

January 15, 1918.

My dear Pollard:

I duly received your letter of December 5th and delayed answering until I should hear from Winship, who is not a prompt correspondent.

I note all you say about the American Advisory Committee, and have already communicated with Professors Schofield and Webster, and the Universities of Nebraska and Washington. I feel sure they will come in for 1917 as well as 1918.

I see no objection to Winship taking care of all American orders for the Society's publications and think a remittance direct to Graves would be better than having the money sent through me. I greatly prefer only to collect the annual dues.

Your notice is the first intimation I have had of Carleton Brown's loss. I knew his wife was ill, and that he had changed his habitat on that account.

I shall submit the names of all candidates to the other members of the Committee, but as applicants are generally very well known, even in this country, I think we will have no difficulty in passing upon them.

I am curious to see how many of Bullen's victims renew for this year. His enthusiasm for the Society knew no bounds.

Our English mails are so irregular that I suppose the delay in receiving Bosanquet's and Duff's books must be laid at that door, but I note you are sending them in bulk instead of by mail.

I saw by the papers that Sir William Osler's son had died, and mourn with you all for the great sacrifices and losses you are sustaining. Alas! our own American boys are beginning to give their lives for the great cause. So far, none of my personal friends have been bereaved, I know it is only a question of time until I shall be called to the house of mourning.

Our little city of Summit with less than ten thousand has contributed three hundred and seventy-three men under the volunteer system, and about forty by conscription.

Your friend, Miss Morris, has taken up dancing as a cure for all evils! I suppose Mrs. Pollard is watching th

the suffrage victories with jubilation. If I ever get to London, I shall be afraid to play golf for fear the caddies will be middle-aged women.

Under another cover I am mailing you a book by Hamlin Garland, one of our middle-aged literary men, entitled "A Son of the Middle Border". It so fully reflects American pioneer life and is written in such an excellent spirit and with so much perception, that I feel sure you and Mrs. Pollard will enjoy reading it. Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery", Mary Antin's "The Land of Promise", Jacob Riis' "The Making of an American", and the book in question, will help you better to understand the 'melting pot' which is so often mentioned, than all the lectures and theories you could possibly hear expounded.

Wishing you and Mrs. Pollard a Happy New Year, I am

Yours very truly,