!

- mercy it's getting late -
Happy New Year dearest ones!
I'll see you in June let's hope.
Love to everyone but most specially
to you on angelic ^{brother} ^{your lovingest} ^{Louise.}

THE MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

AND SHAW SCHOOL OF BOTANY OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

EXPRESS AND POST OFFICE ADDRESS
MO. BOTANICAL GARDEN, ST. LOUIS

GRADUATE AND RESEARCH
LABORATORIES

Prof. Bot. Garden, Dec. 15, '30.

My own sweet Persica,

You don't know how I wanted to fly to you this morning, and just think, I am so far away that it was five days ago when you were lying in bed in pain from neuritis, and I unconscious of it and powerless to help. My Honey, I simply cannot stand it to have you suffering this way from neuritis. And now I am going to tell you. Have you been to Dr. Lillie or the best man in Monterey? Try them anyway. It can do no harm. I know that you have been going through some great strain in your sympathy for Mrs. Leeson, and while I cannot imagine the significance of it, I know that you simply took no account of yourself, and in the exposure your physically weakest spot was of course severely hit. Even though you do have your sympathies so aroused, you must remember that you are well always.

the center of the home and all that hinges upon it. I don't quite see how I can consider now the proposition to remain here and help to make things go for Louise. I just feel like wiring you, and yet I know that you would wire me if you are not better. But would you, really and truly?

I agree with Dr. Cannon that Free raised a considerable stir about the matter of electricity. I suppose it is a question of using it for power. Of course it would be a very unfortunate move, but a lot of work can go on without it, and finally it must work out satisfactorily.

You will be sorry, I know, that it was not possible to arrange the trip to Washington and I regret it more than I can tell you, but I saw my duty plainly, in my best judgment, and I could not do otherwise.

Your check for \$37⁰⁰ is inclosed. I hope to send you one for \$100 when I get whatever is coming from Peter Henke, - and I understand that a check was mailed to me today. Did I tell you how the case came out? We won, but Mr. H. got only a \$4000 verdict. The jury stood 7 for \$25,000

Dec. 15, 1920

2 for \$30,000, 1 for \$40,000, and 1 for \$50,000; but one man - a gas plant owner, on the jury - stood out for \$4000, and he informed the others that he would sit with them until I was and vote no more, or they could call it a mistrial! Both sides are thinking of moving for a new trial, but I think it is bluff on the part of the Lead Co. It was not our fault that we did not get for the orchardist his full deserts.

Today has been a rushing one. I have had Maurer, Armstrong, Webb, and Wolpert working all day on a big new outlay of experiments and Mrs. Mullins on a batch of nearly 200 abstracts, the largest single lot we have ever received. I have been back and forth working first here and then there. In the interim I have gone over my slides and notes for the lecture to the Museum Association this evening.

Throughout all my Persica, I have been thinking of you, and how I am impelled just to break a trace and go to you. If I could do no more than just show you my love and sympathy by reading to you or relieving you of responsibility, it would be something. My family and family circle mean too much to me ever to let it be broken by circumstance again for even the least but more than a fraction of time.

Louise has written you regularly for several weeks has she not? She will expect a little note too, though of course I read most of all my letters to her. She has not been over to the laboratory this afternoon, so she must have had something rather pressing at home. It is the dinner hour now, and I must bid a vie. With all my love, sweetheart, and hoping oh so much that you are all well and happy again, I am,
Your own devoted, Benj.

I am sending on the copyright matter. You remember that I have some of the unfinished tradies!

B.



Auburn Ala Dec 31st -
1920.

Dear Marie:-

Ben is to be here tonight

and it will give us so much pleasure to see you but a little while, then I understand he goes on with "Fred" to "Bamboo Hill" and our home - Oh! just to think of it - the many long years Mar - Lou & I lived there in that sweet shady retreat, in love & gentleness. So many years & they passed so rapidly & fine grown up boys were ours, now some of mine whose callings in life hold them away - some in other states far away.

As your nice good letter to me stated - now I should like for awhile to enjoy with you & the children at "Carmel" it must be a quiet shady spot under magnificent trees - evergreen and handsome with surroundings - How I wish I had a grand daughter or kin that might be willing to stay then with me for the few short years I am yet to live.

Then others of the family could
 come on as occasion offered -
 & remain during the summer or
 spring & enjoy with me the peaches,
 the peaches & various pears which
 grow so finely & so nice - but I could
 not promise such days as we were
 wont to have in "ye olden days" -
 for times have changed so - so much
 not really so much in City life - but
 Country life has wonderfully de-
 graded, I can almost say - in a
 certain manner & in many ways -
 it can't be compared to those old
 time sugarloaf days - Now every-
 thing depends upon the facility of
 the Automobile movement. Without the
 auto Country life is ruin. However I look
 back with pleasure as much when I
 used I could take gentle "trips" & buggy
 & go anywhere - now now the auto has
 revolutionized our Cambridge town.

Such times have passed & now have
 worked strange methods & means, & have
 likewise changed somewhat our individ-
 ualities - our surroundings & with the
 changes of labor on plantation or com-
 try life. It will take even another gen-
 eration to be able to cope with such diffi-
 culties. The younger set - so well for them -
 know nothing of these, nor can they appreciate
 such happy days & played on the air plants
 & have the "Lards & Ladies" moved
 about in their varied spheres. I must close
 now. Will enjoy some Company if you for a few
 hours. I appreciate much the times & sweets. Love to all with
 kisses too =

Yrs
 Lovingly for them all.

Edw. D. Briggs