



[Ruth Cutler and family papers.](#)

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Arch. Cutter

360 Summit Ave.

St. Paul, Minn.

September 15, 1913

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Set out for the University after fixing plan of its campus in my mind. Felt very insignificant and stray. Found Dr. Ford new at his work. He wouldn't advise but sent me to Prof. Sigesford of the Biology Department. For Public Health work he referred me to Dr. Robt. H. Mullin, so now more I wandered into another building. Dr. Mullin very nice - also new. Had had no request like mine before, but was glad to have one now for he hoped it would open way to Public Health Dept. Said he would consult with Dr. Ford & Pres. Vincent & see if I could do field work in connection with the dispensary, & found my master's shoes upon that.

September 17. Wednesday.

After a summons from Dr. Mullin yesterday pm. I again went to see him. Had time while waiting for him to read all the educational bulletins on "Kill the Infectious Fly!" His advice was to major in Sociology - take Chemistry as a minor, & take second semester Bacteriology in addition and also, in the same semester, do practical work in connection with the dispensary. He advised taking two years for the degree - reserving the 2nd year for dispensary work & thesis. Sent me to see Prof. Janks of the Sociology Dept. whose Dr. Ford named as my advisor. After waiting for him in his office in

Bellevue, he said he couldn't interview me until 1.45 - so I went to the Dr. Ford's office in the Library to chase up a letter - & then to the mass meeting of the University at the Armory. It was pretty quiet around alone, & I didn't know a soul I could attach myself to. The only person who gave me a smile was - I found out later - the Dr. of Women - Miss Sweeney. She has a very nice face. The armory was crowded. There was an opening "overture" by the University Band - then "America", announcements & salutations to the Dr. Ford of the different colleges. Then Pres. Vincent gave a short energetic, & very usual, rapid address appropriate to the beginning of things; Ideals &c &c, and

we trooped out again. Being out among the first I didn't have to wait long in the "head line" at the Cafeteria in Sheekin. I got a delicious bowl of Tomato Bisque & two chicken sandwiches for 10¢! But had to eat them in brief solitude. The girls here "dress" on the whole, much more than they do at V.C. because of the presence of the other sex I presume. Then, too, Sheekin houses so few comparatively that the great majority live off campus, & hence wear suits & hats. It was a queer sensation to sit & watch groups of them in the cafeteria. Each face I looked into I expected to find familiar — as I used to at V.C. — but though there were

resemblances there were no recognitions unfortunately. At 1.45 I interviewed Prof. Deak. He said I had had enough Sc. & Sociol. to take any advanced course I wanted to, & thought the whole scheme "Capital", saying it never had occurred to him before, but was glad to have such a case. I didn't realize I would be such an anomaly. But, after discussing various courses, he ended by saying that I should consult Prof. Smith — at 9.30 to-morrow morning! He told me graduate students needn't register until Oct. 1. I trust by then that I shall be settled!

September 18.

Had another night-marish time at the U. only more so. What with being transferred to Prof. Seavick as adviser, jockeying between Seavick & the Library with my blanks, being there, having to wait "between the hours" & to see either Prof. S or Dr. F. & was hectic. At last with my papers signed I went to the registrar's office - only to be told I had first to make an appointment for a physical exam. I fumed, but chased to the armory & was told I'd have to take gymnastics & hygiene as well! I argued, I stomped & unavailingly I bowed. It was too late to see Dr. Ford, so I ate another lonely meal at the Cafeteria - then killed time reading ahead on Chemistry in the Library until my two o'clock Seminar

in Anthropology with Prof. Jenks. He was fine. Outlined briefly the scope of Physical, Ethnics & Cultural Anthropology, & said all we could do was to get "posted". Research work would be impossible because lack of means & material. Advised us to be considering our thesis subject. He didn't care what we chose so long as we were enthusiastic over it, for then we would do good work. Leaving there I poured out my woes to Dr. Ford. He roared to think of their trying to make me take gym; & told me to stand pat, but he'd back me if need be. So I finally registered - then went to tell Dr. Morris but found a long waiting line so came home. I prophesied trouble tho' in that quarter when I posted.

September 29

My first chemistry class. Miss Cohen is a small stoop shouldered dark-eyed person & would be there. Seem to know any- one comes in late, yet smiles if you catch her eye. She assigned laboratory desks, then rapid-fired questions at us, which none seemed any too up on. At the end of the hour we went to the laboratory - still too busy. Made a mess of bending glass tubes & stretching them. My register card didn't get in in time so I have to have a box file instead of a drawer. Lunch again at Sherline - then in morning rain went to Wilson's for supplies. Spent hours in waiting for Miss Mrs. Todd of Sherline to assign me a locker - after that I studied in

the library waiting for my three o'clock class in Modern Social Institutions with Mr. Reep. A little before the hour I strolled over to 10 Solwell & forced a Rackboard notice requiring to go to the Sociology Seminar Room in the Library Building. Trapsing back there I learned that the class had been called off - so I went home!

Spent another long evening over my accounts. I don't think it pays - & yet there is a satisfaction when it comes out right at last.

September 20

Put in a morning trying to recall
Propositions - & then found I was making
it much too difficult, for the problem was
a very simple one! Went to the U. at
noon for physical exam. was passed around
from one to another, but had to wait ages
for Dr. Morris. Plenty of company. We sat
around in coats or Kimono's or chemises
and spent two hours there. Then took
the cars for White Bear - or rather Maltmedi
& caught a local steam car to the
Peninsula. Cold and windy. The water
looked most uninviting. Found Maltmedi
& then in soon before the fire - I sat re-brief
as they had had to put it out to dark fire
clay in the chairs. a cold night.

September 21.

and a cold morning. We dashed into our
clothes & got out before the fire in the
living room. Had breakfast near it, then
Wies, Sleser, Ted, Bittle & I started off to
Pine Lake Lake. Cold, windy, deep sand
roads & burrs! We just got there, then
fore back. W. took us to Maltmedi in
the auto. & we took the electric back to
St. Paul. Were welcomed by a furnace
fire at 360. Mary & family came in
to dinner. B. seemed lost in thought &
had tall manners. After dinner I let
him rummage thru' my "work desk" where
I keep tools, Rives & material of an old
and description. It was in the seventh
heaven of delight & assured me that if there
was he'd spend his whole time at it!

September 23.

The first meeting of my Seminar with Dr. Senich. He proposes for us to work on the subject which we select in his method, not an ideal professor according to L. U. S., but half-way there. He has an exceedingly good opinion of himself, his method & his books, however, so free where we are obliged to fall in line. Two other girls in the class (so far of 10) are interested in Hospital Social Work, & one of them got the topic which I very much wanted viz, the prevention of diseases. I had to content myself with a study of the Associated Charities in St. Paul & Mpls. & a comparison of them. It will without doubt be

very valuable for the medical Social work in order to unify relief & work with other agencies. The men all took speculative problems while the girls took practical ones — rather an interesting fact since usually the female is accused of theorizing while the man "Iber," say, wants practical results! However the girls chose their subjects with a view to their work after graduation, while the men were "just interested." One of the men (a minister in suburbs) is a graduate, the rest are seniors.

Sept. 26,

A week of work gone by. It's as natural to be studying again as tho' Sept. 1912 followed right on the heels of June 1912, with no lapse of comparatively idle days in between. But so far, it isn't as inspiring as Junior & Senior years at V.C. I rather like elementary chemistry, & Miss Cohen is pleasant tho' not a "big person". Prof. Reep is a clever scholar, but is otherwise as plain as a yard stick, & doling out scholarly ideas & methods quite by the yard — & all itemized. He never gives me credit for ability to fill in gaps — or for a general background, & yet his course is supposed to be an advanced one. He described the Lorellistone today as tho' it

were our first introduction to it! But he has a broad, tolerant point of view, much like L.L.S.'s, — only he doesn't give it the room it needs. Dr. Smith has a high opinion of himself, & no doubt he's justified in it — but then. Dr. Deuka is really the only "big person" I'm "taking" — which is rather a pity when one is doing graduate work. His method is admirably adapted to his breadth & tolerance, & like L.L.S. he never "wants" anything (which Dr. S. decidedly does!) My topics for my theses are decided upon & they work in together very well — one being the sociological side & the other the anthropological — or ethereal side (more narrowly) — of charity organizations.

But I have ^{not} commenced work on them yet.

The extent of human knowledge in health & depth appeals me - no less than the extent of blank ignorance. But investigators have so painstakingly rooted out information & data that I wonder how they had the sheer strength of will to do it. I know a B.A. degree once assumed large proportions to me - & an M.A. & M.D. even larger. But the approach is gradual & so easier, & the B.A. came all too soon, in some respects. However when I reflect that my classmates got M.A.'s in 1913 & are now at work as "experts," I rather grudge two years added into my vacation year - & want to get to work at once.

That is one good thing about this arrangement of courses however - I will be getting in practical work as part of my training, so that helps some.

It is still odd here at the U. The people in my Sociology classes (all small groups of 5-7) are not particularly interesting. Two girls are rather attractive but at present it seems only the skin deep kind. Moreover being a p.g. & living in St. P. I shall never get to know any one very well - & I miss the V.C. culture & I miss its many general acquaintances. — & more than all I miss H.T.

Sept. 27, 1913.

Went in fear & trembling to the Associated Charities Office in the Wilder Building. But luckily Helen Palmer happened to be working in the waiting room, & she was very kind & obliging. She introduced me to Mr. Stillman — the chief secretary — & we three talked for a short while. H.P. routed out a lot of "mauling dope" for me to look over, & both offered to let me work there so I could get more intimate with conditions & things! But hearing I had 15 hours at the U., decided I couldn't do much more than accompany a visitor.

Oct. 1 —

Still in the mill race. Perhaps the houses along the trolley line are a bit more familiar, but otherwise things are about the same. Mr. Reep's class to-day was a bore. Unfortunately I asked a question which was not in his Outline — & he digressed for the entire hour on self-evident truths which not only had us hearing shivers on the subject, but which one of ordinary intelligence would have known for some time. Moreover, as the course is supposed an advanced (stared) one, its prerequisite is some three years of Sociological study — but the ramblings he pursued during the hour were fit for none but beginners — & even then his remarks would still have

had that painfully familiar ring. Well, it hasn't swamped me - nor any of the other 4 in the class - to enter into class discussion; so we'll sit stolidly brood & take down notes from the molded pearls which fall from his lips.

We wait to see "Uphill the Law" last evening. It is an immensely strong, tense play - showing up the rotten side of the law and police; as well as the shady side of Capital & its power to suppress or punish crime. Some objected to the play - saying it would be good for a certain "class" but not for the shopgirls & "these people" because it would put "wicked ideas" into their heads. On my part, I believe that these

ideas are not new to the keen "wisdom" of the "poor class." As Aggie said "Give or" however if no act of the play alone were given, it might be dangerous, but the whole of it shows the inevitable result of crooked ways; & this it doesn't point a moral n'tright, it warns & warns strongly. It seemed like a true portrayal of some rampant existing evils in society, & truth cannot harm. There is the possibility, of course, that all minds didn't receive the same impression. Of course this is true, nor is there need of a psychologist to demonstrate it: for the Capitalist, e.g. saw no more there to be deemed prudent to see. Yet, on the whole the "poor class" probably received no such

hazy impression of it as to
it excite their criminal passions merely.
the The fear of discovery & punishment
cl must act as a check. However quick
br appreciation is not confined to any
p one group, & the capitalist who decies
the play with the apparently righteous
sa zest born of fear for the danger it
sh would work among the ignorant,
no really did so to drown out the intui-
u tions directed against him his
p methods. It was a serious satire
S against the power of money to control;
u against the crooked ways of the law
u — its loopholes & windings & fendings
it (as opposed to headings!) It showed
h the result of a wage below the living one;

of the cruel hand which money can stamp
on a once-criminal — or supposed to be;
how, instead of giving a fair chance, to
one who has paid the price of prison life,
to start over again & be honest, capital
will hound it, & persecute it by warnings
& implications. It showed the cleverness,
the shrewdness of people who have been
how-beaten by capital — who, driven by
desire for what seems to them just
revenge, adopt questionable (yet legal, as
to the letter of the law) methods of
getting it — & getting money. The portrayal
of the type represented by "Aggie" was
wonderfully well done — the slinky,
rather immoral girl who can play any
part at will & who is "On" — but can

assume a most infantile simplicity when occasion demands. But worst of all it showed up the graft, the bullgrip, the crookedness of the police & detective force in N.Y. City (where the play was laid). The suspect then hires a crook to make others crooked so as to catch them! He lies to them, he uses methods verging on the brutal to extort; & none than all by force of official power — or of brute power in office — he denies his victims their constitutional right of a lawyer.

There may be parts which people do not altogether approve of, but it is a publicity campaign against graft, corruption & injustice.

Oct. 2, 1913.

Spent most of the morning in the Wilder Building. First going to the Office of the Associated Charities. I found both Helen Palmer & Mr. Stillman out. The young "negotiator", as she called herself, gave me a little information, but advised me to wait until after the board meeting in the middle of this month. I then went to the Relief Society to find out if they had any material on the "Ethnic Characteristics" of their applicants — was given a negative answer, but advised to go to the Wilder Charities, & ask to see Miss Johnston. Luckily I just caught her. She thought they had no such material, but gave me the best report,

and hearing who I was, took me
into her office, & we had a long chat
on Hospital Social work. It was to
her I applied last year to assist
Miss Herman - so hearing my name
she knew who I was. She gave me
- rather lent me - some reports on
that work from other hospitals to
look over; discussed the situation
at the City Hospital & in St. Paul
generally; & then told me quite a
bit about her work & that of the
Wilder charity. It seemed, on
hearing, that the material I was
really after was not available in
print - but that individuals could
contribute quite a bit should I be

justified in taking their time. I
consulted Dr. Deane in summer in
the p.m. & he said to do so by all
means. He had been in search of
similar material, & for the past two
years had sent out blanks. He would
give me these, supply stationery & stamps
- for the work, besides being what I
wanted for my topic, would be valuable
to him. Mrs. Beels - the librarian at
the St. P. Public Library - had wanted
against professors getting their "pupils"
to do research work for them, & would
heartily have disapproved - but I did
it with my eyes open, feeling that both
of us would be benefited & therefore I
would be doubly justified in making inquiries.

Oct. 3, 1913. Friday.

Had a nice talk with Miss Cohen at the end of lab. hour. I was late as usual in getting things washed up, for I worked up to the last minute trying to finish a table of experiments. She gave my key & offered me a B B K handshake - but as usual I had to stop & arrange my fingers! I had several chats with several people to-day - all very nice but nothing in particular. I fell into talking with one girl - because on the way home in the car, another one was just passing us when we heard a report of crushed glass & the cars came to a halt. A crowd appeared miraculously on the spot in an instant, & as usual at

such a time everyone felt free to look to every one else. A U. girl asked me if I knew what was the matter; but it was several minutes before we found out that an automobile behind us tried to pass on the left; didn't see the car coming in the opposite direction until it was upon them - so turned quickly to the right - first getting its left wheel taken off.

Our car was stopping anyway for the corner, & the inspectors saw the automobile crashing into our rear. The whole front of the thing was smashed into Rindling Wood & scrap iron, but luckily none of the three occupants were hurt. They say the man was Dr. Wm Mayo of Rochester. Whether that's true I don't know; but we were held up until the police had come & slips were doled out.

October 10.

Song recited by Miss Louise Homer at the People's Church. I didn't really want to go at first, but having gone was very glad. She is so natural, so graceful & beautiful, and she sang with such ease. Her low notes were wonderfully full & mellow. She sang "Do Kinder getet" which we got so familiar with at Chatham; "Boats sail on the River" I liked, and "Ferry me across the water" she sang charmingly. "The Song of the Shunt" was a modern note which I heard for the first time in concert. It is an echo of the pain-cry of the world which is so loud these days. After singing "Eldorado" she

summoned the empress - Leopoldine Braennner - who was in the audience, up onto the stage, & she & her pianist shook hands with him in a most hearty way - then entered the song. "A Bellmore Ballad" was perfect. She sang off the Irish gibberish so fast & so amusingly, that she simply carried the audience off its feet. But the two I liked best perhaps were "Mit Dänen Blauen Augen" :-

"When with thine eyes of azure
Thou gaze'st in mine own
My spirit seems floating in dream-worlds,
Its power of speech are flown."

"And of thine eyes of azure
I dream for evermore,
A sea of azure reflections
Before my spirit doth soar."

and "Wings" :-

"The sunset light is on the sail,
The waters all aglow,
And on the billows up and down,

The boat rocks to and fro;
The bird float upward to the sky,
And how strong its wings to fly, to fly.

"The boat has wings, the bird has wings,
But we remain for me.

Save wings of kind and loving thoughts,
And wings of loving memory.

On these I come and still repeat
I love, I love, I love you sweet"

It voices the "eternal passion, eternal
pain" and she sang it wonderfully
— especially in the deep liquid notes.

Mon. October 13, 1913.

To the U. a little early. Saw Dr. Jeebs
& told him of my intention to drop Mr.
Reep's course & why — that I wasn't working
for credits but for practical training, &
a.c. visiting would be more profitable.
He agreed — so I went in & broke the
news to Mr. Reep. He seemed quite
surprised, & in my explaining why, I
evidently said too much or too little — or
too frankly. However I told him the
truth in regard to one reason why I
dropped it; but I didn't add all I
might about what a stupid, senseless
course it was & how poorly conducted —
With that off my mind I went to
Chemistry quite free, & later left word

at the registrar's office - then leaving
the p.m. free, went to the A.C. in
N.Y. Such quarters - dirty, dark
shoddy things in the old Commerce
Building. Of course they realize how
horrid they are & are making plans
for a wonderful new general charities
building (like our Wilbur Bldg. only
they'd wish to surpass it of course).
Anyway, most of the important members
of the staff seemed to be out at lunch,
so I had to wait sometimes - there was
directed down the hall to the office
of the assistant superintendent. "I
hear you want to investigate us. What
does this mean?" she asked. It was
all I could do to keep from smiling,

but I did manage to, & assure her I
nearly wanted to study the organization
& get their records - not filed in me.
She seemed relieved, & sent me back with
a note in explanation. The Registrar
stared me around & rattled off
facts at a great rate. Their latest
report was 1911 & having only one copy
of it, I had to take notes from it
there at Miss Shaw's desk. I didn't
get through these preliminaries until
after four - when I left loaded with
multi-colored blanks & a whirl of
heterogeneous ideas & facts in my
head.

Oct. 18.

We went, last Wednesday night, to hear Prof. Knottrop of the English Department at the U. lecture on the "Athletic Mind". He was a young professor, with a square head of yellow hair, an enormous mouth, and hesitation that bordered on chattering; yet he was very much in earnest for he too had seen the vision — the unity of life & the interrelation of all its parts. He deplored the fact that our schools could not teach their pupils how to think for themselves, & that those who came out with an A.B. — a vision, did so in spite of their schooling rather than because of it. It is a truer criticism of secondary & elementary

schools perhaps than of colleges. At least anyone who could sleep thru V.C. without having their eyes opened would be a sleepy sort of a person, it seems to me. However he described Dr. Keap & his class to perfection — and all his truths — while faintly stated, were softened by his faculty for humor, though by that I do not mean that they were sugar coated. Yet a man who can get his audience to laugh with him can tell them things in the plainest sort of a way, & they'll take them with good grace & even relief — for of course to me takes the shame to oneself! They always characterize the "other fellows."

Oct. 21

Queer, how we never notice faults in others but what we find that we have them ourselves. At least I can speak for myself.

The seven o'clock whistle generally finds me in bed & asleep; but this morning I was quite wide awake to notice it; & it is not the harsh medley of whistle, which I always feel it. Instead it was more like the chords of an organ - with the organist ^{now} pulling out, now pulling in a stop, and now raising the chord ever so slightly. It is ^{an} almost ~~a~~ meditative organ harmony. But at noon, is the heat & rush of the day, it is the welcome

shout of release and its pipes and reverberates unharmonious, but lustily.

The curfew is apologetic and timid - neither me thump on the other; and it should be the most musical of all as the day's benedictus.

Oct. 22.

went to the Neighborhood House on West
Side on business. I knew the "slums"
were there, but I never appreciated that
there was quite such a squall in St. P.
before. Rumschaele yard & houses,
bad smells and filth. Crossed back
across Robert St. bridge the ruins of
the depot were evident. It is not a
pretty view from this bridge as it is
from the high bridge. It is a network
of steel up the river & down - & the
city looks monstrous ugly. Yet
there is something about the ugly water-
view of it all which is mighty, which
sends a thrill of strength and power
through me. One feels the hum & stir

of man - of men - hundreds of them -
making the crazy patch work of a city
with its wretched slums; its lonely but
utilitarian lines of steel; its trains; its
mills - and off in the distance the
capitol - buildings beautiful & enduring.
It is a queer medley which stirs something
about the country heart. And yet for all
time & selfishly I yearn for the country,
though at times - when one of the crowds -
I have a real affection for it all as
one among many.

(Oct. 25

Finished the "Village in the Jungle" this evening. I can imagine a no more realistic description than it gives. It is as wonderful as it is dreadful. The gross injustice, the brute bullying, the hounding to death. And the simple character of the girl - her love for her husband; & contrasted with this the wretch of a headman who lied, bullied & now beat them to their ruin & the picture of the trials where justice is a mockery. But worse than all - it is not confined to the jungle. The same cunning is practiced elsewhere & crimes are committed under the guise of justice. It makes one's blood boil.

Oct. 30.

Sometimes I wish there was no such a thing as winter & cold weather, because I hate to mine around in slippery walks all night with the tension of trying to keep warm - & keep from chattering. Of course it is foolish not to dress warmer, but it's even more of a bother than being cold - so I shiver resignedly. But at times I realize that I'll lose compensations, for after all winter underseas something within me that nothing else does. It is a combination of the crisp air, and the refreshing whiteness of new-fallen snow that does it. It awakens the spirit of Easter Christmases within me and something more comprehensive

than that which I can't define. At least I know it's all bound up in a train of associated ideas - & since the ideas are pleasant and beneficent, Winter - with a capital W - stirs a hearty response within me.

Moreover the nightly view from my window is even more refreshing than ever. Up the street the lights of the automobiles flash over the snow & up the dark naked trees - & in another instant what was in relief, is now in shadow & the lime light is turned on the next.

And looking in the other direction the lights on the flats burn dimly - blurred and hazy in the snow bedewed air. But add

to the mystic picture of it all the sounds of the night and the unforgetting odor (can we call it such?) of the fresh night air, and I go to bed wondering how my lot fell in such a wonderfully pleasant place, and grateful with a spirit of ever-present thanksgiving for my blessings. That I am deeply aware of these and their magnitude only makes me feel my obligation to my fellow beings the more, and my hope is that living in an atmosphere of physical and spiritual truth, beauty, & love I may somehow & in some measure share these with the children of men and help the light to shine in dark places.

Nov. 15.

I must be a hoo-doo. I am a hoo-doo
In no football game which I have ever
been to, has turned out well for the side
I was rooting (tho' in silence) for. Ages
ago Michigan beat Minnesota, Princeton
beat Yale & Harvard beat West Point. Last
year Wisconsin beat Minnesota, & 75-day
Chicago walked off with 12-7, walked
off — yes with the first touch down
in the first few minutes. But no more.
The rest was a scrap, tho' Chicago
clearly outplayed Minn., & only about
two h. of w. men seemed able to get
tho ball through at all. And as for
tackling — those maroons would
simply push one after another down

like nine pins, & then on down the field
with the gophers nowhere in sight. It
always took six to down a man; & even
then he had made costly headway. But
Minn. nearly scored in the 3^d quarter, &
losing the ball lost their gut until just
at the end of that one. Then they fought
inch by inch & with more sweat than
either side had previously shown. The
rooters were beside themselves for fear
time would be up before a score was made,
but finally they did manage to push over
& kick goal beside. Again they fell to
& were working down the field in great
shape when time was up. The only
trouble with Minn. is they should begin
at the 4th quarter. "Give 'em time" &
they'd do it!

Nov. 16.

Mr. Tommatt has given me an air-bell. It looks more like a baked potato with a split skin than anything, & so far hasn't made any progress. It may be pretty when it begins to grow, & soon beautiful stalks it ever flower, but in this stage it is merely a peak of nature - sitting on a barren plate with no soil or water to nourish it - only sunlight & air. Ideologically, perhaps, there should be enough for any of us, yet there is some virtue it seems to me in getting something out of as many things as possible - or, more clearly, in finding some good in everything.

Nov. 24.

The potato tried to blossom, but withered up before full bloom. Had to cut it off, & now there is a poor stump - brown & dry at the amputation edges.

The A.C. work piles up. It gets more interesting & more involved each day. I just wish I were twelve people instead of one & then I might really accomplish something. As it is I try to get to the bottom of the few cases I have so far undertaken - but I realize all the time that there are about 30 or 40 more still waiting - who may be in just as dire need as the ones I am working for. I have had to go to the Court House several times in behalf of one family. Excuse me

from over hearing a lawyer. A deaf old
hiredling with appropriate occupants
— smoking & spitting & laid as
nails; perusing me down, cease question-
ing etc. I suppose justice is done at
times. I sincerely hope so, but the process
isn't pleasing. The fat puffy man I
interviewed to-day seems no more fit
for his work than a bar tender. He
thumbed over case after case - So & So
versus this one & So & So versus that
one and juffed away at his stempel
cigar stump. A lanky, yellow complexioned
man with a slouch hat, another
cigar stump & a document under
in evidence comes in. So & So is out,
so the lanky one paces the floor &

whistles feverishly - As tho' he were the
only one around. Another So & So leans
over the stenographer's desk dictating
private & technically couched documents
— the making or breaking of a man's
life most likely. Or go to the Juvenile
Court room & see the benches of waiting
people - all palpitating inside & trying
to present a calm or dogged exterior.
And from the Court room itself comes child
after child weeping as though ^{its} heart
would break, or else evasively defiant.
And the parents looked crushed - or else
hazy. Pass the district Court rooms, &
a glance in shows the judge, docket &
jury - again the making or breaking of
a man's all perhaps. Is justice so stern?

Thanksgiving Day. Nov. 27, 1913

It's Thanksgiving Day and we're back at college grinding out rhymes for place cards - only I find it quite impossible to keep strictly to business. And pretty soon it will be time for the agony of table song, and after that the dance of the turkey with the feather-deer tail, and of the Spirit of Thanksgiving Day. And what a spirit that is - poor Pick - such a fronsled, painted thing for such a blessed day. And how the spirit does come out the small end of the horn while the before-despised turkey shrills out the other. Or else, still later in the evening we are Boatwining after our own fashion, awkwardly but

happily, H.T., through the corridors of main, until you are so drowsy that you insist upon going to bed with all your gala clothes on. But that makes time go too fast and it's still early in the morning. We must have heard Presxy read the President's Proclamation and are now out strolling in the glare, or shadow of Poughkeepsie - it doesn't matter which - with all the day before us. And such a vacation as it is - you really don't know how slow every thing is.

Yes it truly is a vacation. Last night I even indulged in the tunes of the "Barnyard Organ", and went to bed with that blissfully free and rare feeling which one has the night before a Holiday. And

though it had been drizzling all day
and now then, the grey haze of misty
tree tops softened the glare of the
street lamps as they glimmered down
wet on the pavement, & were beamed
in the passing search lights. And past
the other side of the neighbor's house
and way below were the myriad
lights of the river flat. And after all
the rumors of the day is done, it's
almost as quiet as the country, except
for the occasional drone of a far off
trolley, & the awful siren of the
fire chief. And in the stillness of it
all you feel the human life about you
even though the house walls of stone
or battered clapboard try to close it in.

But what's that? It's afternoon again,
& there's Henry's voice with its cheerful
& insistent hulloa - and all the others
of them; & it's time to go down to a
Shanksgiving Dinner of 1913 - hundreds
of miles from Poughkeepsie. And the
spirit of Shanksgiving Day is here
& not in allegory, & so is the spirit
of H. T. as always.

December 3, 1913.

There must have been a streak of
Jack of all trades running in me. I
have always scattered my interest over
a good many things, & sometimes regretted
it as smattering. But I feel as tho' I
must still be prone to it as in the
morning I am doing chemistry, in the
afternoon case work, and the evening,
ethnology problems - & each I go at
just as hard & earnestly as the others
have absorbed in each for the time
being. Perhaps in doing so I steer
clear of a rut - at any rate all
are absorbing; but exactly so the case
work, for I have those 34 families &
on my mind & keep reaching after

new cases, new ideas, new solutions, so
that something really effectual can be
done for them. Some cases need pills,
some lectures, some discipline, and
some — operations. But as the doctor
must cut to save, so we must break
up a family at times, in order to save
the individual members from moral
ruin.

Dec. 22, 1913

From various phenomena that are appearing around me, I deduce the fact that the periodic disturbance centering around the 25th day of December must be about due again. These phenomena comprise an unusual flurry of foot passengers in the streets; an exceptional crowd loitering in various stores; over-burdened, blue-uniformed men piled high with all sorts of extraneous matter which they seem to distribute throughout the neighborhood; and a prodigious display of red stockings and stick candy in the windows of certain stores in the vicinity of district schools.

Dec. 24, 1913.

On going to the house of our "Evvy family's" this morning I found a large sign on the door to the effect that they had moved. I then followed three directions for finding their new abode.

Come down the Way You
Come up, till the
Bottom of the Hill then
turn up at Back of fences.
Directions which might have led you to
any one of twenty or thirty houses
besides! —————

In the evening we took a Christmas basket to another family whom I knew would not be on my list. The mother

would accept any aid, even with a
worthless husband to drag on her, and
a daughter so emaciated as to look
like the proverbial "living skeleton."
Her other children aren't yet earning
enough to give adequate support, but
she keeps herself on - sick herself &
with catarracts forming in her eyes.
I knew she would like a Christmas
dinner, and I was well worth the
cold trip north there to see her gratitude.
"Just to think that someone thinks enough
of me to come way over here in the
cold." She wanted to have her married
daughter paint a picture for me in
return; but I did my best to dissuade
her. Coming back across the

Sixth Street huge spanning Dayton's Bluff
the city - the multitude of lights as
far as one could see were enchanting -
especially as the air was a little misty.
"Night lights in a City" always appeal
to me a great deal anyway - when we
got to Rice Park, there were two large
Christmas trees lit with different colored
electric lights. They were simply
fascinating. What would they be in
a soft snow storm!

Jan. 26-1914.

A school nurse reported a case away
out near Hazel Park — "children not
in school; need clothing." So out I
trudged in a driving snow storm & after
wandering around trying to find the
right street (not marked at except on
the map) found the "house" — a little
two roomed shack. The mother was in
bed, & 3 small children — & one a
little older — were keeping house in the
kitchen. After the first greetings were
over I heard a cry — the cry of a small
baby — and there on the bed near the
mother was what looked like a heap
of blankets — nothing more. But under
there was the "new baby" who had come

last night. Pretty soon the father came in
— a stocky, sturdy, healthy looking man.
He had "laid off the day" to care for his
wife. He had just moved here — and
that was expensive; & the "new baby" was
also expensive, so the children had no
rubbers. He would send them back to
school, but he'd rather not — afraid they
might get cold; but pay day is coming &
he'd buy them new rubbers then so
that they can go back. No. he'd rather
support his family himself; — & as I
left that small 2 roomed shack housing
so large a family I could not help admire
their independence in spite of their
"necrowding."

Jan. 27, 1914

Harry "gone between" the doctor, the nurses & others for their advice in regard to a patient, I spent the whole morning trying to persuade a woman to send her daughter to the hospital. She ^(the daughter) is mentally unbalanced & always has been, but she is not getting right treatment at home & tho' the mother resists it, she will not force her to go to the hospital. The trouble is the woman herself is ignorant & takes advice from Tom, Dick & Harry. One neighbor will tell her one thing - another the opposite, and she, poor woman, doesn't know whom to believe. And the worst of it is she has had experiences

which have shaken her faith in doctors because she misunderstood them & they her. She doesn't believe anyone will get well who goes to the hospital against their own inclination - or get well at all, for that matter. In "me girl" just wasted her go to the hospickles and just begged to be taken there - an' she went an' died in three weeks. But nothing will convince her that she may have had some incurable disease - which her daughter has not got. Then she tells of a "young farmer" who got worse & worse & went to all the best doctors in town. And they said he had consumption & that he would surely die. An' then he went to

an ole 'Chgerman' doctor who said
'you're got a lipo woman with two
heads. That's all you've got' - an'
he gave him something to make him
get out of him. An' he had an
awful time & most choked. But
he's well again now an' weighs
250 pounds"! And yet she doesn't
realize that neither of these cases are
parallel to her daughters. Then she
told me of a man who peddled
medicines - "a good Christian man
too. He says 'don't send your daughter
to the hospital.' It won't do no good.
Just let her stay at home & be
happy. Just do that an' pass
twice a day, & the Lord will give you

strength.' An' he left a bottle of
medicine for me that does E-- & sure
as much good. It's homeopathic medicine
- what you call it?" The "homeopathic
medicine" proved to be thick food having
70% alcohol & 15% ether!! But she
would not believe but that it was "good
medicine" what would keep her, and the
"man is such a good Christian man."

And so it goes. You can't reason with
such a one - & yet the doctors say
that the only chance of saving her
daughter's life is to put her under a
strict diet at the hospital. But this
ignorant woman & her "weck minded
daughter" won't listen. The root of it is
this that the woman has already "lost" two
children in the hospital, & dreads the
thought of another's dying there.

January 26, 1914.

Such a raised day! A chemistry exam at the U. at 9 - That's over with thank goodness. Not but what I liked the course & really got a bit out of it, but because I couldn't wait it to go on forever - even for a whole semester.

Then A.C. work in a driving rain with ice underfoot! And instead of persuading the sick to go to the hospital, I had to make arrangements for two wayward families to be brought into Juvenile Court. What a place that Court House is. It and the men in it disgust me more everytime I go there. There are spitbons six feet apart all along the middle of the

corridors, and one in the centre of every corner of every room. It seems, yet these disgusting men spit deliberately on the floor - everywhere - and yet the Commissioner of Health has his offices there, just in the way of it, apparently. Public campaigns against spitting and spread of disease, sheet car notices & the like may emanate from this office, but here in the same building the habit is proportionately worse than anywhere else. And the men - the "Officers of the Law" of one kind or another - are such fogies. And the fogies they are the more airs they put on. I wait to the municipal clerk's office to find out the decision of a case tried in the

Police Court on Jan. 19 — but it wasn't
"written up" yet. In fact they were
three weeks behind on that work! The
only one I've seen there so far
is the City Prosecuting Attorney — and
he is civil and painstaking beside. But
today even the "off elevator" man was
being rushed with work because of
the hordes of the idly curious who
flooded in to hear the "Flamingo Case"
in the criminal court. Flamingo
being the ex-chief of police — & being
charged with accepting a bribe to
keep open a "disorderly house" the case
was sensational and popular.

But the real of the day was
test. We heard Helen Keller! At

first her teacher Mrs. Macy lectured
on her living six years work with
Helen Keller — telling of how she
happened to go to teach her — her
meeting & first few days — the progress
made in a month, two months, year
so — the difficulty they had in getting
Radcliffe to admit H. K. & how hard
they made it for her there (all but
Charles Copeland, the English professor)
and how she has been practicing
articulation for 20 years. And though
it all the patience, cheerfulness,
kindness, ableness and determination
of Miss Keller were apparent — as
well as the unspeakable patience &
devotion of her teacher. And then

Nellie Kellie herself, came on the stage arm in arm with Mrs. M. Her talk, in which she emphasized the brotherhood of man &c, was given in a way which made me cringe at first. Her "teacher" had prepared ^{as} for hearing a voice different from that of persons who hear - but it was so uncanny at first as to make her appear almost like an automaton - & this effect was increased by the ^{slight} way she held herself & assumes uncontrolled facial expressions. But all this we later saw, was the result of the strain she was under. When she relaxed afterwards she was almost graceful - & certainly very winning

especially in her bringing ^{always} to ~~the~~ touch her "teacher". And when the audience asked questions, Mrs. M. would repeat them to her while she held her hand to her face. She could understand from the feeling of the vibrations, & would answer the questions. The first one asked was "How do you like this weather?" & quick as a flash she replied "It's good weather for decks."! Then they asked her what she thought of Mr Ford's (auto. man) scheme of profit sharing. She answered that it was a clever advertisement. She keeps abreast with the times! - & as Mrs. M. said before, she is ready at the breakfast table to discuss the Mexican situation, the

tariff or currency before the others
have their eyes open. When asked
what her religion was she said "Sereen-
borean." She was charming in
answering these questions & quite soon
the first unpleasant sensation away
yet & nevertheless you think of
her standing there isolated from the
world thro' her senses of sight &
hearing, but so alive to it through
feeling & intuition that she can
tell when people are applauding
& the tingle "tho' her feet" - &
can estimate the number present
in the audience by "the feeling
of the air." You can't pity her
simply because she has eyes which

see & ears which hear of a nature far
sharper and keener than most of
ours. Inward resource & suspension
she does not lack - She loves every-
thing & to her the whole world is
Riv - yet in practical details she
is absolutely dependent - someone must
lead her, walk with her or read her
manuscript - for she doesn't even hit
the typewriter mark, & sometimes she
has written for hours without knowing
that the ribbon had slipped & the pages
were a blank. But with infinite patience
she ~~does~~ the work all over again &
never complains. She has a library of
lots of books & some current magazines in
raised type - but for fuller knowledge she
must rely on being read to.

Feb. 9, 1914. The stupid Sociology of last semester is replaced by Bacteriology. Not that Sociology is stupid - but the courses in it were. But Bacteriology is simply fascinating & the embryonic m.o. in me, which it is felt will never be torn, is partially satisfied by it. The lecture is given in a steep amphitheatre - all with "port row balcony seats" - & all of us hanging over the railing so as to miss nothing of what is going on in the pit - even if it be of the culturing of potatoes as culture media. Dr. Lassar is a "lout" and has a delicious sense of humor which he intersperses without apparent effort. After the lecture we throng

into the laboratory to our several "logos." There are just six of us women in the class of 80 odd - so we just fill a logo. But medicines are none side of us & chemists on another, and as there seem to be no quiet-order rules in the laboratory, we chat pleasantly while waiting our turns at the autoclave. Two of the women in our logo are freshman medics. A third, whom I liked very much, had to have an account of her health.

We haven't gotten far in the work yet - just made our routine culture media, but I have high anticipations for the course.

Fr. Feb. 13, 1914.

In the evening we went to hear Prof. Sorenson, of the Psychology Dept. of the U., lecture on modern tendencies in education. Three fundamental ones seem to him to be (1) emphasis upon the scientific rather than humanistic side of education - emphasis of the practical, so-called (2) the absorption of some of the educational duties of the home by the school - in the education of children & their direction in play as well as in work, but with the parents full knowledge & control of the "lessons" in the school; and third, democracy - not only of the kind which keeps an open passage between the "classes" for those who have

the ability to advance, but a democracy which makes as efficient as possible those situated permanently in every & every rank. This tendency of the state toward training artisans as well as professionals may be carried on in the same place or in several specialized places. The latter makes for efficiency no doubt, but as it requires a boy or girl to decide upon his or her choice of occupation as early as 9 or 10 years, it virtually closes that "passage" of democracy formerly mentioned. Hence highest efficiency should, in his opinion, be sacrificed to openness & flexibility & true democracy. He pointed out the tendency for school superintendents to

to new business men - & even new
clergy - & so welcomed the change
gradually being introduced whereby the
teacher - who really knows the inside
facts best - may control affairs now -
not least have a voice in their
management. He pointed out the
rising recognition paid to teachers &
professors in the growing esteem in which
their advice - in all professions &
lines of work - is coming to be held.
One goes to the theatre now to be
instructed, & to the church to be
amused (a deplorable but true
fact, on the whole) but it is the
teacher who has the best opportunity
to educate children (so that) the 'g

wise use of freedom & restraint -
through teaching them of their
environment & forces in it which
may overcome its obstacles - i.e. the
methods & tools & their efficient use;
& through giving them definite &
high ideals for which to strive. In
short a teacher's opportunity is second
only to that of a mother's.

Feb. 27, 1914.

Am in the throes of indecision in regard to next year - between accepting the position offered as asst Sec'y of A.C. & Bacteriological work. Dr. Laemm gave me some idea of openings in latter. Says demand for workers far outreaches the present supply. Would be extremely interesting if I could get just the right place; yet A.C. offers interesting problems to be confronted. Mr. Wein says Dr. at City Hospital would take me in as his assistant. Quite an opportunity

Mon - March 2, 1914

Don comes tomorrow! He came about 3 months ago; a little ariadole pup, so small that he could hardly toddle around; thanip gotten rather shaken en route in a box car which was side tracked for an unnecessarily long time, he was at feeling very spuy, & so was sent out to board with a queer old lady. This lady lives in a galvanized-iron portable house - way out in the country - consisting of 2 rooms. In these she, her husband, 5 dogs & 8 cats live (?) One room has fox shelves which hie its sides, the woman reaches up into these in the spookiest sort of away, & extracts cat after cat from their recesses. The dogs inhabit baskets & boxes in the

Kitchen, save, on the whole, a happy family — The 'Don' seems to be the bully of all the rest; seeing that he now stands several feet from the floor. In fact he's a most obdurate beast — Sunday Mrs. Vitt left the don in the kitchen open by mistake, & went with a neighbor to the cars. When she & her husband got back, Don had gotten into the kitchen, jerked the table cloth off the table, & with it the meat, the vegetables & all the modest outlay of china. He was chasing the peas which had strolled 'round the floor, while the other dogs were cowering in the corners, evidently alarmed at such display

of might. And in this condition Mrs. & Mrs. Vitt found things on their return. There one day, when Mrs. Smith was sipping a neighborly cup of tea, Don walks up, & quick as a flash, takes the saucer quite deliberately out of her hand. All of which leads up to suspect that this is the best peaceable day & night we will have for some time!

July 7, 1914 - Tues.

Five months have slipped by. Five months full of varied experiences. I have in the meantime accepted the position of Asst. Sec. at the A.C. I have completed the cruises at the U. which I undertook - & say, I understand no more there. They were disappointing on the whole, & for no reason or another, the work there seemed much inferior to that at V.C.

On June 2 I left for the East, accompanied by an accompanying Auntie Hale - as far as Detroit - and an excessively talkative young girl from Mrs. Backus' School who was bound for Newton.

Arrived at V.C. early in the morning, surprising my Auntie who was still in bed. Being back, as usual, thrilled me to the core, especially as I began to see people again. I phoned H.V. to find out when I would see her - then saw her sister Edith who is rooming in the old missionary quarters! She is sweet & has a smile & voice just like H.V.'s. She is, however, fat & very placid & collected; & says resignedly "I never try to persuade Helen to do anything." She is wise, in my cant. Had lunch with her, which was very nice for she reminded me so of Jack - then spent the afternoon talking with Fred in the Chapel cloisters.

We discussed Del's engagement to Herschel Jaber. He seemed like a splendid sort of person. That evening Jack came & we spent it together as so many times of old, in the "suite" in the library basement — there was to Jaber's where we had a small room at the back of the house, with the bed under the window near a chimney, which belched smoke upon us in the morning. That day we spent on the lake & idling around, and on Saturday reunion people began. 1912 assembled in McGinnis, & some of us spent the entire afternoon painting 1912 on yellow balloons. That evening, 150 strong, we marched around campus

singing as in the good old days — & watched 1914's tree ceremonies. Their fire dance was the most effective part of all. The reunion days slipped by all too fast, with a class meeting & my practice & the alumnae parade. The whole evoked a reminiscent longing in us. But best of all was the morning I spent with HJ on the banks of the lake — a blissful long morning when we chattered all our news & ideas & longings to each other — & waited so long that we were late to Class Day. Not that we attended that, but rather watched it for a while from the side lines & saw that Armstrong, more beautiful

there were, marched the new Senior
class - but to us the "freshmen."
After that we went to R.T.'s room &
had tea & more talk. And that
evening was class supper which put
us back again to our first one at
the end of things on Senior year. It
was like a dream. The rest of summer
seemed to be spent in "down periods,"
except the memorable one on Sunday
when we went to the Hooknussack in
an early morning train, & camped
out there till 4. During that time
the small boys tried to rust us,
but failing that, went in swimming
most unconcernedly. And then
we had to break ranks again - first

& I leaving H.T. & Maggie Sherwood at
Cornwall - & continuing on to New York
where we met Jils. She informed us
that her prospective mother-in-law
was sick & she must stay with her.
Not a great self-denial, by the way!
So Fred & Beryl & I took the night
train - I just catching it with no
time to spare - in Portland. After
missing connections there & struggling
fully aroused, we took the local
to Jackson & snoozed lazily all
the way - much to the edification
of our fellow passengers. But what
cared we! And at Jackson, we
dined to Thorne Mt. where our new
house awaited us. Such good times

as we had these "co'sping" —
darning house work, washing, sawing
wood, working on "Dad Hall",
knapping & pickering. And how we
sat around the fire at night toasting
marshmallows & singing. And what
a long talk Deb & I had Sunday
afternoon — always about her nice
Herschel. And then I left —
left to join Jack again! Mother
and her mother Roland at the Public
Library (our favorite meeting spot)
& we strolled thro' the Commons
to a darning-lunch place on Charles St.
From there, munching cakes most
pleasantly & delightfully, we sauntered
to the Sepulchre & left Roland

sheep on a bench, while we perambled
round the buildings of the Mass.
General Hospital — a fascinating place
to us both. And when we went back
to the bench Roland had gone, so
we strolled to "47" Pickering — her
grandmother's house, and there was
Roland. He had been coolly awakened
by the sprinklers, & having gone home
another way, had missed us. He
gave me a lesson in calligraphy while I sat
by & gave me advice — & so
the afternoon slipped by till train
time — & Jack & I hurried to the
station. I long to see her with her
mother & like still more to think
of her as one with her nice family.

The next day Janet threw at the train & Jack & I started for Chatham. It was a long, hot ride as rides go, & the engine kept breaking down as Cape engines will; but we enjoyed each other & the time seemed short before we got to our "Rock" little station, fast shut in by fog. We rattled over in the same old crawler behind the same old horse - & were welcomed here by our neighbors, & accepting their invitations to supper as best we could, got on our quite happily. And so it went - out on beach & swimming & recreation after our efforts at opening house. A blessed time we had too,

and things were in order when the family straggled in late ^{Friday} ~~Saturday~~ evening - some coming on the train & some on another - & both being late of course. After that, Jack & I shifted household cares from our shoulders, & made free to spend whole hours together, off in the Cape Swamp with the wild roses & yellow birds & sweet smelling bayberries, or off on the outer beach with its stringing sand, or among the grasses on the dunes; or on the hills watching a spider hole we chanced upon & seeing the huge spider swarming with young. But her stay was all too short & she had to leave before seeing

the gulls on the outer bay. In wading
there later - I met one of Capt.
Joe Bloomer. Myriads of gulls
were above our heads squeaking &
screaming - & on the sand were
their speckled eggs & their fluffy
young. We poked them to our
hearts' content, helped along some
hatchlings, & brought home one
about-to-hatch egg which we
hatched amazingly near all the after-
noon. With repeated efforts & twitching
the wee thing finally lurched
itself out - shivering & cold & wet.
It lived for two days, but toward
the end would eat nothing, & really
seemed to starve itself to death; then

when fish tempted it no longer, we
tried with this' a dropper. But it
~~was~~ no use. And since then we
have been having cold, blustering days
with the exception of Sunday when
we went to Gannett to church, & saw
the talkative & spinster, Thecker
sister, who showed us over their
house & garden. How they do use
a hundred words to express me, &
how their tongue twist to tumble
the words out. And now, having
expended to our hearts' content
making shelves & hangers, & catches
to the bird house, we are waiting for
the cruiser to be in working train.
One patchy after another has

befallen it in the process of being
retroubled & put in readiness,
Poor Father is getting quite
pessimistic about it & asserts
that it never will be in use
this whole season. If the weather
continues like this we shan't want
to use it - but then, it's grand
weather in Cedar Swamp on
the outer beach.

Friday, July 17, 1914.

We visit Owl, the robin's nest not in
the idles - much to the parents' dis-
comfature I'm afraid. Tho' we try to
be as considerate as possible. No matter
how quietly we steal round behind the
bush. We see the mother bird sitting
on the nest but seldom. For she soon
catches sight or sound of us & darts
swiftly away among the grasses
scolding us all the time; while the
male bird, with redder breast & militant
crown, gives his cat-call of alarm
from the top of the Tennis rail or the
turkey roof. We slip around to the
front, & bend the branch until we can
see into the nest. For two weeks or more

there have been three blue eggs —
deeper in shade than the robin's
egg-shells one finds after they have
been somewhat bleached by the sun,
& rather less burgundy in color than
what we generally call "robin's egg blue".
On Aug. 14 one egg was hatched &
a red, fatherless little lay, panting in
the nest. By the next day another
bird hatched out, & yesterday all
three had left the shell. There are
a few signs of feathers to-day —
very few, however — but the birds
have not yet their eyes open, & lie
helpless in the nest except when they
raise their heads & open wide their
beaks expectantly. It makes me

almost yearn to see them. And so we
have them exposed to, & swarming in,
the southwest gale, while the mother
bird cautiously comes back to warm
them.

In the same bushes are some
chipping sparrows; for this 'we have
not yet found their nest, still we
see many streaked-brown young
hopping about among the branches —

On the east side of the house, in
the ivy, are two robins' nests; one
occupied last summer, & one the self
part of this. On the east side too,
among the top branches of a heavenly
tree, sits the aristocratic Kingbird
— dressed in sober black instead of

razal colors — chirping incessantly,
while below here no spotted song
sparrow is guilty in search of food
among the short grasses.

On the west side near the lake
is a dwarf apple tree which seems to
be the home of some summer yellow
birds, tho' we have seen no nest.

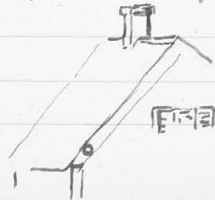
Yet, whenever we go near, a yellow
bird escapes from it - & the bush
is swarming with ants & flies of some
kind which may be attractive to it.

We hear the red wing Blackbirds
+ meadow larks + Bob Whites, +
today caught a good glimpse of the
larks' ~~larks~~ ^{larks} + blue white tails. Peckers
abound here + have made a great

hole in a dead tree. They daringly fly against the screens & hook themselves into it for some seconds -

apparently serving up no queer creatures inside. They have made holes too in the roof, & one of these, on the 'abattoir' house, is now occupied by a family of starlings. The starlings look something like the blackbirds so prevalent here, but thus the telescope one can see a beautiful iridescence of head & neck which the blackbird does not have. It's note is rather more hoarse - & rippled with a scold. Twice after time have we watched a starling with a great moth in its mouth, alight on the chimney top, & if we are in evidence, curse us in his

hoarse bird fashion in being there. If however, we keep very still he will fly from the chimney to the ridge pole of the roof - side along it to the out edge, & gradually half-fly & half hop down to the lower edge of the roof, where, scanning the prospect before him, he will at last fly to the hole & in - & from the chattering which the young bird set up, his visit seems eagerly hailed. But he comes again, searches for more food, & in due course of time repeats his performance step by step,



July 28, 1914 -

The last robin left the nest to-day. One had been shored out yesterday as if to make room for the new-born others. A few days ago they seemed to be a size too large for the nest, for two filled it, and the third had to sit on top of them. They were fully-feathered dark-backed birds, with great large eyes, and they sat all headed away from the opening and stirred very little when we approached. Still the parent birds chattered and even now that they are all flown, we can hear their familiar scold up from the tennis posts.

① A few days ago we were favored

by Bob-Whites & Meadowlarks perching
for us on fence posts in the south
field. One after another they would
alight on this post & that & stay,
there calling more than long enough
for us to watch them through the
telescope. The Meadowlark with
its yellow breast would stand facing
us, then, lifting its head high in
the air, would push out its clear
high notes from its throbbing throat.
Down would come its head, only to
go up, once more the call was to be
sounded. He reminded me of his
kin, the Robin, & had the same
trick of standing erect the way
the Robin does between the times

of pecking for a worm, only he tossed
his head even higher when calling.
Bob White, with his ruffed shoulders &
his collar plainly in evidence made
a great ta-doo in getting out the
two simple notes "Bob-White" varied
by "ah-Bob-White". Each note
required a great heaving effort,
apparently, but the bird seemed
pleased when his laborious feat was
accomplished & repeated it over & over.

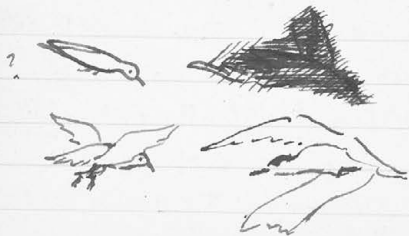
How human I feel is - how proud
some of us are of our accomplishments,
how some of us struggle on there but
will not give them up, how we all
enjoy them - for they are most our best.
And even as the Bob-White & Meadow-

lark do not always skip from
the fence posts but from among
the tall nesting grasses, so we
go about our businesses in the
lowlands as well as highlands of
life.

July 29, 1914.

There seem to be more gulls flying
over the land this year than ever before.
fish are exceptionally plentiful & it
may be that they are attracted to
these flocks of them & have to cross
the land in getting from the Sound
to the Ocean. We see scores of them
circling for fish when we're out sailing.
They fly swiftly in this direction &
that time, sighting the numbers, they
suddenly stop short almost to the
point of backing, launching their
bodies backwards up into the air
& folding their tail feathers, they dart
down on outspread wing & dive
below the surface of the water. After

What seemed a second or two
they rise with wet flapping wings
& rear shorewards with minimum
flapping from their beaks. Once
I thought I saw a gull with wings
as well as tail feathers furred, dive
after diving his "backwing stunt"; but
I have since watched carefully for
it & have never seen it repeated. My
impression was strong at the time
but I have begun to think I
was mistaken.



Sun. August 2, 1914.

I brushed off the top of an ant's
nest to rouse some ants into sight.
One or two straggled into view, but
there was no great commotion until
I pressed deeper & exposed a mass
of cocoons - small oblong etc
cylinders of silk with a black
spot at one end. Now there was a
great stir. Workers swarmed out
from the cellar, hurried hither &
thither in herons haste and
seemed to have no idea of what to
do next. Gradually, & in a most
haphazard fashion, they would
insert some anterior part of their
into the sides of the pupa-cases &

would carry them horizontally & seed-on before them - showing new openings tho' the slightly resistant sand. Without any apparent order in the operation & with the workers carrying a case a short distance then deserting it until another chanced upon it, they finally had all the cases stored below - stairs and things looked much as they did before their earthquake - except that the mound was flatter & lower. Again I uncovered the cases & again the workers set about moving them from one place to another - now using only one underground opening. When this was full the other cases were

left lying exposed, tho' they shifted their positions from time to time. I collected as many cases as I could & put them & three workers to move sand into a small vial. I then consolidated the nest completely leveling it with the ground; and put a splinter beside it to mark the spot.

August 3. '14

Today I looked at the nest & found it completely rebuilt as far as I could discern from its outside. The workers were busy hustling in & out of the numerous openings, not having the pupa cases under observation in the vial I repaired

from disturbing the nest again. A
little later I was able to find
eggs or larva. But the cases I
observed under a magnifying glass
I saw that they are flaring, yellowish
cases slightly speckled, with a large
(comparatively) black dot at one end
(~~occasionally at both~~) With two
dissecting needles I ripped the case
at the end toward the spot & the
abdomen of the pupa was exposed.
By holding the other end of the case
with one needle I was able to take
the pupa out with the other. The
pupa is a whitish lustrous
looking specimen resembling the
worker ant & about its size, and

is carefully folded into its case. The
three workers have been encouraged in
trying to bury the cases I have left
them as they lay - very occasionally
shifting them very about. I put in
some baked apple & two maggots. They
seemed to feast on these I have now
drawed the contents of a cricket.

August 13, 1914

A misty, misty day - grey both outside
& in. But we could not have celebrated
my birthday much anyway with our
thoughts with L.

Shortly after my last entry, I left to
visit Tib (& incidentally to see her
family) so the ants had to be put

aside. While in New York I spent the morning at the Museum of Natural History. Fascinating is a mild term for the exhibits of birds & fishes in their natural surroundings. The cases of stuffed birds were well enough for purposes of identification - but they palled otherwise. Not so the large windows containing artificial bird-habitats. Cases after case of these showed birds in all parts of the country, done with wonderful fidelity & in remarkable detail. The "Cape section" of the sea showing marine life was no less remarkable, & the two exhibits so fascinated me that I had no time left for the rest. But one could crave such a thing as the whole of the

Museum with no morning! so I saw what I must wanted to see, & enjoyed it thoroughly.

Friday, August 21, 1914.

Day before yesterday I cut open the abdomen of a dead cricket, put the cricket in a small glass vial, and uncorked, left the vial near the garbage pail. Yesterday several small, white, elongated specks were visible beneath a thin veil of mould. Today, the cricket was moist & shiny, & the white, almost-transparent larva of the *giant*^{*} had hatched. They were legitimizing the interior of the cricket - gorging in it. Their patterned hatching

*
Proved to be the larvae of the ordinary large house fly.

press I could see thro' a magnifying glass, but could not distinguish the "mouth-hook" described by Latr. Many of the worms were plunged head-first into the "broth", while others waved about their anterior ends — heads, so called — in worm-like fashion. *Cetonia* explored the sides of the glass vial until they became entangled in the cotton plug. After observing them here at close quarters for a time, I placed the cricket and its scavengers on the surface of ^{the water in} a jelly-glass, and covered the whole with a sheet of perforated paper.

The tiger-like *Arsia plexippus* larva or caterpillar, which I found two days ago, I have kept in a vial

feeding it with the milk-weed leaf — on which the species grows — hence to name "milkweed butterfly." Its quarters were much too cramped, however, so this morning I planted a stalk of milk weed in a diminutive jelly glass about 2 inches high, and after moving *Plexippus* onto the foliage, covered the whole with a large preserve jar, putting a stick between the top of the jar, now inverted, and the shingle on which it rests so as to allow for air circulation. The caterpillar apparently appreciated this chance to stretch itself, and humped along to a chosen leaf where he commenced his voracious feeding.

The proverbial pie-eater holds his pie horizontally in order to make the bite, but the caterpillar, owing to his differently constructed mouth, bites the leaf held vertically - with edge parallel to his median ~~dorsal~~ ventral line. His claws hook into each side of the leaf, & his foot pads cling to them; & thus secured posteriorly he commences & draws downwards, the edge of the leaf. When he has completed the arc which this freedom of head allows, he starts again at the top & enlarges the arc downwards. There is a peculiar jerking motion of the head as he eats away the leaf somewhat



similar to that of made by me using a chisel, yet, at the same time, the mandibles close in on each side of the leaf & cut off the slice. When the caterpillar tends chiefly to business he makes rapid work of a leaf - leaving the ^{thicker} veins the last; but his work is not continuous. He must needs stop eating to eject his frass - green segmented cylinders of discarded leaf tissue, still moist. At other times he will climb up on the under surface of the leaf, & changing to that, will twist his head until his mandibles are in right relation to the leaf-edge - when he will again commence his feast.

I again went to the ants' nest which I once before rotted & yesterday found another batch of pupa cases stored in a hole quite below-ground. This time too, I have put as many of the colony as I could capture, into a large jelly jar, covered with perforated paper & well weighted for the ants can easily scale the sides of the glass & can squeeze themselves thru' even a small crack. A grass-hopper, opened up, a small piece of apple, & a drop or two of honey were put in for food. The apple seems to give the most general satisfaction. The grasshopper, so far, has only been sniffed at, while the

honey nearly drowned an ant whom I just rescued in time. Even now the ants handle the pupa cases about - one even tried scaling the glass walls of the jar with its barbs. But most weird of all their actions seems to be the "Achillean" stunt which I witnessed this morning. Before adding to the number of ants in captivity I watched the two survivors of the pair which I had first captured yesterday & put into a vial - before morning all to largely quarrel today. One of the survivors hooked a dead ant with its left hind leg & dragged it up & down over the sand, under stick & over -

grass hake in what appeared to be as ruthless a fashion as Achilles, we dragged Heeln three times around the walls of the cage. But Achilles never attempted to drag him over the walls as this ant was dragging its erstwhile brother (side!!) This seemed enough, but what was my surprise to discover the other survivor dragging two dead ants about with it, wherever it went.

Aug. 24.

The *greenbottle (?) larvae are now fat worms still glutinous for food. They licked the cricket clean, dissolved a lump of hard-boiled white of egg, and

* ordinary large black house fly.

still were greedy for more. So I fed them a weath which they promptly cleaned out; and now they are at work upon a newly killed grass-hopper. As yet they have not manifested that dislike of the light which forces them to burrow, and they have even climbed up the sides of their imprisoning glass.

The milkweed caterpillar has today bottomed himself by his tail, into the under-side of a leaf. He gives some, & once he seemed on the point of rearing himself for more feeding - but he finally lapsed back in his lethargy. He ate very little yesterday, but "ran away" twice. I thought that he



seemed too fond of his lettuce to leave his life-giving milkweed leaf, so left off the inverted bottle. When we got home from our sail, neither he nor the very small young larva (which I found only two days ago) were in sight. The latter I soon discovered, for his progress had been slow; but the former was no where in sight. We looked behind the bureau, around the books & everywhere - except under the shelf, where we finally found him clinging. The second time I was gone only a moment or two to bring some fresh milkweed up from downstairs, but Plexippus had again wandered off, & this time I found him clinging

to the edge of the bureau scarf. After that I safely bottled him & Plexippus Jr., & as I said, the former seems today to have begun to pupate. Junior has today begun to know the leaf as to the manner how. He doesn't make such quick work of it as did Plexippus the great, but at least it's more of an accomplishment than the mere "sucking" which he has indulged in before.

The third stage of our experimentation is now in progress. I have transferred the colony from their second home (the jelly jar) to a glass coaster set in a soup plate of water & Kerosene; & have again repotted their numbers by another forage of their ant-hill - now very

much depressed. But the ants died
so rapidly that some change had
to be made - & this last seems, so
far, quite successful. I did catch
two or three ants swimming the "pond"
& one was drowned in it. After that I
added the Benzene - & whether or
not it proves to be effective is still
to be settled. I put some bits of
browned apple in the coaster for food.
They seemed to enjoy that daint before,
but now - at least while I was watching
- they would not touch it. So I added
some sugar grains & drops or two of
water - which gave satisfaction hardly
surpassed by the few drops of honey
later added. The ants have been busy

storing away the pupa cases, and
now all are hid but a few, apparently,
worthless ones. Jumbos are made,
& as many of them as if the ants had
lived there a week. I have not yet
been able to fathom the peculiar behavior
of the ants who peck the life out of two
of larger size. I took these two from
the same hill & thought them all of
the same family - but from the shabby
way they are being treated, I am
beginning to suspect that they are
aliens.

Letter: Between 2 & 5 the caterpillars
mated. I did not think the mat
would take place so soon - and even
after luncheon no crack or split in the

skin was visible. But when I came in
from the kitchen at 5,



(opp. view from one
or suspended
caterpillar.)

where I had been working
on the boat-model, I
found a plump, elongated
green balloon, suspended
where the caterpillar formerly
hung — & the old, shrivel-

led up skin of the past
lay among the milkweed leaves — dark
& without resemblance to its former tiger-
like glow.

The Rescue did not solve the real
problem, for at this same time when
I came in from work, I found all
the ants, in various phases of inactivity,
in the water. It seemed as tho' they

were all seized with the idea of crossing
the Delaware at once — & all were
halted in their career. I put them back
into the water, and all but a few
struggled to activity again & set to
work to dry themselves. But the
moment ~~their~~ ^{their} back is turned, they
attempt the passage again, having gained
nothing, apparently, from their former
unsuccessful plunges.

August 29, 1914 Sat.

No new developments from the chrysalis except that it is becoming more opaque in some spots & more translucent in others. But it still keeps its jewelled appearance as it hangs from the now-withered leaf. Have added three more small caterpillars to *plecippus junis*, but am afraid I shall not be here to see them develop.

Yesterday three flies had emerged from the ground, & I let two of them escape before realizing the fact. The remaining one looked like anything but a green-bottle - being a small Rustick looking dark fly. Today I removed some of the evil-smelling white of egg still unconsumed, & the mold which had formed over it, and

dig down two inches where I found two larvae which had not yet pupated. I put them on the surface of the loosened earth and they commenced at once to burrow - wriggling their fat white bodies all but horizontally into the earth before turning their way downwards. They were out of sight in two or three minutes.

The ants are still pacing the walls of their ^{cracks} ~~chamber~~, & still foolishly trying to cross the moat. They have remarkable power of resistance it seems, for after floating on the water for some time & seeming quite dead, they will revive when put back on their hill in an incredibly short time. One or two have actually crossed the inch & a half of water which separates

them from the edge of the plate - their
Promised Land evidently - Just how
they did it I don't see - nor do I
understand how men have kept colonies
for years trusting to a small trench
of water less than an inch in width
to keep the ants captive. (see Nature
February Vol. VII pt 1, pp 43-44) A few
days ago I noticed one ant which must
have just come out of its pupa case -
for it had that dead white appearance
of a pupa and the vertically dark eye.
But I did not see the operation, assisted,
so they say, by the workers, & tho'
I have looked often for signs of another
emergence, I have failed to see any.

A caterpillar which I had found nibbling

Cinchusa leaves a few days ago, I
have so far been unable to identify.
It is a vivid green all over, and is of
the "looper" variety for it has only two
prolegs (besides the anal prolegs) and
these are on the 8th & 9th segments. I
first thought it might be a fall canker
worm - except from the absence of the
strips; or an *autographa brassicae*
(whatever that may be), but I have
only the similarity of the two prolegs
to commit for this hazard. It climbed
to the top of the tunicler one day &
spun a cocoon between the paper covering
& the glass, but in some way was
disturbed & fell to the bottom where
it now is - in a freshened &

thickened, brown, decayed-looking state,
to my inexperienced eye, only time
will tell whether it is dead or pupating!

Two more new comers have I to
my "menagerie." One a very ill-smelling
beetle-looking insect which I cannot
identify, & me a Jumping Spider with
its nest & egg sac in milkweed leaves.

The beetle was found in the bath
tub a night or two
ago, and here is
his portrait. — in
lieu of his name.



The spots on his
back are a dull
brick color — while the rest of him is
black, or dark-brown-black, mottled

* Oct. 21, 1914. Happened across picture of this in
Century Dictionary. It is a *Trox monachus*.

with little pincks.



(I thought I would draw different &
more accurate pictures of this disagreeable
beetle, but he would not be still many
seconds at a time, & worse than all, the
stench which he emits from his posterior
extremity was simply stifling & nauseating.
I have put him back in the tumbler with
a withered dahlia — among whose petals
he seems to find comfort — at any rate
he has ceased his night-long scratching.)

The Jumping Spider has those characteristically varied-sized eyes - his most conspicuous feature. His back is a furry brown & black, while she bears two feathery "antennae". The nest is of silk between two milkweed leaves which the spider has drawn together, and has two openings - a small one at the top near the egg sac (which - referring to the sac - can be seen only when held against the light for I did not wish to disturb it) and the other opening at the lower end large enough to easily admit the spider herself. In my ignorance I first took the nest for the cocoon of a butterfly - but when I pulled apart the leaves & saw

a spider walk out of the nest, I realized my mistake. Since then she has restored the tent, & the two leaves are cemented to the silk as they were when I first saw them.

Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1914.

Still the chrysalis hangs from the withered milkweed leaf - two signs of a change. It looks more like a gold-studded jade than ever. And still the ants hang themselves in their indoor home - tho' they have at last learned to give up trying to swim. They're like the frog - they learn slowly. Now that I am going it seems that my neocapene gets bigger. A husky guppy next

later pillar + a huge plump ^{Tomato} ~~Bole~~
~~Sphinx~~ ^{Sphinx} are the latest newcomers —
gifts from the Abbots! The young
seems content to feed on milkweed
leaves, but for the ^{T.S.} ~~Bole~~ crown M.G.
gives me fresh tomato leaves daily!
The ~~Bole~~ is much larger than that
of *Plexippus* + not so stocky — for
it is a leaf-green ornamented with
light zig-zag stripes on its back. The
spiracles are very evident.

[Burrowed into earth Sept. 4, 1914.]

[See drawing + description under date of
Sunday, Sept. 13, 1914.]

Now and then I dig up from the ~~Bole~~
the ~~Bole~~ which live zig-zag (see
A2 notes).]

M.G. sent a note for pupa to the spec.

No more flies had emerged, so I went
carefully thro' the earth in the glass
+ found seven pupae — Most of them
were only an inch or more below the
surface — + three of them were naked,
while the others were encased in mud
cocoon. The pupae are a shiny brown
something like sea weed "heads" when
polished. Lateral count eleven segments.
The posterior breathing pores + the mouth
hooks were visible thro' the brown shell.
One I opened, + the contents were like
a yellow liquid — with a thicker white part
in the centre on which could be seen a few
fine threads like small arteries.

[Sept. 13, 1914] I must have missed them in my
count, for now there are 9 large black house-flies —
apparently full grown. The date of their hatching
was not noted.]

September 8, 1914. Tues.

On Sunday, the *Phaenocarpa cheyralis* had changed materially - first turning more & more opaque - then a greenish delft blue & finally, Monday morning the brown of the forming wings could be clearly seen thro' the "skin" of the *Cheyralis*.

[A writes that *Cheyralis* changed into butterfly at about 1 p.m. Sept. 7, 1914 - just exactly 2 weeks from change from pupa to ^{image}*Cheyralis*. It flew around the room west & dripping? I was later liberated. The shed *Cheyralis* "skin" was like wing-glass.]

Tues. September 8, 1914.

Annie & I left Chatham on the early morning train yesterday, & stopped off at Bridgewater to see Great Aunt Hannah Washburn - a sweet old lady. I never realized before how sweet she was, for I haven't seen her for eleven or more years. We also saw Cousin Lizzie Fotes - convalescing from this summer's illness - & Cousin Louise - beaming as ever. From there we went on to Boston, settled in a room for me, then went out to visit Newton & went auto-riding. Most refreshing but the wind didn't keep my "spell of hay fever" away.

This morning I started in to work at 22. North End District # 6, 542 Howard

St — in the Italian District. It is quite a ways from Scollay Square, but I bridged the distance four times during the course of the day — & went on other high ways & byways too. Owing to what must be an animalistic instinct of direction in me, as well as a hazy visualization of slices of the map, I was able to wander among such out-of-the-way spots as Dilaway Place without once getting lost. The swarms of Italian children & flies in these courts & alleys are prodigious. You fairly step on the former as they reach pell mell down the streets — shoot out of the alleys, & jump from the balconies, or dance around the henry-gurdy. All the calls I made

in the District & at the Industrial Accident Board & Mass. Employees Insurance Co. were made on behalf of two recent cases — Tomorrow I have the pleasure of escorting two stout & feeble minded women & offspring to the Pauper's Institute Office — if said women do not back out at the last minute. Miss Hull is in charge of the work in this District. She has a high opinion of the Italians, & thinks there are no not-out-lazy men or drunkards among them — Tho' they all enjoy their beer, & tho' now employment is scarce, owing to the war.

I took out time at noon to lunch with Paddy. We exchanged news & views

across the table, much to the edification
of the two strangers at the same table.

at five o'clock I strolled to my
lodging here at Mrs. DeCombs' - 81
Pinebury St. The room is small,
but neat & cozy & contains every
essential. I got a good supper at
the Hawthorne, next door, & when that
was ended, strolled down to the Charles
Embarkment to watch the after-glow,
lights & sky line about the deepening,
dancing waters of the river. It was a
gorgeous sight & I watched it until
too cool for comfort. Now I longed
for #3 - & what an orgy we would
have had of it. Would that she were
staying now at "47" whose shining

brass plates I admire when I pass, &
whose outstretching tree I hail from
a distance as I round the corner, &
whose salute from front door (& fan) I
long to open to me. It really would be
too good to be true.

Then I came back here & soon in the
midst of winter & further settling when
Walmore called me up on the telephone.
A nice ending to my first new day
- oh now a piano across the way
is pounding out "Fair Howard" &
"Our Directors" as the 'getters ready
for the opening of college. The people
in the room next to mine have stopped
their laughing & talking. It must be
bed time. Yes, it's nine o'clock.

Thurs. Sept. 10, 1914

I already love Puckney Street & its sounds. At night the clatter of shoes down the uneven bricks is the best thing I hear - & the best in the morning. And as I start out I take a good look at the sparkling Charles, of Louisbery Square right opposite our door, & of the steps of houses which flank the Street. At Anderson, a crowd of eager children is crowding up the steps of the Sharpe School ("1524") clamoring to get in - as they will be clamoring to get out next June. And as I keep on I meet others, like myself, on their way to work, Shopkeepers opening their windows or arranging their displays; or groups of

idle men taking consolation in their unemployment in pleasant chatter. They seem to have favorite corners for these informal assemblies for every time I pass them they, or those like them, are gathered there. Around the wharves, too, they are loitering as I saw when I went to the Immigration Office on Long Wharf. While there, I slipped around to T Wharf to see H. S.'s favorite haunt, & also to inspect at closer range the advertised model of Columbus's ship the "Santa Maria." It is an old, foreign looking vessel of course, but was decorated with many a Spanish flag & coat of arms. It has been turned into a museum, but I had neither the money nor the curiosity

to investigate it.

I am getting to know the Italians better & to see their good traits & tho' I cannot speak a word of their language I can only understand when I know the general drift of it. A few talk a little English - but usually the children act as interpreters. To-day I had to wait half an hour for "the boy" to come back from school & as the parents could speak only enough English to say "good bye" & "good day" we sat in silence. Finally I folded some paper at hand into a boat - to amuse the baby - & with that as an opening, we started in on an English lesson of an informal sort. It might

have been more practical had I happened to have used the stove as a central theme. With some I can get along fairly well by gesticulating - & in that way I escorted the 2 already referred to, to the Pauper Institutions Department - where I left them at 10 o'clock to find they would have to wait until 3 to be taken from there to the almshouse. This morning however a bright Italian woman who has a small English vocabulary, fell to my lot. I was to take her to be fitted to orthopedic shoes as per doctor's orders. She & four children live in the one room - which was immaculately kept. On the wall, in a deep glass frame were the handles & plate from her

husband's coffee! Bright colored religious pictures were ever-present, while her beads ornamented the foot of a clean-spread bed. The folding bed was transformed into a chiffonier by its cloth covering, while the sewing machine too was protected by a clean, but less elaborate piece. Mrs. D. had to make herself especially presentable for this trip to the shoe store, & while I was there she did her hair & changed ~~her~~ dress, while she washed her hands no less than 3 times & her face twice! At last she produced her almost-sacramental shawl from a wash tub of clean clothing under the bed - & we were off. The shoes the doctor prescribed were "ground

grippers" costing \$5. Mrs. D. was horrified at the price. She insisted that they "cost too much" & were too "big & funny." Later in the day I had to return the pair for we knew she would never wear them. Her own could be "fixed for 10 cent" & she saw no reason anyway for getting new shoes when the pair was in her legs not in her feet! She is the same one who "wears" her eyeglasses in her blouse instead of on her nose - & came to have them repaired when they got broken in this fashion. She doesn't want to have the epithet "4 eyes" applied to her!

Fri. Sept. 11, 1914.

Photographed the Sharpe School children
#47 & Peckham St. Later in the day I
went around to T. Harp & took a picture
of the Santa Maria. The shelter struck on
one of the exposures & it may have ruined
all the others. In the morning I had
an interesting time calling on Miss Eldwell
of the No. Bennett nursery. She was much
interested in the Widdowson of "St. Pauls"
— as she always called it — because Miss
Johnson had met her when on her tour
for "suggestions" some years ago. We
exchanged information of Day Nurseries
& Mother's Pensions & parted as they we
had been warm friends for years.

Then Miss Schwartzman conducted me

near the Industrial School — in that &
adjacent buildings. She is a bright
Jewish girl who was herself a pupil
in the school who has worked up to her
present position. The classes were not
yet in full swing — only the academic,
"prevocational" & sewing classes being held
as yet. The "prevocational" classes aim to
have children who would otherwise drop
out of the grammar schools. Recently a
law has been passed requiring children
from 14 to 16 to attend this or a public
school 4 hours a week, & prohibiting
them from working more than 8 hours in
one day. These two days a week the
children attend school for 2 hours every
6, while the other days they can work 8 hrs.

This school has probably the usual curriculum for such an organization, but the building itself was one of curious growth & adaption showing how it was remodelled to suit changing needs. The gymnasium work was taken over by the public schools, so the room formerly used for that was partitioned off & used for other purposes - the boys in the carpenter class doing the work in the summer term & being paid for it. Then some time ago a group of teachers in the neighborhood asked permission to eat their lunches in one of the rooms. From this, by a slow process of evolution & enlargement, there is now an attractive "Paul Harvey lunch room in the hall -

basement, simple, but prettily furnished by the work of the pupils, & run by the pupils. That is, they take lunches buying, cooking & serving the food - & learn both arithmetic & household economics in the process. The boys in the print shop spent the summer holidays & the class in design makes the lamp-shades &c. Carrying out this same idea the plan is to teach the children arithmetic & geography & mechanics thru' practical applications. The girl who is planning on buying & cutting out material for a dress must use "measures" in the process. In the carpenter shop was a small model of a wooden house & another concrete one - but these

is no formal class started this fall as yet. In the afternoon the school is open to older children from other districts, while in the evening adults can come to learn their own trade better or to learn a new one. There too there are social evenings & regular club work carried on in connection with the adjoining Social Service Home. All around the school are trees & dozens of public school. Everywhere one goes in that neighborhood one finds them, & there, between two of them is a large brick court playground flanked on its sides by the brick buildings & enclosed on its ends by dark columns of concrete pillars along whose tops

are ferns - rather Italian. Such swarms of small Italian children as joined into it after school, & such slappings. Many mothers sat placidly by mending their babies while their older offspring skidded down the slides, or skinned up the poles.

At 4.30 I went down to the dock at the North End Beach to watch the Boston Floating Hospital ~~the~~ come in dock. A stunningly attractive Jewish girl showed us over it. In the summer there are about 200 babies cared for per day - some in the day ward on deck, & the rest in permanent wards inside. There are 25 doctors & internes in attendance & 75 graduate nurses, who

if they do satisfactory work here will
get a diploma for graduate work in
infant nursing. Any child recommended
by a doctor will be admitted if, after
examination by one of the ship's doctors
before boarding it is found to have no
contagious or communicable disease. The
boat is given free dockage by the city on
the agreement that it leave the dock
at 9, and after returning at 4, leave
again in the evening & anchor anywhere
in the harbor till early morning. The
day trips vary in location - but the
ship never passes Boston Light. At
night it anchors "just around the
corner from the dock, & anywhere
where the Captain thinks the air is good.

Tonight I again went down to the
Charles as I had to call for laundry
in that direction. The sunset was
not a colored one as it was the other
night but was soft pearl gray &
amber which somehow softened the
string of electric lights. The tunnels
on the Cambridge Bridge showed up
picturesquely against the sky, & even
the "blink" of "Carter's Dicks" sign
seemed subdued.

Saturday, Sept. 12, 1914

Left for Chatham in p.m. But in the a.m. —
my friend the "Lady of the Ground Sippers"
spread me a feast when I called. A delicious
peach — served on an immaculate — (the word)
fingert napkin! It being Saturday, the children were
there, scrubbing face & hands as their mother had
before them.

Sunday, September 13, 1914.

Chatham again!

A gorgeous sunset & clouds last night, & stunning cloud effects today. The mill, for some reason, is not turning its wheel "idle Sabbath sail."

The four small milkweed larvae of very acquaintance have grown fast & resolute. Two this morning buttoned themselves on to the leaf & I have really hopes of seeing the transformation take place. The other two are large enough to pupate any day.

The tomato worm I dug up today, & found the following large creature - half larva & half pupa, of a sawweed borer. He pestered me & squirmed when I touched the larva-pupa.



Then there are two raspberry leaf caterpillars, apparently of different species; & a queer tufted voracious one found on a milkweed leaf* - all of which two co. contributed. The gypsey moth (probably not that at all) has grown enormous & is threatening budworm.

*milkweed moth - *Euchaetes egle*. (Dunn)

At 4.15 p.m. I noticed a crack in the skin of one of the suspended *Aerona flexippi*. The split spread rapidly up the back, & the caterpillar, contracting & expanding longitudinally, worked the loosened skin up into accordion pleats at its posterior end - exposing the green-jeweled-like character of the forming chrysalis. In seven minutes the hook was withdrawn from the silk button & was refastened again to it - the creature in the meanwhile hanging by the skin which still clung to some of its posterior segments. With many spiral contractions interspersed with quiescent periods, the hook was securely fastened to the silk & the skin was entirely freed at the end of twelve minutes i.e. 4.27.

When this was accomplished, the contractions still continued & it was seen that the 7 or 8 posterior segments above the yellow median ring now forming - were telescoping with each spiral twist. Gradually these last segments had proshortened so that only a dome with faint segmentation lines showed where they had been. This was accomplished in an hour from the time the crack was observed. As the skin peeled off the yellow spots (which later turn golden) were evident, & within an hour the medial ring above mentioned (at the base of the "dome") had acquired its black dots. After this the chrysalis remained motionless - as it will for two weeks. Just before the imago emerges the chrysalis becomes

a wonderful deep blue with the brown
of the wings showing through in flutes, and
with dots of lighter blue, pink or black.
Another caterpillar which I had also found
suspended in the morning was, apparently,
in the stage of pupation; so we summoned
the menagerie-~~underwood~~ children to see it.
They were thrilled at the prospect, but
nothing happened, & so to make up for that, I
showed them the rest of my "menagerie".
They were exceedingly interested & awed.
The Underwood children are certainly ducky
— with their flecked faces, their peevish
ways, their polite ways & a rather Quaker
simplicity about them.

September 14, 1914.

I came back today from Chatham, — & such
a miserable lay-feverish ride — had been
forgotten. My afternoon was feverishly spent
in making seven calls & finding my one
woman at home! And all of those whom I
went to see lived on the third or fourth or
"top" floors of the tenements! The one
woman whom I found in could not speak
English, & so, alas! an entire patient I tried
to persuade her to have her child's adenoids
removed. She is afraid & thinks it will leave
a scar — so tomorrow I take an Italian woman
to see her whose children have undergone the
same operation — to see if she can convince her
of the slightness of the "operation".

I expect I shall be transferred to another

desired is a day or two - for which I am sorry. I like the neighborhood of it, the quaintness amid the squares & the historic landmarks in the midst of all. And I like the Italians (I never thought I would) & their babies, for there is never a family without a baby & another one coming, it seems to me. The flies I could dispense with. And I like Miss Hurl. She embarrasses me at times the way she flutters around like a butterfly when conducting someone from the waiting room to the chair of inquisition beside her desk, but she is decidedly level-headed & sane; tactful & resourceful & seems to do good work.

I came back to my room this evening & found my landlady Mrs. Deane D.

Intermit showing my room to some people. I breathed a sigh of relief when they pronounced the room too small. But I love it & would hate to change - for I'd miss the squares in front & the street lamps across the way - & I'd miss the clatter of shoes & hoofs on the bricks & stones. I had a letter from H.D. urging me to call at 47. I am certainly shall if I can scare up my courage.

As Mrs. Tibbitts would say, "What a coincidence." It's just a year ago tomorrow that I started this "book" - when I started out upon the career which got me into A.C. work, & which is thus the cause of my being here now. I see that

I have grown more restless in that
time & wasted rather more ink. I trust
I have gained some experience. Otherwise
I guess to be the same red-headed R.C.
that I was a year ago with the same
jack-of-all-trades fondness for things
whether it be making a boat or calling on
Mrs. Di Guernanno.

"How good is man's life, the mere
living! how fit to employ
all the heart & the soul & the senses
for ever in joy!"

Browning.

