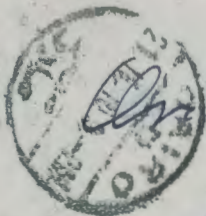
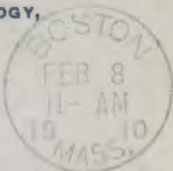


MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



*Wm. Bates, Esq.*

~~*1/2 Congdon & Co.,*~~

~~*Sakka*~~

~~*Kass-el-Nil,*~~

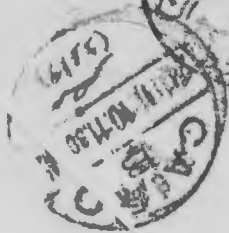
*Nubia*

~~*Cairo*~~

*Upper Egypt*

*Abbas Egypt.*

*B2*



B2

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Isle au Hoyt,  
Sept. 9, 1909.

Dear Ray:

I came over from town:  
I had a  
hour on Tuesday. I had a  
very jolly time there. I dug one  
afternoon for an hour at Cal-  
ls., but got nothing beyond a few  
the and a couple of cult-frag-  
ments so poor I would not  
carry them to Boston.

Mrs. Blaney told me some nice  
stories about Robert, the thief. There  
is six or seven. One of them was  
to the effect that on the eve of a  
day appointed for a picnic he ask-  
ed his nurse to pray for a pleasant  
day on the morrow. "Why don't you  
pray yourself?" she asked. "Well,

you see," he answered, "you know  
God a great deal better than I do.  
You've got his photograph." The  
interpretation of the maid's devo-  
tional picture is novel.

The Blanceys asked to be re-  
membered to you, and were  
much interested in your welfare.  
Billy Chase, who was there, told me  
incidentally that Boston, who was  
put up at the St. Botolph, had cre-  
ated a very bad impression at  
the club by drunkenness and too  
racy stories.

Elizabeth Bowditch and two friends  
met me at North DEET Isle, and  
we drove across the island. The  
day dream and Capt. Charles were  
waiting at Stonington, and we arrived  
here about six. Mrs. Swan had  
gone up in the morning to meet the  
Hubbards, who are just back

B2

2

from abroad. Mr. Pawdlett is in town, but comes tomorrow. All are well, and the summer has been most successful.

It is more lovely here than ever, and Isle au Haut in the glorious September weather is beyond praise. Mrs. Shortridge as usual inquired for you most kindly. I have had two mornings at Kimball's with excellent success. I found yesterday a new form of beaver-tooth carrying tool. It is carefully notched in the middle and is evidently intended for the cutting of parallel lines in the wood. I found too some good fish-spears, some capital agate scrapers, some arrowheads, and the usual pottery.

You can no longer be so proud  
of your finding a pipe!  
"I too have not been idle;  
and this morning dug up at  
Kimball's a pottery pipe of which  
the above is a rude represen-  
tation. It is not so clumsy  
as the outline, but any way  
it is a fine addition to the  
collection.

While I was at Mt. Desert I had  
word from Hoar that he was coming  
to Boston. I did what I could: sent  
him a card to the Carena and ask-  
ed the fellows to look out for him.  
His acknowledgement & enclose.

Heman Chaplin has gone insane.  
He was treasurer of the church at Dr.  
Haven, and developed mania in  
the form of a frantic belief that

B<sup>2</sup>  
he had embezzled the funds. He  
went about confessing his sin to ev-  
erybody. Then he got the boys out in  
a sail-boat in a half-gale, refused  
to let them reef, and told them that  
they and he were disgraced, and  
that they had better go to the bottom.  
Somehow they got to shore; and he  
is now in an asylum, — or, rather,  
for nobody goes to an asylum in  
these days, — in a sanatorium. It  
is desperately sad.

While Ipen was here this sum-  
mer he stood looking at a gar-  
den-bed in which the plants had  
been so dwarfed by the drought  
as to be hardly alive. "What are these  
things?" he asked. "They are supposed  
to be asters," he was told. "Humph!" he  
retorted; "they look to me more  
like disasters."

I go home on the fifteenth, Ellen is safely back, and John reports her well and happy to be once more in Boston.

We shall for the next six months have endless and acrimonious discussion as to who discovered the North Pole. I do not care whether both Cook and Peary have been there or neither. "A plague o' both your houses," say I. John, however, is sure to be excited on the side of his classmate Peary.

You are still, I suppose, on the Atlantic, but whenever you are you have with you the very heart of Dad.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

BOSTON, MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

Dear Ray:

This has just  
come back to  
me, via Isle and  
Hout. I carelessly  
addressed "Harv. St. M."  
without the Congdon.  
It is pretty old  
news; but I send  
it for the sake  
of Hoar's letter.  
Yesterday the mercury

was ten below. The  
jungle was littered  
underfoot with the  
tails frozen from  
cross monkeys.

Always with love,  
Dad.

The Victoria.

Sep. 1/09

Dear Mr. Bates,

I must write a line.

& thank you very much for your letter,

& for your great kindness with regard

to the Tavern Club, where I presented

myself on Thursday & was well looked

after.

Yesterday I went out to Worcester &  
stayed the night & was shown my  
Uncle Remond's house.

I hope to get out to Harvard to-morrow before  
taking the train for Quebec.

I was so sorry not to have the pleasure  
of making your acquaintance & am  
afraid there is no chance of my coming  
back through Boston.

With many thanks

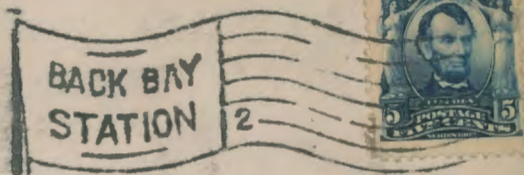
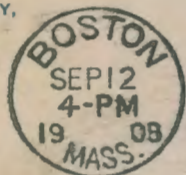
Yours sincerely

G. Sydney Howe Howe

WETA

WETA

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



ORIC BATES, ESQ.;

φ CONGDON & CO.;

KASR-EL-NIL;

CAIRO ;

EGYPT.

*No. 92.*

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*Handwritten signature*  
27 IX 08 A.  
ALEXANDRIE - GIBRE

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Sept. 12, 1908.

Dear Boy:

The type-writer will tell you that I am at home again. I arrived yesterday morning, and Ellen bids me say that I found everything in apple-pie order, herself included. Strange as it may seem this is a fact.

I left all well as Isle au Haut. The house-party was still on. The evening before I came away I took charge of them. I offered to help them on a charade party, and Mrs. Bowditch said that she had wondered whether I would be willing to do something of the ~~XXX~~ sort, but that she had not liked to ask me. With the young people at the club I had sixteen to dispose of. I gave each the costume he or she was to wear to represent the title of a book or a play but I told nobody -- not even the impersonator -- what the title was. Then each was given a list to fall out with guesses, and we had four prizes, two for the boys and two for the girls. These were all of Haskell Turner's iron-work. The thing went off extremely well. The older people assembled as audience, I made a little opening speech, and

then brought each character in turn upon the stage and said something -- as misleading as possible ! -- about the work <sup>represented</sup> presented. Then three quarters of an hour was allowed for filling out the lists while the performers circulated among the general company. Then I counted the guesses, made another speech, took each character in turn again and told what he or she represented, and then gave out the prizes. I made some effort to mislead. I took the old joke "In no sense A broad", and made the A a very tall and slender "scarlet letter"; I gave Miss Gill a lot of apples to mix with the autumn leaves which decorated her dress as Howells' "Indian Summer", and of course everybody put her down as "The Fruit of the Tree"; then I brought on Charlie Hubbard labeled <sup>as</sup> "Sneak Thief" and carrying a lot of hats, and presented him as representing that novel, altho' the tree happened to be a hat-tree. It was not, you perceive, very exalted wit, but it served. Elizabeth was "The Spanish Student" by the aid of a Spanish costume and a lesson-book. She looked very pretty, and she is a dear whatever she does.

Her mother hopes, by the way, to get her in for the year to a very superior Maryland boarding school, to wit,

Caton's. If this does not work, Elizabeth will still be at Miss Wensor's for this winter, but will go to the Maryland school for next. The Bowditches do not now expect to be in town this winter. They supposed that they had let the Milton place at a big figure, but Ernest saw the man who was after it, and lo and behold he was a thorough-paced Jew. Of course Ernest could not put a Hebrew into the midst of his Milton friends, cheek by jowl with Mr. Kidder, and so the whole thing was given up.

Charles Bowditch, by the way, has just sent me the Peabody Museum reports of the Central American expeditions. When I was a Chocorua I was greatly interested in his photographs, and we talked of the matter considerably. They are really most interesting, and I am thinking of so getting myself up in them that when you come I can crush you with my erudition in a direction which you will hardly know much about.

A cousin of Mrs. Swan's who was at the club told this incident as having happened to herself. <sup>— perhaps it did</sup> She said that in England she went with a lady whom she was visiting to a luncheon given by a lady of title. In the course of the

meal the lady of title turned to the American, evidently thinking that she should, in her capacity as hostess, make a remark.

"You live in New York, do you not?"

"Yes, in New York city."

"Yes, so I thought. I wish you would tell me what you do to protect yourself from the buffaloes there."

"But", said the American, not clever enough to fool the Englishwoman by saying that she never went out without a man-servant to keep them off, "we have no buffaloes in New York."

The Lady O'Title regarded her with disfavor and haughty scorn. "I said buffaloes," she uttered in a tone that settled the whole matter and made it evident that the beasts were far more plenty in the streets of the metropolis than electric-cars. "When are you leaving England?"

It is good to be at home, where I find things fit into the wrinkles of my personality so that I feel perfectly at ease. I even had a sense of pleasant familiarity at the sight of Betty Porter strutting along Brimmer street like the mother of future base-ball nines. Uncle John came to.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,

dinner last night. He grows always a little queerer and a little narrower, but he is as sweet and dear as ever. It is inevitable that age will stiffen us and narrow us, even if we fight against such a tendency; but when one shuts oneself up as he does, the work goes on with lamentable rapidity. I DO hope I shall not live to fossilize! If I do it will not be from lack of effort on my part.

Ellen was simply enchanted with her letter. She had me read it to Uncle John, and she herself reads it to all her friends.

Your friend G.A.R. may be amused by the following specimens of howlers, from an English school:

A lake is a piece of water that the land has grown round.

The base of a triangle is the side we don't talk about. (This will be too subtle for him?)

The lungs are organs of excretion. (Which, I take it, is <sup>was</sup> more true in Egypt than elsewhere.)

How did William I. put down the Saxons? -- He put them down in Domesday Book.

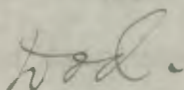
Excommunication means that no one is to speak to someone.

Later. I have been to see Mrs. Moulton's daughter

and her husband. They are pleasant people, and he is a right good fellow, as I knew before. I have something of a job before me, and shall go at it on Tuesday. I have to go to Mrs. Waters for Sunday. Indeed, she expects me to stay at Newburyport for some time, but this <sup>work</sup> makes it impossible. As I have other things to do at home, I am not sorry. I shall be extremely busy<sup>s</sup> for the next two or three weeks.

I have had what you say of Reisner at the back of my head ever since your last letter came. I am very sorry that he is not the sort of man "to tie to". I feel, however, what I should not have been sure of once, that you may be trusted to keep your mind as well as your hands untainted from his influence. I am not entirely sure whether you may not share the odium which is sure to come upon his name sooner or later. Remember that your good name belongs to your mother and to me.

Always with love,



DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

BOSTON, MASS.

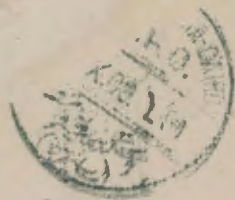
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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



Eric Bates, esq.,  
1/2 Condon st li,  
Kasr-el-Nil,  
Cairo,  
Egypt.

BE



7

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.

Sept. 17, 1909.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

I reached home yesterday morning, after a delightful week at Isle au Haut. I found Ellen in good condition, very glad to be back and to have me back. I go today, much against my inclination, to New<sup>SW</sup>buryport to stay until Monday. I am so busy that I begrudge the time.

Ellen has called my attention to the things which you left behind, and I am completely puzzled. You go away for a long stay and leave a drawerful of shirts, half a dozen of them never having been worn; you leave a new pair of riding breeches; you leave your visiting cards, -- I have not investigated, but I have no doubt that you leave plenty of other things. Certainly you leave your helmets. All these things I suppose you will replace -- by way of economy!

Why your dunny-bag is here, locked up, I cannot conceive; nor have I any idea what the locked box is which has been piled into the hall closet, -- unless it is photographic materials.

I have stripped the envelopes from the letters I en-

close, but of course have not read them. Hebe called the other day before I returned, and was astonished that you had gone to Egypt. What is worse, or what is bad, for you might or might not have told Hebe, is that Bunty came with the same experience. You might at least have sent him a p.p.c.

You are invited to the marriage of Albert Ellis Harding with Gladys Everett French , Oct. 6, at Canton.

I am of course now in the midst of the Institute work, the preliminaries, that is. I will write a real letter as soon as I have breathing-space.

Always with love,

Wad.

handed it back home.

When I return to warmer  
climats. I shall look you <sup>up</sup> and  
trust that when the boards are  
down at No 7. you will not  
let your habit of coming to our  
board be altered.

Give my greetings to your  
Father and let me say how <sup>have</sup> glad  
I am to <sup>have</sup> renewed the  
friendship begun here at this  
island years ago.  
Faithfully yours  
Louisa A Wells,

Campobello September 6 1909.  
Eastport  
Maine.

Dear Neighbour. Chic.

Your piece our nice  
chat, on that Sunday we,  
was broken up, by a call  
from an uncle - I have been  
meaning to write and ask  
pardon, for my seeming  
rudeness that night: but  
there was no help for me -  
and I felt you understood  
the place - I was just in to.

You have heard me complain  
of the Maine climate. Well  
since I got here, we have had  
one evening without a fire  
in the sitting room - and I sit  
and read anything from Dante  
to the tales of the Arabian  
nights and wonder why I ever  
spent any time - ever that Bain  
man's words, but I did and  
now I know better.

I should have liked a  
look in, at the house cleaning

the day or so <sup>before you</sup> returned, I suppose to talk  
of earthquake and earthquakes or water, which  
would show to see?

There is Nichols' and his his long gallery, or  
the best part of the house that I could see about  
which you gave me. I should to know. The  
Fackian man, who looked at all one and after  
careful examination to which who made it,  
but Fackian this made me the same and

have been running  
things with Said,  
the Mezzit, and  
30 other Egyptians  
(including Cameo boys).  
We have 9 groups of  
locals each ~~with~~ <sup>of</sup> 25-  
men women and boys,  
run by 3 Egyptians  
working in the trenches  
with their men. The  
amount of work done  
is impressive. Fisher  
has been kept steady  
at work on his plans  
and has had no time  
for anything else.

Sebaste, Aug. 20, 1909.

Dear Eric,

I am sorry  
that Winlock mis-  
understood my attitude  
towards you. It arose  
from my trying to get  
Winlock to help me  
pack. But I can  
assure you that  
there was nothing  
personal in the matter  
at all. In the same  
way, recently, being  
worried by the Boston  
Museum about the  
small objects, I said

among other things,  
"if Butus had  
remained in Egypt"  
the things could  
have been sent long  
ago. But I have  
not had any feeling  
whatever of distrust  
or diminution of  
friendship. As for  
my not writing, you  
know how I have  
been driven. I have  
got out Nabian Bulls.  
nos. 3 and 4, corrected  
the proofs of Naga-ed-her

II (now out), written  
the Nabian Annual  
Report now going through  
the press and have had  
the three expeditions,  
Nabia, Pyramids and  
Sebaste on my hands.

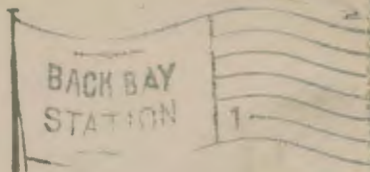
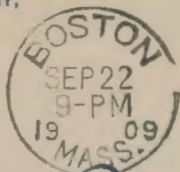
I have been intending  
to write to you for some  
time; but there are only  
the two of us here, -  
Fisher and myself. -  
I am doing Dato's  
work along with the  
other. Dato left  
at the beginning of the  
season with all the  
Christian foremen. I



a building made by  
the Babylonian colonists.  
We have cut a section  
in the axis of the temple  
down the hill to the  
south across the road  
of columns (interesting work)  
at the Gate, we have  
excavated a large  
area between the two  
towers and around the  
north tower and have  
laid bare 4 pre-  
Herodian structures, Herod's  
Gate, and 1 post-Herodian  
structure. Altogether  
it is one of the most  
interesting and instructive

pieces of work it has ever been my  
fortune to ~~be~~ undertake. Very  
probable that one space up by this year's  
work and I hope that we may be  
able to spend several more years here.  
I am very happy at the prospect  
of seeing you in Egypt this winter.  
I do not think Fifth has any more  
gets; but he has been in Egypt  
all summer and I have not heard  
from him for six weeks.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



*Ailin*

*Eric Bates, exp.,*

*for  
T.S. & S.  
1792*

*J. Congdon & Co.,*

*Kass-el-Nil,  
Cairo,*

*Egypt.*

*B4*

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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.

September 22, 1909.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Dear Boy:

I have your letters from Gibraltar and from Naples, and I am very glad that you had so pleasant a voyage. Many thanks for the stamps. I fear that my strongest sensation at Gibraltar would have been helpless anger at the supreme insolence of England in holding Gibraltar. I shall not live to see the English forced to give up the Rock, but that will happen before the Twentieth Century ends. *Ipse dixit!*

I have not much in the way of news. I passed Sunday with Mrs. Waters. She is naturally very sad so soon after the death of her second son, but she seems otherwise in good condition. Her new house is delightful. She showed me the house in which lives the lady Sam Cabot is to marry next month, but this did not give me a vivid idea of what the girl is like. She -- Miss Graves, -- is a great favorite in Newburyport.

I am plugging away at the Moulton MS. in a sort of dull anger that any human being can be so stupid and be *as is X. W.*

allowed to live. Miss W. cannot be trusted to give even the smallest quotation correctly. She would turn "How doth the little busy bee" into "How busy the little bee doth." Her copy is something like the papers: every thing I know anything about is wrong, and that does not give me confidence in <sup>regard to</sup> the things I cannot know about because I have never seen the originals.

The Pearsons sent an invitation for you and me to go out for the night. I shall go out Friday.

Did I tell you that while I was at Schooner Head Miss Sophie Erwin told me, adropos of the strong personal likeness which has so often been remarked between Lincoln and Jeff Davis, that there exists a tradition that they were half-brothers. I do not believe the legend. It is pretty generally understood that Lincoln was illegitimate, but I think his fatherhood is fairly well established, and his mother has never been accused of more than one liaison. The idea, however, is startlingly dramatic. The position of the half-brothers as the respective heads of North and South, and the fact that the one born outside wedlock should be so incomparably the stronger and greater, make the notion wonderfully suggestive.

I have -- I have a dreadful idea that I said this in

a former letter, and it is not worth repeating! -- invented a phrase long needed. It is a mate to "l'esprit de l'escalier." It is for those awful thoughts which come to us in the night and make us turn hot and cold at the memory or the perception of our stupidity or awkwardness or thoughtlessness -- or worse things. It is "la pensée de la nuit."

I do not know if I told you that while at Bar Harbor I lunched with Admiral and Mrs. Bob. Evans -- Bless my old and wandering wits! You were then there!

Miss Mary Jewett, who is a most enchanting person, told many stories while we were together at Isle au Haut. One of them was of an old couple who live down in South Berwick, the man rather crusty and the dame rather <sup>a</sup>fiery. On one occasion the old lady broke out suddenly in the night. "John," she said excitedly, "I must go to town the first thing after breakfast." John grunted sleepily. "I must go over to the store and get me a new cap." John, a little aroused by the idea of the spending of money, managed to intimate that he did not know who was going to pay for the cap. "Pay for it!" she exclaimed with indignation, "you'll pay for it. Why, John Bagley! If I should die tomorrow, I have n't a cap fit to be laid out in!" "Then why in thun-

der," demanded the affectionate husband, "did n't you die when you did have?"

I have just received an amusing letter from Barton about the Linsey Cullen business.

My hair standeth on end! In all truth and sincerity I never heard of Linsey Cullen except as a "creation of my (or our) heat-oppressed brain". I distinctly remember however that the name was not invented by any one, but that it was discussed at length by all. It is really very curious, -- more than curious. Had any one of us proposed it, it would be easy to see that forgetfulness might have seemed invention; but I am sure that this was not the case. Also, had you, for instance, known and forgotten the name it is hardly conceivable that unconsciously you could have influenced us to arrive at it. That one of us had heard it is of course possible; but that was rather an intellectual gathering, and whatever might be said of any one at the table, I think that weakness of mind, will, or character could hardly be charged. . . . It is probably coincidence pure and simple, but one of the most remarkable I ever heard.

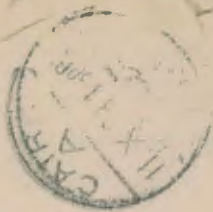
*Always with love,  
Dad.*

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

BOSTON, MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



ORIC BATES, ESQ.;

of CONGDON & CO.;

BAR-S-EL-NIL;

CAIRO;

EGYPT.

B5.



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
BOSTON, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.

Sept. 26, 1909.

Dear Boy:

Morse asked me at the Tavern the other day if it is easy to make limericks. I told him it is as easy as lying, and gave him these examples.

There was a Professor named Morse  
Who used language which preachers endorse;  
    But his wild objurgations  
    Might startle the nations,  
Or move to mad laughter a horse.

There was a Professor named Ned,  
Who took whiskey on going to bed;  
    Took it too in the morn,  
    And regarded with scorn  
Any man who chose water instead.

There once was a testy Professor,  
Bumped his head on the edge of the dresser.  
    What he saw was in flashes;  
    What he said 's in these dashes  
--! ---!! ---!!! ---!!!! --!!!!! ---!!!!!!  
To be Englished at will by each guesser.

You see to depths to which a sleepless, muggy, mousquito night brought me, for under those circumstances I made them.

I must copy for you a part of an entrance examination - book, an extract from a letter in which the candidate -- from Michigan -- relates how he studied English.

About the most interesting two days of the course was a murder trial in which Clifford Pycheen (sic) was the defendant and the readers of the "House of the Seven Gables" were the plaintiffs. I acted as prosecuting attorney, and Clarence Avery as attorney for the defendant. I read the book several times up to the page where the Judge was found dead. I took numerous notes, arranged them as best I could. Then my medical knowledge being limited I saw Dr Conrad to ascertain if sudden but not violent death could take place under such circumstances, and if so in what condition the victim might be found. On the day of the trial we summoned the two janitors and five of the boys who were taking laboratory work. We proceeded to cross<sup>u</sup>examine the jury and as no one knew anything of the accused the seven were chosen to serve. The trial lasted two days. Roy Mitchell took the place of Clifford but as he contradicted himself so many times the jury awarded (sic) a verdict of guilty and the accused was sentenced to read the book of the "House of the Seven Gables."

The punctuation is not mine. I do not know whether more to admire the inge<sup>n</sup>uity of the teacher who in desperation tried to interest his wild Michiganders or to weep that to this has come the teaching -- so-called -- of literature in the public schools.

Ellen distinguished herself when she got home. She

had a bad scare from the Irish doctor about her eyes, and was in a terrible panic lest she should not be allowed to land. The result was that she slept very little on the voyage. She arrived here on Thursday, and of course Uncle John had to let her into the house. He bade her good night and she retired to sleep the sleep of the worn-out. He came down again on Saturday afternoon, and found Ellen just out of bed, supposing it to be Friday. She had slept over two nights and a day and a half unbrokenly. Why either daylight or hunger did not wake her I cannot say, but she is a strange creature.\*

I am very sorry to say that the physicians have given up all hope of Charlie Sturgis. He married Elizabeth Cabot (Sam's sister) last spring, and went abroad. Somewhere on the wedding trip he contracted scarlet fever. He got well enough to get home, but then nephritis and blood-poisoning followed, and now it is decided that he cannot live. It is very cruel! Everybody is fond of him, and he has everything to live for. We are all wretched about it at the Tavern.

The Pole-Cook-Peary row is on in full force. Of course

\* She did wake in the second night, & find, and got a lunch; but sup: raised it to be the first night.

Uncle John is an ardent champion of his classmate, Peary, but almost everybody else that I know is for Cook. Peary is not a popular person. Waddie Longfellow tells of being in company with an old salt from Eagle Island, where Peary has a summer place, and the tar said: "Well, of all sons of b..... I ever run across Peary is the son-of-a-b.....est!" I am not interested either way. Morse is entirely right in saying that in any case this is not a scientific journey but a sporting event. If a stay might be made at the pole and observations taken, etc., the thing would be worth something; now it is of no more consequence than the winning of a baseball game.

Lang has gone to Japan to be gone until Christmas time. He is loaned by the Museum to the Government, but that is all I know. Perhaps you had heard this.

I have no duplicates of your child-pictures, but if you will tell me which you wish, I will order it.

Our friend Smith, of Vinal Haven, has found a camp-site and has dug about a third of it. He has found a dozen perfect spear-heads and about seventy broken ones. A lot of other things he sends me drawings of that I may tell him what they are. He says the Nelson has no shell-heap. I shall

take the matter to Willoughby. The things are found just under the surface. He does not say where the place is, perhaps from thoughtlessness and perhaps from archaeological thoughtfulness.

The Museum, always in some new mess, is now in great trouble over the roof. The copper tiles of the roof expand with the heat and contract with the cold, and the place has become a sort of show-  
er-bath. I am told that the Japanese Department is in a terrible strait. It does seem as if every thing connected with the place was hounded.

The Arthur hills came home yesterday, four dogs

and all. I have been taking  
tea with them by way of a  
pleasant ending for a long,  
dull, distracted day over the  
Lilian Fuzzy-wuzzy U.S. Ar:  
thur says that he went to  
school with Richard Norton,  
that everybody hated him. Ar:  
thur added pensively that  
Norton used to stick pens  
into his legs and that he was  
proud to say that when  
repeatedly called upon to  
thrash him he had been  
equal to the occasion.  
Always with love,

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

BOSTON, MASS.

Dad.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY