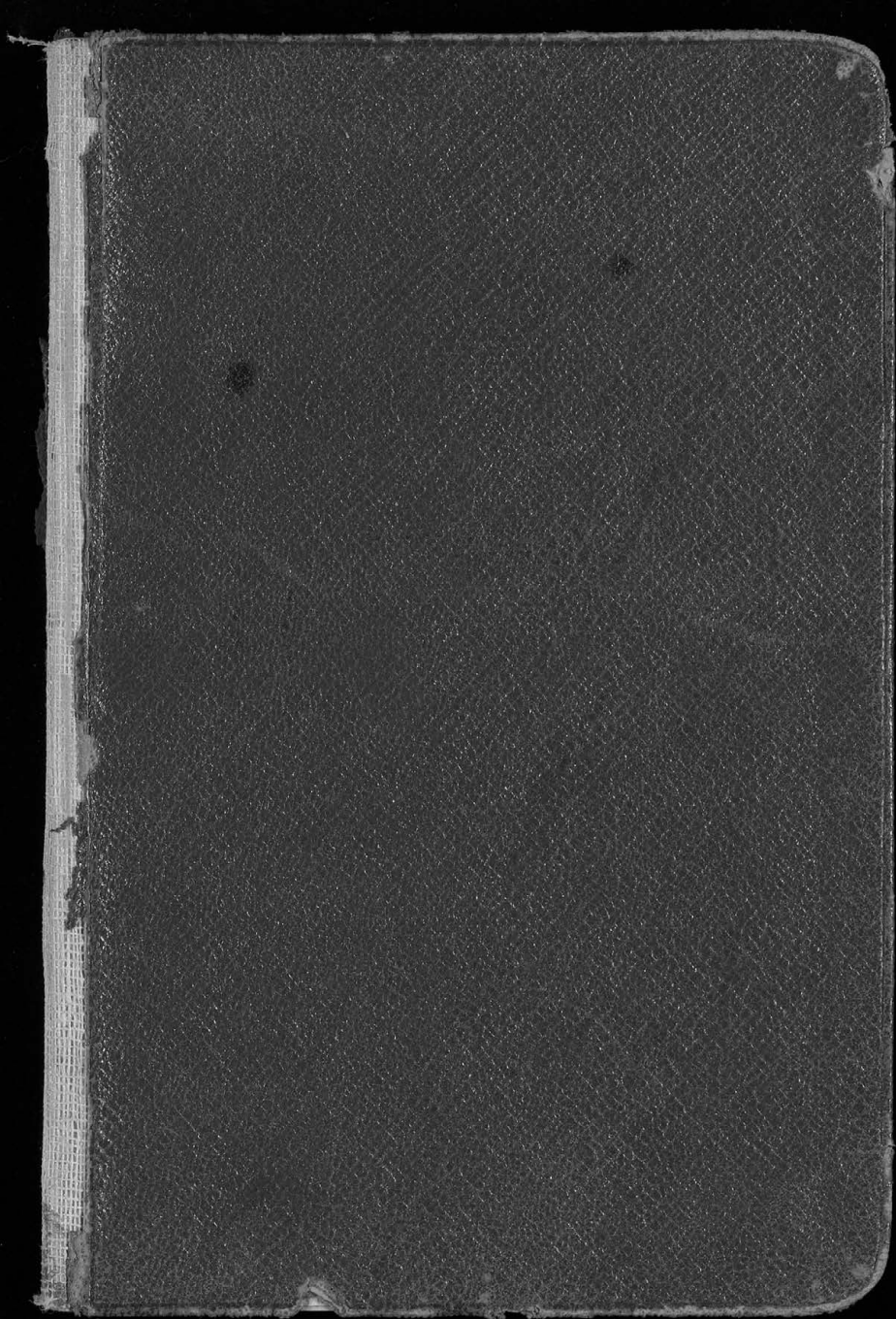




[Ruth Cutler and family papers.](#)

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Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1914.

To-day I was transferred from the North End, Italian District, to the South End, Colored District, and from a snap judgment, I much prefer the former, especially as to location & picturesque quality.

Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1914.

Like the secretary, in District 14 (South End) unimpaired. In the evening I supped alone at the New England Kitchen on Charles Street where one gets nourishing food and no fields at all. Here watched the terraced sunset over the Charles & the practice of oarman.

Thurs. Sept. 17, 1914.

Visited an A.C. case at the Robt. B. Brigham Hospital for incurables this morning. The building is modern & is well situated on the crest of Parker Hill Avenue. There is an air of spaciousness & openness about the building and the colonnaded sun porches between the central building & the wings. The hospital accommodates something like 150 patients in all, with a long waiting list of

course. There always seem to be waiting lists & patients did not get discharged before their names are even called. On the way back I ran into the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows (Colored) parade, which blocked the streets for some time. The darkeys in uniform were in their element, while those in "plain clothes" in carriages had also the air of relishing their importance. Such a thing seems to appeal to the negroes' temperament as it does to a small boy. It was endlessly long, so I indignantly batted this' & I lunched with Miss Perkins & her "roommate" Miss Price - D.S. of #12. We had a jolly time and my liking of Miss Perkins grows apace.

Then to the "Country Week" department of the Young Men's Christian Union, where I was treated by the elderly Miss Elsie Johnson, secretary, to a discourse on her work & ambitions - & in particular, the use to which car tickets should be put - viz. "Rides for Invalids"! !!

Fri. Sept. 15, 1914

I was sent to District 12's Conference this morn., at which Mrs. Joseph Lee presided. Her husband is the "Playground Man" & author, & she herself is interested in many social activities. She is a splendid, level-headed sort of person & booming in health, apparently.

In the evening while eating supper at the new England Kitchen, I glanced up & saw a familiar 1913 face tho' I couldn't recollect whom it belonged to. I found it was Anna Van Winkle who also recognized me in the same way. After a nice exchange of college news I walked with her to her room on Hancock St. which she is sharing with a Barn Maur girl - state anti-suffrage organizer! She (Anna) herself is in the yowled here in Boston as office secretary or some such. She went to the School for Social Workers last year, & now tho' she is a Californian, snatched up the offer of the Boston yowca.

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Saturday, Sept. 19, 1914.

A most interesting day, as after taking an A.S. case to the Out Patient Dept. of the Mass. Gen. Hosp. I had the whole a.m. to see that institution. Mrs. Newton (a colored social service worker of high standing there) put me in charge of Miss Hyle (?) who first took me to the cement works in the basement. I had no idea of such a thing there, but the "plant" has been going for a year only & is for the employ of handicapped men who need the wages of work, but more than that, need work for their "psychic welfare". The industry is self-supporting & supplies Carbone's & the like with cement fire stoves, benches, pots & ~~the like~~ ^{such}, tho' it prefers to sell direct when it can. The young woman in charge teaches the men the industry & designs the "cores". We saw her making such a core in plaster of paris while we were there, while one of the men was packing me with cement, & others were sandpapering, finishing & finishing. We then went up to the children's clinic & talked with the nurse who visits the homes to teach the mothers how to feed their babies. The men in this position used also to

visit "the necklets" & had some "hearts" (such is their common way of designating cases) but that was too much for any one person to compass so the work is being divided according to diagnoses rather than according to districts. The head of the Industrial Disease end of the work answered my questions, but she volunteered no information. She was most cordial, but she sat placidly listening in her chair & waited for me to question her. To get her to discourse on her work I could not, but she was most profuse in giving me "hand bills" & the like whose distribution comprises part of her preventive & educational work. She also told me that she talks with the patients - victims of industrial diseases - who are referred to her by the O.P.D. doctors, but I can't imagine her doing it tho' her knowledge of her subject is no doubt extensive & intensive. I waited for Miss Ida Cameron to finish talking with Dr. Richard Cohn & while waiting saw "Bunny" White - O.C. 1911. She is doing Social Service there & we had a few minutes chat after the manner of

old friends - tho' we never knew each other very well at college. Miss Cameron was most cordial - remembered the letter I wrote about assisting Miss Herman in the St. Paul City Hospital & offered to have me work there a few days after leaving the O.P. in order to get a better insight into the work. She goes to N.Y. & St. P. for a week to organize the Social Service in N.Y. but will return before I leave. She gave me permission to go to the Gaudreau room. There are organs of electric massage devices & the like invented by a German physician who has been here for 4 years & insisted I start the work in the O.P.H. It was tremendously interesting. Then I was taken up into the gallery where corrective "posture" work was being done on children. The head nurse was most cordial - insisted on my examining all the "cases" there under treatment, & of "making myself at home" - free to wander where I pleased. I could have stayed much longer, but had to hurry off if I would be in time to see the Hospital "In-patient." Miss Powell, in the nurses' hearing office, detailed me to Miss Shepherd, who took me over very

rich of rooms, it seemed to me. The men's & women's, East & West, medical & surgical wards I saw, the old amphitheatre where ether was first administered & the queer rotund booking globe in which the ether was given. We went to the operating rooms, saw ^{from the hallway} "an appendicitis" undergoing operation, but could not get in to see the big operating amphitheatre as a demonstration operation was in process there. We continued on tho' the private wards where pay patients or critically ill free patients are, to the skin & orthopaedic wards. The children in the latter are strapped naked to boards & lie in their cots outdoors in the sun. They're as brown as berries & one small chap is the pet of the ward, for he is always smiling & laughing tho' he has been strapped since early spring. From there we went to the children's "wards" — which in summer, consist of tents. The whole visit was intensely interesting even tho' the hospital seemed comparatively empty. In passing tho' one of the wards I saw "Dutch" Clark, 1914 — who came

two days ago in the train! We talked as long as we dared, & it was good to get even a glimpse of her. But frankly, I was glad that H. J. was not shut up there, even tho' I would have mighty liked to have seen her.

Then to Chatham once more. Eleanor Campbell Maurin came down on the same train, tho' I did not know it until Al met her at the station. She is the same as ever & very nice.

Sunday, Sept. 20, 1914.

The less said about the day, the better, for I was flat on my back most of it. But in the am. "Sister" Motherhead brought me an "So moth", & how I wanted to go down to see them & thank them — they're so sweet. A Common Eastern Swallowtail has been added to my collection since I left; & the brown hairy caterpillar has woven a cocoon in leaf of the same texture; & the raspberry leaf me has begun too. The Swallowtail feeds on parsnips & parsley & it was in the former that M. G. found him.

Monday, Sept. 21, 1914.

Had a most enjoyable trip with Eleanor Martin to Boston. She told me a good deal about the south, child labor in the cotton mills, & the character of negroes & their relation to southerners. She deplores the attitude of northerners who go south, pry into southern institutions & then return to the north with descriptions one-sided & unfair of southern conditions. As there is no compulsory school laws in the south, she thinks the children of the poor white are better off in the mills (with working hours within reason) than doing nothing at home. They & their parents are stolid & numb with ignorance & indifference, & the teachers in some of the private schools consider they achieved a miracle when they first got one of the children to smile! At recess they are told to play; but they do not know how. They line up against the nearest post & stay there without moving. She thinks the book worm is responsible for some of this, but more than all, there is no place, & never has been, for these whites in the social scheme of things. The master & slaves constituted southern society, & no poor white would degrade themselves by

cooperating with negroes. As they couldn't compete with the aristocracy they simply degenerated their position. Now that slavery no longer exists, the negroes are still the servants of the southerners, & still are the poor whites excluded & useless. Quite different are the mountain whites who are of superior blood, & whose progress has been halted, not by degeneration & decay, but by temporary isolation from the march of civilization.

In the afternoon I had an orgy of reading & writing, & finally strolled to the School for Social Work with the hopes of there learning some of the particulars in regard to the "In training" of the A.C. A board meeting was in progress - at which I saw Miss Cannon - but I had not called at the office house of the Director of the School, & the girl in the office had apparently never heard of an associated charities. She gave me some literature, however, & I had to be content.

The Indian Summer weather now seems like a relief after the cold weather of a week ago.

Tues. Sept. 22, 1914.

Another scorch.

Took Mrs. Burge to the court to serve out a warrant against her "good for nothing" husband. She is colored & blind, so we walked down in case the streets much to the surprise of several onlookers. She was dressed in a gorgeous blue silk dress & a hat with an upright plume. Tho' blind she wears spectacles as the dim vision of light & shade in no eye — all the sight she has left — is strained if she does not. She keeps a lodging house & her husband depends on her for support; but she can do no more than make beds neat without the added expense of feeding him. The probation office has tried in vain to collect some of his wages for her, but without success; so now "she feels other duty" to take legal steps to make him behave. She is plucky & energetic — does the housework herself by groping her way about, & finds time to study Braille. A teacher from an industrial school in Atlanta, when stopping at her house during the G.O.P. of Oct convention, suggested that as soon as she had mastered Braille she should go South & teach in the school. She is quite capable of doing

as I think. She was quite communicative during the ride in the car & told me that Dr. Morgan's relatives used to be the "masters" of her family in the South. Dr. Morgan is the occultist by that name in Boston — called by some, peculiar — who has been very good to Mrs. Burge & saved what sight she had left after an unsuccessful operation some 9 years ago by another doctor. As she was going into her house, Mr. Burge, elegantly clad according to the negro's taste, left the house, raised his hat to her & said good bye — as tho' he were bidding a friend good bye after a formal call. She is sure that he has suspicions of what "her business" in town was, but ^{he} takes it all calmly & good naturedly, tho' never bestirring himself to work for even his own support.

I was told to go to the Conference in District 3 at 325 W. Broadway, So. Boston, at 3.30, but on getting there, found the conference one held at 2.30 during the summer & the members were just leaving. Miss Clarke, the D.S. was very nice indeed & she & Miss Hamova & I had a nice talk

before I finally left. Miss H. & her sisters (+ mother) have "grown up" in the A.C. & are each members in different districts. Tomorrow I go to South Cove District which is near-by on Cove Street.

I lunched today alone at Helen's - the first time I have been in their magnificent new place. The lunch room on the eighth floor is expensively appointed, & is decorated most artistically with artificial autumn leaves. The service is very good & instead of institutional nurses during meals, a young lady played the organ in the balcony - really lovely. But the cost of food (+ service + nurse) is high there & I doubt if I shall be so extravagant as to go there soon again. Perhaps Helen's "Quick Lunch" is cheaper.

At supper at N.E. England, met Anna van Winkle again - & caught a handshake of Marion King's (1913) in passing afterward. She was late to dinner + was in a rush. Anna van W. came to see my snug quarters here, but got roasted not before very long - it is so hot.

I look back on my U. experience of a year ago with thankfulness that I am not repeating it now!

Still another scorch!

Sept. 23, 1914. Wed.

The South Cove office of the A.C. is in the Ellis Memorial Building, 12 Cove St. Miss Jerry reminds me of a younger Dr. Halberg (U.C.) in looks - especially the way her mouth moves when she talks. She has too a good deal of Dr. T.'s self-confidence, but not unpleasantly so. She gave me an hour's dissertation on Volunteers & A.C. work in which she told me some good plain facts. She recognizes perfectly the humanness of volunteers & the superiority of some over others; but with rare exceptions, she believes that all can be of service somewhere provided you use judgment in assigning them work & patience in teaching & training them.

I lunched with "Bummy" White & Mary Elizabeth's. We ran into Martha Strong '14, & Louis Stanley '14, & had a gay time. After they left Bummy & I were serious & ludicrous by turns, & the woman who sat at our table later did not know what to make of us. She kept her ears open, however, & let home of our conversation, wise & foolish, escape her. Our meal there consisted of a sandwich & "sparkling grape juice." We insisted on

to "sparkling" (as listed) to the waitress, who was disgusted with my childish humor & frowned severely upon us; but I seemed hot enough to warrant my berries which might cool the air.

From there I went to see Mr. Whitman of the S.P.C.C. & had the delightful task of repeating recent information to him concerning the immorality of a fairly long term to his organization. That ended I returned to the Place where Miss Gery very kindly told me about the Syrians in her district - as much as is as she knows about them, for they are still an enigma. Drummion House seems to be the only party to take an active interest in them; & from their increased immigration of late years they will soon be as much of a "problem" as the Italians or Jews. Mr. Rahbari - now Iranian Minister - has "promised" away from them & seems not to be vitally interested in them in the East. A Syrian doctor gives them medical attention, but is not socially interested in them as she says they "do her." A graduate of Harvard, Syrian, who is now a lawyer is mildly interested in them as a

problem, but no more, while Miss Gery can go to a retired Syrian manufacturer for advice - given at her request but never volunteered, i.e. constructive interest in them is not volunteered. It seems that the Irish American Syrians are at sword's points, & with the increased immigration of the latter race, the Irish remove themselves more & more to South Boston. The tendency is for the prospering of the nation to move to Dorchester, & from there progress to Brookline - much to that village's dismay! Most of the Syrians who come over are peddlars at first; then they deteriorate into beggars, or become factory hands or ship-helpers. Are they prosperous enough to invest in real estate they invariably purchase a tenement house - the larger the better - & let it out to Syrians, from whom they never lose any rent. These tenements are located in the Hudson & Tyler St. District, & are very much overcrowded. A father, mother & 5 children were found occupying one small, low garret bedroom with sleeping coves. Seven people in 2 rooms is the common allotment of space. Drummion House

attracts the Syrian women these craft classes — the almost all of the women can embroider when they come over. The men do some sewing & needle work (Miss G. thinks) but the idea is to attract their interest in this way to educate them in civic spirit etc. They are totally ignorant of American customs & ideals & have no Syrian newspaper but a "yellow journal." The crying need is their education, their newspapers, schools & settlements, & Miss G. feels that that problem is looming large in a not distant future.

She hasn't asked me to do "chore" as the other secretaries have even tho' they be "educational ones" — but frankly says that I am there to leave all I can & not to assist her. In introducing me to people & institutions she may use some small — or large — amount of her as a pretext, but that is all.

After sunset I went down to the Charles to cool off. The new moon glowed softly over the chimney pots in a dull blue sky. The Cambridge bridge was pictures que in the semi haze, & its lights gleamed in the dancing waters.

Thurs. Sept. 24, 1914.

Another of my "most interesting days"! The weeks ~~seem~~ to be full of them.

This time I went to the Boston Dispensary on Bennett & Ash Sts. & Miss McManis, the head of Social Service, sketched the "five minutes of appointment" to 45, during which she gave me heaps of information. The S.S. has been installed in the Boston Dispensary of 4 years, but its organization was systematically based upon a close study of needs. It developed, e.g. that cases referred by outside agencies like the A.C. were not properly interpreted back to the A.C., because the cause of referring was not always known, & in interviews with the patients facts of their "social history" — pertinent to the A.C. — were not revealed. To remedy this, referring agencies now fill out blanks which are sent ahead of, or with the applicant. The S.S. phones back the diagnosis & prognosis to the referring agency always. It was later noticed that perhaps 70% of all their cases came only once for treatment, tho' the doctors asked

them to come again for observation or treatment. Gradually the system was evolved of notifying the patient of their expected return. If say, Mrs. A, did not come when told, the S.S. would notify the referring agent & at the same time send a postcard to Mrs. A. Should she not come to the next clinic, a more personal letter would be sent - and finally a visit to determine her reason for not coming. At the end of a month they would tell the referring agent that as Mrs. A. had not come yet they would destroy her S.S. sheet (sent by the referring agent) & another would have to be made out should she be sent again. In this way a pile of old material would not accumulate; but more than that - they have reduced the "no visit only" from 70% to 4%. Now, the patient comes to the Dispensary. Information of a social nature is given by the S.S. worker in that particular clinic to the doctor. Later, the doctor reports all facts which the S.S. considers pertinent to her & she is responsible for interpreting those facts ^{to} the referring

agency. Should the patient not be referred, the doctor uses his judgment as to whether or not to make an S.S. case out of it. In the write up on the back of the face sheet, 4 headings are used: (1) Patient's Social History as given by himself (2) as given by the referring agency (3) Doctor's diagnosis & prognosis (4) What is done. After that follows the usual form of case history step by step. Workless are being put in all the clinics as fast as there are funds to provide for them. There are 4 doctors & student assistants who rotate - in each clinic - every 2 months. What impressed me most was the thoughtful definition & analysis of their work. For example, unmarried girls are not handled by the S.S. It was decided a case for a Children's Society, & now all such cases, as they come to light, are referred to the Children's Aid which finds homes for the girls & their babies. The chief difference is that these are pregnant cases, while in hospital S.S., the worker is confronted with confinement cases.

After having there I went out on a "Special" for
Miss Jerry as she had a very swollen eye & had
to go to the oculist. It was a Syrian case & I
stopped first at Dennis House, 93 Tyler St, to
see if the family were known to them. While waiting
for Miss Jordan I was struck with the "Hearth-Song"
on the fire-place. Where I have heard it before, or
who wrote it, I can't remember.

"Burn, fire, burn".

Flicker, flicker, flame!

Whose hand above this flame is lifted
Shall be with touch of magic gifted,
To warm the hearts of chilly mortals—
Who stand without these open portals.

The touch shall draw them to this fire,

Higher, higher

By desire.

"Who shall stand

On this hearth stone

Flamed-fanned,

Shall never stand alone.

Whose knee is dark and dear and old,

Whose hearth is cold,

This is his own.

Flicker, flicker, flicker, flame!

Burn, fire, burn! "

I then proceeded, with a Syrian interpreter, up two
dirty flights to no dirty room to interview the
family — finding out such facts as the interpreter
was willing for me to know, & so more. One
clue I got & traced it to the Parker House, having
a satisfactory interview with the manager.

From there I went to the Paupers Institution
Department — the same place where I had taken
my feeble minded friends (?) from the North End —
to get a pass to Long Island. The "Monitor" was
late in starting, & I had a most disagreeable man
next to me on the boat who wanted to converse &
lend me a newspaper to read. I answered as
"snippily" as I could, then changed my seat
both to be rid of him & to better see what we
were passing. We stopped at Deer Island first —

There at Long Island. The A.C. case is an old
white-haired "lady" - refined & rather sweet-looking;
but what a record the poor soul has behind her. And
she talked to me of the wicked people there whom she
couldn't endure! It was pathetic to see those decrepit
old hags, sitting out on the porches to get the
benefit of the good day. Others were huddled
lifelessly in the corners of the hall - & still others
were in bed in the wards - wards now-crowded
with beds & inmates, & seemed to me, tho' every thing
looked clean & orderly. The long tables were set with
bunks, but my informant told me the food was
wretched, & I can quite believe that it is mediocre &
monotonous at any rate. By dint of perseverance
I was shown over the hospital, in the lying-in ward,
the babies ward, isolation ward, men & women's medicals
(for chronic cases) & the TB. building & nurses home.
The building & equipment seemed all that could
be desired, but the nurses seemed much inferior to
those at the Mass. Gen. The two year training no
doubt attracts an inferior set, & besides, it can't be

attractive to prospective nurses of high standing
to go to that Island. I did not see what had
become of the old woman who was in a litter in
one of the "cells" in the boat going out. She was
put on the floor, head to the door, whenever we
passed she would look out over the top of her
head in a terrified, helpless way. Poor, poor souls.
How did they get to such a stage. It seems as tho'
it were a case of "good were it had they never been
born" - but who knows?

I had supper with Marion King at the New England
Kitchen & we talked out all the college news we had
to each other - then went to the Charles to cool off
& sat there till long after dark. That & the bath
trip were the most refreshing moments of this stifling
week.

The heat, incidentally, seems to have ruined my
forebrain piece. It scratches abominably.

Friday, September 25, 1914.

In the morning I ran across Charlotte Garnett '10
in the office. She is in the School for social workers & is
to do field work under Miss Gory. Miss Halbrook came
to go over volunteers with Miss G. & I was allowed to
be present at that ceremony. Miss H. is very quiet
& sweet & can look clear into you.

The afternoon I was directed to spend in seeing the
temporary homes for women in various parts of the city.
First I went to the City Home on Chardon St. near
Harvard & was shown around by the pretty Miss
Johnson matron. She was in high humor - tho' I
was told she might not be as her work gave her
ups & downs. The house holds over 100, & very
woman who applies - drunk or sicker if not actually
sick - must be admitted. They may stay there a
week at a time only - during which some of them help
in the kitchen by turns, while the rest, after making
their beds, go out to "look for work", or, more truthfully,
go out to enjoy the fresh air in the parks & streets.
Half-price cases are sent there by societies, & Miss J.

I think they have rather abused the privilege, as they occasionally dump them there, feel they are in safe keeping, & do not return for them as early as they promised. There were only about 8 beds in the largest wards besides the cubs, & in accommodating 100 extra cots would be put up. The dining room is always ready for 30. Everything was clean & neat & there was an airiness about the place which was unexpected, tho' the inevitable plainness was of course apparent.

My next visit was to the Temporary Home for Working Women at 453 Shawmut Ave - supported in part by private subscription & in part by the industrial work of laundry & sewing carried on there. The women may stay 1 month & then not come again for 6 months. During that time they work their way by working in the laundry or sewing. All want to do the better for its easier, but unless they are extremely poor at laundry work & extremely good at sewing, they are over-persuaded & sent down in the cellar. The house was once a private one, & the

rooms are pleasant & sunny. The house has enlarged its employment department, & now much of its most valuable work is in finding permanent employment for women & in sending them out to places to do day work. There are accommodations for 22 women only.

The third is an Industrial Home on Davis St. The women's dormitory has 25 beds, the men's 88. The building was more such as the Salvation Army would use - even to its "lecture hall & chapel" where meetings are held three times a week. No "double decker" beds are used, tho' they used to be. The walls are covered with tile which attempts to deceive you into thinking it is fancy tiles & the whole has the look of a municipal lodging house. The nicest part of it was the roof gardens for men & women - blooming with plants. The lodgers pay 20¢ a night for a bed; and the men can have in the coal & wood yard connected with the institution. It is the coal & wood which make the house self-supporting, and not the 20¢!

Finding that I had seen all I wanted to of temporary homes - of that sort - for the day, I suddenly decided to go out to notice to visit Walnut Hill. I went by trolley, & its route had changed so that I positively didn't know where I was till I actually got there. Some houses have gone up where the old golf links used to be on the crest of the hill behind Highland, & that made it seem still stranger. However, Miss Conant was the same as ever & quite as splendid; & Miss Hall hadn't changed a whit - even to the fussing over class schedules. Miss Prescott the Seneca French teacher is still teaching. I am sorry for those being taught, the 'Melts' is personally very nice. And then I saw Elizabeth Page, M.C. 1912 who is trying her mind & tongue at teaching now that she has her M.A. It seems too absurd - & 8 years ago as an entering Junior I would have stood in awe of her. I didn't stay long - but while waiting for the trolley, watched the sunset of golden clouds thro' the trees behind the hill. It was glorious. Of course it was dark when I got

back to Boston, but I just managed to get in to the New England Kitchen before it closed.

This evening the old lady next door came & offered me her room to "sit in." It was neat & kind of her but I begged off saying I had writing to do - & incidentally I must put a few things into my "suit" case. But she remarked "I know how disagreeable it is to be cooped up in a small room." True enough, if you feel cooped, but I don't, & much prefer it to sitting elsewhere in unemployment.

Thursday, October 1, 1914.

Friends have moved too fast of late to make any getting. Better so, for I may write less & say more when things have a chance to come into perspective. With Saturday, the weather turned cool, so that Chatham was rather too refreshing - as far as mere temperature was concerned. The train schedule changed unexpectedly on Monday, instead of to-day, and as a result I found myself stranded in Chatham, too late to catch the early morning train, and with no P.M. to take. That meant a

forced stay until 3. Not that a stay in Chatham would seem forced under any other circumstances, but this time it meant missing two appointments - luncheon at Dr. House being one. But as there was no alternative, I stayed & enjoyed it, putting in my time doing books up in newspapers & staying there away from the writer's mildew. My departure from the house was hurried at 2.20 - owing to the nervousness of two elderly ladies who were afraid of missing the train. We motored to the station in 5 or 6 minutes, & as a result, the train was not even on the platform & we had to wait in the black shelter of the station for twenty minutes. At last we all piled into the baggage car - the third coach had been also discarded - & had another cold half-hour's wait changing at Harvard. From then on the train was overcrowded & delayed, & we got to Boston at 7.45 instead of at 7. I brought up 2 Russian Plekhanov's Chrysalises with me, & me, that evening, commenced to crack. But my room was so cold I couldn't stay up to watch the performance - but found

the next morning, the full room butterfly. This one was a day late - according to the 2 week schedule - in coming out.

Tuesday, I went over "The Women's Industrial Union" was surprised at its scope. Thirty four years ago it was a study class, then a women's exchange, while now it runs an appointment bureau, a research dept. (doing work for state & city & federal reports) a school of salesmanship, a vocational training course (in connection with its domestic science departments etc) a lunch department (with branches such as the new England Kitchen & Charles Tea Room), a food shop, a handwork shop, a hat & gown shop, a law and thrift department, a ~~legis~~ social work department, the children's playery, a free library & an employees association! In all, it aims to give employment to women under good conditions & it aims to turn out high class, reliable work. Fellowships are given for students in the research department, & Dummer's College & other students get practical training in business methods as well as specific vocational training

here. It also aims to create opportunities for women in new & suitable lines of work. As a first step in this, the research department has just compiled a book on "Vocations for Deafened Women." The Salesmanship Course is also one of its most interesting features & is a new development. Promising clerks from several large department stores are sent to this class by their employers for 5 mornings a week. They sell the rest of the time & receive regular wages - showing the value which their employers place upon the course. The normal course in salesmanship is made up of those who will organize classes in the stores themselves, or supervise some such educational work either there, or in industrial or high schools. At noon, I lunched with Miss Gery at Ellis Memorial Residence House. We had an abundance of Irish stew & bread & grapes. Besides Miss G. & Mrs. Moore the assistant head worker, there was a secretary from the Women's Industrial Union & another A.S. "fill in" secretary, & two young Harvard graduates - a Mr. Root & Mr.

Haw - both in Settlement work. The conversation turned mostly on housekeeping & expense - for Miss G. is already in the midst of her problems & Mr. Root is about to launch himself into them. The secretary gave witty advice, Mr. Haw sat in bashful silence, while the "fill in" came out with dry humor & learned advice à la "farnese" at U.C. Mrs. Moore was below stairs much of the time getting the food, or else we kept an eye at the head of the stairs where some mysterious person below would deposit the cups & the like on the floor! In the evening I met the family at the station. Their train was quite as late as mine owing to the crowds coming up from Barnstable fair. But they finally came. I had supper at the Essex before I left them for the night.

Yesterday morning I caught a fleeting glimpse of the inside of Lincoln House when I went there on an errand. The afternoon was devoted to the pursuit of a suit - which we finally captured. Thank goodness that is out of the way now!

To-day the others left for home - leaving me here for another week. The morning I spent at the Psychopathic Hospital out in the Fenway. It is new - that is, within 3 or 4 years - and there are, it seems, only 2 or 3 others like it in the country. Its object is to observe patients before deciding whether they should or should not be committed to an insane hospital, and the patients there are all short-termers. In the hospital proper, there are 6 wards. Men & women's receiving wards, on the ground floor, men & women's acute wards, on the next, and men & women's Convalescent wards on the top floor - for many cases are successfully treated here & need never be committed; - a rest & some sort of treatment - electric or therapeutic - being all that is necessary. In the acute wards are the beds for the baths for those who need geysering. There are 3 in one room - an unwise arrangement, it seems to me for 1 patient could excite the others so easily - as was the case this morning when one huge, coarse looking woman became violent. In

the same room was a young girl & another, who up to that time were calm, but whom she at once aroused. It seems wrong to put all kinds into one such room - private patients & low grade free patients. In the convalescent ward the women were seeing a Orchestra - all seemed contented & happy. I noticed particularly the human interest the nurses manifested toward them & their friendliness & kindness - so different from that at Long Island. The nurses seemed here, of a very superior type. They are all graduates of a general hospital, as no training school has been started there yet. But to go back to the convalescent ward. It is a sunny ward, with a nice dining room off it - for the patients are well enough to go to their meals & much prefer it. Off from it is a roof garden - one for men & one for women. Many of the women were out there with their work - while the men were in the courtyard below - playing 'base-ball & smoking'. They have no occupation such as sewing & the nurse seemed to think the smoking took its place! But ^{realizing} ~~seeing~~ the beneficent value of

work for mental cases, they are anticipating starting
tasketer, & have already had a few lessons given.
Besides these wards there are the offices, where
records are carefully kept for research work, the
bacteriology & pathology laboratories, the lecture room,
operating room, morgue, kitchen, electric treatment
& X-ray room & photographic studio & dark room —
for all patients must be photographed. They think
the camera in sight is taking the picture & look
at that, while an unsuspecting-looking hood,
manipulated by an electric button is really doing
the work. In this way an "unconscious" picture
is taken! There are many research doctors &
students connected with the hospital beside its
regular staff of doctors — which includes 2 women
doctors to do the gyn. examinations. It seems
that many women who become temporarily unbalanced
during pregnancy come here — but are transferred
to another hospital just before confinement.

After lunch I had a ten minute talk with
Miss Blake of the Boston Society for the Care of Girls.

It is really a child placing agency, & in addition
is given 200 other Protestant girls which Judge
Baker of the Juvenile Court puts on probation or under
supervision. Two investigators make the investigation,
& the visitors do the follow up work & supervision.
Something like 200 girls are cared for at one time
in approved & supervised boarding houses thro' out the
city, but only a small number of these are referred
thru' the court. Another society in Boston takes
care of the other Protestant girls, while the Catholics
have some redemptive society to care for delinquents of
their faith. The rest of the afternoon was spent
in talking with Miss Gerry. She has given me a
great deal of her time, & I have gotten more solid
ideas & suggestions from her along the line I want
than in any other way. She is above all level headed
& human — tho' she has an embarrassing way
of interspersing searching "Don't you?"s at one,
as if to corroborate her statements of opinion.

Maun Kiep & I chanced to meet as I was on
my way to the Elizabeth Peabody House — so I went

with her to the "Hole in the Wall" on Auden St. while she had a late supper - the N.E. Kitchen being closed. From there we went to the Elizabeth Peabody House & Miss Rumley took us over it. It is very large & new, with a splendid big theatre, & nice gymnasium & attractive club rooms &c. There are 6 staff workers resident there, and twelve others who live there doing some volunteer work for the settlement. They have most attractive living & dining rooms, & the bed room we saw was all that could be desired. Best best of all was the roof. From there one sees "the district" at one's feet - the most congested, tho' not the most overcrowded, in Boston. It is largely composed of Jews tho' the Italians & Poles are creeping in from the north end around the North Station. And up on Beacon Hill glowed the lights of the State House. On the other side - up & down - was the Charles River & riverside, & myriads of lights outlining the parks and bridges. It was a glorious sight; while below was a large city playground - swarming with children

even after dark as it was. But by far the most children were shouting & playing in the streets of "the district" itself, & their parents were sitting out on the door steps looking on & grasping. It was a disappointment not to see any classes in session, for I was especially told to go in the evening - any evening. But it seems this is the season of Jewish Holiday & from September to the middle of October most of the clubs & classes are suspended.

On getting back to my room I expected to have a nice, quiet time reading, but my neighbor Mrs. Borman again invited me in & I felt I must go. She is an old lady who has trouble with her eyes & gets tired sitting alone evenings, so I went in while she literally poured out the history of her life to me. She began with her ancestor "Mayflower Brewster," skipped from him to her immediate parents & from that point told me the births & deaths of her family & relatives. She had a pioneering time of it in Wisconsin when her father's business failed; knew Dr. Shubert in Hancock Point &c &c. Her good-night request was to be "neighborly."

The second chrysalis of mine is now nothing but
"wing glass" for the butterfly came & went while I was
away & I caught but a glimpse of him this morning.
The one A₂ & I brought up emerged yesterday p.m.
& we were just too late in looking to see the
performance. We did, however, see it when its body
was longer than its wings, & as I held it suspended
from my finger, the wings grew & expanded until
they gained their full growth. The chrysalis was
resting on cotton in an open box, & when we first
saw the butterfly it was crawling & struggling & falling
helplessly on its back. I took it up in my hand, &
the moment it had a chance, it leaped from my finger.
Once satisfied with it, it could expand, but not
before.

Sunday, October 4, 1914.

Faded Street over Smith End House - a house, more
properly, for the settlement is not completed in one
building, but spreads over into several. All of them
are houses of the distinct & not formidable & elegant
structures, such, for instance, as the Elizabeth Peabody.
As Miss Barron said "we believe in living in the
neighborhood in such a way that our neighbors will
drop in evening." They can't "drop in" on the eighth
floor of a wooden building." And the house & every
room in it, carries out this idea of simplicity and
homeliness.

Yesterday I had to part company with Miss Jerry
and 12 Carver Street. I really hated to, for I had gotten
attached to both. Miss Jerry gave me such sound &
sensible views & suggestions, & is so sympathetic yet
common-sensed beside.

Paul & I went to see "Peg O' My Heart" which I saw
last winter, but liked as well the second time. Then
out to Brookline to spend the night with her. Her mother
& sisters are all high-spirited & seem to me, tall

equally positive & sympathetic in their own special
interests & opinions. Not conducive to a restful meal,
nor is it particularly enjoyable intellectually. We
played bridge in the evening & I managed to retrieve
my reputation a bit. The three before I sleep, could
not keep my mind on the game & Mrs. P. sat upon
me without restraint; but last night I made a heroic
effort & forgot Trumps only twice! — & she came
out ahead. How some people can take care so
seriously, is beyond me.

This morning I went to our church on Bond St.
& enjoyed the service & music immensely. It was
"Peace Sunday," but as Mr. Reed stressed in his sermon,
conventional prayers for cessation of European warfare
are futile — prayers & actual efforts to make our
own individuals lives good are, on the other hand,
certain to bring about that peace "not as the world
giveth."

Then out to West Newton. Cousin William & Katharine,
and John were there. Cousin W. is as "josephine"
as ever & fills Aunt Emily & Cousin Blanche every

minute. Cousin R. & John say nothing but snide.
Poor J. He lives in constant fear of taking cold —
due to the over-solicitude of Cousin W. & Aunt E.
Should he get there there is the slightest breeze he is
made to change his seat; & the auto-suggestions
received, prompted by Cousin W., are enough to make
anyone have a continual cold. If he'd forget there
were such things as health or ill-health he'd be
much better off.

On getting back here my friend Mrs. Borman
of the next room waylaid me again. There is no
lodging it now, so I make up my mind to going
is staying as short as decency — & sympathy —
allows. She is a funny old soul, yet quite interesting
& interested in things. I lent her the War Manual of
the World's Work & she has consumed every word of it!
Her sister was in the second class at Vassar — then taught
Latin there 9 years — then at Wellesley 21 years! She
is extremely interested in that profession & is a firm
believer in a "teacher's brow" or none at all. Her son
is a genealogist.

Wednesday, October 7, 1914.

Matthie's birth day - & Journey Jubilates! L. in particular, must be thrilled to be home.

Monday my career at the Mass. Gen. O. P. D. began. Miss Cannon met Briefly gave me a great deal of her time - it was especially nice as she appreciates the situation in St. P. - had just been there on her organization trip to Minneapolis. The first morning I "observed" the workings of the Children's Clinic. The admission & follow up social worker for that clinic was sick, & a Miss Brackett, from another dept., took her place. She was new to the work & the nervous & fidgety kind who make five jobs for a card or paper where one would do. Instead of "making her heels save her head" (as Mrs. T. once ^{said} she did, to someone who made the converse remark) this Miss B. seemed to be "making her hands save her head" - & she saved it altogether too much. But by the end of the admission period I saw what the septime was. In the afternoon I read records & reports true & as a groundwork.

That evening I took dinner at the Smith Seed House

at 43 E. Centre St. with Miss Barron - had women resident. She was cordial & most charming & made you feel as tho' she had known you for years. There were seven of us at table & as I sat between Miss Barron & Rachel Whitcomb I didn't get a chance to talk much with the others - as R. W. Rept - or rather, could not keep out of the conversation - much college news. After dinner we gathered in the living room & talked while some served or bottled, but Miss Barron was called out on business several times, & I didn't get half the chance to speak with her that I would have liked.

Tuesday morning I again returned to the Mass. Gen. & this time saw the Survey made by the S. S. D. & read a confidential report of Miss Cannon's to the Hq. Public Hospitals in connection with ^{an} investigation made in June & July of this year re recommendations &c. It was most interesting & illuminating. In the afternoon I went back to 12 Carver St. I was called upon to report to Conference about me of the families which I had worked "in" while there - not "with" for I never saw these.

Then I took a long walk by myself until Fred came at 6.30. We went to the "hole in the wall" for dinner there stalled the Saphirade group beyond mass. As far as the walk extended, talking earnestly all the while on ideal problems & their solution. Fred's panacea seems to be restriction of birth thro' education, & she scored most ably along till she embraced the world & had gotten all the nations at work upon it after the manner of a "National Associated Charities"! Rather inopportune just now with the state of everything but world wide peace existing. The evening moon - tho' still quite full - above the house tops & the stars & lights along the river were glorious. We were admiring the shadows of the arches of the West Boston Bridge (the bridge which should be called "Longfellow's Bridge") when suddenly a flame flared up under one of the arches. It glowed brilliantly, but at the distance we were from it, it was impossible to tell just what it was. We finally reached the spot & found that thro' cross wires the bridge had caught on fire - &

of course traffic was delayed for the current had first to be turned off before the tugboats & fire boat could throw water. It was not when we got there, but the crowd was still hovering round, & people in the elevateds were leaning out windows & trying to urge the guard to let them out so that they could catch their trains or keep their theatrical engagements. One car was situated so that the passengers could get out as soon as the current was shut off - making the "third rail" safe; but the passengers in another train were confined one an hour - much to their amazement! Then, the Boston Elevated had taxis &c. ready to convey them to their destinations, but for some it was disastrously late.

We were going home, but finally thought of calling on Dutch Clark at the new Nurses Home. The building is most attractive, with its neat hallway, tall clock, & its large sitting room with fire place, lounges, boxes & victrola - & most effective columns at the long windows. When we first got there the victrola was going & the nurses were mending & the like, in a most hit &

miss fashion. Dutch wasn't in, so we sat down & waited. Room had the room to ourselves & on "settling the affairs of the nation." At last Dutch came & we had a good chat with her. She is now a "mere" probationer. She says the nurses hate the college graduates who take the course. They are jealous of them & so take trouble every occasion to "pick on them". The Supt. of nurses is not in favor of them, being encouraged to take nursing, but the Supt. of the hospital is. It must make it agreeable!

We spent the night together here in this distinctly "single room & single bed", but we managed to sleep without falling out - literally or figuratively.

This morning I spent at the Boston Dispensary. It was hardly more than that, for first I waited half an hour for Mr. Davis, & after having a short talk with him, waited at Miss Thomson's admission desk for over an hour. It was interesting to a certain degree, but an hour of it was monotonous - especially as her personality is rather nervous & distant. She then took me up to see the "surveys" made of the

clinics, but didn't give me a chance to really look at or study them much; & from what she said I gathered they weren't very accurate anyway. What surprised me most (after what Miss McManus had said) was that the surveys followed the work of social service, rather than that the social service work was based upon the survey. The logical sequence took place only in one clinic. Mr. Davis picked out a good deal of "literature" for me, which I have got to peruse. & that may be more useful active!

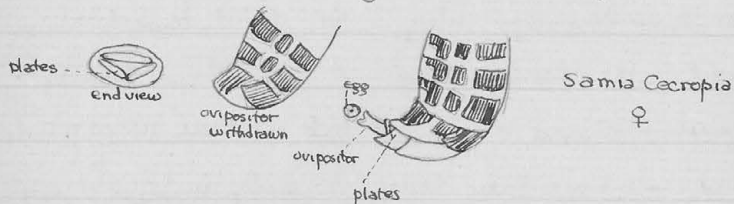
Later went to 413 Haverkins to say good bye to Miss Miss Holbrook.

March 29, 1915. Mon. Eve.

It's a temptation to start to review all the many things & events which have intervened since the last long-ago entry - but it will have to wait. The absorbing topic at present is a female *Senecio Cecropia* which hatched on Mar. 24 & which has ever since been doing its duty in egg-laying. For the morning while I held her in my hand, her tremblings cease, & finally, one after another, she laid ten small eggs upon my finger - gluing them there with an effective molasses-looking substance. In the middle of each of the cream-colored eggs was one red spot of the same color as the "heel". The general coloring reminded me of popcorn in molasses paste.

The most troubles before the egg laying begins, when found a suitable spot to deposit her eggs, curls the tip of her abdomen under her, lengthening & shortening, the ovipositor moves rhythmically. One can see the swelling caused by the forth-coming eggs approach the opening, &

Suddenly the egg appears between the lips of its riposter & is placed by it against the cocoon & stuck there by a slight flow of glue.



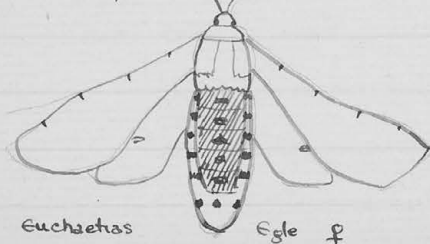
The egg shell is membranous & tough, & contains the liquid yoke of egg - yellow.

A *Ides Polyphemus* ♂ emerged on Feb. 12, but lived only a few days. Its formation was not perfect as the cocoon lay in the bottom of a glass globe. The moth had emerged & could not, as its unskirt detached, climb anywhere that it might hang & expand. I found it vainly trying to clamber up the slippery, concave walls of its prison, & when at last I aided it to the top where it could fasten itself to the gauze netting, it was too late. The hind wings reached their

normal size, but the forewings remained crumpled & withered.

After this experience I damaged all my cocoons so that the moth could either climb up some twig, or fastened the cocoons themselves to the gauze & allowed room for the new fledged moth to hang from them. The *Cecropia* was full grown by the time I discovered it on evening, & developed perfectly. The colorings were rich & striking, especially in the sunlight. By this time the moth has beaten off some of the scales from the tips of its wings & looks "moth eaten."

The Milkweed moth ♀ (*Euchaetis* Egle) whose cocoon I brought from Chatham, came out March 23. It is a small white "moth," - looking moth" about an inch long.



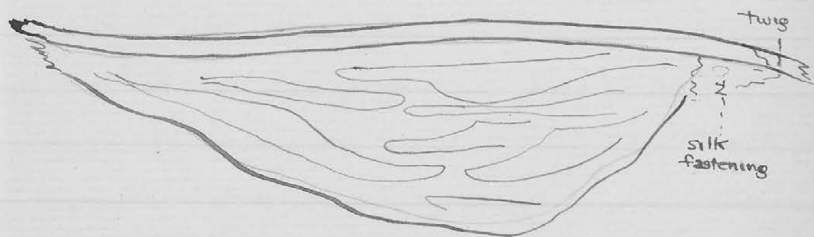
Down the middle of its back is an egg-yellow band, with a black spot

in each segment. The ventral surface of the abdomen has 3 rows of small black dots, while the upper portion of the forelegs are yellow like the back. The dorsal part of the thorax is a furry white. The feelers appear like fine steel coils, ^(under microscope found to be pectinate) - ~~being banded with tufts~~ of black which show only under the microscope. The moth is very sluggish & appears absolutely lifeless until taken in the hand. Then it will move about & display its modest beauty of color & design - only to refapse soon again & fold its wings.

April 7, 1915

The *Cecropia* died Apr. 3 - after having laid 200 eggs by actual count. The eggs were infertile, of course, & have now shrivelled in like a soft rubber ball deuted in by the throat.  The brown spot - which was located opposite the adhesive surface - is the point most depressed.

The cocoon of this particular moth is a silver bronze, while that of the one not yet hatched, is golden. It is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in length, & is irregularly corrugated. It is fastened, the length of it, to a twig, which appears almost as a back bone of the cocoon.



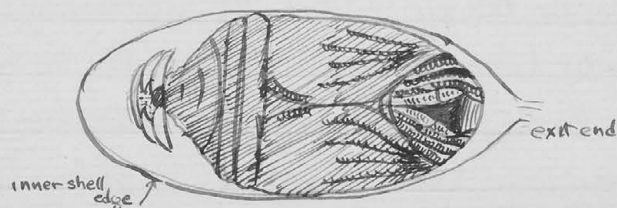
Actual size

Same *Cecropia* ♀ cocoon

The exit is apparently made through a miraculously small opening at the painted end, & you wonder how the insects - even before attaining full growth - were crept through it. You discover, however, that the creases or corrugation allow for a mechanical elasticity, & that the opening can be stretched - as if the cocoon were made of crumpled tissue paper. There is this difference, however, that the external metallic-colored skin of the cocoon is exceedingly tough & like "Chinese paper," will not tear." By cutting through it lengthwise parallel to but on the opposite side of the twig, you can peel open this skin, & expose an inner skin of dull mustard color, smooth in contour, but covered with pressed silk. There are tufts of silk at each end, & especially at the "exit end" there is much soft silk of a rust color, tapering off into a point. This surrounds the opening, & is of course, very

elastic. The consistency of the silk here is much like that of wool wadding.

Cut away this tough, compressed inner skin & you come to the black skin of the pupa, moulded as perfectly as when it first contracted, but minutely wrinkled & cracked, like an old old painting. There is the discarded caterpillar skin snugly stored away in one end of the cradle. The whole is fragile to a degree. At the posterior end of the shell is an opening about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch triangular through which the insects crept out - cracking the adjacent parts of the shell to enlarge the opening. This whole "death mask" of the pupa just fills the hollow made by the inner shell of the cocoon - but not so snugly as to prevent the rattling of it when weighted with the unborn butterfly.



On peeling off the epidermis of the abdomen of the butterfly a mass of eggs is exposed. In fact the whole abdomen seems to be filled with them, & they number, by actual count, 236. They are soft & whitish, cemented together with a pale, stringy yellow substance. At the posterior end, & opening near the oropositor, were two dark brown sacs containing the "glue". They united anteriorly, into one small tube which extended up into the midst of the egg mass. A lighter brown sac was also evident near the anus, but its opening or connection was not plain. There seemed to be no other structures in the abdomen, but of course a more careful & microscopic dissection would reveal them.

This egg mass in the abdomen is separated from the thorax by a brittle yellow membrane. To the brittle segmented walls of the thorax are the appendages attached. On the dorsal aspect are three curved, brittle plates. Inside

are various "sticky things" which may include the intestines &c. a few tough fibres run from the thorax up into the head.

Thurs. April 8. 1915

The milkweed moth is still alive & still laying. When I counted there were 248 eggs laid, & now, 2 1/2 hours later, there are 19 more. They are small & white pills, about the size of typewriter periods.

The cocoon is made inside a folded milkweed leaf, & is of a thin one-piece, wool-bathing texture, covered with what appears like fine, soft, short, brown hairs. Opening this there is exposed the blue black shell of the thorax & abdomen of the pupa & the separate shed skin jet black. The inside of this fragile shell is of a beautiful robin's egg blue softened, as one sometimes sees it, in fine enamel or ivory work.

April 9 - 227 eggs laid.

April 10 - 73 more. The moth has died. Many still unlarid.

Sat. eve.

December 4, 1915

Another long lapse of time, and so much to record. Just now I am waiting for some enlargements to print, and have snatches of 6 or 8 minutes to make use of, but conducive to consecutive thinking, but still.

The two events of joy which stand out in this lapse of time are the C.O. Institute and the Summer's vacation. About a year ago this time we had a general reorganization of the office, & the Associated Charities took into itself the Free Medical Dispensary, the St. Paul Day Nursery & the Anti-tuberculosis Committee, & became the United Charities. The winter was a strenuous one, for the financial campaign to swing the undertaking, & the bad winter for employment etc. stimulated, on the one hand our applications & on the other increased them more than two fold. Our staff was meager and not well trained, & with the larger volume of work it was necessary to reorganize - starting

a skeleton district system, in a central office. The change was not made, however, without disappointment on the part of some, & that was most unfortunate & unnecessary, but the change itself was absolutely needed. We could not get public opinion, or even our own Board, to back us in some fundamental COS principles, so we struggled along being "swamped" - met two additional green assistants, who only seemed to make matters worse. At least the dispoising of one of them made things extremely unpleasant, and as I thoroughly disapproved of the manner in which it was done, came very near resigning.

There after that came the Institute - the Charity Organization Institute of 1915 - conducted by Miss Mary E. Richardson. Kathleen Gunkel & I both had our applications in front, but as they could only take me from so small a society, I was elected, probably because of my nominally superior position. The thought of going rather staggered me when the time came. Del invited me

to room in her stone room in her small Brooklyn apartment, & proceeded to make it most habitable. She met me Monday p.m. May 24 at the Grand Central, & that was the beginning of the adventure. My room held a bed, desk, box-bureau-washstand which Herschel had devised, clothes hooks behind a bulging curtain, an easy chair & desk chair - & a trunk. There was no room for anything else, so when I wanted to move about, I usually had to move one of the chairs out of the way first. The first night there was no key to the door, & as the room was located above the back stairs & distinct from Del's & Herschel's rooms proper, I locked the door by putting the trunk against it, the desk against the trunk, the bed against the desk, & the wall straddled the bed! That dimension, which might be calculated in feet fairly accurately, was the length of the room. But I loved it & the simple curtains & two nice pictures - one a German poster of the Hartz mountains, which I liked especially.

Desired to be as independent as possible & cause this the least trouble, & as they never rose till 9, & sat up all hours of the night. I adopted the reverse hours. A small canned alcohol lamp & a scout's kit were all the implements I needed for getting a breakfast or a supper, and a French store nearby furnished such condensed raw materials as I wanted. It was blissful. Of course I had some meals with Tib & Herschel - some wonderfully jolly ones. Where the wooden pigs were passed around & other jokes were perpetrated. It was a revelation to me to see H. take such delight in them, & get me over any awe of him I might otherwise have had. We took a long automobile ride one Sunday to Ship Ship where lead by Thomas Mott Osborne himself after being taken over the prison by one of the honor members of the mutual welfare league. To discuss the visit would of itself take pages, for it was intensely illuminating & interesting. Our ride,

with a picnic lunch, was a lark, & we ended up for supper at "Graceland Tibbits" in White Plains, ate cherries off the trees to our fill, misbehaved at the table to the chagrin of Uncle Somebody or other, & later, took "Cousin John" home to Yonkers. - a wild ride with him sitting on the tool box on one side, & myself in the doorway on the other. We also ended up the month by going to Coney Island one night on a mad mad tear. John Piper so entered into the spirit of the thing that he'd being going on the scenic railway got if his money had held out. There wasn't a heck near thing we didn't try. For the time being there was for us no such thing as fear. Besides these good times I saw many U. people now & then which was good, & it was fun to stumble across them in unexpected places in New York - a thing which I dismally failed in doing that first year out of college. The best time I had with another U.er was going with Mary H. to college one week end. We stumbled into the ministers suite as

luck would have it - instead of poking off
off campus, I've revelled in the luxury &
spaciousness of it. We knew few undergrads
there except sweet Edith Jackson - enough like
H. J. to make us years - so we didn't spend
much time calling, but instead got things ready
for a Hackensack picnic-swim on the next day.
And that being Sunday, we started off down the
old pike, just as though no years had elapsed
since we had last done it. For Maria, what she
has been through in that meantime. We went to
our old spot, looped, swam ourselves, talked
ourselves out. Later in the afternoon took a
glorious swim in chumise in the cold pool
at the beach. What recollections it all awoke. No
other joy can ever be quite the same. And then
we wandered back again at dusk - to an empty
college - empty because none of our best friends
were to be found there now. The next morning we
rose at dawn, summoned by a new night watch-
man - & went on way New Yorkwards, unmixed.

cont. Dec. 5, 1915

It would seem as though the Insitute were
rather subordinate to all this - but it wasn't
& it occupied the better part of every day. From
that first morning as I ferreted my way to
the building, wondering what the adventure would
be like, to the time that I said goodbye to Miss
Richmond, the experience was one of aspiration.
On the morning of May 25 twenty of us
"youngsters" assembled in Miss Richmond's office
in the Russell Sage Building, which was
converted into a class room for the occasion.
We came from different parts of the country -
the Minneapolis representative being the most
western & the Atlanta one the most southern.
We had all had more or less experience in
COS work, so the ground was cleared for
immediate discussion with no preliminaries or
definition of principles necessary. To be
sure we had to define terms, for even in
the same section of the country those are used
differently, & there is a need for a common

language". Miss Richmond led the Institute, assisted by Mr. Francis H. McLean of the American Association for Organizing Charity.

The first morning Dr. Edward Devine described the history of the development of the public charities of the city of New York, which he had just been engaged in reorganizing. It was found that city officials were more than duplicating each others investigations & the system of special investigators for special classes of applications was done away with. Now the city is divided into more & small districts & all city investigations are made by the same group in that district. Thus if one member of the family is to go to the Poorhouse, another to a Sanatorium, and a third to the City Hospital, one investigator & not three special agents, will pass on the applications.

During the second hour of the morning session Miss Evans of Brooklyn gave the history & geographical development of

greater New York. Each morning was divided into two sessions of one hour & a half each with a ten minute intermission. Our afternoons were spent in the beautiful library upstairs, or working in Clinton Street under Elgiateer Wood - a very nice Quaker among other things!

On the second morning, Miss Richmond told of the history of the COS movement, in a very concise but illuminating way, & merged it into the story of the development of the Charity Organization Department of the Russell Sage Foundation (of which she is now Director) and the formation of the Am. Assoc. for Org. Char. It was intensely interesting. This was followed by a further description of the AACOC by Mr. McLean, then Miss Richmond spent the rest of the hour in relating scientific management to case work. This was the real beginning of what was to me the most valuable part of

the morning work - case work, its relation to other services, & its techniques.

On May 27 Miss Rich of Boston, with the general topic of social diagnosis in mind, pointed out the analogies in medicine & made us realize how much of help we can borrow from that science - how the "presenting symptom" may be a far cry from the real cause, & how in social work the "they asked for" is in most cases only an indication of deeper trouble. She followed these analogies out with many other illustrations & it was most stimulating. Miss Richmond pointed out how Juvenile Court work is done - not by all Juvenile Court or court workers! but in particular by Dr. Wm. Healy of Chicago - can be of great assistance in furnishing suggestions for our work. Miss Traes then brought the Law to bear on our subject which made it clear that we must be careful in distinguishing different kinds of evidence, & discriminate

in estimating the value of various testimonies. Mr. Nichols of Cleveland brought Hedley to our aid, showed us how the historian goes to primary sources & how careful he must be in putting his material together, taking into account the various prejudices & inaccuracies which may enter into consideration. The next morning Miss Sheenstone of Brooklyn discussed the place of Psychology in our work & how necessary it is to bear its effect in mind constantly.

This talk, which Miss Richmond supplemented, opened the way naturally to a discussion of the habit of mind of the case worker as revealed in records. Miss Richmond had tried to make an extensive study of this for the book which she is writing on social diagnosis. She brought before us in clear white light many of all of the tendencies to which we as case workers are prone - the sense of hurry which tyrannizes our work,

the tendency to cut & dried formulas & averages, the accepting of popular explanations & not probing deeper & analyzing more, the scolding habit when clients won't "mind", the tendency to cling to cherished first hypotheses, the hanging about "no thoroughfare" situations, aimless wandering, crossing bridges before getting there, oversteering minor accidents, lack of frankness, &c. &c. I was sorry that we couldn't have gone on from this point to discuss the techniques of the record - what should be recorded & how, & what should be left unrecorded & why.

But instead we ^{began to} consider on May 29, the five stages leading to a diagnosis. This was the most stimulating of all discussions, perhaps, & everyone sat on the qui vive, not to miss the subtle meaning of any word or suggestion. The first morning Miss Richmond spent on the approach, the first full interview

and contacts with the family group. She used many of her manuscript notes, but she illumined them by her personality, by the gentle way she said things, the appreciative smile when she saw the idea had "carried across." Her whole method was suggestive - in the sense that Miss Salmon invariably uses that term - and of what she hinted at but left unsaid she opened up realms of thought, leaving us to carry them through for ourselves at our leisure. The next morning she continued with contacts with outside sources of enlightenment & cooperation & verified for us the art & need & use of a good "investigation." On the following morning Miss Rich continued this subject, dwelling specifically upon the relation of letter writing to diagnosis. It was very practical & helpful, but decidedly less inspiring. Miss Richmond continued again in the second half of the morning session, taking up the subject

of coordination & inference, & Mr. Whiton & I were called upon to give illustrations which we had previously prepared. These days spent on the five stages leading to diagnosis were the best in the whole Institute. There was a decided drop afterward, in subject matter & treatment, with many exceptional high spots however.

On June 2. Mr. McLean held forth on Public Outdoor Relief. Like him & like his ideas, but he has a halting way of saying things, due no doubt to his desire to use the right word & express his exact shade of meaning. But the effect becomes aggravating in any continued period. He called upon Mrs. Purpore to tell about the Public Outdoor Relief in Chicago, Mrs. Rich about Boston, Mr. Nichols of Cleveland's and Mrs. Jefferts of Minneapolis. Mrs. Johnson described the situation in Lynn. Mrs. Davis in Sheboygan, Mrs. Dodge in Lansing, & Mr. Whiton (of Orange) in Rochester

County & Musconine. Then Mr. McLean summed up general faults in the P.O.R. as it is today, & indicated its future trend. It was difficult to keep all the reports distinctly in mind — Mrs. Davis' making the most vivid impression because of the decided rankness of the selection in Sheboygan. Politically corrupt it was from her vivid description. The general impression, however, was that there were as many systems as places heard from, but that the "Extension Ladder Theory" of Sidney Webb's might hold in the future.

On the following morning, June 3, there was further discussion of Poor Relief, then definition of terms commonly and promiscuously used. Emphasis was placed upon the need of common definitions & stricter use of terms. (I could hear members of our S.P. staff scoffing at some of the vice distinctions made!) This discussion was followed by me on the

policy of withholding relief to force desired action, & following this Miss Scott discusses the family food budget in relation to relief — not getting very far as the time was too short for detailed study.

Mr. Hall, Miss Richmond's associate, & a specialist in statistics conducted the next morning's session. He looks the statistician to a turn — a thin slim man, carefully clipped grey beard, bright small eyes & the essence of order and system emanating from him. Yet he has a delicious sense of humor & on a later occasion at an Institute picnic, I discovered he had a fine bass voice & used to be leader of the Glee Club in his college. He referred to the deplorable way we sometimes have of labelling "causes of poverty", & mentioned other "tags" which we thoughtlessly apply. He referred in particular to the common mistake of indicating the "cause of poverty" as a certain

family, as "unemployment" — when in reality the true situation would be termed "unemployable." This led on to a discussion of the situation last winter, & the program that should be adopted to mitigate such a situation. He elucidated Miss Richmond's theory of "exits" which she had diagrammed in one of the C.O. Bulletins.

June 5, Miss Rosenblatt of Chicago, Miss Jonsley of New York & Miss Richmond gave us material on the "family" as a unit, & why it is & should be such, & its bearing upon our "case work". Following this there was a general discussion as to the privacy of our records. It was a matter which I have argued long & hard in the S.P.C.W. one which I feel most strongly about. We must stop referring to the information we glean as being confidential, or we must guard our records from all eyes but those of staff members. This discussion was the

only spontaneous or informal one during the Institute sessions. All others we had. afternoons or evenings, perched on chair arms or wherever the moment found us. We would happen upon each other in a tea house & there indulge in some of the face to face discussions which lack of time permitted in sessions.

Beginning June 7, Miss Cannon of the Mass. Gen. Hosp. took charge for two mornings. She remembered me from the previous fall, was as interested as ever in the St. F. situation & took occasion to criticize about a later session. She gave briefly the historical development of medical social work & dwelt specifically upon the relation between social workers & medical social workers, & the former & doctors. It was something for us very valuable to have & we were reminded once again of the need of confidential treatment of records &

enfranchisement & the fact of the cooperation rather among doctors. Miss Leitch then told of her week's experience in the Boston Dispensary where she had been sent by the Assoc. Char. to establish intelligent contact. The observations she made were valuable for it gave her a chance to "see ourselves as others see us," & as a result she knew better how to approach the dispensary & make use of it with less waste or friction. Miss Poyne then told of cooperation in Chicago with District nurses. It was not much more than a recital of instances where the nurses & the United Charities had worked together on the same cases, & it did not sound very deeply the nurses' view points - which so often conflict with CS principles.

The second morning Miss Cannon spent explaining charts used in instructing medical students in medical social theory. The charts showed the medical-social problems involved

and were cleverly arranged to effect a visualization of the problem -

The first session on June 9 was devoted to a mock case committee. The discussion was not so spirited as might have been expected. After that, those who had not been to Ellis Island went there to visit - the rest of us hid us to the library to work on special topics. It was a privilege in itself to work in the library. From an artistic view it is all that could be desired - simple & harmonious, & of course the wealth of special material there makes it a mine for the social student. If one meets a friend there, one goes to the "whispering room" - built especially for that purpose. Or one can go out on the balcony & get a view of the city.

The next three mornings Mrs. Glenn was in charge, & her special theme was "Volunteers". She discussed first volunteers

and case conferences. Miss Sheenstone then told of the volunteer work in Brooklyn, & Miss Rosenstiel gave a report of the committee which had worked on an outline for a training class for volunteers. There were many exceptions taken to the report, & in my volunteer's class since. I have reversed the order of topics in general. I have since also heard from Miss Richmond that the conference of case supervisors recently held in NYC & to which I could not go, bore the report to pieces. It was a difficult subject & an important one. After this Miss Lyman gave suggestions on the conduct of case conferences from her experience in Cleveland.

The next morning Mrs. Glenn talked on cooperation. As she remarked the subject was locknized, but she treated it genuinely & sanely. Miss Doudley then gave a resumé of Mr. Porter Lee's paper at the N.C.C. on "Some necessary

adaptations in COS work." Mr. Edens of Atlanta (the "goat" of the Institute) discoursed at length & to no purpose on Church cooperation. The three had just as well been spent in playing one-up with peg, as listening to him.

From then on, individuals reported on different topics assigned them in connection with the business of the Am. Assn for Org. Char. — "going into executive session" as it was called. The reports varied in their interest — some being stupid & useless, it seemed to me. On June 12 & 14 Mr. Hall had charge, took up statistics, their value & collection, publicity, good & bad, & methods of money raising & appeal — all interesting for the case worker to know about & valuable for the future executive & general secretary of a small society.

On June 15 Mr. McLean conducted the sessions & after telling of organization methods

we heard reports from different members on the work of organization in small towns no we had ever heard of before. Then I gave a report of the committee of which I was chairman, on plans for organizations in towns unable to support a paid worker. The keynote of the report was the corresponding-by-letter plan, whereby a trained worker could act as long distant adviser to the volunteer in charge of the work in her community. The idea of a reading course by mail was also suggested — originating with Mr. McLean in one of our conferences.

The next day, the 16th was devoted to more reports of actual conditions & was not of much interest, and my attention at least was continually flagging.

The next day, among other miscellaneous subjects, the question of the relation between staff & board was discussed — a vital subject which is often neglected.

On June 18 the committee on ^{the} Swamp
Problems made its report - rather a lengthy
one, which boiled down simply advised
uniformity of State laws in dealing with
them, & strict enforcement. The second
half of the morning was taken up in the
discussion of the relation of legislation to
Co's force rules, & the ways of means of
keeping in touch with the law in formation
& of influencing good legislation.

The last morning, June 19 was spent, first in listening to a report of the committee which worked out a revision of Miss Bayington's pamphlet on "Mat^r Social Workers should know about her Community" - then Mr. McLean read a paper on "Social Progress & Social Perturbation" - a semi-humorous essay with much common sense & sanity in it.

It was left for Miss Richmond to close the Substitute & all that she said must be left unsaid, for it would be impossible to

do justice. It made one realize more
than ever the high purposes & ideals which
the best social workers hold ever before them,
& both by what he said & by his own personality
we were all stimulated to aim no lower
than the highest.

As I said, some of us spent three after-
noons a week in Clinton District under
Miss Wood - Mayhew's "boss" of two years
ago. She is such a nice person, quiet,
refined, full of humor & very skilled in
her line. We had some good talks together
in Clinton Office before and after I walked
weary miles in the heat of a New York Time
up & down narrow, smelly tenement stairs.
I had great times finding my way around
not only on the West Side, but making ref-
erence calls in the East Side, such swarms
of children & filth. I did not get into the
work far enough to see anything accomplished,
& everything seemed on such a wholesale

scale as to be most discouraging.

Besides the "work" in the class room, library, & field, we had plenty of pure good times. The first Institute party was in the evening of June 5 in Chilton District. It's Mr McLean's special hobby to have such an annual Mother Goose party, & the more foolish we all were, the merrier he. From the scrawly, daunted invitations, to the costumes & skits which in the name of Mother Goose we had to perform, he carried out his idea. Miss Richmond looked pained & tired, I saw, another of ^{us} jeaned to seek into the floor when we had to do our skits, but we worked through some how & didn't have a half bad time.

Our next spree, ^(on June 10) was to far Rockaway Beach where we had a picnic supper & a roaring fire. We three ball & amused ourselves in various other gambles until time

to eat, when that was done, it was time to start back to New York.

The party the Institute members gave the faculty was a boat ride up the Hudson on June 18. It was an ideal day for it. I talked with Miss Wood all the way up & enjoyed her very much. She is so substantial. We landed at West Point & after seeing the duel, had our picnic supper on the place fenced off for that purpose overlooking the river. A week tired consumed a good deal of the time - then we waited at the dock ages for the return boat. It grew cooler but we stayed in the very bow of the boat as long as we could & watched the lights. Miss Richmond & I had a nice talk. She doesn't know Miss Salmon but wants to, & would like her to criticize the chapter on History which she is incorporating in her book - to be. Miss Richmond has, too, many qualities of mind like Miss Salmon, but in external she reminds me more of

Mrs. Charles Ames. She is a great friend of Mary's whom she thinks very wise of, whose interests she has at heart. She must have been a great comfort to Maria in what she has been through & one to whom Maria could look for the best of advice.

The Institute then gave me many things - a chance to spend a month in New York among friends & a chance to become acquainted with the city itself; the value of new thoughts, suggestions & stimulation along social work lines, & above all perhaps, the privilege of knowing to a certain extent a few people who heretofore had been honored names, but who are now lovable personalities.

After leaving the Institute I spent the week end with Miss Mrs. Wile at her farm (Wineki) at Monsey. I do not know her well, but I have a great fondness for her, & thoroughly enjoyed being with her those few days. Her garden & woods are lovely, &

Lamoyzed to the drive the + Mr. Atter + I.
took Sunday morning - in spite of an
attack of hay-fever or horse fever as the case
might be. He took me to the Wilder's + into
their wonderful garden. Mr. Wilder is a
landscape architect. + is plotting out a huge
estate for himself there. It was extremely
interesting to see it in the making, as he
unfolded his plans to us. The garden, which
is completely walled in, is a work of art.
Mrs. Wilder has been years getting it to its
present state of perfection, + by careful study
+ experiment has planned so that the whole
appears to be in continual bloom. Some of her
roses in particular were stunning, but best
of all were the vistas one got - different
levels, arbors, concrete benches + rough
statues which Mr. Wilder moulded himself in
the garden shop.

After leaving Waukegan, I joined Jels +
with Herschel we went to New Haven to meet

the Jitters in the Harvard Yale baseball game. It was very slow & uninteresting compared to some baseball games I've seen - Though Harvard did win. After spending a night or two in Wallingford I went to Boston & joined the family & we went down to Belmont Chatham on the 25th of June - some of us going on the early train to get the house opened by the time the others arrived on the p.m. train.

We were having a glorious summer - Maria & Fred both came down. Fred & I sailed in the "445" (her old sailing-dory) to our heads' content, & worked on my boat model the rest of the time. Maria & I sailed too - she learning - but our chief episode was a swim à la nude late at night. We spent the night on the cruise, & after dark moved up the cove & had a glorious free swim. It's the ideal way! Our day was suddenly brought to a halt, & the likes of walking

trip in the White Mountains given up, when we knew of a sudden that Mother must go to Boston for a serious operation. It was a terrific shock & absolutely unsuspected. But dear dear Mother went bravely off with Father, Amelia & Lucia, & left Mary, Elwin & myself to care for the children - & wait. July 29 was the longest day in the year, but when we heard that the operation was considered successful we could only cry for joy. Fels & Herschel had planned to spend three or four days with us at that time, but were delayed, & when they did turn up, were very kind in taking the children automobile trip that morning while we were over the awful anxiety. They stayed to lunch, & after that no amount of persuasion could keep them. Mother regained her strength marvellously quickly, considering everything, & they returned to Walworth August 14. Was there ever such a welcome.

Beside the one or two things enumerated as making up (my) life at Chatham - that life which I love better than any other - my interest in caterpillars & their moths & butterflies increased, & I would take long tramps through the fields, & in the Eldon swamp, to hunt them. The shelf in my room was stacked with mason jars full of known & unknown species, & the following description of them is taken from notes I made at the time:

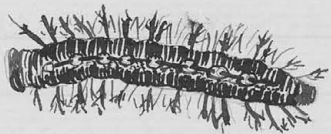
(December 6, 1915)

On June 26, 1915 I found a swarm of green caterpillars on some willow shrubs newly set out around the bath house. These same willows produced other "finds" all through the season to such an extent that there was nothing much left of them - the willows, I mean. The caterpillars I could see & remove, but there was some kind of an insect which, when squashed, stained red hands as with blood, & this it was

which did the chief damage - though we cut & burned twig after twig. But "that's another story." These particular caterpillars Capt. Jones assumed were Gypsy moths. I didn't think they were, but couldn't disprove it, & for several days ran down every description of a moth larva I could find trying to identify this specimen.

By July 6, the caterpillars had molted & were feeding voraciously upon willow leaves again. They nibbled at silver leaf poplar, & seemed to be feeding. They were now black, with a terra cotta spot (along the dorsal line) on each of 8 segments, while the creature seemed speckled with rows of tiny white dots encircling it. Each segment had three long spines on the lateral area. The dorsal line was black. The prolegs, on the 6th to the 10th segments, were terra cotta like the dorsal spots. On closer examination I could see that the white speckles, above referred to, were the bases of small yellowish

hairs. I could also see that the spines had short black hairs growing from them. The bottoms of the pelegs, when viewed under the glass, gave the curious appearance of being sliced as if in cross-section, for there seemed to be circular layers of skin surrounding a yellow centre. Seen laterally, the small inner "claws" telescope in & out.



Dorsal aspect
Vanessa antiopa

It wasn't until July 9 that I discovered what the caterpillars actually were — those of *Vanessa antiopa* — (the "mourning cloak" or "Camberwell Butterfly") — not a moth at all! In Ellen Robertson Miller's "Butterfly & Moth Book" she describes them as follows: "The mature larvae of the *Vanessa antiopa* are two & one half inches in length. Their bodies are black, frosted* with white, and each has a dorsal row of eight red spots & red pelegs; while, as with

* exactly describes the appearance. Much better than "speckled."

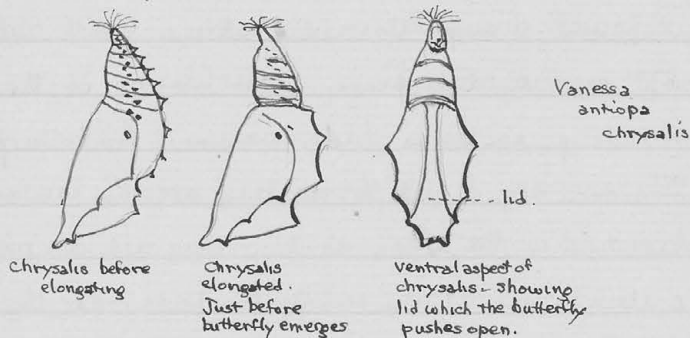
all of the genus, the surface of the skin is well protected by branched spines. The caterpillars feed on willows, elms & various species of the genus *Populus*" — all of which identifies it beyond a doubt.

On July 10 I put the largest larvae into a home made feeding cage. Those that I left in the mason jar "twitched" in unison as they stimulated simultaneously by an electric shock. I could see no signs of the skins being split, but judge that molting was about to take place. On the 13th, in cleaning the jar, I found many discarded skins which indicated that molting did ^{take} place. The larvae in the feeding cage also had spasms of twitching. The next day I had to destroy all the larvae but those in the cage, as they were all devouring willow leaves at an incredible pace. On the 16th, however, the voracious feed ceased to a certain extent, & one caterpillar suspended itself by its "tail" from the roof of the cage,

While another attached itself to one of the twigs.

By 3 pm. #3 had suspended, while #1 had become a chrysalis, then disturbed by a caterpillar crawling past it, it squirmed violently, swinging from side to side. By this time #4 had made its silk button but had not yet suspended.

The chrysalis is a milk-chocolate in color with spiny projections on its dorsal aspect & bottom edge. It is decidedly honey & not at all jewel-like as is the beautiful chrysalis of *Aureia plexippus*.



By July 17, #2 was a chrysalis, while #s 4, 5, 6 & 7 had suspended & #8 was making its button.

By evening all 8 were suspended, & all but #s 7 & 8 were chrysalids. & #9 was making its button. It seemed to take the caterpillars less than 24 hours to become chrysalids after suspending, for one which suspended at 3 pm. one day, became a chrysalis by 1 pm. the next. By July 19 9 were chrysalids & 2 were had suspended.

On July 20 I could see that #1 had grown darker & the posterior tip had shrunken. The next morning I found the emerged butterfly clinging to its paper shell, & by 10.30 am. #2 had emerged. Each emits a single drop of "blood" when about full grown. By 12-30. #3 emerged.

From then on the butterflies came forth in rapid succession, yet I was never on the spot to see me in the process. Once I waited for the event to occur, then turning

to something else for what seemed only a moment, found the butterfly not stirring itself when I looked again. On August 1 I were out in the morning when I first looked, and at 11 am. #7 arrived. I put a piece of decayed pear in the cage, & one was tasting this in a dainty fashion. Two more came out that night making 9 by August 3.

That afternoon #10 emerged, & this I saw. The butterfly seems simply to burst its "lid" open by coming downward & outward head first - "legs" against the lid & "knees" holding it open. It looks like a large bee at this stage. Once out, it crawls onto the chrysalis shell, & with crumpled wings hangs there. But not for long, in five minutes its wings are crumpled not enough not quite full grown. At 6-30 still another emerged. The "abdominal segments" of the chrysalis elongate & partially disjoin a few hours before the butterfly comes

out - & gives warning of the event, nevertheless know the signal, a few hours beforehand.

Three more came out ⁱⁿ the night or early in the morning of August 5. Clearly one failed to make its appearance.

The butterflies are handsome in one sense, but not pretty. They look like black tissue paper mes with yellow edges. For hours at a time they will be motionless, then one or two will start on an exploring expedition to find an outlet from the cage. One each other they crawl with no reluctance - then all at once they all start fluttering & flying about & beating against their glass wall. A pear with its top cut off was their chief refreshment. For long periods of time one would stand beside or upon the pear and work its sucking apparatus, pumping up the pear juice to its fill. The pear was finally honey combed with holes drilled by the proboscis of the creatures. The butterflies were still alive when it came time to leave Chestnut.

February 10, 1916 - Thursday.

The Carnival of Out-door Sports has come to pass and is over. It lasted officially from Jan 27. through Feb 5, but before the opening lots men and women went about in carnival costume, and still the toboggan slides are up & coasting continues late into the night.

On the evening of Jan. 27 we went down town to see the parade. It was below zero with the thermometer steadily dropping. The streets were thronged with people, and in the retail district were brilliantly lit with arches of electric lights. In the wholesale district where we were - opposite W&T Co in fact - the lighting was less intense and the torches and flares of the marchers were increasingly effective. The parade started promptly, and for some hours seemed to pass without a hitch - though the streets weren't kept free & the people crowded close to the marchers. Still the effect was good and the passing of various floats gave

open spaces for a time. The crowd was jolly and goodnatured & very friendly. When the procession struck - they said the crowd that crossed Wabasha had broken step, but still only one ^{club} ~~division~~ could cross at a time, and that held the whole procession up. Then when part were diverted across Robert St Bridge the report came that Hamlet Island was sinking & could hold no more! We were literally cold & went in D&T Co to warm up until the procession moved on again. Here half, and at the end of 2 hours & a half we left having seen the French division pass - & there were seven! Still we got the effect of it and the "spirit."

At home, those who didn't go down town were watching the fireworks on the bluff across the river and assured us they had the best of it, for the display was stunning.

The only coasting we watched was on Kaunesa slide - a double track arching over

Pleasant and company me, on a cold night,
to Seventh Street - that is provided one
didn't get carried off in the ambulance
first, for there were many accidents and
an ambulance in waiting most of the
time - so rumor had it. Over the
slide was a strip of red, yellow and
green lights its whole length. It was
very effective from a distance especially.
In the park at the top of the hill were
Indian wigwags with fires inside for
warming. They added considerably to
the picturesqueness of the thing. The
"carnival spirit" was lively, and everyone
seemed to have produced a hotdog from
somewhere. Two hours we had to stand in
line for a turn sometimes, and the ^{little} line of waiting
hotdogs ended up, stretched to around.

The same "carnival spirit" got rampant
however, + hoodlums used it as a cloak
for their tomfooleries. Bouncing girls as

well as men in blankets became so popular
that the police had to put a stop to it. Lines
of marchers made themselves free in stores,
tooting their horns and shouting and
generally demoralizing business. On Tues
Feb 1 a half holiday was declared, and
we stood out in the cold hours, feet freezing,
to see the grand parade. It went by without
a hitch and lasted a little over an hour
and a half. It was much more orderly
than the one Thursday evening, but the
charm of the flaming torches was missing.
The marchers and others attended the periles
banquet of 2000 given by the Y.M.C.A.
in the Auditorium, and nearly broke up
the evening's program by their exuberance
of spirits.

The thing ended with five weeks at the
Ice Fort on Harriet Island on Saturday
evening Feb 5. We watched them from the
house + they were stunning. Had they

used up the same number of fireworks in a shorter time, the effect would have been ~~still~~ more gorgeous.

And then - in sharp contrast to all the jolly and happy bands of the carnival one considered, when one saw "clubs" in carnival uniforms go marching by, whether those same men could be marching before long in another uniform - Rakhi, this time. And last night we heard Prof Moreau talk on the "feeling in France." He himself is a fair, refined Frenchman, now at the University in Paris because convalescing from wounds incurred during the first days of the war. He was in the hospital from June to June 1915, and in June 1916 he must report for service again - silver knee cap & all. He told us of the first wave of mobilization - the bells ringing, the emptying of the shops - the long trains and the last partings. And then the soldiers forgot

all that in the excitement of the marches and campaigns. He told of the despair which they felt when reinforcements did not come and what was ordered; but the despair finally gave place to hope in the Battle of the Marne and the safety of Paris. The French bore the brunt of the first year's war, for only last summer did the English assist materially on land. He was guarded in his statements in this regard, guarded too in all he said about "the enemy" - not with cringing care for getting himself disliked, ~~with~~ ^{but} with simple but rather exalted dignity and restraint. His voice was low but clear and intense, & he left me convinced of the nobility of the French - that nobility which responded so promptly, so uncomplainingly to the call to arms, and that nobility which refused to celebrate a victory in pomp and rejoicing. He contrasted the spirit and discipline of the soldiers under the

Republic with that of those under militarism.
The French soldiers' orders are few, and he says,
not from force of discipline but from inward
conviction. What impressed us was his
statement that there had been a meeting
of the French & German Socialists in Brussels
before war was declared. The former wanted
to prevent the war by general strikes - chiefly
by lying up the railroads. With the exception
of one German Socialist however, they declined
to uphold or support this plan, so the French
Socialists could do nothing but submit.
Prof Moreau seemed absolutely convinced that
had the Germans "stood pat" the war could
have been prevented in this way. Now that
it was uttered upon, however, it must be
final. France must either be utterly ruined,
or it must convince Germany that it cannot
invade another territory lightly and without
consequences. France wants no conquests. It
wants to maintain its integrity.

And as to the outcome - the probable length
of the war, Prof Moreau predicted severe
battles along the western frontier March
and April - and the end before September.
He thought the Germans could hold out no
longer.

Of himself he said not a word, and when
questioned afterwards he all but waded
the matter by saying he was especially
fortunate in being picked up soon after he
was wounded. He said their orders are that
no matter how severely wounded or how
severe the pain, they must lie still without
groaning until forced. The wounded are
not picked up until after dark. If an
engagement has taken place at 5, the
wounded may be recovered at 8 pm. but
if another attack is planned, it may be
12, 1, 2 or 3 before they are taken to the
base hospitals. There they are operated upon
in turn - French or German it matters not,

The tables are put up in the shelter of woods as ~~as~~ where a battle, perhaps, has just been fought. Anesthetics are not enough to so round, and legs may have to be amputated without. Even a complaint is heard. Sometimes, after a heavy engagement, 30 or 40 surgeons are operating. No doctors are left in the center of France - all are at the front and even then there are not enough to so round. Sometimes when German doctors and nurses are captured, they are pressed into service to care for the German wounded - and then released - according to international agreement.

It was hard to realize that this refined slight man in evening dress had been through war. What sights and sounds his memory holds, and how we did want him to tell us them. But he was too modest to be personal, and we had to content ourselves

with snatches here and there. He was asked if the men in battle revolted against the idea of killing other men. He answered that the smell of gun powder seemed to make different kinds of them, & apparently excited them so that they realized not what was happening. So little of it was hand to hand - so much through artillery and long range firing.

He spoke of the necessity, at the time of the retreat, to leave much field artillery behind due to the dearth of horses. The poor animals had no water, often, and died by the hundreds. When asked in regard to the proportion of the regiment lost or wounded he replied that 35000 out of 50000 in his regiment were wounded though they had calculated the maximum at 5000! He said whole regiments would be lost, and the few survivors reassigned, so that one sometimes never knew what became of one's comrades. And they were comrades - for

new of all ranks and professions fought
shoulder to shoulder - equal in their own
eyes and that of their Country.

And another contrast — that between
this guest, contained Frenchman, and the
eccentric Welshman, John Cooper Powys, who
has been giving a series of lectures under
the auspices of the Institute. I heard
only two, supposed to be on Art in Spain,
and Nietzsche. What struck me more
than the substance of the talks was the
personality of the man himself. Rather
tall but stoop-shouldered, he has a
mass of dark frizzy hair, dark eyes,
sensitive mouth and delectable "brogue."
He wears academic robes, and he walks
all over the platform while talking —
dragging the chair after him and twiddling
with it, or holding, for the moment, his
head in his hands. He is fond of stilted
statements, fond of reiteration with added

descriptive - vividly descriptive - words, piled
and tumbled out one upon the other. One could
not outline his lectures, for there is no order
or outline. They are a series of impressions
which convey the imaginative interpretation of
the subject under discussion. Instead of giving
us word photographs of Spain he gave
impressionistic sketches; instead of an
exhaustive analysis of Nietzsche, he
painted him in strong daring colors, with
few strokes. His ridicule of the "older generation"
and the delusions of "love of humanity" &
the like were rare. He is deliciously honest
and he comes along with his own peculiar
broom to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.

Sunday, February 13, 1916.

Went with Betty Ames to Mrs. Will Davis to hear Mrs. Fell & Miss Schofield, English women, speak on behalf of "Orphelinat des Armees." Miss Fell voiced the English point of view, the devastation wrought in Europe, the principles at stake. Miss Schofield, having lived a good part of her life in Paris, voiced the English & French view point, and graphically portrayed the need for care of France's half-orphans. She rehearsed again the opening days of the war, the suspense when the German army all but reached Paris, the havoc of the men & their anxiety for the future of their children. This organization has three purposes (1) to "supplement the ^{small} state allowance when insufficient, enable mothers to keep the homes together." The state allows each mother twenty five cents a day and each orphan two cents. They cannot be decently maintained on less than twenty cents, and the future of France is gone if the children be allowed to physically degenerate.

- (2) To "appoint a guardian to follow each child's course at school, note its tastes & aptitudes & decides with the mother on the career best suited for it. The best possible training will then be afforded to the child whatever it is to become, from a manual laborer to a professional or an artist." The war has killed off the men of genius, of training, of intellect as well as those of brawn, for all have fought and died side by side. The promising members of the coming generation must be singled out and trained if France is to maintain her heritage and traditions.
- (3) To "have ~~the~~ children brought up in the religion of their parents."

To carry on the work 10¢ a day for each 150,000 orphans is needed for two years. Should the war end this year, aid would still be needed during the first year of reconstruction. Miss Julia Lathrop suggested the plan that committees be formed in each

city visited to secure pledges for caring for a total of 150,000 orphans for two years. This \$36.50 per annum can be the gift of one or of many individuals, and the individual orphan to whose support the money goes will be made known to the "comrade" (this name they prefer, & rightly, to "benefactor".)

The appeal was tremendous - harrowing. Here before us were two frail, work-wearied Englishwomen beseeching us to help after talking of the crucial need. They were calm but oh so intense. You knew what they had suffered & shared with them. How all their nearest men friends were killed, how they had lost relatives in the cause. They felt it was a European struggle - that the A.S. could serve most by serving constructively and by giving moral support. They admired tremendously Ambassador Herrick's staying in Paris at the time the French Government moved to Bordeaux; they spoke of the life

long friendship between France & the A.S. when the latter had fought against England's injustice - & rightly!

After the talks, I had a chance to speak at some length with Miss Schofield on the need of volunteers. She said only those who had had three months' nursing training would be accepted, but they were in demand as the nurses were "tired out" & needed relieving. She gave me the address of Mrs. Austin, 20 Rue Chalgrin, Paris with whom to correspond. If only I could find my way clear to Sam.

Tuesday - February 15, 1916.

But speaking of contrasts, the one this evening was the biggest when Dr. Powers of Boston talked on "Germany's Efficiency."

He opened with some remarks on better understanding of one another leading to closer sympathies, & that such sympathy was valuable since it was not a question of waiting to get along with one another, but having to. He mentioned four equalities which make for democracy - (1) civic, that is, equality before the law. Here Germany is ahead of America, (and by America throughout his talk, he meant the USA) for there independent courts composed of a judge and an equal number of laborers and employers. Here the workman could have a just & fair hearing at practically no expense to himself. (2) political. This is perhaps the key to the other equalities, & in America we have this equality "in theory only"; while in Germany, offices are not open to all those who qualify. (3) social. Here again America is

ahead; there is a certain feeling of good fellowship and a fluidity among the people which does not exist in Germany. In the latter country, there is also the caste feeling, & though a man can break through caste, it is not common.

(4) economic. Here Germany is ahead, for there the extremes of wealth and poverty are not so great, due largely to the fact of their social insurance.

He summed up these four equalities by saying that America & Germany, "split even" apparently, but with the balance if anything on Germany's side because they were ahead in the most important equalities.

He then went on to enumerate five tests of civilization, saying that in these Germany led before the war.

(1) The creation of wealth. This does not mean that the materialistic side is to be over-valued, but that a country which is going poor & bankrupt is not progressing in civilization.

On the constructive side, however, he elaborated the facts of intensive cultivation etc. and quoted figures showing that proportionately Germany was wealthier than other countries.

(2) The development of theoretical and practical sciences. Here he made no specific statements to substantiate his claim, but in a general way referred to the students & scientists of Germany. He summed up the characteristics of several countries (warning that no such generalization is complete) Russia believes, France hopes, England doesn't care, America guesses, but Germany knows! And he dwelt upon the devotion to knowledge which he considered, rather exclusively, it seemed to me, the characteristic of the German people.

(3) The elimination of material & human waste. He illustrated his point here with Germany's methods in fire prevention, sewage disposal, road building & employment of men. They don't have to have expert fire departments

in they don't allow large fires to occur! They build narrow roads in the country, save initial & upkeep cost & eliminate waste given to weeds & reclaim it for agriculture. Then they admit the "right of man to work" and see that he is supplied. They keep the children busy at the golden mean between child labor and child idleness, by keeping them in school more months in the year & sending them to continuation schools where they are surprised if the state enters they are 18 years old. Then they have to have fewer Juvenile Courts, & their children are earlier developed. (But he forgets them in the process, which he didn't mention!). The Germans take care to preserve health through drink regulations, & proper housing laws. "There are no slums in Germany" - crowding, yes, but not unsanitary conditions! Then Germany protects me from all sorts of accidents, there being a law against doing this, that & the other thing

with the idea that one has greater freedom through
stricter regulations. But isn't there something
worse than having a milk bottle fall upon
you from a window sill in passing - i.e. to
be ruled & regulated out of existence. Besides
this, social insurance is Germany's greatest
contribution towards the elimination of waste -
its money well spent for it keeps the people
well & "efficient" & shows signs of national
economy and collective intelligence!

(4) The education of the masses. In the production
of the men of genius, France leads, if the award
of the Nobel prize is any index, but in the
uplift of the masses Germany's motto has always
been "the education of the young is the
foundation of the future." To carry on this
work of education there are specialized &
"vocational" schools, well developed & well
organized of course. The teachers are honored
& well paid (yet the scholars he quoted seemed
to show no great overpay for the work required

of them.) And beside this, Germany has made
recreation educative - something which we are
just beginning to try to do.

(5) The prevention of social friction. And
here again he reiterated that "good laws give
greater liberty for all." And so they may,
but with the watch word "Er ist verboten"
is life worth living even if there is communal
ownership of public utilities - in particular
the railways, canals & parcel post. He
thinks life is worth living & that having
the postman call for as well as deliver your
parcel, makes up for everything. Well oiled
machinery - also efficiency!

And then he said that what had made
Germany great & gives her power to hold her
own today is the discipline of the children
in the home, the school & the army. In
England, it is said, the oldest son is head of
the family, in France the mother, in Germany
the father, & in America, the oldest daughter!

He started out to be as impartial as possible, to avoid showing his preferences, to avoid the topic of war — but all through he was so insidiously, so overwhelmingly pro-German that you discounted most of his statements, & all of those not backed by solid facts. And at the end he asked ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~most~~ ^{most} pertinent questions, only to give the most superficial answers. Then he showed some lantern slides of German — poor ones as he admitted for he came away hurriedly without previous notice of his coming to give an "illustrated lecture." But in explaining the pictures & telling of the soldiers & German prison camps, he was abundantly pro-German — abundantly because he made this & that statement "from his own observation" — as tho' these Germans weren't clever enough to stuff him full & send him back to America another "missionary" — like these Mohammedan prisoners. He tasted the soup in a German

camp where French prisoners were held, & found it as good or better than soup he gets at home. All German prison camps are delightful places & purged as those who go there!

He is a stocky, thickset man with grey hair, rather pointed forehead topped with a peak of hair, & a heavy thick lipped mouth. He wears glasses off & on, stands with one or the other hand in his pocket all the time, the other holding his condensed notes. His frock coat flares like a pelticost about his knees; but his profile is most amusing, & one then sees the thickness of him. He has something the appearance of a typical convict.



(not a speaking likeness!
but the silhouette of
the man was remarkable!)

Washington's Birthday - Tues. Feb 22, 1916.

Having a holiday today, I suggested to Mrs. Pfluke Davis Hutton that we go to see the Penitentiary at Stillwater & stop at the new County Almshouse on the way back. So we set off at 10 and found our way to South Stillwater & into the Administration Building. We found ourselves in a square hall, and could look down a long corridor through double iron gratings. We approached a guard and asked if we could be shown over the prison. He discouraged us by saying that the prison is closed to visitors on Sundays & holidays, but we persisted, determined to see Mr. C. Reed, the Warden. We saw him through the glass doors of his Office, but they were locked, so we hazily made our way through the general offices & put on question to the stenographer, guarding the side entrance to the Warden's Office. He too told us the thing was impossible, but we asked to see the Warden anyway, & when we told him

we were from the United States, could come no other day, &c &c, he told us that there were few rules which, for good reason, could not be "bent" & forthwith offered to take us over the prison himself. He is a tall, rather thin & stoop-shouldered man, with grey hair, very kindly eyes & a low, pleasant voice - very different in appearance from Mr. Osborne of Sing Sing, & totally unlike the political wardens which one imagines usually prevail. He was chief of police in Seattle for twenty six years, & was at St. Cloud before coming to Stillwater. He has visited prisons all over the world, & tells us that this new prison of Minnesota is, at the present time, the finest in existence, as far as building & equipment are concerned - and one could readily believe him. It is not a prison added to here & there to meet increasing needs or conform to new ideas - it was conceived as a whole; & built, each part

in planned relation to every other part, so that it has order & symmetry, yet allowing still for growth and anticipated additions.

The front part - the administration building, interested us little. It held the general offices and a fine waiting room, around whose walls were hung in succession, ^{pictures of} the former wardens. But once we passed through the first gates, we were on the main drive. On our left was the visiting room, where prisoners can see their families - not separated from them by double gullies - as at Sing Sing, but in the same room with them. Like the rest of the prison, its distinguishing characteristic was lightness & airiness, for it was well lighted by windows, & grates from floor to ceiling instead of a solid partition, separated it from the corridor. Further on was the tailor

shop & shower baths filled the space to the end of the corridor. The men all take shower baths at the end of their day's work & have clean clothing to put on. We saw in the tailor shop the clothing the men wear. Only the third grade wear stripes, & at the present time, out of a "population" of 1038, there were only 10 or 12 "stripers". On the opposite side of this corridor was the room where, on Saturdays, the men are physically examined, & where finger prints are made. No blood tests are made here, but if the doctor suspects mental trouble, arrangements are made for examination by alienists. On this side of the corridor too, is the barber shop and printing room.

Passing through the second gullied gate one enters the corridor out from which extend the cells - four tiers as at Sing Sing, but unspeaking better as far as ventilation & comfort are concerned.

The cells are quite as small, but are newly though, of course, scantily furnished, & instead of a solid door save for a grated "peak hole" - the whole door is grated - making the cell lighter & airier. Opposite the cells - instead of a solid wall, are walls of glass - small panes such as those in modern factories. The prisoners, therefore can see outdoors, though their vision is sooner or later halted by brick walls of shops, hospital or other buildings. On Sundays & holidays the men do not have to work, but are so behind cells to write letters. It would not seem like a great "holiday" to us, nor does it to them, perhaps. But in spring, they can play base ball in the fine field off the right wing of the building. Visiting teams come to play with them, & Mr. Reed is a hearty supporter of the game for recreational & disciplinary

purposes. Opposite the hall named - that it opposite the left wing of the building is a small but up to date hospital, with provision for tubercular patients separate from the rest. Mr. Reed said the hospital is seldom full.

Beyond this corridor opening into the cells, is a semicircular hall, on the right of which is the door leading into a splendid modern auditorium, with stage equipment &c as complete as in any small theatre. Here the prisoners can see plays & "movies". The orchestra, composed of prisoners used to be drilled by the husband of one of our "U cases" until drunk got the best of him & he disappeared. Now we are trying to determine whether he simply deserted, or whether he met with foul play, as there is some reason to think.

On the left of the hall, the big dining

room opens, with tables & tip-up board seats in order rows as a school room, & plates and saucers placed in geometric precision upon them. Beyond this is the kitchen with huge boilers for tea and coffee, and enormous great revolving ovens, where over a ton of bread is baked each day. The dishes are washed mechanically, the men simply stacking them in wire baskets, and by means of steel chains & pulleys, transferring them from one row to another. Beyond all this, still is the cold storage room.

All that I have described is part of the main building of the prison (with the exception of the hospital), but at the end, on either side, are located the tanning works & farm machinery factories which make the prison more than self-supporting each year. We could not see these as they were closed for the day.

Outside of all these buildings is the prison wall, with its turrets and guards.

We asked Mr. Reed if there was a neutral welfare league here & he replied in the negative, saying he didn't believe in it. He believes in humane discipline & thinks self government has no place in a prison. He rather scared Osborne & pronounced him a Theorist. His being locked up as a prisoner himself proved this, Mr. Reed thought. The men have no prison money which they can spend, but instead earn wages which are put to their credit, so that they are not "dead broke" on leaving the prison. Even though paroled, they are not dismissed from the prison until a suitable job has been found them, and every effort made to help them back to normal citizenship.

One realized that the men here could receive splendid training along certain

mechanical lines, yet one regretted that no attempt was made for a farm colony, for many that are confined cannot become skilled laborers or secure such positions in open competition.

As far as the buildings & external were concerned, the prison seemed marvellously equipped & up to date, & no doubt its disappearing compares most favorably with that in other States' prisons.

We left with an invitation from Mr. Reed to come to lunch, later on, & stay for the Saturday afternoon ball game!

As the car would not be along for some little time, we started walking toward Stillwater & inquired of a grocer where we could get lunch. He assured us that the woman at the head of the road "puts up a dandy little lunch"; so being in a holiday & adventurous mood, we walked back to sample it come what might - only

to find the drug, bottle shop with curtains down & the woman away. So we just caught the car & got lunch at the "Grand Cafe" in Stillwater - getting not so very grand a lunch for 35¢ and distressing the serious-minded waiters by our frivolities.

That noon, we set off again for the cars, & getting off at Carpenter St., walked the mile or more to the big brick almshouse plainly visible on the horizon. Mrs. Moore the matron was sick, so her daughter or maid, we could not ascertain which, ~~walked~~ walked us over the building (it can be described not otherwise) during game all the while. The building itself is new, modern & hygienic - divided into a wing for the old men & one opposite for the "old ladies" - with open air porches, smoking rooms &c. - even on the "ladies" side! The place was occupied

only three weeks or a month ago. So it had an inhabitable look of newness and unsettledness. There were many more men than women housed there - in fact the women's quarters seemed almost empty. Tom guide told us, as we knew, that the men go there to keep warm during the winter, then start again on their pilgrimages when the warm weather comes - while the women, reluctant to go at all, usually stay once they get there. There are no single rooms for women in the entire building, the dormitories holding from 4 to 14; and there are no accommodations for the sick - those being at once transferred to the City Hospital.

Yes, as almshouses go, it is probably quite superior, though being distinctly "institutional."

We came back to a crackling open fire & pick-up supper. So the day ended.

Sunday, Feb. 25, 1916

Today, Miss Mattoon & I had to go to the "ladies' meeting" at the Woodland Park Baptist Church. The idea was that I should tell them something of the aims & principles of "Friendly Visiting among the poor" & Miss Mattoon, being secretary, in that district, should follow up by organizing a conference.

When we got there we made our way upstairs to a small room in which the "sewing circle" was actively engaged. Occupying most of the room was a quilt frame supported on four chairs, & about a dozen, haired ladies were gathered stitching the quilt. Another elderly woman was sewing at the machine, & the others were doing various odds & ends of sewing. The minister, Mr. Weeks, a light haired weak-looking man, as his name implies, was lounging in the

of the folding chairs, entertaining or being entertained by the ladies. He never even rose from his chair when we, who were strangers, came into the room & were introduced by Mrs. King. Mrs. King is a woman of "resource & sagacity" & evidently the dynamo of the society.

I could see at once that what I had come to say would be lost on the present assemblage, so I modified my talk and cut it, & by as I might, couldn't awaken a spark of lively interest in my hearers. Still I kept up a show of enthusiasm, & at the end asked if there were any to whom this line of activity appealed. If so, did they care to form a committee. It was then we received a crushing blow! Mrs. King said "Why I've already appointed a committee of six, but" & she scanned everyone in the room, "none of them

seem to be here." !! But even though we had wasted our precious time we were encouraged to know that perhaps there about 6 might be more "possible" than the aged quibbling ladies, and that was some comfort.

Saturday, Feb. 26, 1916,

Harriet Potter & I went this afternoon to see the "film" - "Battle Cry of Peace" a rousing "movie" intended to stir Americans to recognize the need to prepare immediately against war, not "for" war. Like the "Birth of the Nation" it was a remarkable film in itself, but the thoroughness it produced has even more remarkable. The story depicted to the point of gruesomeness the intricacies & abomination of the spy system, & the suddenness with which we might be attacked, & being totally unprepared, must see whole families flouted out cruelly & outrageously. Of course no action was presented as being the "enemy" but its likeness to Germany was intentional and unmistakable, & after all was over we were informed that the atrocities depicted here were nothing to those which were ^{now being practiced elsewhere now.} practiced in Belgium. How can any

nation of supposedly "educated & enlightened" men be such friends, such hunters.

The destruction of property is bad enough, & so is the destruction of bodies - but it's nothing to the insidious treachery of the people, the heartlessness of hawking foreign soldiers. It could justify any woman taking her life to be spared such insults & abuse. And after the play itself, slides were shown of the armies & navies of the various nations & their relative size in population & wealth of the different countries. The U.S. was ludicrous & pitifully small. And the other thing emphasized was that the 200 mile radius around New York is our "solar plexus" because in that area are grouped our chief navy yard & ammunition factories. It certainly was stirring, & painfully startling, and shook our faith in peace propaganda

even though we believe in peace as the ultimate ideal. It pictured first graphically the need of an adequate army & navy for "police power."

Then, on getting home, we picked up the paper & read that the Germans have captured a fort 4 miles from Verdun - which is in a direct line to Paris. It made our hearts sink. Was our vice Prof Moreau too optimistic? Can barbarism win after all. Right must win or might eventually. I can see no other outcome, but in the interval hate force can do a good deal of harm, & seem to hold sway.

And then I heard more in detail of the drills which Battery B of the main National Guard is having at Fort Snelling under Leslie, now "Capt." Ames. He spent last summer at Sparta firing guns & drilling, & he spends all his

spare time now studying & drilling Battery B. which is composed of young men here in St Paul. Is this war & ruin of war ominous? England didn't wake up too long after warnings had been sounded on the stage. Does the "movie" we saw this afternoon mean something? Is it more than the advertisement of munition makers? At best it is a new medium for stirring the country, & a powerful one, & I rather think we should heed it. But it is surprising to see the reluctance of people to open their eyes to disagreeable things - they prefer to continue in luxury & extravagance & so long as the cafes & theatres are open, to "go to the full."

In the evening we went to see Max Erwin in "33 Washington Square." It made us laugh from beginning to end, & made me take this afternoon's experience more seriously still.

Thursday March 8, 1916.

Had to spend another session in police court this morning waiting for the hearing in the case of a woman whom we had had detained as a vagrant for a mental examination. The doctors examined various letters &c but found her sane & responsible for her actions. But the judge only ordered her out of town — a "social solution." The court room is the filthiest place I know of & all the people in it seem to be criminals just because of their being there. Course busy policemen & officers pat the defendants about as though they were cattle, & all indulge in incessant spitting. The judge with all the dignity of his office sits stolidly at his desk — cheering — and settles the affairs of these people with a word or two. It seems like such a chance — whether the judge is going to nod approval or disapproval — & whether the defendant is ~~other~~ ordered out one side of the pen or the other — for on one side it leads to

freedom ^{on} the other to the underground passage to the jail.

In the afternoon Miss Pluke invited me to "The Beloved Vagabond" given in Minneapolis for the benefit of a Smith Scholarship. Of course we had no business to go, yet something prompted us to ask for leaves, knowing that we had already made up more than the time taken in our work other days. So we "was off" — had lunch at Donaldson's first & then to the movies. We had a good "high old time" and renewed our youth again — forgetting police courts & the like for the time being. I met a Smith friend of hers — K. Whitney, who is in the Botany Dept. at the U. but also had charge of medical drawings — a subject which interests me immensely.

Wednesday, March 22, 1916

Went in the evening to see colored photographs of Oregon — not hand colored ones, but natural colored ones. They were wonderful both in their composition and in their atmospheric effects. One wondered why anyone bothered to paint when with a camera one could achieve such artistic masterpieces. Some of the slides shown were superior in artistic expression to any oils imaginable — but one thing was evident, namely, that the artists who see colors truly and ^{those} who paint pictures recognized as "best." This color photography showed what colors there are in nature, & the blue and purple distances were particularly striking. Scenes in many parts of Oregon from Sunrise to Sunset were shown, & one got a good idea of the scenic beauties of the Northwest. The lecturer was "hot air", but still one had to admit that not all natural beauties of its ~~land~~ ^{land} are confined to Sontagland.

Friday, April 10, 1916.

The Mississippi has flooded — a result which we predicted from the excessive snow fall this winter. It really looks like the "father of waters" now & except for the damage done, is stunning & one could always wish it as high & swift. It got beyond the 14 feet flood mark several days ago & last line alone rose two feet, when the ice in some of the upper tributaries & lakes broke up. Great chunks of it float down stream at a clip and crowds are out on the bridges watching the sight. From Indian mound & the top of the Ferry Building one gets a splendid panorama of it. Pigeon lake is obliterated & has become part of a broad bend in the Mississippi. The river has crept around behind the water front & flooded the interior. Many streets on the west side are obliterated completely & the water laps up against the sides of school & office buildings & into the basements of stores.

and houses & sheds, while the "flots" where the squatters' shacks are built, are simply inundated & rows of poor isolated houses stand waist high in the water. Fences & out houses have floated off & cattle are marooned. Some of the people & animals have been ferried to the mainland in golia boats, but others prefer braving it out to braving home. So often the whole family, including the pigs, are huddled together upstairs. It's so cold & damp & forlorn & dirty & there'll probably be an epidemic when the waters subside. In the meantime houses which should long ago have been condemned by the Health Department are bringing in \$12 as against \$5 a month.

Sat April 22, 1916

Went last evening to the Cathedral for the singing service. The interior is huge, but glaring white & formidable with the usual Catholic shrines &c. Almost every seat was taken, & men, women & children who came, made a deep bow, putting their right foot backwards, before entering the pews. Then they would kneel, apparently not for devotional purposes, as they would survey everything about them from this position. The service commenced with a procession of priests &c. in red with white surplices, & the chanting, all in Latin, was done by the choir from the Seminary, with no organ accompaniment throughout. Most of it was perfectly monotonous for we didn't know what it was all about, but there were one or two anthems, sung in parts, which were extremely beautiful & resonant. At one time all the lights went out except a light apparently coming up from the floor near

the altar. The light which came in through the windows seemed light in comparison to the intense darkness of the cathedral, but in reality it was "after dark." All this represented the entombment, we were told, then suddenly we heard a crashing, which represented the rending of the tomb, & the lights in the cathedral came on. After this a queer portable pulpit with low sounding board, was wheeled from the side into the middle in front of the altar, & the priest mounted the many steps leading up to it at the rear, drew the curtains behind him, & delivered an intoned sermon of which we could not distinguish a word. He rotated from side to side automatically & continuously, with hands folded in front of him. We saw Archbishop Ireland, but he did not speak, & as the air was so fightful we left after the sermon but before the others. The air was absolutely so stifling & polluted - & no incense was burned - that it was all but unbearable.

Friday - June 2, 1916.

The wedding is over, & Elsie has gone to return as Elsie Gillette - no more. The preparations were what we expected they would be - more or less timing to all, but the wedding went off well & Elsie was a Burns-Jones in her simple wedding dress. All day long we watched the weather to decide whether we'd need an awning. It was constantly open & shut, but really seemed to be clearing at 4 - so we decided against the awning - only to have it pour at 8.30. But the wedding itself was at night, so who cared. They were married in the bay window in the living room which was banked with palms, ^{& floral wreath} and lit with tall church candles. The rest of the room was decorated very little except for flowers. The church organ was brought over & put in the reception room, and Mr. Fairclough of St John's played.

We were upstairs with Elvin here a few minutes before 8, then after the relatives & few friends had gathered, Ted & Billy shedded the ribbons & we went down just as the ^{half} clock finished striking. Mr. Bray and Rice followed us, then father & Elvin - Elvin beautiful. She spoke her vows in the dearest way, looking all the while at Rice. They had a double ring ceremony, & after it was over they went to the reception room & one of the immediate family followed to greet them - I blurred with tears & having a lump in my throat. Rice said he'd "take good care of her always" & I believe he will. After that, came the reception. It was ~~at~~ a hot night & some went out onto the porch. I was heavy most of the time & dodged people all I could, coming back just as Elvin finished cutting the cake. Then we followed her upstairs to help her

get dressed - and couldn't believe it that she was married. It gave me a queer feeling to see the wedding ring on her finger. It was raining when they left the house, & as they dashed out the front door they had some confetti (left over from Mary's wedding) thrown at them. Ted led them out to Will's automobile & Will took them to meet "Skay," who drove them up to Minneapolis where they spent the night.

Today has been "the morning after the night before." Such a vacancy. But they're coming back for a day or two before they go west - bless 'em.

October 26, 1916.

This is a red letter day in my career. I have tackled the subject of going to France - and received encouragement from Mother. She is always always ready with it. The idea of going has been struggling to come to the front. Many a time I think I've silenced it - that duty ought to make me kill it entirely. But it hasn't been killed. Now am I in the prime of life wanting to go with doubtful purpose - to help and to be revived. I feel as though I were slowly decaying through inertia, sleepiness, oldness, indifference - throwing away the best days of my life perhaps, a life that can be led here but once, that each day is slipping. Are the obstacles really obstacles in the path of going? And isn't everything of value worth overcoming obstacles to attain, or even to approach? And there - there, they are living and are being reborn. There the pettinesses of life are put aside for supreme and

enduring values. What I could give could be immeasurably less than I would get, but even so, can I give enough to be accepted. I feel free now at least to make definite inquiries.

Ever since I resigned from the U.S. Coast Guard I have been vacillating. It's true I worked, then I gave myself to the full. The summer was spent blissfully of course by the sea in Hales' Chatham, where only far off reminders of war reached us - where the reality was absent. Not that I could deliberately choose otherwise, but we are so remote, so aloof from the vital facts of life - here in our safe and quiet town. Mother had to go to the hospital again at the very beginning of the summer. It was a blow - the need for it, as well as the fact of her suffering again - in such patience & uncomplaining. Again it was her wonderful courage that helped her recover as speedily as possible, tho' she could not perhaps gain her full strength. It was in the mornings that

Father & I built a "garage" for the Studebaker. It shocked the natives & trades people who came in at our gate that a woman (I did not feel such then) should be hammering, sawing, climbing ladders and painting. But I continued all the same and accomplished a presentable summer-garage. The car is housed in & even now in the winter. In the afternoons we'd drive. Many a new road we explored, and because acquainted with the Cape from the landlubbers' point of view as we never had before. The cruiser was put out of commission early in the summer when no part after another horse, so we took to exploring the land. After leaving Chatham - loaded with chrysalides and cocoons of many sorts, I stopped off to visit Fred in his Waterbury apartment and Feb in her sweet Wallingford College - and I came to like the chaos of housework better than ever before, for I saw a meaning in them. Then I stopped at college to renew acquaintances with

Mrs. Zellinghart and others - being invited to help assign rooms & freshmen the opening days - those days delayed because of the infantile paralysis epidemic. It was intense work while it lasted, and interesting from a psychological point of view, for being behind the scenes I not only saw how the workers regarded "freshmen" & "freshmen", & disregarded all "I sees" promising otherwise, but I saw how concerned parents were over this, that and the other, which their daughters never minded in the least. And after leaving college in June to return for Mother's birthday, I have done nothing but get my house in partial order - my thoughts are restless & perplexed, my impulses stronger and more fixed.

Sunday October 29, 1916.

Sometimes I feel like an onlooker, not a participant in life. More often than not the world of books is reality, and life but a passing show. I find myself suddenly conscious, at meetings or gatherings, of being aloof - a stranger, wanting to take part, but unable to break the barrier. What the barrier is I know not, but it is there. It inhibits my impulses, it makes me seem, even to myself, cold and aloof when I would be warm and of service. In the world there is no me around. I am obliterated so completely that others only live and occupy all the stage. I too am obliterated when, at rare times, I can serve with heart and soul and hands and feet. It is that which I crave. Exhaustive service. All else seems to fall short of my potential selves.

Sunday, November 26, 1916

France is as far away as Mars. My staying or going is no longer a matter of duty - but my going is an impossibility after what Mother has just been through in Chicago - severe X-ray and radium treatments given by Dr. Schenck. He has accomplished some wonderful results. We can only hope that even if a cure is beyond expectation, he can allay suffering. That Mother should suffer physically, seems understandable. That she must suffer from worry & anxiety for others, she was long ago resigned to. And she herself, no doubt, is more resigned over her own condition now than we. It is inexplicable that we so have, so courageous, so useful and so absolutely unselfish, must needs suffer so - and we stand by powerless to help. What impotent things we are. How puny. Over these weeks we spent in Chicago, going daily to St. Mary's Hospital

where was the X-Ray machine - manipulated
by Sister Egidiana until she "got sick" with
a cold. Then Dr. Schenck worked it - more
powerfully & skilfully. It was tedious
for Mother to lie on the hard table for two
hours each morning - even with a short
needle insertion, and the rest of the time she
could do nothing but rest at the hotel. Two
days she was so exhausted that I was most
anxious about her, and a heavy responsibility
was left when she expired & when Father
came down for a week end. We spent a
night at the hospital for the radium to be
applied - as it needed changing every
six hours to another of the 5 areas - & as
it was too precious for it to be allowed outside
the hospital. This particular piece was worth
\$6000.00 - was the size of half a match, &
of course, would decompose only 50% in 1800
years - that being the life - property of the
metal. It was encased in a brass box - &

about certain objectionable rays. The whole
was about the size of half a cake of Ivory
Soap - most of it being wrapped in plaster,
the bottom being of rubber. There is
absolutely no sensation from its application,
tho' if left too long it will burn seriously.

Wed. Dec. 20, 1916.

Uncle has just recovered from the effects
of a "superficial" X-ray burn. Dr. Schenck
half expected he would die as he purposely
gave such a powerful dose. It has not
been so painful, as we conceived, for
it was some time healing, & needed
air treatment.

Mon. Dec. 25. 1916. Christmas Day - evening.

Suppose in many many homes there is a pretense of "merry" Christmas, when in reality, men's hearts are heavy. It could not be a merry Christmas - not with two not well, and we missed Elvin. How different from the Christmas of my childhood, when we prepared for the day weeks before hand, thrilled with every prospect of it, hung up our stockings Christmas eve on the stairs & wistfully trembled into father's & mother's bed Christmas morning to draw forth the surprises - each in turn. How we cling to those moments. Even the rest of Christmas Day paled before the delights of the stocking. And now - the Day is upon us before we are aware. We live under a high tension for fear of hanging on dire catastrophes, while our other senses are numbed & stupefied. We open presents reluctantly, and the day which was once so glad & joyous, is now dread with

import.

Last evening we put candles in our windows. Then we went out to see the other houses lit up. The custom prevails now, & whereas a few years ago we must look for houses which were lit, now we almost have to hunt for those that are dark - But one doesn't want to, for the candles & lights attract one's eye, & the city is transformed. The fresh, thick white snow only added to the charm of it all last evening. At 11:30 Archie & I sneaked out & went to St. John's midnight service. The church was lit by candles only, & the vaulted aisles, with white columns & arches hewn of greens and lit with flickering candles, is all to be long remembered. We have both missed, unfortunately, the organ prelude & a good part of the carols. There was not a vacant seat for minutes after we got there. What chants & carols we heard were all in keeping with the place

and time, but it was magnificent when the
congregation joined the choir in singing
"Hark the ^{Holy night} ~~hark the~~ angels sing." They subdued
their voices, but there was that full volume,
with every part taken, & the harmony rolled
out in wonderful depth. There was
communion to which we did not stay.
After we left the church, we could not but
wonder what kind of a Christmas the choir
boys would have. Services a good part of
yesterday, at midnight & again this morning.
And while ^{there, too} I was all but carried away by
the music & lights I could not but think
of the great congregation, gathered there in
such aesthetic worship, while outside, in
the cold, down town, here & in other places
men were quarrelling, cringing, defiling;
and across the waters, men were killing.

Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1916

This afternoon was the Boston Cliff District's
children's party at Hope Chapel. It had rained
all morning, & the heavy snow was soggy &
the trees dripping wet, but the children - &
many of their mothers - braved it out in
the best, & came an hour early. There were
130 youngsters from 4 to 12, and we filled the
big kindergarten room of the settlement - the
mothers & shy older boys lining the walls.
Across the hall was the platform banked with
fir trees, & in one corner a tall Christmas tree
all aglow with colored bulbs & tinsel. A
small untrunked tree stood in the center of
the room & about it the children circled, this
way & that, marching, skipping or tagging
each other in "drop the handkerchief" - the
small lots forming an inner ring & playing their
own separate game. Miss Holt was shouting
a dozen directions at once, & being the only one
who could play the game, was in great demand.

Mrs. Stevenson - "all needs" was the life of
the group & kept up her incessant good cheer,
and Mrs. Leusted, worried & full of responsibility
which really seemed not to fall upon her at
all, did not take part, but hustled about,
patting "good little gals" on the shoulder until
one could have thought they'd howled. Mrs.
Dorothy was clanking the latest fashion bag
- the one month old Julia, and I was having
a delightful chat with Mrs. Chokee - Polish &
mother of P - pair of whom were at the party.
She had some & many ideas about the German
treatment of the Poles & pointed out how, when
the U.S. did not compel people to speak English,
they spoke it, but she had forgotten German ever
the fact had been forced on her. Appropos of
the danger of nuts she told of her husband's
having worked down tailing boxes at the same
post for the last 18 years, & still making only
\$50 a month - "because there is no union." But
"he doesn't want the bother of changing" &

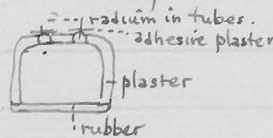
seeing the danger of unemployment, one doesn't
leave him. But the bargain his employer gets
rather nankles. After the games, Mrs. Holt
played the violin, a few selected boys & girls sang
Christmas carols, & a group of boys told stories -
much too rapidly for the children to understand.
But they sat indulgently, knowing that the party
proper was still to be. And when the ice
cream came, they fell to - two helps all, &
some daring & diplomatic ones had more. Then
there were candy & oranges, & stickiness &
happiness prevailed.

January 13, 1917.

We have returned from another trip to Chicago. Dr. Schenitz said Mother was "much improved." My whole house it seemed while he was examining her in those five minutes, & what a weight dropped when he could give such assurance with his German conviction. Of course he knows not what the future may bring - who does - , and like any doctor or other cautious person he does not wish to risk his reputation by predicting; but he says "for the present at least" she is "much improved." It is more than we had dared expect, tho' we had hoped for it ardently enough. And now we shall work to keep the gain she has made & hope for even continued improvement. It seems, at times, as tho' as fast as Mother gained a little strength, she spent it again with interest, on & for L. But there is no stopping her, & we can but hope her vitality & constitution may stand the double strain. She is equal to it. While at the

hospital Dr. Schenitz showed us radium - about \$12000 worth of it. It looked like gel dust, and was confined in two glass capsules.  - capsules about the diameter of a match. Originally the stuff is white, he said, but after a while turns golden. He again told us that after 1000 years it loses only 50% of its efficacy!! At one end of each capsule was a platinum wire in contact with the radium to carry off a certain charge - which otherwise would be sufficient to cause an explosion! These capsules were enclosed in a nickel-lookng tube of a diameter 1/2 ft. and this in turn in a brass one. When wanted for use, these are inserted in the plastic case & are fastened in place with adhesive plaster.

The bottom of the case is rubber. There may be a brass lining to the case - I am not certain. Of course different constructions



of strength and concentration are secured by
pulling me a wire, capsules in a tube, and
me a wire tubes in a case. This small
amount of radium was here secured, if
left on the patient more than 6 hours! -
eucased as it is & small as it is. It is most
miraculous, magic stuff, applied without
pain, & apparently being constantly put to
new uses all the time.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1917

Since the last entry, I have found out what
jaundice is! I had been dragging around
since the day of our return from Chicago,
but the 17th found me yellow & then we knew
what the trouble was. I was moved up into
Thur's room as being quieter & more convenient,
and then for what seemed like days & sleepless
nights on and I lay flat on my back. I felt
as though an automobile had run over my
backing gear, and it was impossible to move
onto my side without exquisite pain - as tho'
an enormous weight were crushing in my
ribs. Of course I wanted nothing to eat for I
had constant nausea the first few days -
and day by day I seemed to grow yellower.
Not that I minded that in the least - tho' I
don't doubt I was anything but pleasant to
look upon. Gradually, however, I began to lose
that pain, & gradually I could bring myself to
swallow milk - an endless amount and my

only food for a time. Then I could bear
reading aloud & to read many a book to
me, and otherwise tended me as only a sister
could. Mother was so busy with L. (who is
gradually getting ^{finer} worse all the time) that she
could not come up to see me several times a
day - but that she faithfully did. Father, who
had to spend about 10 in the house because of
being bothered with herpes, read to me afternoons
when Mother & Anselme were out. I had to laugh
& see the family they'd turn suffragists - for
father stayed home to mind the baby while Mother
and daughter gallavaunted. Of course I missed
a good deal - the Carnival parades, St. Rémy &
other festivities - though I did see some of the
Ries Park fireworks from the window. Then I
missed the great "Hip Hip Hurray" - missed
hearing Mrs. Adams lecture on behalf of the
American Fund for French Wounded - missed the
Feller Sisters' singing & missed Dr. Richard
C. Cabot's lecture urging protestations against

the Belgian deportations. But I signed
^{to President Wilson}
the petition, - which read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of St. Paul,
irrespective of political affiliations, respectfully
but urgently request you to take ^{such} measures
as in your judgment will be effective in
checking additional deportations of Belgian
men and women by the German authorities,
and in procuring the restoration of those
already deported.

"We base the right of this country to take
such action upon Article 46 of the Hague
Convention of 1907, which provides that
'family honor and rights, the lives of
persons, and private property must be
respected.'

"To this Convention both Germany
and the United States are parties; by
these rules they are both mutually
bound.

"To enter our protest against their violation,

to assure you of our support in taking such steps as may be necessary for their enforcement, is the object of this petition."

The first of the week Uncle Sam telephoned from Chicago that after finishing his business in Denver he would stop over here on his return to Boston. He was urged to arrive on Feb. 1 in time to see the torch light parade that evening. His train was due at 7.40 p.m. but because of the two blizzards in the past two weeks, we suspected he might not get in until midnight. The snow storms are the heaviest "they say" for 30 years - one storm bringing 17 inches of snow. It paralyzed the traffic on many of the best frequented streets here, & stopped traffic altogether for a time between here & Minneapolis. Not being able to go out, I take it on hearsay that the snow banks are mountains high & the days of early settlement

called to mind. But to go back. On telephoning the station we were ^(ridiculously speaking) told that the train wouldn't be in that night at all. Then a telegram from U.S. saying he was ~~stalled~~ ^{stalled} in some small town in Iowa! All Feb. 2. he was likewise stalled in Iowa & wired "completely hot not happy." He missed the Carnival pageant at the auditorium last evening. At breakfast time this morning (Dad still in bed - having since just dressed & come downstairs for the second time) U.S. arrived. Since 3 a.m. he had been trying to get here from just outside duplex! - & finally walked through the yards to a short line electric & at length got the interurban to St Paul!!! There is a second pageant tonight - the closing event of this great 1912 town-carnival, & we may go to that. It seems a far cry from the carnival spirit abroad here to the horrors going on in Europe - just as it's a far cry from Wilson's remarkable

speech to the Senate to Germany's desolent
Seibman's note cancelling her pledges and
announcing her policy of ruthlessness and
devil may care. They say it is a humanitarian
war for it will ~~end~~ end the war & bring
peace - & Kaiser Wilhelm has been proposed
for the Nobel Peace Prize!! Insouciance & insatiety
Wilson can hardly do anything but send Bernstorff
packing & sever relations with Germany. The
sooner he does it the better. I have backed Wilson
all along in spite of some of his failings. In it
seemed to me he had a higher & more Christian
ideal than any of the belligerents - but we
have shown even to our detriment that we don't
want war & have no reason for rushing into
the European fracas, but Germany's action now
compels us to take drastic measures. We would
soon be her slaves if we sailed on ships according
to her gracious allowances.

Later: The evening papers give Wilson's address to
Congress announcing diplomatic break with Germany.
Three cheers for Wilson. The country behind him now.

W/6
Sun. Feb. 4, 1917.

War & rumors of war are in the air, but the sinking of
the American relief ship *Huntsville* is still to be investigated
before judgment is passed.

We saw last evening the fireworks at Rice Park Palace.
The ice palace itself was lit inside with many colored lights
flashing now here, now there & glowing through the ice like
motes of pearl. But even this was eclipsed when the
fire works began - showers of colored balls breaking
high in the air against a night half moon - & falling in
fury upon "Pollywogs" & "Whizzers" rose in gold sparks,
the best of all were the golden fountains & upward shooting
of colored balls - many going all at once so that it made a
wonderful sight. The pageant in the auditorium was most
spectacular - 2000 on the stage in Carnival costumes of all
colors yet harmonious like an "oriental rug." It reminded
me of the Russian Ballet for coloring when they were all marching and.
There were many stunts besides the pageant paper - drills
&c. - but chief in interest were the dog races & their dogs.

The winner - Albet Campbell was a dark handsome youth.
He ran most of the way from Winnipeg to St. P. on foot to save his
dogs! There were 10000 onlookers! Quite a sight.

