

such a calamity to the grade. None
of this when I see you.

Now to come to really important things,
my prompters in replying, for example,
is due not so much to my long
standing promise to write a long
letter as to a visit with "Thel" today.
It was the inspiration. It came a-
bout thus: I was working at my desk
in lab., all the others had gone home,
when in strode his manly form
carrying a huge smile and a wel-
coming handshake. Now here is
more evidence that he is a social
being, a character which I have always
ascribed to him, you may remember.
We chatted for fifteen minutes as
easily as two old ladies over their
teacups. We talked about ourselves.
I chided him for going into the
Okefinoche ^{that "paradise gardens" and other glowering bays,} alone, where he spent a
week this summer, and exposing
himself to all the dangers of wild
beasts, and risking his precious
neck in the quicksands, etc. etc. He
regretted to hear about my infirmities
and hoped no further casualties would
befall me. etc. etc. Then as a leader

swellly printers ink.

It is nice to think you will
be here so soon and that you will
be comfortably and pleasantly ac-
commodated at the Van Rensselaers.

Townsend a conference on
the Farm House and I must
leave myself to bed to prepare
for it.

lots of love and kindest re-
gards to your brothers whom we will
all be glad to know. Evereline.

is wrong, or rather that you might
think so. When he turned to go
he most gallantly remarked
he had had a very pleasant
visit. You may remember
he ran from me as from
a dreadful ogre or fearful
pastilence last fall.

Mr. Allen has married,
also Prof. Knudson but there are
still a goodly number of eli-
gibles that you may come
back to. Besides Jack there
is a whole menagerie of
new ones: The "Angel Gabriel",
the "Proboasis" and others.

The "elusive Dr. Embury" still

cludes the doleful freshmen. He, by the way, has developed a most becoming ribbon point. Miss Georgia is as happy as a lark and sings the ev'ning day. Her high spirits are due to a transfer from the library to the Farm Course and the acquisition of a desk all her own in our laboratory. She enjoys the sociability of it, and the better opportunity of "getting at" people. Mr. Gileson has a seat in the "laboratory de luxe" with Mr. Lloyd who works like a beaver these days - Dorothy Curtis has Miss Lynn's corner with Alice. Your desk still awaits you. It was temporarily occupied this summer by Lucy Smith, a dear girl, but I will be glad to welcome back my old "pard."

Alice and I called at the Needhams yesterday, and were treated to a first sitting with the illustrations and chapter headings of the new book, *The Farm*, which is in the galley proof stage, if that is what you call yards and yards of



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY

Miss Hortense Butler
Peterson
Iowa..

Quarterly! Page College, April 8, '14.
Your card rec'd, and also a share of the
one in rhyme. You certainly
"clipped me over", as the say, in
Uncle Sam when you correct-
ed that address. So glad you are
having a fine week in Wash. We
have had pretty weather all the
time - snow and rain constantly.
I've been reminded of what old Dr.
Linnon used to say of Elbaer. "9
mos. winter and 3 mos. hell."
Yet, the weather hasn't affected me
much for I've kept continuously at
my desk doing thesis ever since
Sat. Aug. when I finished my ex-
am. papers. One of my hopefuls
said the strongly had "interference
for and aft." - an observation
which should be incorporated in
Lucy Smith's thesis, don't you think
so? We all miss you very
much. Lab. seems lonesome.
Paul is sitting up. Jack has not
yet shown up. You are a shy one
not to tell of that nice little plan
to meet in Phila! Lots of love to
you both. How is Nellie? Love, Lulu.

Value of a great man filled with - believe
a very effective strain, you know, as all
the zoologies say ^{me up by the} and I piped up promptly.
"The whale has a remarkable - oh!! ah!!
Ha! Ha!" Well, anyhow, I think I was all
right on the Poranogatus but it the
end brain tag was responsible for some
slips of memory.

You asked if I was not to have
a picture taken in doctor's gown and
hood. Perhaps next year when I get a
salary that pays a little more than
"bread and clothes" I'll be able to afford
it. They are frightful expensive - seventy-five

The Circle, Ithaca, N.Y.
July 7, 1914.

Dear Holmes,

Are't the enclosed
snap shots of my humble self
sufficient evidence that the
"natural haunts of a titled per-
son" is but a vain imagining?
Dear lady, I haven't had en-
ough rest left to write a de-
cent letter; and that is why you
haven't had me. A week ago
Saturday I finished the the-
sis for publication and then,
instantly, tied myself to Church-
ville for a week. I had a