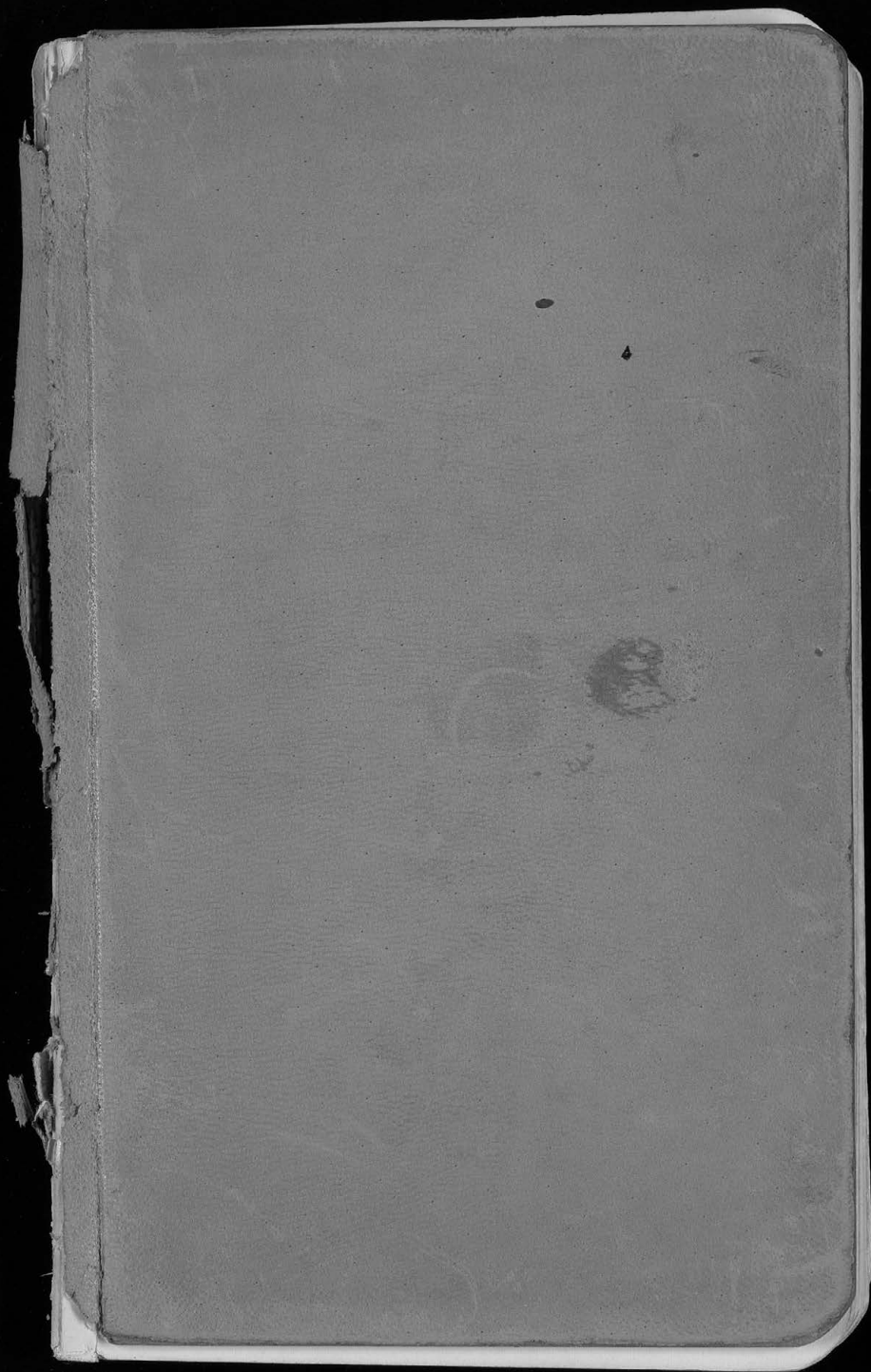




[Ruth Cutler and family papers.](#)

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Ruth Cutler

February 1917

Thurs. Feb. 22. 1917.

How different I am spending the day from a year ago! Today has not the holiday spirit it had for me then - because most of my days are holidays now. It is an interrupted, anxious winter, not one which has given me much time to myself, and I have revelled in my study of insects. But, tho' they absorb a good deal of my time and thoughts, they do not found them.

Monday evening we heard Dr. House of my lecture before the St. Paul Branch of the Archaeological Society on "Monuments of Prehistoric man." A simple tale might have been the "Cliff Dwellers of the South West." Dr. H. is rather a thickset man, with dark eyes, dark hair and a small pointed beard approaching a goatee. He has a rich full voice and easily holds one's attention. What he told us was no more than what one gets from "Uncle Mitchell" Prudden's book "The Great American Plateau" - but he interspersed his remarks with a great deal of humor, & with very marvellous colored slides. His description of Boston missionaries trying to cloth primitive Indians isolated on the top of a mesa, was most humorous. The photographs he made himself and colored the

slides by his own special process — "not with Japanese water colors or as slides are usually colored, but as you would paint a miniature, erasing all but the faintest outlines of the picture." Well, the result was all that could be desired, both as to composition of the pictures and depth of coloring. Indeed some of the slides were more like fine oil paintings by a master hand. His night scenes were particularly good — two in particular impressing me — the camp fire, and dusk at the foot of the Zoo canyon, with the pack horses like pignos at the base of the cliff. He also made splendid portrait studies of the Indians. In telling of these most primitive men living isolated on the mesa-top, he remarked how little concerned they'd be what became of the rest of the world, & how capable they are to maintain life in independence & seclusion. No matter to them whether Europe offshoots itself & "civilization" — these "barbarians" can still live on!

What a contrast to the lecture the next night — Tuesday evening — of Frederic Palmer, the renowned war correspondent. We had expected

a great treat. We were disappointed. Mr. Palmer is a smooth shaven, rather tall man, with awkward, artificial gestures. He's an American, but seemed to me that he affected an English "pronunciation", & aped Alfred Huges in particular. There was some ^(alms?) very superficial resemblance between him & Huges (both also wore glasses) and certainly his inflections were most "Hugesian". He spoke without endeavoring to make those of us in the balcony hear, even after several calls for "Louder, please"; but worse than that he had a trick of shutting his teeth and stringing words together in a most incredible manner. What he said was well enough — when we could hear it — but nothing unusual or anything like what we had anticipated hearing from an eye witness. He prided the way self consciousness was forgotten by everyone at the front — but he neglected to see that he was a glaring exception. It was I, I, I, I, I, & as the only neutral war correspondent at Somme & Verdun, he evidently felt tremendously important. In short, his personality was rather obnoxious. His moving pictures (official English & French

movies) were very interesting, but others who
saw both, thought there was more remarkable
than those Mrs. Adams showed. Certainly "movies"
give you a sense of being closer to the scene
than mere slides can. One felt as though one
had seen the machine gunners of the world
by, & that one watched from a hill the miles
& miles of Germans marching to the front, or
seen the motor ambulances in endless procession
on their way to "save lives." One saw the
gas buses being manufactured, saw their
tremendous recoil, saw the cloud of smoke
and flaming shell. Then the soldiers scrambling
out of the trenches for an attack, running
across no man's land, bringing back files of
limping German prisoners - all this one saw
with a vividness which is lacking even in
the splendid pictures of the New York Times.
One saw airplane after plane leave the
ground & soar skyward, and one saw
the humlike, ^{green} relentless caterpillar tank
moving slowly but surely forward. Yes, the
pictures redeemed the evening, even tho'
the lecture was past redemption.

Fri. March 2, 1917.

Home again from Chicago - the time with most
encouraging report from D. S. for he said the swellings
had practically disappeared. He gave X-ray treatment
but did not think it necessary to use radium this
time. Of course he wants to keep close watch of
her - so will see her again in ten weeks. Coming
up this morning on the Northwestern road the
winter landscapes were fascinating. The rolling
farm lands of Minnesota were covered deep
with snow, but were tinged yellow from the ochre
grass sticking through here and there, and the
ochre earth which was sometimes bare on a
bank or wind swept knoll. The fence posts
dotted out the farms, and copses of oaks
or horn twigg'd willows were scattered here &
there - the latter giving shelter to farm houses
and buildings. All else was white, with a
winter sky above. Crossing the river at Hudson
the opposite bluff was shot with sparse trees
- they looked like feathered quills from some
great animal's white back.

Von Hollweg was surprised at the "hugues" manner
in which with "no reasons given" we broke
diplomatic relations with Germany! The hypocrisy
of these Germans! - & now there comes to light

a dispatch to the German ambassador in Mexico dated Jan. 19 & stating that in 2 weeks the U. boat warfare would be unrestricted, & that there & there should be done if the U.S. should break from its neutral attitude toward Germany. How unscrupulous the official Germans are - how despicable their shrewdness, their plotting & scheming - all their "efficiency" turned into evil channels. I confess I had some sympathy with pacifists - even was able to see a flaw in this "holy war" - but after this last show up of Germany's I cannot see how we can treat them as a responsible nation - even as some individuals cannot be reasoned with. For the Germans know all the language of right & force. With them right makes right (so they think). May the motto Right makes right still be that of the U.S.A.

Saturday March 3, 1917.

Elvira & Rico have a daughter! - Amelia Cullen Thompson!! We did not expect her before the middle of the month, so I was all unprepared, when, as the others were all out, I was called to the telephone to take a message for Mother. I could scarcely believe the operator when she said "Amelia Cullen Thompson sends love" - etc!! I fairly shrieked at her to repeat. Then she continued - "arrived at 10.45. Elvira & baby doing splendidly." It was such good news. What a delight Miss Thompson must be to her parents & to her other relatives, & how we wish we could see her & Elvira now. I was so bubbling over with the news that I could scarcely contain myself until Mother & Amelia came home. All of us are pleased that it was a daughter.

Sunday March 4, 1917.

Wilson took his oath of office at the Capitol today - but will take it publicly again tomorrow on the steps of the Capitol preceding his inaugural address. These peace-at-any-price Democrats who made a successful & outrageous filibuster over "armed neutrality" right to be proud of themselves.

Tues. March 13. 1917

This morn heard Beatrix Forbes Robertson Hald speak before the Women's Welfare League on Suffrage. Could see how no unprejudiced person could think her views anything but sane & balanced. She is pretty, with fluffy light hair, rather tall & slender, & with very muscular arms. This evening she spoke at the Minnesota Club on Feminism - Mrs. & I slipped in when the banquet was over and she had begun to talk. Few words did her sanity & balance impress me, & how anyone, at all so liberal, could take objection to her views as there expressed, I fail to see. She deplored the ultra radical wing of feminism represented by Ellen Keyes, just as she deplored militancy among the suffragettes, but she showed that both wings were hot wings & were not representative of the whole. She referred to young Bohemian art students & their "measles" of free love which seduced most feminists. Personally she believes in the economic independence of husband & wife if they so desire. She would not legislate this to be the rule, but under certain circumstances. - her own is a case in point - she believes it advisable, & should be allowed & approved. She has three girls - her first daughter still & two of them are twins.

Fri. March 16. 1917

The news is confirmed of the overthrow of the Russian Duma & the abdication of the Czar!!! Of this means that the pro-German, separate-peace party has been smothered, there so much the better. The outcome of the U.S. must look pretty black to Wilson - as it does to us lay folk. On the verge of war with Germany, a Congress impeded by a jollibustering minority in the Senate (& little could Congress stand any distraction) the country honeycombed with German agents & plots and intrigues, with Gerard returned with the proofs in his brown satchel, and now a railroad strike again threatening the country - and Wilson sick & bed as the result of exposure on Inauguration Monday. It's not reassuring.

A few days ago we had a snow storm of three inches - making this winter a record breaker since 1896-7. Today it has been a veritable blizzard - most wonderful as far as aesthetics go - but bad for trains & the flats in flood time, and bad for traffic. It is impossible to keep paths open, for the wind drifts the snow in enormous great banks. I and I set out for a walk this p.m. with the wind at our back & a fine snow falling. Jack O'Day's

"Christmas House" was ~~beautified~~ in its
iced condition with the snow banks so high
around it & on the window ledges that it
looked quite snow covered - especially as
no path was cut to the house. The House
of Hope looked majestic and black on the
way out, but when we got to Lexington, the
snow began to fall in heavier flakes, & in such
dead earnest that it seemed as tho' it had
never snowed before. With the wind in our faces,
beating the snow against us we trudged home,
with difficulty ^{we} ~~spun~~ ^{spun} upon the landscape
as the snow would light on our eye lashes &
help obliterate our vision - until the weight grew
& dropped. The heat of our faces melted the
snow that fell against them, & it was at this time
we were not in a cold driving rain. This time
when we passed the House of Hope it was veiled
mysteriously in thick white flakes, and the
brown trees were softened and feathered. Half
a block away men were walking in the street
but were so misted as to look dim & hazy.
Sometimes we could hardly see the houses each
side of the street, but every glimpse we got was
soft & white & wonderful. Only two or three cars -
nobles were out, the roads were so deep. It is still snowing

Tues. March 20. 1917.

Spring comes in now - at 10.30 p.m. One could not
guess it to look out the window, for tho' some of the
snow has melted leaving the streets all but impassable,
there are still high drifts and hard packed layers
remaining to remind one rather much of winter.

The Czar is now Mr. Nicholas Romanoff - & has
resigned himself to leading flowers - at least so
our reporters would lead us to believe. His children
have measles, & when the German intriguer lately -
Czarina is, as one seems to know. Michael, brother
to Nicholas, has declined the honor of presiding over
Russia even at the people's behest, but the revolution
seems to have come to stay as the soldiers are backing
it, & it looks as tho' the incredible is happening -
a Republican Russia. Stupendous times indeed &
such only as they who saw the French Revolution lived
in. Now Germany is getting uneasy - & we doubt
the head that there wears the crown. Socialists &
newspapers are uttering what would have been heresy
a month ago, & indications of a revolution are evident.
Here's hoping. The railroad strike is off - for the present.
The managers, no doubt as a coup d'état, gave in on
"patriotic grounds", & the next day, the Adamson law was
declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court with a
vote of 5-4 - not overwhelmingly decisive to be

sure. Whatever sympathy one may have had with the strikers last fall, the situation was not parallel now, in view of the grave international outlook. Still, with advanced prices, they may need money all the more, & I rather believe that of the two, the railroad can best stand the strain financially. The point will be to see in the future whether the Adamson Law was really an 8 hour law or a wage law. We are still in a state of armed neutrality with Germany, & three more of our boats have been sunk. Rumor has it that Wilson expects a Prussian Revolution in a few days & does not want to commit Congress to declare war until that crisis pulls off. As a matter of fact a state of war virtually exists with that country, & our Secretary Daniels is getting "prepared" by ordering battleships to be delivered three years hence! Still, the more I think, I do not yet believe in universal military training for a Democracy.

My plans are on foot to visit Jack before going to Seattle, and the time is awfully near for I am not prepared as to a spring hat & the like! A week end in a cabin on the mountains with tramps round a fire, sounds alluring.

Monday April 16, 1917. Seattle.

So much has happened since! Wilson went before Congress April 2 and in an epoch making speech urged that the state of war actually existing with Germany be recognized, & on April 5 Congress declared war, ^{Wilson signing it April 6.} We have at last leeked our forces with the Allies to fight for right, justice & democracy as we see it. Whether it will involve us in future "entangling alliances" remains to be seen, but we have taken up our stand on the side of the right now I believe. Germany seems to be getting hit hard & soon. Haig is advancing by strides. Today news of the capture of an ammunition factory near Lens was posted. Food riots in Germany - according to all accounts - are prevalent, and the end of the war is predicted by October 1917. The earlier the better so long as the principles - or lack of them - for which Germany fights are doomed. Our business is to feed the allies, finance them, keep patrol the seas and possibly send a detachment to the trenches in France. That is what "J.R." is advocating & trying to get permission to organize. Wooden submarine dodgers have been ordered & three a day can be turned out. It looks as tho'

Germany would have to cry a halt soon - & then reorganize internally. Here in Seattle there are some soldiers on the streets, & on the way out some hedges & hedges were guarded, but there is nothing like the idea that there is even in St. Paul - & of course nothing compared with that on the Atlantic seaboard.

On March 29 I was to have left St. P. for Colorado Springs & Jack! - but I had had an operation on my nose some time ago before, & at the crucial moment came down with a severe headache, which lasted most of the night. Bag & baggage had left & the family were at the depot waiting to see me off, & I had stopped in to Dr. Heelt's for a final spray but he would not let me go - and so I spent the next 24 hours in utter restlessness, anxious only to be off. The next day I left, taking the day train to Omaha. The country was pretty - farm lands & woods, but nothing particularly remarkable - except the straightness of the railroad. It seemed rarely to turn a bend, & my recollection is of looking suddenly back along a straight steel track pointing off into the horizon. At Omaha I changed cars rather late for a sleeper -

and the next morning I found myself crossing the endless plains of Kansas, with never a tree in sight. What a forlorn place to have to live. We ran parallel with the Lincoln Highway for a time & saw the point where it crossed the Colorado-Kansas boundary line. I was sleeping on air - so much so that I hardly noticed the snow storm among the approaching mountains. I was most impressed with the park on one side of the Rock Island as it approached Colorado Springs - both realizing it would later be the scene of many a nice stroll & chat. Jack was at the station awaiting me, radiant as ever & as lovely. R.W. was also on hand & took us to 228 E. Kincaid in her Ford. There I met Mrs. Jackson & "Aunt Dora" - and later William - which with Jack, comprise the family at present. They were all so cordial & hospitable that I wasn't afraid in the least. 228 is a nice old weathering house, and honey and comfortable. Beside it has sprung up a beautiful white "jail" - and around it has grown the town. But the lot on Cascade Avenue, it is most conveniently situated and not at all unpleasant. By the time I had seen the family, it was snowing quite

land, but Jack & I pulled off to tea at the Joneses. It wasn't in the least formal & I really enjoyed meeting the people there. Mrs Jones is a Quaker garden, Lucy Jones is learning how to teach the blind. R.W. was there - who is in the Associated Charities, and the two Halls - Ethel, teaching but now engaged, and Frances, who teaches at Colorado College & does much tutoring on the side. These were the ones that interested me most, and they were the ones with whom we "played" most while I was there, as it was vacation time for them. We intended to start right off to the cabin in Cascade (the Joneses cabin) but it kept snowing fitfully & the snow melted off, was too cold. So we played basketball at the Y. instead, beating the "junior set" (now at Colo. College) much to our surprise - and exhaustion! We tramped to Helden June one night and after supper, as we were passing out thro' the gateway of the Garden of the Gods, I shall never forget the sensation I got of looking up those vast rocks to the dark sky, with a haze upon above. And the walk back along the wind swept Ridge Road, was one to be remembered. Then

one day Jack & I took the "Short Line" to Cripple Creek just for the gorgeous panoramas we get from the observation platform. Not a cog railway, ^{it} ~~and~~ wound up thro' the mountains at an average grade of 3.85 rise to every 100 ft. One got "sensations" looking down the cañons below one and out across the red plains, and in looking upwards and seeing rows of trees on the slopes above. Some mountains were wooded & some snow covered, some, like Coolidge & St. Peter's dome, rocky & bald. We passed mining camps which had familiar "investiment" names, and we went thro' the queer, crude mining towns. Our trip was enlivened by the presence of Mr. Ford - a big western lawyer with offices in Cripple Creek & Colorado Springs. He knew some others who discussed various phases of that country, the prospecting there & in early days etc, and pointed out all the sights. We had time only to work down Bennett sheet in C.C. - but that was enough - we were too afraid we'd miss the train back & have to spend the night there in that God forsaken spot. But we got the train and had a splendid ride back, reaching C.S. (after seeing The Sunset

light on the plains) just at dusk. We joggled back to 222 to warm up, and had a delicious supper. Beside all this Jack & I had such glorious chats, night & morning & all the time in fact. Not a moment did we waste. By Thursday morning the weather had cleared & we walked up to the cabin which is just above Hotel Ramona in Cascade. It is a cunning little stone affair with horn wood trimmings. Last eve, Jack & myself were there until Saturday, when Lucy, & Frances Hall joined us. It was so good to feel the warmth of the sun again that we just lay out in front of the cabin basking - had a light lunch, then clambered up a very steep trail beside the cabin to Pike's Peak Highway which we followed some distance before ~~haunching~~ off to the Beaver dams. The overhang was hard enough for us to cross to see the deserted beaver house - a most interesting mound of mud & logs traversed with numerous low holes. The river dam, higher up stream, was beyond our reach. The next day we went in the opposite direction - to the ridge beyond

East River. We followed a trail to a deserted mine whose entrance we explored, then found on a ledge above an ideal fireplace within sight of the Peak & range. Here we warmed ourselves & had lunch before clambering on to the top of the ridge. And it was a clamber & a scramble, with loose shale to cope with a good part of the way. We were well repaid by the view we got from the top however. To our left were the plains, & in plain sight Colorado Springs, Colorado City & Manitou. Cascade Canyon was at our feet & opposite us the Peak, Baldy & all that range. To our right were purple mountains in the far distance - I know not what their names. As we were just starting down, a sudden snow storm also descended & in a jiffy closed us in completely - halting out even the nearest hills from our sight. And then, as if in sheer display, it cleared away & Pike's Peak once more loomed in the distance. On Saturday, Jack, Frances & I again scrambled to the Pike's Peak Highway (I, with considerably fewer puffs & falls than before) & haunched off into "Peaceful valley" kept on this snow or mud,

to the Manitou Reservoir, over which we had another magnificent view of the Peak. The reservoir itself was frozen over, so that the coloring was less reflective than they say it usually is. That evening, the five of us had supper as usual before the open fire & sat around after wards playing "twenty questions" till bed time. In the sleeping room with its huge folding bed & cats we slept soundly - except when the full moon shone in the window from behind a pine fir near by. It was glorious so to wake & so to sleep out of doors, where the jays & meadow larks carolled Easter greetings to us & we got up to dress before the fire & dash off exultant to the near by Deer Lick Spring for fresh water for breakfast. What an Easter morning it was I shall never forget, with my heart singing "Alleluia" all the way. But it all came to an end, & that very morning we packed our bundles and tramped down the road to Manitou to trolley back to C. S. The next day Jack & I resolved to fly to the castle & gardens where, as a child, she used to go annually with other C. S. youngsters as General Palmer's guests. All her

favorite haunts she pointed out. It is a wonderful spot with its deserted eagles' nests left on the cliffs, its Queen's Cañon of reddish rock & its "drum major" & all the rest. We also drove thro' the Garden of the Gods, & saw the weird rock-shapes there. They were unusual, but not particularly beautiful. In the afternoon we went to Broadmoor & got "watch & bark" - the Allen's dogs, and marched them about the lake for a little exercise. They wanted to run away most of the time, so we finally had to leash them. They belong to Hope Allen, whom Jack tutors, & Hope & the dogs live in a marvellous "estate" - of old English design near the Club House at Broadmoor. I think I spalled the house in which Will & Martha spent no winter. In the evening the Joneses came to dinner & we all went to see Gil Mande in "Jumpy." He was as delightfully funny & pathetic as ever, & we had the best sort of a time. In his curtain speech he alluded to the fact that he is a cousin of Gen. Mande who took Bagdad! Tuesday morning was spent in the horrid business of packing, so to take the taste out of our mouths, we went to the end of the north Japan car line

in the afternoon and strolled back through
monument park - being in the sun chatting
for minutes on end, & winding up by going
thru' several of the buildings of Colorado College.
In the evening I left. The sand storm which
swept down the track as I was saying good bye
to Mr. J. Walheim & Jack, finding us
furious, was nothing to the gloom & home-
sickness (if we can call it such) that I felt
at leaving. And ever since I have a craving
within which I can't appease, and my
heart & thoughts are still in C.S. But
the train stopped for none of my longings &
I was soon in Denver, boarding the sleeper
which was to leave at 2:45 the next morning.
Such a hot, sleepy, twisty affair it was!
But luckily I soon fell asleep and forgot it.
The next morning I reached Albion, Neb.
where I had a several hour wait changing
cars. I strolled to the P.O. but the town was
much more folow than the station - which
really was most modern & clean - so I spent
the rest of the time there knitting - much to
the amazed curiosity of a family of small
children waiting there too. The scenery
was not thrilling, and by the next morning I

awoke in Bellvue. After breakfasting, seeing
all I wanted to of the town & reading, my
train finally came in an hour late - with
Mother in the window watching for me. We
spent the rest of the afternoon in the observation
car and were treated to some scenery -
mountain & plain. There was absolutely no
color. As we looked thru' the window it
was like looking at a photograph in
black & white & greys - and the pine trees
on the mountains looked as though they were
etched. Before long we ran into a driving
snow storm. After supper we went to
our compartment, and putting out the lights,
sat for some time looking out the window.
We were quite impressed with the numerous
street lights of Butte. We awoke the next
morning in Spokane, and all trace of snow
had disappeared, and we were travelling
through pleasant hilly country. By
afternoon the mountains replaced them and
we travelled up a winding gorge, through
a long tunnel, and on among the mountains
- all rugged with rough fir and fire-eaten
woods. We passed several logging camps -
& the roughness and apparent remoteness of it

all impressed us. Toward dusk we ran into
— Seattle rain — and at 8.30 we ran
into Seattle Station and found Elvira & Rice
waiting for us. Then out to 2323 Broadway
north to see Amelia. She has large wide
awake eyes & long slender fingers — but she is
still pitifully thin. But now that her diet is
changed she is doing better & Miss Pearce
already sees improvement.

Sunday, May 4, 1917.

Up early after a cantankerous night with Amelia!
Miss Pearce left Monday, & A. has been an
angel night & day — until last night. But
probably it wasn't her fault, so she's excused.
I'm learning heaps in helping take care of her, &
am getting less sleepy, instead of more so, by
rising at 2 & 6 to give her bottles. The day seems
consumed with washing either Amelia or diapers!
— or in learning her milk formula. But I thoroughly
enjoy it all, & am grateful for such definite
work which keeps me active every minute of
the day. In the evenings, we take to gardening.
One cannot ignore the urgency of Pres. Wilson's
proclamation, nor the dire distress of the Allies
from food shortage caused by those diabolical
U-boats of the Germans.

Mother left Sunday evening after both were
here two weeks visit. We had a splendid time
just helping Elvira on some of her odd jobs, and
in taking automobile rides. One Sunday we
drove some 36 miles to Snoqualmie Falls — high
& narrow, with shafts of arrow tipped water
shotting down — or like white sky rockets
inverted. The country we passed through
getting there was desolate and forlorn, tho'

magnificent at times with its giant fir and
glimpses of snow capped ranges. It is
rugged & wild and wasted much by forest
fire. Another day we took the boat to
Tacoma - a land locked trip, but with
occasional glimpses of the elusive Mt. Rainier.
We thought to see something of the city, so after
lunching at the hotel overlooking the Sound,
we hired a car. But it choked & gasped every
inch of the way, & we dared not go far. Still,
we got quite an idea of the place. Other days
we drove to Fort Lawton - a very pretty drive
once you've gotten beyond Queen Anne Hill
onto the boulevard - and to the University.
The Forestry Building, made of giant fir trunks
as pillars, was interesting in itself, & housed
some natural history exhibits which I would
have liked to have seen more. Some trees were
also thrust into these already full days - but
they weren't "half as half as they looked."
To get a good bird's eye view of Seattle we went
to the 5th floor of the Smith Building - a
gallery all caged in for observation. The
Olympics above the Sound - in soft coloring
like Japanese prints - was a picture I shall
remember. Seattle is treacherously half, as we

finds out after being here a few minutes,
and looking across from one hill to another
one is impressed with the rows of straight
streets clearing them - and at night by
the multitude of regularly marshalled lamps.
From this house one overlooks Lake Union
and rising Queen Anne Hill. Just north^{west} of
the latter the Olympics can be seen when
it's clear enough. And speaking of weather,
we have not yet been able to see the whole of
Mt. Rainier. One evening we hastened to
Columbia Park in a jitney, and got a
wonderful hazy view of it just before dark.
But while picturesque, we have not yet seen
it in its grandeur. The story here is that
there are just two seasons in Seattle -
the rainy & August - & that it sometimes
rains in August! So we are not surprised
when a sudden shower descends, & scarcely
venture out without the eternal umbrella.

The war situation seems to grow more
serious every day if we can judge from the
papers. Wilson pushed through selective
conscription, & under the circumstances &
with England's example, most everyone is
duly grateful, for it distributes the burden to

be shared. England & France have sent over a commission to discuss ways & means, & gen. Duffie in particular seems to have won the heart of America. The cry is for ships & more ships for food for the Allies, for Germany, almost unbelievably, seems able to hold out another year or two, while the Allies are on the verge of starvation. Ships are being sunk at the rate of 400,000 tons a week - or perhaps I should say, that was one week's toll, & if the pace keeps up, boats cannot be built fast enough to counteract the destruction. Tens of thousands of bushels of good food are lost - & the world starving. No wonder we are asked to till every inch of ground. But poor England has not enough ground to till & can at her very best raise only a quarter of what she needs, while France's land is greatly devastated, so that she is in the worse plight of the two - to say nothing of Belgium. There is also growing sentiment for sending troops to the front for the moral effect of the thing & also to fill in the gaps - for the Russians are still unstable in their new democracy & cannot keep the Germans sufficiently employed on the East front - so that German troops can be transferred

from there to the west. There is such serious danger of the German influence getting control in Russia & perhaps persuading it to a separate peace, that Elihu Root is heading a commission from the U.S. to go to Russia to see how our services can be offered & made most effective. Apparently even we are lethargic than the British at the opening of the war, we seem now to be just waking up to the fact that not only are we involved in war, but that democracy itself is at stake. I must confess I am much less dispassionate than I was a short time ago. Were I a man I'd enlist in a minute. As it is, I am eager to know how best to do my bit, either at home or elsewhere. The men we know are training the Officers' reserve corps, or the navy or the Home Guards, & everywhere one hears of drilling & war. Howard has applied for training in the Officers' reserve & if accepted, will go to Fort Snelling for the summer. It is hard on many & the children - & selective conscription was designed to spare married men at first. But before it's over, we shall have to go through fire & water, & make sacrifices which even now seem unbelievable - that democracy & freedom may not "perish from the earth."

Mon. May 21, 1917.

Maj. Gen. Pershing - not T.R. - is to head our first troops in France, who are to be sent very shortly now. Our boats are already in the war zone helping fight the U. boats. There is a marked falling off of the tonnage they have sunk of late. The Russian situation seems a little better as the workmen & socialists are backing up the provisional government. Still, the soldiers are unruly & not submissive to discipline. Herbert C. Hoover, the hero & magician of the American Relief for Belgium is to be our food dictator - is such, in fact - and is to organize a volunteer corps to help him. Howard, among others of my friends, is training at Fort Snelling, and registration day for selective draft has been set for June 5 by proclamation of the President. One of the most momentous days in our history.

We are continuing here much the same. Not yet have we seen more than the ghost of Mt. Rainier, but we have taken several boat trips which were pleasant even without a mountain setting. One we went to Bremerton, but of course were not allowed in the navy yards. There we saw many cruisers and other war craft whose names I know not, having overhauled a gathering war paint upon them. The prison ship looked most

attractive - from the outside! - but there were so the officers quarters on the hill. Another trip was on Lake Washington, while yesterday we spent the day at Port Madison where the T's have a cabin hidden among the trees. It is hardly a cabin. A shack is more descriptive of it, for it has just a single bare like room - now littered with clothing, bedding & a row boat - and a rude porch. One can only see the water through the vines cut by a new neighbor. It would be more attractive if the trees were pruned up. It was low tide when we reached there, and on the rocks, now lumped covered - rocks which were the ballast which ships unloaded years ago when coming to be loaded with lumber from the great mill there - we found scores of green worms and crustacea - and under them more green creatures and yellow suckers' eggs. The suckers themselves were caught in land locked pools waiting for the tide to flow. While the others were done digging, Thien found a good sized crab & in picking him up, her finger slipped and got caught in his nipper. She called to me for help, & finally we freed her, but not before the crab had all but crunched her finger off. He got as far as the bone. It was pretty painful, but

we put on hot clothes last night and today it is
better tho' still somewhat stiff & swollen. That
put a damper on crab hunting, and anyway
the tide was up above the rocks by that time
and we were furnished, so we had lunch. And
what a lunch. Afterwards we set to work to
clear up the underbrush near the shack. For
the first time I swung an axe - Oh the
joy of it! A swing in the air and the feel
of a clean deep cut, and the satisfaction of
striking the same place on the second swing.
We cleared up quite a bit and had a roaring
bonfire, which we later had to discourage with
water. Then we went to the beach for target
practice, and I fired a revolver for the first
time! We threw out hunks of wood into
the water. My aim was quite accurate, but
I fell short or beyond every time. I suppose
that estimating the distance comes only with
practice. At 5.30 we left after a most
unexpectedly delightful day. Got a glimpse of a
mountain did we see, but the opalescent coloring
of its water on our return all but compensated
us. And Amelia had thrived under the care
of Mrs. Kroumeyer!

Thurs. June 7, 1917

The end of my stay came upon us before
we wanted it to. Getting Mrs. Kroumeyer
to keep horse in our absence, Elvia & Rico
went with us by boat to Vancouver, ^{on June 2.} It was
raining, of course, but we found comfortable
seats before the big windows in the cabin of
the "Prince's Charlotte". The Canadian Steward, &
the general hustle about the docks before sailing
almost made us feel that we were bound
for Liverpool instead of Vancouver. We stopped
a short while at Victoria and did not go
ashore. The Parliament building, the
Empress Hotel & the Red Cross quarters
were clearly observable from the boat, but
most interesting of all was the embarking of
Canadian soldiers and orderlies and their
parting at the gate. It brought the war before
me clearer than anything else has so far done.
The soldiers were not of them immaculate
in their new uniforms, but the swagger sticks
which they all, without exception, ^{carried} were most
inconspicuous. Many women delegates from
a business meeting of the Daughters of the
Empire also embarked, and even about the
din of their parliamentary discussions could

he heard the steady click of knitting needles - for every woman among them was knitting a sock - socks "reluctant to the feet" in comparison to those machine made.

He continued on to Vancouver, still in the pouring rain and with no glimpse of the mountains which remained tantalizingly concealed. Two small two-headed boys dressed in workman sailor suits, with long trousers, claimed much of our attention. When we reached Vancouver we walked about in the rain looking for some gifts for Swell Howard, and finally selected some 5 or 10 cent stone trinkets as being more acceptable to him than more costly "souvenirs." The least said about my final parting from Elvin at the station the better.

The next morning the weather had cleared and I was up early and out on the observation platform so as to miss nothing of the scenery. Kamloops was our first stop, and much to my disappointment the open observation car was not put on as advertised, being to be closed for the season. Kamloops appeared to me an attractive mountain town, and with the sunlight upon its white houses looked more attractive to me than ordinary, perhaps, because of the previous

rainy & grey days. The hills about it were almost a velvet green, close cropped in ridges by cattle, and with a texture and coloring such as Maxfield Parrish would paint. All the way along I saw many birds and heard more - but the meadow larks and Swallows I recognized ofttest. While we were running beside the Thompson river the clouds hung low over the nearby mountains, though others could be seen purple in the distance - but none were snow-capped. Then we came to Lake Shuswap - and such wonderful reflections as we saw. It reminded me of the English Lakes.

From then on we seemed to progress inland, and the Single track was hemmed in by trees - birches and aspens and others besides the eternal fir of this country. At Revelstoke was a trainload of soldiers which we banded thro' one of their Sergeants asked what are known as "chick lancers." They are the "rejects" from other regiments unfit for overseas service. Many of them were decrepit old men, while others were the merest youths swaggering around with cigarettes between their teeth. They all

were disguised physically for other service and they spent their days travelling between Vancouver & Montreal escorting Chinese letners on their way to France to work on the railroads. Over 200,000 Chinese were being transported in this fashion, but these troops were on their way to Vancouver to get a fresh load. They must be sidetracked to let through passenger trains & important freight, and they are often nine days making the trip. Huddled in tourist cars, playing cards on the floor, it looked like anything but an attractive life - devoid too of the excitement of the trenches, but they feel that disguised for overseas duty they are yet doing their "bit" as best they can.

There was a queer assortment of people on the observation platform. There were women who talked nothing but clothes and shopping, and there were Englishmen who talked weather and climate, and there were of course tourists. One poor man with a fuzzy, talkative wife who kept both her husband and companion jumping to attend to her wants, I picked in particular. She'd ask which side of the car their dressing room

was on, and when they both answered she'd reply abruptly "no it isn't, it's the right. So and see Jennie" - only to disbelieve her when she returned & reported. But the one who got most attention was Capt. Duke Stewart. At the outbreak of the war his father, a Colonel in a Canadian regiment, was sent at once to the front where he was killed in battle four days later. This Duke Stewart enlisted & was assigned to his father's regiment. He was in the "Prince's Pat" when it was shot to pieces, being one of the handful of survivors. He was wounded & returned to Canada where he learned his wife had died in his absence. His five brothers were also killed at the front. He returned to France again, and was one of the 50 left from his regiment of 1000. He was this time wounded in the lung when rescuing his "chum" from no man's land. As the Germans deliberately sniped at & fired upon Red Cross buildings behind the front, the wounded can now be cared for only in field dressing stations, & the severely wounded are sent within 24 hours to England. In the field stations all that can be done is to pour

on codins to the wound and bind them up
— except in worse cases where operations are
performed under most trying circumstances.
Stewart himself lay from 4 pm to 9 pm
on the field before being picked up. The
resulting stiffness was as bad as the
pain from the wound itself. By this time
he had been made Capt. having gotten
his commission in the field, and won also
the French Legion of Honor. After being 6
months in a hospital in England where he
was treated by the Carl method of drainage,
he was sent to Calgary, and was three
weeks ago discharged from there as unfit for
further service but able to earn a living. His
profession was submarine diver - repairing
lost bottoms etc. and he is now on his way
to Montreal to try again to enlist for meso-
potamia where there is a call for divers. He
is uncertain whether he can pass a second
medical exam, but he is not content with
his \$7 a month pension, & feels that if he
can make a certain living, he can go
overseas as well. And he wants to get
his "revenge." Perhaps one can't blame him
when, as he says, his family has made the

"supreme sacrifice." But he also admits
that his conscience wouldn't let him "quit"
now. Of course all that he said is the
opinion or observation of a single individual
and can so be valued, but he said he
had pictures of 2 in his own regiment -
a sergeant & 2 privates - who were crucified
by the Germans. He says the premeditated
cruelty - savagery - barbarity of the Germans
is beyond conception. He served in the Boer
war & said the South Africans respected the
Red Cross flag, while the Germans do not, but
deliberately sought out buildings flying the
Red Cross flag for destruction, nor do they
hesitate to shoot surgeons & doctors. It is a
known fact that German Red Cross nurses
poison their patients & deliberately inoculate
them with the - men already wounded and
dying & out. Is it to poison the future generation,
that they are scheming? He asked about
the "tanks" & "caterpillars." At first, they
"put the fear of the Lord in the Germans," but
now the shell craters are so large - 30-40 ft.
wide and 10-15 ft. deep - that they cannot
be used much, as once in a hole they must
be abandoned. It was his opinion that

the Germans are good fighters when under cover, but once in a hand to hand encounter, soon surrender. The Allies are taking as few prisoners as possible, and when a handful of Germans surrenders, thinking they will get good treatment, they are sent back to headquarters blindfolded. The headquarters are four or five miles behind the front trenches, and when in 15 minutes the prisoner returns to report their delivery, of course one knows it impossible. We asked what became of them and Capt. Stewart answered "Oh, we give them a little bomb to play with." The Canadians are not all angels, either. What the men dread, more than being killed or taken prisoners, is being buried alive in no man's land beneath other wounded or dead - unable to move, and not found until too late. It sounds like Dante's Inferno & worse. Yet on the whole, he said "a fellow over there doesn't fear death." Sometimes a reaction sets in after a man has been through a particular strain, & he may lose his nerve for a time, but unless he actually goes insane, he usually recovers soon & goes back to the front. One is

supposed to have 4 days in the front trenches, followed by four days rest behind, but often they are kept 16 days at the front without respite, and have but the 4 days respite. Still, he admits, that they have "good times" even at the front. It has been reported that the Kaiser is entertained in one of his own places, & that a dummy is sent around for public demonstrations, while Hindenburg & the Crown Prince govern. Probably few know what he thinks of the matter is, but at all events he knows the Kaiser visited the trenches before Christmas 1914, in cheering & shouts were heard, & when the soldiers fraternized Christmas day, they said the Kaiser had been there. Capt Stewart feels that the war will last for years, unless an internal change takes place in Germany. He believes Russia will be passive all summer, but not actively Pro German, but he does not fear a war between Japan & the A.S. especially since our entrance as an ally. The allies are glad T.R. did not get a commission in France. They look upon him as a popular hero but gaseous. They at least recognize the remarkable ^{abilities} of Wilson as a diplomat and

Staleness. Now they want troops and ships at once. Any number less than 100,000 of the former will do no good in Capt. Stewart's opinion, & ships must be had at once - wooden or steel being immaterial to them. He says men can now be trained in England in two months time under intensive drill, & that even after the Canadian troops are sent over, they receive more training in England. It is the training that counts when there is hand to hand fighting and he deploras the fact that "returms" are not more generally employed in drilling men. In fact he evidently carried a chip on his shoulder concerning the graft and politics connected with the Army situation in Canada. Now, who ^{has} never been in a battle, have charge of the recruiting & drilling, & it's a closed corporation. He is bitter too about the small pay the soldiers receive & indignant that their pay must be supplemented by charity if their wives & families need support. He complains too that "returms" are poorly treated in Canada, & that it is next to impossible for them to get civilian jobs. If this is true, it would not seem to help along recruiting any, but should the draft bill pass, that would no

longer matter. At present however, men at the front are questioning who they are fighting for. "If the country is worth living in it's worth fighting for" - but they don't care to give their lives for the slackers. Capt. Stewart spoke as though England were in very "bad shape." It is full to overflowing with refugees and wounded. There are not enough nurses, and those there are - or many of them at least - are worn to shreds. The convalescents are sent to Canada, while the prisoners are all congested in the Isle of Man. If they work & behave themselves they are given good food & a shilling a day, but if they prefer to loaf - as most of the Germans do - they are given poorer food. He did not mention the attitude of the Austro-Hungarian prisoners, but he had little use for them as a people or nation & says the fact they play, as cats' paw to Germany, is negligible. All this I picked up in talk with the Captain. Had with others round me, but most of it he told me Sunday evening on the observation platform - so that my attention was somewhat diverted from the scenery.

In the afternoon of Sunday we got into the snow capped region, and were on the

ascend most of the time, coming in and out by mountain torrents, getting new vistas thro' opening gorges, and all the while seeing white and higher mountains. Late in the afternoon a wealth of snow ranges surrounded us, and we hardly knew which way to turn. The Columbia river we passed for some time - rushing jade green water between its deep rock sides. We passed the manufactured village of Edelweiss with its poor imitations of chalets - where the C.P.R. houses and advertisements its imported Swiss guides during the summer. The sunset light commenced when we reached Field. The place had an almost Swiss air about it, & the little station & town were closely surrounded by wonderful peaks - Mt. Field, Mt. Dennis etc. The light waned as we left there, but the wonderful panorama persisted, and when we neared the great divide an almost full moon rose up behind a snow capped peak. It was then and when going through the spiral tunnels that we heard the Captain's Song.

Monday we awoke to find out the

vestige of a mountain in sight, but plains, bare plains, as far as the eye could see. The houses looked black & barren and remote, and where a number were gathered together, telegraph poles broke the dead level in place of trees. Along the track in spots for miles, were snow-break fences, to break the drifts in winter, and frequently we passed under snow sheds, where great quantities of ice still remained. At other places shrubs were planted, evidently to take the place of the breaks. I noticed but few flags flying - what impressed me more were the long freight cars - 70-80 in a train, and such numbers of them. Those eastward bound consisted, many of them, of flat cars piled high with huge timber, while those westward bound were almost invariably box cars.

In the afternoon we reached Moose Jaw where we parted company with those bound for Montreal - Capt. Stewart and "Scotch" among them. "Scotch" was so dubbed because wearing a Highland costume (which, by the way, are no longer worn at the front.) A Southerner in our car wanted

to take his picture & the Capt. good naturedly agreed to arrange for it, which he did at horse draw. As I happened to be along, I slipped my small Kodak out of my hand bag, and got permission to take their pictures too.

That evening, Monday, I sat on the observation platform. Instead of a winding slow climb, with mountains all around, we came down a never-turning track leaving clouds of dust behind us. At Coombs there were numberless meadow larks singing in the dusk - some so bold as to call from the rails. Long after we left one station, we could see the elevator on the horizon even until we reached the next. The blue plains in the distance cold, by a little imagination, we made to look like the sea, & the coloring of the marsh grass in places, & the sunset glow, reminded me a little of Chattanooga. ^{in rather, of the Cape.} As we passed, great piles of straw were burning in the fields, which were very effective as it grew dark. All else was driven in by the dust but an American ex-muse, now married to a Canadian. She discounted the Capt's.

remarks on the attitudes of Canadians toward returned soldiers, said they were well treated, given employment & made much of. We talked this quite late, and again the following day, as she was the sociable sort who wanted a listener. She had nursed in Seattle, so we had something in common to talk about, and as in my mind, I pumped her all I could about nursing in general. As we neared home the train seemed to crawl, & I wished more than once I had changed the short car as a speedier way of getting home.

I neglected to mention what Captain Stewart said about returned soldiers in Quebec. Eugene Burns there is trouble there with the French Canadians and other anti-war sympathizers. It seems the "Belgians" take upon themselves to break up such meetings as they may hold, & even if there is some rioting & destruction of property, the police do not interfere. He also told of the short shift a German propeller occurred in Victoria & how the soldiers broke up the place & threw the furniture thru' the windows. I had not believed the Canadians would stoop to that - but he really happened about it.

Another thing too, worth mentioning: we saw few small garden plots in Canada or North Dakota. Big farms were being cultivated. We knew when we were approaching Minnesota as the country became more familiar, with its trees and streams & rolling farms. But everywhere we saw small garden plots and once on the outskirts of Minneapolis within the time we reached the station at St Paul, we saw small patches of ground under cultivation - in response to Wilson's request.

On my return home I found in the mail awaiting me the offer of a very tempting position in the social service department of Indiana University. It was a struggle to turn it down, but it made me realize that I was to more valuable to my country, right now as a social worker, than as a green volunteer nurse in scrubbing floors no matter how willingly.

Sat. July 28, 1917.

To be able to live a normal life! and by a normal life I mean one in which one's personality, one's individuality can have free play, - not selfishly, but for the good of others as well as self. The opposite of the normal life is one in which one's personality is confined, suppressed, encouraged. It is really a matter of individual personal freedom. I think that the four years I was at college had a vivid sense of their uniqueness in my life. I was free there as I never had been and doubt I should ever be again. Free since I can remember (nearly, however, on my 6th birthday) there has been an abnormal element in my life. L. has been different from the rest of the family, and whether conscious or not of it at the time, I can see now how her strange view point has warped our living, and influenced actions large and small; how her dominating will has brought this or that to pass; how we have waited upon her prevarications always. Concretely, I will remember the feeling of pity that came to me one day, sick - a bed on my 6th birthday. It was in Mother's & Father's room, and L. was standing with her back toward me by the mantel. The others had given me presents, and now, later in the day, she was tendering me some small thing

So it has ever been.
with promises of more to come - later. I replied
then with a vividness which has since surprised
me, that she was not so the others. Later, I can
well remember how the music lessons she gave me
were continued overtime at her insistence, how
those hated French lessons in hot summer's
evenings, lengthened beyond their allotted half
hour with a "just once more" - not once but
half a dozen times. I resisted, I remonstrated, I
revolted. And so it has been ever since in
increasing measure. Our life now, for years,
has been & is regulated by her whims. Even our
vocabulary is prescribed - objectionable words are
tabooed, while "beneficent" ones are overworked
past all meaning. All subtle word distinctions,
all niceties of language that I had learned to
appreciate & value, are smoldering from disuse -
but I hope are not yet dead. The give & take in
arguments, the endeavor to disinterestedly weigh
all sides of many questions, the tolerance &
desire to "live & let live" - all these I come from
college, with its many minds & broadening
contacts, practiced for a time & still cherish.
But what fire there is left after the long
grind of petty neurasthenia, must burn within,
what opinions I hold must be brooded upon, not

mentioned. Our ways are prescribed for us. A
petty routine enthalls us. An irrational intellect
rules over us, and we act as though powerless.
To argue only invites contradiction, flat and
immediate; to resist is futile. We are trampled
upon as Belgium was by an unbalanced Germany.
We are urged to accept it with resignation & to
make the best of it. And yet, as a family, we
are ardent allies, verging on military fanat-
ism. Any liberal opinions I may cherish I
hold in secret, for to us purpose is that I
venture them - not to be scorned as pacifist
a *pois German*! We, who ^{do} not agree in all
points with her are banned. We're rabidly
anti-German - fighting for liberty & democracy,
yet within our very household individual
Belgians are being worked over, crushed,
annihilated. Is it right? That's what I ask
myself a hundred times a day - ask when
my indignation is white hot, ask when I can
coolly & dispassionately view the situation as
one detached. (And the detached point of view
is fostered under these conditions.) Is it right
to give up young lives not yet lived, to bottle
up every enthusiasm & emotion & submit docily
before an irrational & pettily-concerned will?

Thank God there are "inner resources" - if there were not I should fail to see further reason for living. But is it best to go off in a corner to enjoy these resources, as one must, to withdraw still further within a self now too sociable at best, to throttle the impulse to enjoy the full play of personality which saw four short years of growth? I know that none would believe this upbringing should derive voice it, because often often when I have recalled this or that childhood experience the family have made all manner of fun of my "unhappy childhood" - which of course is nonsense. It was most wonderfully happy, but being the youngest has, I still maintain, a repressive effect. One is dictated to, & set upon. I was dole (though now one might even guess & seize the reaction set in!) I was expected to be seen & not heard in company, & to this day it is all but impossible for me to talk easily in company, & if my sisters are also present, there is no need for me to talk at all, & I lapse into an easy, stigmatizing silence. At college, I realized for the first time that I was an entity, a personality. Traditional views were revised, substantiated, broadened & crushed. At all events I saw life in bigger perspective, & I

came away brimming over with it, with its richness, its possibilities, its wonders & interrelations. And now to cramp my self back into the same little hole - it can't be done without ill effect. Submission to the inevitable is one thing - one must so submit! Not submission to the remediable is something I abhor as stupid & useless - yet it is something I must practice daily & for days to come, apparently. To take "submission to God's will" in a pious tone - when in reality I am bidden to submit to a neurotic's will - well, I must internalize, if not externalize. And yet I have such intense love of family & home that I haven't the heart to leave - as I believe ought to save my soul. Besides, it would be rather the crowd's running away than anything else at present, & I have had to turn down a splendid offer for a job in Indianapolis. But while I am at home I remain a dependent financially & morally. I am not given an adult's responsibility - except negatively. And this is why I yearn - not for a notably eventful life, but for a normal one, & a chance to be one's best self. The theory of needless self sacrifice & self repression has for me no logic or excuse. But can I lette myself to break the thread? This passionate

yearning & instinct to fight for self preservation
of the most vital sort, for freedom of the
individual, which we of America thought
we inherited, gives one a feeling of proximity
to antiquity & "backward races" who still
must fight & labor for it. Perhaps on an
individual scale, I too am taking a part in
the great war.

August 15, 1917

Yesterday Amelia and I walked to Monomoy
Point and back on the outer beach. It was perfectly
glorious. Went barefoot all the way on delicious
freshly wet hard packed sand. The colorings were
delicious softs blues, whites and buffs. A fine
thru master accompanied us all the way home.
We stirred up many flocks of gulls which rose
in company on wonderfully poised wings, flew
ahead a short distance & settled down, not to
be disturbed soon again. There were quantities
of boats fishing at the Point. We had, unfortunately,
to strike a lively pace as we were wanted
home at four, so we did the 18 odd miles in
16 hours. We were drunk with it when we
returned, and wanted to doze by the fire and
dream, but instead, we pottered off to a mild
family beach picnic, which was rather an
anticlimax.

Today, we varied things by going inland, and
routed out in the interior by way of East Marsh
a delightful spot. In a small barn we found
2 storkish, huddle aged men who make decays.
His shop - well it's perfectly fascinating, &
he himself is part & parcel of it. From carving
out and painting decays, he has enlarged

his craft to include other water birds, song
birds and even fish, for decorative purposes.
He turns them out of cedar logs, roughly
shaping them by jig saw from the patterns
which he draws "wouters' eye'nin's", then
whittles them & sands papers them. (how he
tacks of a Machine. A pity it is, but he
has more orders than he can fill at eight
a day, and a Machine can turn out one
in three minutes. I'm glad we visited him
before the advent of the monster.) Then he
paints them - with remarkable fidelity to
nature. He's a genius, tho' he disdains
being an artist. I thought that anyone who
could catch such life like characteristics of
the different birds must be tremendously fond
of them (the tilt of a Kingfisher's head was
perfect) and asking him if he were not very
fond of them was rather surprised when he
answered with unmeasurable pride "I've
geenned 'em for thirty two year"! Once
a landscape painter from New York (one
from Boston could not have impressed him
half as much) came & said "Carmell, I
think I'll show you how to paint them
birds quicker." Carmell says "Good, you're

the very man I'm looking for. I'm no
artist - I j'st paint 'em ez I see 'em."
So he gives his friend a wooden bird fresh
carved, and sets him down with his paints
and goes off about his business. "I j'st Rep'
an eye on him casually, and after an hour
or two he still hadn't finished. Then the
artist sez 'I'm not very proud of that
bird'" and Carmell answers, "No, it isn't
much"!! "So I j'st smeared off one side
with my sleeve & painted it in ez I saw it.
Then I held it up an' I sez, 'how how does
that look to you?' " An' he sez, you're right,
Carmell, I guess I'll stick to landscapes."!!
He was showing us a basketful of birds
of all kinds he had carved, which were
ready for painting. One in particular I admired
& said I thought it was quite life like as it
was. He cordially suspects everyone of being
an "artist" for he asked if I were one, &
when I told him no, but was rather fond of
carving, he insisted upon my taking the
duck as a "souvenir".!

August 16, 1917. Thurs. eve.

A wonderfully foggy night. Drove the weeds to see "I saw the Woman" - which we saw last night. (A remarkable film both dramatically and artistically.) Then continued on around the loop again, past the dim dim lights and the void where the sea should have been, past Wolmer's lamp burning out thro' the fog and patterned by the "trees of heaven" in front of the door, past Thunder Bridge which rattled louder than ever in the stillness of the fog, on through the town beneath dripping trees with the pat pat of water-drops above our head. We stopped finally at the Post Office and waited for the evening mail. The same old feeling of being prematurely an onlooker was strong upon me, and I watched the thing loafing about waiting, too, for their mail, as one apart. Several newly commissioned officers on leave walked past - one giant stopping to his mother as he walked off into the darkness with her arm in arm. With an intense vividness the meaning of War came over me. I was both sorry & glad Howard got no commission. Then a hunchy gurdy drove up & the gaunt horse and mantelled organ silhouetted themselves against the befogged lights of the

Post office block. The bell worn cins, rattled off with mathematic precision and interspersed by geometric trails, yet awoke some vague memories not at all unpleasant. The hunchy gurdy completed the setting, and I was quite ready to pay my mile for the pleasurable sensations it stored within me. It was the third time today the organ grinder had held out his hat to me - but the first time I felt like paying him. Of course he never suspected it, but doubt any bit was a welcome surprise. I wonder what the organ man thought when he saw the Officer - and what the Officer thought when he saw him, and heard the Marsellaise & Star Spangled Banner mangled. I wonder too which I'd rather be. Both have their monotones, both their achievements. Is it ever so - that we want to be what we're not. Not that these two could have changed places - I doubt it - but I, well, sometimes think I'm a misfit. Too independent to ever achieve the full realization of my kind: a mere neuter, but a gloriously happy one at times - when I cease yearning for some of the solitudes a man can enjoy, or equally, for some of his high adventures and risks.

Sweep. August 17, 1917.

Have just finished Victor Chapman's Letters from France at practically one sitting - of all similar books I have so far read, this has appealed to me the most. Chapman's individuality is the essence of it - the ~~was~~ the sitting. The impression one gets of him is confirmed in the memorial written by his father. It is so intimate a revelation of both Chapman and his mother, that one fairly holds one's breath at the intimacy, yet one is doubly grateful to Mr. Chapman Sr. for having allowed strangers so rare a privilege. His character sketch of Victor's mother is brilliantly vivid, living & lovely. One has known her before & loved her always, with her rare combination of the serious & unconventional, standard & prize, and a generous, passionate affection. Victor's devotion to her & silent mourning upon her loss, is paralleled by T.'s, for she too, when yet a child, lost a mother of whom she always speaks with reverent devotion and adoring passion. Both Victor & T. hungered & could not be comforted, both sought consolation in living spiritually in another world, took delight in day dreams & hoodlums. They were apart, solitary, even in company; unconventional, untamed creatures, who craved elemental living - and

carving it for themselves, recognized the right of all creatures to life; humbled themselves and found good in all things, so physically, cared not how they fared - it did not matter. Both felt an unrepentable guilt for sins of omission, exaggerated through abstract broodings and solitary moods. Yet both were quick to aid another, forgetful of self, absorbed in the task at hand. HS found enjoyment in diverse company as well as in solitude perhaps more than Chapman, but both enjoyed the stimulation of mind, matching theirs - even needed it for sustained existence - & both were vitally interested in human nature. Both were more or less misunderstood by those who did not know them, worshipped by those who did & almost regarded as spirits of another world. Neither feared death, but HS, while reckless in certain ways - especially in certain cold, joyous moods - will at other times be surprisingly cautious, while Chapman apparently feared nothing, & was happiest when in greatest danger. Both were idealists, though Chapman's nature was perhaps the more religious of the two, for HS exhibited a taste for the simplicity & unorthodoxy of Quakerism, and ~~the~~ ^{she} will have thought of retreat, ^{never fails to perceive} & cherish the inner & significant meanings of things.

August 18, 1907

Drove this afternoon, to remote Sunset Light, and thought of Thoreau strolling about there in years gone by. No admittance to the Light "because of the war," but the keeper's wife was awfully hard working. The ground is nothing but sand, & her poor vegetables struggled to a puny existence. We had come in by a narrow winding sandy road, & asked if there were not another better. She advised us to keep to the left upon the "broad road" until we struck the "academy" one (meaning Maradain!) leading to the Life Saving Station further down the coast. It turned out that this "broad road" was the one we had considered so narrow - nothing, however, to the wood's trail which we discovered of to the right. She said scores of automobiles came to the Light each day - but there were no collisions! We climbed the hill for the view - a wonderful expanse of blue blue sea with white sails on the horizon, and below us at the base of the sheer sand cliff on whose edge we stood, the clean hard-packed beach, with ground swells pounding upon it and receding in white, swirling foam. glorious and wild!

August 19, 1907.

Rose at 6 this morning I went sailing alone. Just as I left the morning the tide turned in, so with a light breeze - a head one at that - and a contrary tide, I was two hours getting out of the harbor. The boat sailed itself pretty much & I was free to look about & listen to my heart's content, or "j'eo' set" & listen to the lapping of the water at the bow. Once outside the bar the wind freshened up from the southwest and I had a good breeze & by sailing close reached Harwich port. The wind was rising all the time & coming back with my sail free & counterboard up, the old 445 bore along and dipped deliciously to the waves, sending out glorious white foam at the bow. Counted fifty odd vessels on the horizon!

The weather this month has been such that we could sail & "enter beach" to our fill. Mary Hurlbut spent the week end of the 12th here, & what a time we had. She adores the ocean quite as much as I & foregoes it with me whether on the beach or sailing. What talks we did have too. She could stimulate a log into thinking without half trying.

Saturday - August 25-1917.

Mr. Harding, the butcher, told us the shocking news of Mr. Hottelbeck's death this morning when his car upset. Whether it skidded, or how it happened, no one seems to know - but he was killed instantly. He was on his way to Chatham to spend the week end as usual. When we went for the mail, Ruth & I were here and there were talking in hushed voices. How quickly such news spreads - & what a hush it invokes. For a short moment we come near to the contemplation of death - dash the inevitable for all of us, but thrust, for the most part, out of mind as much as possible. Is it a timid timidity of this life, or uncertainty of another, or a "pagan" relish of the present and a desire to savor from it its best?

In the afternoon I called upon Barbara Hinchley Welch whom just yesterday I heard was here at one of the Inn Cottages. I played with her the summer we were at Manomet in 1905 - and for a year or so we corresponded weekly. Somehow our letters fell off, and the next word I had from her were her wedding cards. She had married Solier Welch, who even in Manomet days was on hand & took us boating. He is now a ranking

1st Lieutenant & ^{acting} executive lieutenant on a submarine destroyer in the Azores. Barbara has been through a tussle over his leaving, and with her three children & a nurse, came here to recuperate. Her children are all coming, but Francis, 6, took my particular fancy. He's a boy through and through, and on the qui vive all the time. Barbara is just as beautiful, as about minded as ever & after the first strangeness of such a long interval had more or less worn off, we decided that neither of us had changed much! It rather staggered me to think that while I've been "going through" boarding school, college & the after math, she "got engaged" and reared a family! And of a year older!!

Monday, Aug. 27

Today has been a gloom. I've felt trapped in a cage with my senses coming tenuously. So does L's special dictatorialness affect me. To live at all, I feel I must break away, before I become an automaton, a slave.

Thurs. Aug 30, 1917.

Mr. Sayles called this morning to bring me geological survey maps of the Cape, for which I had innocently inquired. He is so brimming full of his subject that when he finds anyone at all interested, he just spills over. He is more like a shy Oregon boy than a geologist who discovered the glacial origin of the Roxbury Conglomerate ("Pudding Stone"), who discovered, too, how to count years & know the seasons from glacial ^{lands} ~~sculpture~~ on slate (a corollary of the Jerol's ^(De Geer) "spee"-making discovery of counting years by the clay and sand deposits of glaciers - clay in winter & sand in summer) & who, because of this "happening" (as he calls it) to notice & put the two & two's together which others overlooked, has been nominated for membership in the geological society - a mark of distinction higher than the Ph.D. degree. And know him, he is more the Mr. Sayles of the Child's Museum who takes the small boys of Boston off on excursions, and interests them in some of Boston's geologic wonders. He talks rather haltingly, from shyness, & tells you stupendous facts in the most modest way; but his great brown eyes open even wider with the thrill of it all

and his smile is Rooseveltian. He told us of the glacier which extended south of Haverhill, of its retreat and second advance, with its different lobes - accounting for the stone around Brewster & Falmouth, and its absence along the south shore of the Cape. The numerous lakes on the Cape are also of glacial origin, and years ago the land was higher. With Boston as a fulcrum, it dropped south of it and rose north of it. These glaciers came from the arctic regions & Labrador and existed some 25,000 years in the past. In discussing the nebular theory, and asking how the geologists & astronomers got along together, he said that the trouble used to be with the physicists - that Lord Kelvin stated positively that the earth could be no older than 30,000 years.

This cramped the geologists in their explanations of things. Besides, they didn't like it. Since the discovery of radium in 1901, however, Lord Kelvin's theory was completely upset, & geologists now have all the time they want. Rocks in Cobalt, Canada, - the oldest now known - are 200,000,000 (two hundred million!) years!! He told of a new astronomical theory of the origin of the earth, not as a hot molten mass, but as a cold, conglomerate one, and thought facts tended

to support this theory even tho' they did not prove it. For instance, the glaciers are retreating steadily & the temperature at the poles is rising all the time. I asked if eventually he thought the geologists & astronomers and physicists could meet - pushing backwards until they could all agree upon the origin of worlds. He did not think it unlikely - but when I asked if they could ever predict what would become of us, he smiled & shook his head. One thing, however which he did predict in the near future (speaking in centuries, I presume) was the junction of Monomoy & Hantucket, making of Hantucket Sound a bay like Pleasant Bay. The changes in the shore even since 1898 (when the survey of these parts was made), is quite astonishing. He has maps of prehistoric continents which he wants to show us some day.

In the afternoon we saw a mammoth boat in the Sound, & went out to get a better view of it - but time was too short to reach it, so we turned home. The clouds above Monomoy were gorgeous :- Great masses of soft whipped cream, and, cutting them near the bottom, thin horizontal lines of blue fog, so that it

gave me the impression of glorious snow capped mountains & glaciers reflected in some huge lake.

In the evening the moon lured me over the meadows to the edge of the bluff. There was low fog on the ocean which prevented any path of light in the water, and around the moon was a golden aurea. I was on the brink of the world looking off into space. Backwards I walked in a way to get the mystery of the moonlight over the meadows, with the dark indistinct patches of bushes & hollows. Not even the wash of the waves could I hear - only the incessant tail of grasshoppers above the hush of it all. And when I had stood long, looking up over the sloping meadow toward the moon, ^{now} with thin clouds racing past it, and had thought of the awesomeness of the heavens and of the very world beneath my feet, I suddenly saw myself, (as from a distance) a small, lonely dot on an illimitable horizon, in the midst of alone, a speck of yearning humanity out in the moonlight, a mere atom in the vast cosmos. And then I turned, & saw the glowing lights in the "Binnacle", & like one shipwrecked, started towards them - reluctantly, for having descended again to earth, but not

sorry for the spiritual warmth of human
habitations.

Friday, August 31, 1917.

A & I went around Col. Green's yacht "United States" from Galveston. It's a monstrous affair, large enough to be a battleship — with a honey grey hull, red woodwork around the upper cabin & pilot house, & white top deck. Two of its fast motor tenders are named "Phillipines" & "Hawaii" — the names of the others we could not see. There is, we were told at the wharf, a crew of 75 aboard — beside the "family guests." We wonder whether they are doing any business for the government on the side. We have also seen in New York papers pictures of the interior showing its elaborate appointments, Chinese room & other woodies, but all that we saw of it — the exterior — was honey enough. A stiff north wind was blowing, & we found sizable waves in the Sound — so much so that we were glad enough to be in the "old faithful" motor barge rather than any launch. She took the waves in a slant well, & we got only little wet. But I was grateful the engine didn't stop, for our anchor rope

would never have reached bottom, and with that wind & tide we could have been "up against it" if we had had to take to the oars. As it was, we felt safe enough, tho' over the brink we knew, secretly, it meant a tussle with the elements. But we didn't reach that brink.

At low tide late in the afternoon, I got scallops for the first time this season, & found the easiest & quickest way was to wade in on the flats & pick them up. They were very plentiful & took no time to gather — but plenty was consumed in opening them, tho' I acquired more speed toward the end. I gave them to the Sayles, — hoping to partially cancel my debt.

After that, we had the most glorious sunset imaginable. The whole heavens were illuminated. In the western hollow where the sun sank through the trees, the sky was molten gold, sitting on fire small flecks of cloud just above, and twinkling & glows throughout the whole sky. Overhead were gorgeous tinted cloud sweeps brushing by, dividing into pink fleecy puffs toward the south, with the lunar north sky below on the horizon; while in

the north, the pale, weird greens & delicate
blues were streaked by long low clouds.
The variations, the sweep and riot of color
is beyond description, & repeated itself in
part in the water, in which danced rainbow
waves & wriggling shadows when boats
passed beneath the bridge. Then overhead
we saw a dark wedge of geese flying
northward - ~~thawed~~ ~~another~~. Some
stragglers in groups of three & four came
tiredly after, & a few thin lines further
toward the east, with birds all flapping in
discord & looking like autumn leaves
vibrating on a string. Last of all, before
the sunset glow faded, a perfect wedge
flew straight across the molten gold toward
nowhere.

Oct 1. 1917.

Across the aisle from me a curious trio: a thin
hard worked elderly woman of the small village type,
self-effacing & rather unobtrusive, but uttering
now & then a few shrewd remarks as country
women can: across from her an entirely different
sort of daughter - city-bred, jewelled and of
uncomfortable portly proportions; and
beside her, "Harry", middle aged, with a clean
shaven but deeply lined face. From his incessant
talking I first mistook him for a travelling
salesman. He was on rather intimate terms
with the daughter, while it was evident from the
conversation, that this was his first meeting with
the mother. He inquired where she lived, and
discovered that she was a near neighbor of his
married daughter. (This rather surprised me
- the fact of his being old enough to have a
married daughter.) He inquired frankly how
her husband treated her, and Mrs. X replied
that while the husband did not "abuse" her,
he did, rather "neglect" her - which, as she
ventured to remark, if carried to excess was
the equivalent of abuse! Suddenly the conversa-
tion stopped, & glancing up from my "Atlantic"
(upon which I was turning eyes, not ears)

what was my complete surprise to see him standing in front of the daughter, firmly & rhythmically stroking her forehead with both hands, while she leaned back with closed eyes. This was kept up for several minutes without a word being said. When, with equal suddenness, he drew his hands sharply to his sides, snipped his fingers several times & sat down. It struck me as being a most novel proceeding! Something was said by the daughter about "electricity" and "getting the shock himself when he did it" (this, evidently, referring to another man.) and a few minutes later she was taking a powder.

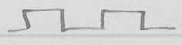
Just what their relationship was puzzled me still more when later, on glancing up, I found Harry & daughter holding hands, while he related in never ending succession personal anecdotes and miscellaneous facts of a surprising assortment - while mother napped. He would continually slap her ^{the daughter,} between narratives, in rough good-fellowship, and put her in gratiating (the insolence) upon her knee - below which extended a vast expanse of very large white stockinged legs ending in high buckskin boots.

The man's incessant buzz of conversation was as amazing as a mosquito, and would

continually recall me from my reading. They were such a curious trio tho; that I confess to pinching my ears a bit when later Harry was alone with the mother. The daughter, it seems, had "waited" in Jewish restaurants in New York, always "made good" (I can picture the class she catered to) but was being pursued by a Jewish youth whom she seemed unable to resist but whom her mother didn't like. She was moving to Chicago to get away from him - but the mother suspected he would follow. Harry was much concerned in a really kind hearted, fatherly way & emphasized that she'd better beware of Jews. He even offered her work and an "interest" in his business - whatever that might be; but from subsequent conversation I'm pretty sure it was quack osteopathy.

How unaccommodate our fellow creatures! "all queer but me, and —" — and sometimes, no exceptions !!

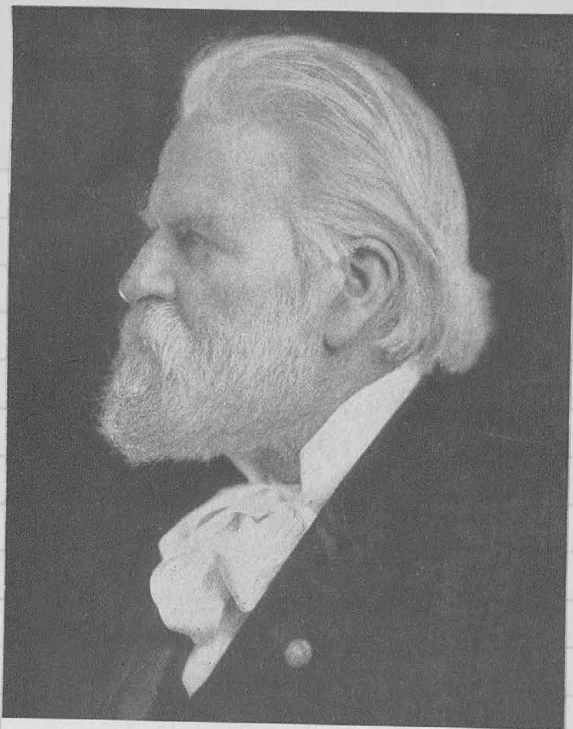
Sunday, October 28, 1917.

A chill autumn day. Will drive us in his disheveled Ford to Fort Saellup to see the wire entanglements & trenches. It gave me a vivid realization of the stage setting of war but lacking an inactive one. The front line trenches are cut almost in German key fashion  so that if a bomb explodes it cannot damage a long stretch of trench. The trenches are a little less deep than I am tall, with a narrow platform on the front side on which one can stand to look over, for sniping. Some are barbed in front with sand bags - others are prevented from coming by wire - chicken wire. There are small dug outs with roofs of corrugated iron & sandbags & earth, & with logs for support. All trenches have signs, for one could easily get lost in their labyrinth. The rear trenches are linear & have a finer dug out off them. In front are the barbed wire entanglements - hedions things of short posts coiled round & round with fast wire - or pits filled with the same - a fearful trap for the unsuspecting. To think of barbed wire effective in spite of huge

calibre guns! It's like the quats which can bother a cow, or hornets & wild animals. In sufficient number some insignificant things tell, & the barbed wire, invented to confine harmless cattle, is now used to stop an army.

It was too cold for many visitors to venture out there as they say they do on warmer days. The few soldiers on guard were all colored - as were the many student officers on the reserve itself. But there was something about the drear desolation of it all which conveyed in a dim, ruin way what the real thing must be like, & as I stood there I tried to imagine the sound of shell & shrapnel which I have so often heard described; tried to picture the trenches full of tired, heroic men; tried to feel behind it all a comrade, dulled by anxiety & stress. And selfishly I gave thanks that war was not here upon us, but I regretted more than ever that I am not a man. Such is my ceaseless vain regret; & I must instead acknowledge my femininity & strive to do my utmost away "the army at home." Our army is at the front - & Brazil has declared war.

Succ. Soc.
Nov. 5
1917.



EDWIN MARKHAM
Celebrated Poet. Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

Mr. Markham lectured on Swedenborg Saturday evening & the church club was full. As usual after the lecture, there were questions asked of the audience, & as usual too there was one man who always got his questions in ahead of others - mostly on spiritualism, reincarnation & the like. Mr. Markham spoke with tremendous caution & displayed not only a mind stocked with the philosophy of various schools & with a fund of general reading, but also a useful sense of humor, which he brought into play when there was

danger of the balance being upset. His music stand came to pieces soon after the lecture began. He stopped in the middle of a serious discussion, looked at the stand & said "Well, I thank you music stand for having helped me along even this far" - & resumed his lecture where he had left off. He brought out the striking points in Swedenborg's teachings with all the force & vigor of his personality - the life after death, but also the life here & now which should be dedicated to the "Service of the Good - which is the Service of God": no matter what our creeds, so long as our life be good. No matter our occupation, so long as we do it honestly & well. He looks forward to the time when "men shall not be used to make money, but money shall be used to make men." He believes that Love is the leavening power in the universe & he believes in the spiritual, resident within all things physical & animating it. Much to the audience's satisfaction he read the "Man with the Hoe" - which he had written at different times - the second & remaining stanzas being written some 5 or 10 years after the first on successive mornings - when he sprang from bed to write them down as if

inspired. So, he said, was his best poetry written. He read several other poems, closing with a quatrain (of which he likes best to write)

"He drew a circle that shut me out
Rebel, heretic, a thing to flout.
But Love & I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle which took him in."

Then this morning he read many of his poems in church (& the church was crowded for perhaps the second time in history), prefacing them with their spiritual meaning, their similarity ^{to} Swedenborg's teachings, & the occasion of their being written. Except that his eye brows are darker, he looked for all the world like Mr. Mitchell, & his postures many times were similar to his. His face tho' was perhaps not so mellow & spiritual, but had more the fire of youth than the calmness of old age. And he preached the doctrine of spirit with all his strength & personality.

He came to dinner - is quite an eater for one so spiritually minded & so about minded. He is usually "communing with nature" or searching out a story for a poem. The

children he noticed with interest, but distinctly. Much of the time he talked with eyes shut, but when he did open them, he revealed deep brown eyes sparkling with life. Whitman he considered had serious faults - catalogued every thing, good bad & indifferent & had no more discrimination in good bad & indifferent men. "Praise my Captain" & a few other poems which Whitman repudiated, he thought works of art - but the poetry in most of his writings was choked by underbrush. He spoke of Emily Small as "dear", knows her well, but doesn't think much of most of her poetry - especially the "Land me the sugar, the salt, the shredded wheat" kind. He willingly read from many of his poems, prefacing them as usual by a few rambling remarks on their origin or intent. And he left us with his blessing upon the house & the hope to come again.

Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1917.

Heard Mr. de Beaufort, formerly a duke of Luxembourg, now a naturalized American & married to an American. He has been at war since it started in one way or another, & keeps a newspaper man before it, seems to have been shelling on many spots. What he gave were snapshots, both verbal and photographic, of various experiences & episodes. He was terrible in earnest about the need for Americans to stop their flag waving & horse blowing & settle down to business, for he said the Germans were not beaten yet & they must be - if it took three or four years or more. The atrocities & outrages of which he told would make the mildest pacifists' bloods boil - if he had any red blood in him. A drawn peace now, in de Beaufort's opinion would be utter destruction 15 or 20 years hence. May we prosecute the war with dispatch & vigor (& every man woman & child will make their sacrifice before it ends, in his opinion) realizing that against which we fight, but realizing too the need for liberalism - not sloppiness or sentimentality or softness - in all our thought & conduct.



J. M. de BEAUFORT joined the Belgian forces in September, 1914, went through the bombardment of Antwerp, and the retreat from that city, and spent two years and a half on the various war fronts. When America entered the war he was in a captured German dug-out in Belgium. He gives a graphic description of the scene in the dug-out following the reading by the Belgian Colonel of the message, "America is our Ally."

November 14, 1917.

Last evening Dr. Charles F. Aked, an Englishman previously, now a resident of San Francisco & citizen of the U.S., lectured under the auspices of the St Paul Institute. He is every bit an Englishman still in looks & speech - tall, trim & handsome, with a reminder once and again of Mr. Will Dean & Harold Hayes combined! and in speech & interpretation, of Cooper Powys. He could use language in the same vivid way, hurrying surprising & discriminating words out upon the audience, & through them interpreting vividly. He also was intensely dramatic in gesture & tone, & when quoting some stirring poem, would swing about & about & out - once again to relapse into his gentlemanly ways appropriate to his dress suit - a what not.

He began by telling of the "reform" in Russia one 150 years ago when Capital punishment was abolished - & replaced by flogging with a twist from the effects of which people died! Later this was replaced by simple flogging & cudgels, & when the victim survived, he could yet be hurled into penal servitude or be turned over to military authorities to be put to death - or be harnessed to Siberia. All this was indicative

of the barbarities of Imperial Russia. Then in March of this year, when news of the Revolution came, Carnegie Hall was packed with those expressing orations for the Russian liberals, and among President was the first to recognize the new Russian government. But with these new disturbances in Russia, we now see their revolution in the light of the immediate military situation. This is natural, not to be deplored. "Short wars are false wars." We must see the problem more broadly. So he sketched for us briefly & vividly, Russia's history since the first Revolutionary attempt in Dec. 1825.

First, he reminded us of Russia's importance in the history of the world due to the make up of Russia herself, & to the "folish" which has been forced to by European nations up to the present day. Russia is as large in area as two United States & two Canadas - two continents together the size of that from Alaska's tip to Mexico. Geographically it is located contiguous to Asia and Europe. Its population is 170,000,000, & the armies of Russia are known for their "fecundity", their "man power" as we now call it, in times of war. Well, here is the vast country, a huge population

of peasants with unprincipled bureaucrats over them & above all the Czar. He traced the so-called Romanoffs pedigree, showed them all to be idiots and uncles for 200 years. "Nicky" could have been exempted by any medical board from army service as a semi-uncle. He was concerned over trifles, but when important matters were brought to him, he wrung his hands & wept. And these were the sort of people who "by right divine" governed wrong." Dr. Arad predicted the fall of other crowned heads before the end of the war. But to go back, here was Russia, governed by Grand Dukes, Bureaucrats, all the Krafft & unscrupulous who pulled the strings, & on the other hand, here was that fetish - the "Balance of Power." For forty years there has been unrest in the Balkans, & Russia & Austria have been waged in perpetual the cannonless warfare all during that time. But no Balance of Power was stable, for Russia could never be depended upon to "stay put." Her loyalty, her allegiances might waver. She could not be banked upon - so tentative balances of power combines were made & made again. Russia in revolution, however, (and this

Dr. Arad emphasized most emphatically) will remove the menace for it is moving toward liberty. He reminded us of Wilson's already famous injunction to "make the world safe for democracy", urged us to remember that it will take time for Russia to emerge free and triumphant even as it took the French Revolution a hundred years; and he mentioned the fact that Germany was not the whole world - as yet, at least - & it was our paramount business to get Democracy across.

Russia's revolution began in 1825, and those first revolutionists were locked up amid unspeakable conditions in the fortress of St. Peter & St. Paul, were tortured to death, were shot by the Cossacks or were sent to the eternal snows & exile of Siberia to die there or, more mercifully, en route. The uprising was stamped out. Then followed the Crimean War, when the emancipation of the serf was decreed. What did it amount to? The serf was no longer called a serf but a peasant - but in reality he was still "a slave with the soul of a slave." But, tho' the decree was futile of direct results, there was implanted miserably in the minds of the peasants themselves the

idea of manhood - the idea of potentialities within themselves. And finally nihilism arose.

Now nihilism is often confounded with assassins & bombs and all that sort of thing, but Dr. Aked rectified that such it was not. It corresponded to the Transcendental movement in this country, and was purely a literary, philosophical & spiritual one, absolutely unrelated to any kind of terrorism. It was a protest against conventions - to being the slaves of other people's standards & opinions. And as part of the movement, was the feminist development, first in the matter of education for women & then in economic independence. At that time women were not admitted to the high schools, & many married unknown men & as married women procured passports & went to German universities to study.

After this came the age of youth & youth of "unsullied missionaries." The youth of the well-to-do fired by altruistic motives, would renounce their inheritance to "go to the people" to teach & help them - and their penalty for this heroic conduct in

the eyes of the government, was Siberia or death - and usually both.

Up to this time the movement had been pacific, but continual repression, continual injustice at last accumulated and finally burst into the age of conflict. This was the inevitable result of the government's ceaseless & stupid & brutal acts.

But there were still undaunted souls who saw the greater need for reform & who were willing to sacrifice their bodies, that their souls might cry out in protest. One such, among the many that Dr. Aked recited in brief, was Catherine Breshkovsky the Russian & beloved "grandmother" of the Russian Revolution. She was the daughter of a workman, well educated and married to a landed man. Because she taught the peasants, the government became suspicious, threw her into St Peter & St Paul's where she was kept two years, without trial. Then she was sentenced to 5 years of hard labor in the mines & after that - exile for life in Siberia. During the first five years she made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, and for more years of hard labor were added to

her entrance. Then 32 years ago, George Kennan found her near the Chinese border and helped her to escape. She came to the United States and won the instant love & admiration of its people. She might have stayed on here to the end of her days in peace & honored old age, but she had that spirit within her which could not accept comfort & happiness while her comrades were suffering under the brutal lash of Russia. Her return there was voluntary, but she was immediately cast into St. Peter & St. Paul & then sent to Siberia. This was in 1910. But it need not surprise us. In 1908 there were edicts for hangings by the thousand. Russia of our day was no saint. Dr. Arad never expected to hear of Mme. Breshkovsky again, for in Feb. 1914 he received word that she had been caught trying to escape - ineffectually disguised as a man. All the more miraculous then the news that on April 11, 1917 she stood among the leaders of the Revolution, honored and acclaimed by them. There were other revolutionists who were as ardent for the cause of liberty, but came to a more speedy end - without a murmur.

These, then, were years of terror - a reign of terror in our day & generation, but the facts have been kept hid from us. At the time of the Russo-Japanese war conditions were still hideous, still unbearable to the lives of the peasants & liberals. But the Workman's Association saw the light & went as a deputation to demand reforms of the Czar. He fled at the back door and left the Cossacks to deal with the deputation. This was "Bloody Sunday." The people had procured liberty - almost, but not entirely, no one knows to this day. History must still explain why they let fly the bird they had at length grasped. The Czar did promise a Duma & constitutional law, and assigned it - for what it was worth. But when a ^{common} jury returned a verdict displeasing to the government a common jury was not allowed to sit again on such a case. In fact, Dr. Arad said that since the peace of Portsmouth, Russia has been worse than ever & has made the Jews their official scapegoat - treating them shamelessly & hideously as we all know.

And the revolution. The outcome is hidden, but give it time & pray for its success.

The end of April 1918.

What years of time & events have happened since the last entry. There, we thought that Mother was pulled down by her X-ray treatment in the fall - but gradually day by day she would have to give up first this, then that. Reading in the automobile became too tiring, & she got her airing not done. Then even sitting on the porch was too much for her - and at last she kept to her bed. From then, we thought she was undergoing a nervous breakdown, due to the excessive, double strain she has been under. Dr. Schmitz came up from Chicago, applied radium & encouraged us to hope. But when she once weakened & I went to Dr. Seewitz to see about the advisability of having a nurse for her, he kindly but firmly told me it was "hopeless" - and that was that. He said I could care for her as well as a nurse, & for that privilege I shall always be grateful. At first she could sit up in a chair three times a day - and I read to her - read all sorts & kinds of books. She had a feeling then that she seemed not to care if she never got well - but later on, we knew from what she said that she did not really expect to leave us yet awhile. On January 13 the first definite change came,

and she was able gradually to do less & then less for herself. So it continued - and we could do so little for her. But watch her suffer and weaken. Her coughing bothered her & she suffered both from sheer exhaustion & at times, excruciating pain. What she ate was distasteful & finally she could eat nothing at all, but lived on sips of gingerale from a mortar. She was courageous always, & each night thanked me for "all" I had done for her during the day, never uttering a word of complaint or impatience to anyone. I kept on the couch at the foot of the bed. Getting up when she called during the night to rest her back or give her a drink. It was but a week before she died that she said on waking in the night "I don't understand why I'm here, I was told I was going to die." She wandered a little toward the last, but before that, looked deep into my eyes & said one day & said "Dear dear darling, how I love you." She went, at last, unconscious at 1:30 on Tuesday morning April 9 - just 8 years from the very day grandmother Duntan died. I was sitting up with her when I noticed the change coming & called the others. Her dream had come true at last - she woke up well. She looked so young & beautiful & dear as we last saw her in her white dress. We knew she is near us, for we feel a peace & comfort which otherwise we could not.

May 10, 1918. Monday.

Today I have taken a turn in the road which is bound to be of great moment to me all the rest of my life. I have registered for a nurse's training at the University Hospital. Perhaps it is an hour of no greater moment than many a one we take each every day, but realizing what hangs on the choice we unconsciously take of this in preference to that. When we are asked to do not only our "bit" but our "all" - I could not do less than I have done. If the war still continues when I have finished the course, I hope I may serve actively. If it can find a satisfactory ending sooner, I will at least feel I have not worked in vain - for I have helped someone for the first time skilled & needed than I, and I will perhaps have done something not altogether inconsiderable, toward relieving suffering here. It is hard to do what seems like renouncing one's family - especially when one's numbers are fewer. But there are no ordinary times, and I am sure there is something calling me which must take precedence now over my family. Social work is needed - but nursing is even more fundamental.

Saturday, May 11, 1918.

Elvira & I went to Fortenac Thursday afternoon in a pouring rain, to see the birds! But the weather man predicted a fair Friday, so we took a chance. We spent the afternoon with the Idoons before the open fire at the Inn - knitting socks. Outside raged a severe gale - thuds of rain, gusts of wind and the thundering of the wind up under the roof. That night our room was beaten up by the storm, but towards morning it calmed a good deal, and we were awakened by the happiest Oriole song imaginable - & there on a branch right outside the window, was the orange songster. We dressed & hurried out toward the point. It was still cold & raw, with the sun struggling through the clouds. So we went inland, through wood & thicket - chased an elusive Towhee - and a dear little Field Sparrow - & saw & heard quantities of other birds. We were off again after breakfast, hungry and for the sight & sound of more birds only. Then the sun actually warmed us, & we lay & basked in it. By afternoon the day was one in twenty - and we climbed up to the old quarry & perched ourselves on the rocks, to drink in the view.

May below & around us. The Pine Lake (Pepin)
was sunk in its surroundings of green
wooded cliffs - and the whole had a
foreign air about it & did not seem to be
a Minnesota at all. Mrs. Laura Dean
was pouring up around the new quarry,
I met her on the way down & had such
a nice talk with her - mostly about Mother.
She made me love her more than ever. We
came back in the evening having seen
some 47 different kinds of birds - but
too early for most of the warblers. Our
last guest - on the tree by our window, was
a stunning scarlet tanager. And our
other birds ranged all the way in coloring
from him to the demure & trim Tennessee
warbler.

May 17-1918.

was today accepted for the Nurses'
Training School at the University. Course
begins this fall.

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