

DIARY OF TRIP TO EUROPE, 1903.

Aug. 11, 1903.

Left Ithaca, N. Y., about noon on D. L. & W. R. R. for New York. Was late in getting from F. W. Phillip's office (from the clerk) the checks for money. I supposed I was to have American express checks until nearly the last moment. Then I found that Phillip's only issued U. S. express checks. Was provided with

9 checks for \$50.00 each =	\$450.00
5 " " 20.00 " =	100.00
1 " " 30.00 =	<u>30.00</u>
	\$580.00
Cash	<u>20.00</u>
	\$600.00

Had a few days before purchased ticket from N. Y. to Southampton, via., American Line steamship Philadelphia

<u>\$ 90.00</u>
\$690.00

The clerk "got rattled" in working out the checks, some were wrong and had to be rewritten. Then he said for me to look them over on train and see if they were right. There were several omissions of the amount of the check in figures, and these corrected or filled in on check and especially the small slip which is to be retained for claiming refund in case any check is lost.

Met Dr. Tanner at depot in Ithaca and travelled with him as far as Owego. Reached Jersey City and New York without incident of importance and was in time, after securing room (\$2.00) at Astor House, to go up town to theatre where actors were principally negroes, and I think play very poor and much of it silly.

Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1903.

From Astor House "phoned" to Steckert to send on board Philadelphia

1 copy How Paris amuses itself

1 Baedeker for Great Britain

1 " " London Environs

1 " " Paris "

1 " " The Rhine

1 " " Berlin

1 " " Northern Italy

1 " " Switzerland.

These arrived in time. Ship sailed on scheduled time (near noon). Large party down to see friends off, adieus, waving of flags, etc. Very interesting but I had no part in it. Going down the bay I photographed in succession, sky scrapers, Battery Park, Brooklyn bridge, Goddess of Liberty, Fort Wadsworth and one opposite, Sandy Hook, Coney Island, etc., for list see record of photos. Met on board a rather prim and lean, dark whiskered,

middle aged German, in business in New York, who was going over to see his sweetheart, but would not marry until his sweetheart came over to New York later in the season. It was interesting to see him pace the deck and in various ways while away the to him tedious hours, for the days were very long and he "counted the hours".

but

Voyage uneventful, first three days rather warm. Only occasionally a slight sensation of sickness which passed away as soon as I could get something to eat. So I soon fell into the custom of indulging in the broth and cakes passed about 10 o'clock A.M., and the tea and cakes passed about 4 P.M.

I sat at end of table. Table companions at right, along on side. Mr. Crundell of England, next his young sister, who has for many years lived in New York, but is now going over to England and says she will never return. Mr. Crundell I found very agreeable and often had walks and talks with him. His sister also an agreeable young lady, petit and interesting, but not too handsome. At my left sat a rather stout, chubby gentleman from New York environs, who deals in horses and makes frequent trips to England.

Very pleasant, always wore a smile and made it a point to make the acquaintance of every passenger on board. First Cabin and Second Cabin, though I believe he drew the line at the steerage, though he need not have done so for there was a robust monk-like creature in the steerage who sang some good songs in the Second Cabin Concert.

Well, this suave dealer in horses fell in with Madam ----- who was over given to drink and for the first two days out was so nearly ten sheets in the wind that she did not show upon board. When she did Mr. Ramsdell seized upon the opportunity, but he soon regretted it for Madam ---- stuck to him like a puppy to a root and he was obliged to bring up several ladies whom he supposed would exercise some charm on Madam, or at least relieve him, and introduce them to Madam.

He owns a country place along the Hudson at (Newburg ?) and is interested in planting it with shrubs and trees.

Next him sat the two Misses Newsom tall, spare, not over comely young maiden ladies just graduated from the University of Indiana. They live in Indiana not very far from Bloomington. They go abroad for a year, England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, etc. While not brilliant they are good souled companionable young ladies. The other people at the table were too far away and too uninteresting to get hold of.

After three days out we had two days with a little wind and a few white caps with a little rolling, but not enough pitching and rolling to be interesting. Saw several schools of porpoises a little seaward and occasionally a sea gull. Sixth day with very little wind again but some low ground swells. Last day a little wind and some white caps, more gulls and much shipping as we near

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the English channel. Coming into the channel I photographed the coast at Swanage, also one of the life saving stations, and the "needles" at Isle of Wight, and finally the harbor at Southampton.

We reeled off about 450 miles per day, and reached Southampton about 2 P.M. on Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1903.

Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1903.

Southampton to London by rail. Customs officers only had top of large trunk opened. Feed porter for putting baggage on train. Together with Mr. and Miss Crundell and the Misses Newsom from Indiana took a compartment. Country rather beautiful and interesting with the hedges bounding farms and fields and the slightly rolling land with pasture, and fields of wheat, oats, etc.,-some cut, some not. The cities interesting because of the different aspect from American cities,-rows upon rows, and block upon block of smaller houses with peculiar chimneys topped with tile which called forth loud expressions of mild ridicule from the Indiana Misses, who also gazed with mingled interest, pleasure and contempt on the toy engines drawing tiny "Goodswagons" on high wheels, and also the rather tiny carriages with their stuffy compartments.

At Waterloo Station, London, took leave of the Misses Newsom from Indiana and of Mr. and Miss Crundell. A porter bustled around

with my luggage, sought out a four wheeler to haul my two trunks, grip and self to hotel for which I thankfully gave him a sixpence. Drive to Grand Hotel by way of Westminster bridge, past House of Parliament and Charing X Station to Trafalgar Square.

Room in hotel for 5/6 including service. The suave horse dealer Ramsdell had advised me to go to one of the "aerated bread" depots for a meal because everything was so neat, so cheap and the bread so good. Accordingly I went to one on the Strand near Grand Hotel called for some chicken which they had on bill of fare. Chicken out. Called for some beef. Beef out. Called for some eggs. Eggs out! Then called for what they could give me. Aerated bread and butter, glass milk, coffee.

I had dressed (evening dress) for this swell affair, for the suave gentleman told me that all English gentlemen dressed for dinner. After this refreshing repast (not having seen another person in evening dress) I started out for the theatre. I met on Trafalgar Square Mr. Carlsson (a chemist for some commercial chemists in Canada who was on his way to Sweden to visit relatives, whom I met on S.S. Philadelphia). We decided to go to theatre together. Very soon Mr. Ladjing a Russian Jew whom also I had met on S.S. Philadelphia happened on us. Strange to say there was no collusion in this. We had decided, after inquiry of policeman for some "Variety show", to attend the play, etc. at the Alhambra.

The entertainment was really good, and the figures in the dancing and the pantomime play of Bohemian Girl fine.

Comic athletic performance good.

Moving pictures of man eating cheese, and seeing something crawling. Looks at it with hand lens, then with microscope and then are shown mites after mites crawling around among the bits of cheese.

Then moving pictures protoplasm streaming in Elodea.

of Bee culture.

" Toads and habits.

" Serpents, etc., all very good.

Then the celebrated "slight of hand" gentleman and lady really clever, especially the lady picking coin out of the air!

After theatre we started down to the Hotel Continental to see the Demimonde. Demimondes are thick and omnipresent in London. The halls, entries and cafes at theatre are swarming with them as also is the standing room back of the seats.

Thursday Aug. 20, 1903.

Engaged cab drove to St. James Park, Buckingham Palace (with the barracks as front) where King Edward visits when in London. Then drove past Queen Ann's mansion where cabby informed me new police are trained and some greenies were being drilled. Then drove past

Westminister and then along Victoria embankment from Westminister bridge to Black Friar bridge when we went down Victoria street to office of Swedish Consul to see if it was necessary to have passports. Found it was not and he directed me to W. E. Bolt & Co. agents for the Thule Line, the principal line of steamers from London to Sweden, all by sea. Here I had a \$30.00 U. S. Express cashed. Purchased ticket for Stockholm, via., Göteborg. Steamer to sail on the morrow at Tilbury Station wharf, train leaving London from Fenchurch Station at 12:35, -noon on the morrow. Drove back to hotel.

After lunch took train at Charing X for Waterloo Station in order to go up to Kew Gardens. After reaching Waterloo Station I found how miserably appointed Waterloo Station is. Unclean, inconvenient, and suburban train platforms found after going up stairs and down stairs and winding in and out asking some one at every five to ten yards which way to go to the "booking office", where you get your book, which books you need for your destination if not too distant, all of which in plain American means ticket office and ticket. Finally I secured my ticket to Kew Bridge Station which is very near the main entrance gate to the Kew Gardens and very near the Herbarium. Kew Bridge Station is right at Kew Bridge (across the Thames from the Kew Gardens, etc.) a new and fine stone bridge, the cap stone being laid with ceremony by King Edward VIII, just three months ago to-day according to the inscription.

Crossing Kew Bridge one comes immediately upon "Kew Green",

a triangular greensward of 5-6 acres perhaps, with only one building on it, the "Kew Church", an old stone structure near the town and garden side. Along the road north of the "Green" is a row of second and third rate hotels, saloons, tea houses and lunch houses, between the road and the Thames. As one passes these turning from the right from the bridge, then comes the Kew Garden grounds at right. The "Hanover" house, once the home of the Kings of Hanover, but now a building for offices for Kew Garden officials. Very close to this is the Herbarium, an old brick structure to which has been added a new building to the west of about equal size. The old building is being done over inside to make it as near fire proof as possible.

The Kew Garden grounds at this side, where not bordered by building which come out to the street have a high iron fence. The Herbarium stands a few steps back from the fence at this point.

I called on the director, by first going to the Curator's office (of the Gardens not of the Herbarium) which is another entrance near the "top" of Mortlake Road. He detailed an "attendant" or "Guard" in official garb to take me around to the Director's office. We met him just coming out of his house with some gentlemen. After greeting me, he excused himself to the other gentlemen making a later

appointment to see them again. Then showed me through the propagating and "restorative" or starting houses, where new things coming in are started up, revived, etc. Then we went through the Herbarium, and finally to his office at his residence where I signed his book at his request. Left a card at Coville's (F.V.) table in herbarium.

Then I went to the laboratory (Jodrell laboratory near the Curator's office) hoping to see some of the workers. But all, Mr. Masee, Dr. Scott, Mr. Wordsell, Boodle, etc., etc. were away on short vacations and I left a card for each.

Then I took a stroll over part of the grounds, and soon became interested in picking up fungi. *Collybia radicata*, *Amanita rubescens* (abundant), *Boletus badius*, *B. chrysenteron*, *Marasmius peronatus* (=urens) and several *Russulas*. At evening took train for London, Waterloo and Charing X Stations. At hotel while dressing Mr. Carlilson called. Together we went across Picadilly circus to the Cafe Royal where we had dinner. Women and men coming into the same cafe dining room, and smoking and drinks are plentiful, but English women as well as all European women go to such cafes. They are perfectly respectable, and here women and men also generally do not wear evening dress. After dinner Mr. Carlilson and myself went to the Empire theatre to see the Millionaire Duchess. The finest variety dancing I have ever seen. Dancers dressed in costumes illustrating different ages of dress customs come in in groups one after another, executing figures, and when all are in some

hundred dancers with many different costumes execute a brilliant finale in figures and turns, etc. At the Empire theatre the comic athletic and trick performances are I think inferior to those at the Alhambra, but there are two young brothers perhaps 12-14, who do some really clever acts in gymnastics, and ladder climbing, in many cases the older one carrying the younger on his head through ladder climbing, etc.

From here we took lunch at Monico's and retired about 1 o'clock.

Friday Aug. 21, 1903.

After a little shopping I packed up trunks and taking a cab drove to St. Paul's cathedral where I spent a half hour going through this marvellous, beautiful and historic church. Then drove to Fenchurch Station. From here took train to Tilbury Station and we were transferred in a "tender" to the "Thorsten" of the Thule Line, and soon after 2 P.M. were sailing down the Thames enroute to Gbte-bury, Sweden.

The Thorsten was light, i.e., had very little freight on board and consequently was quite high above the water and rolled frightfully with the slight swells, so that most of the company were rather uncomfortable.

Dinner was served at 2:30 P.M., a genuine Swedish repast, though not equal in cooking to the best.

First there was the "Smörgesbord", a table in the center of the

dining cabin containing various cold dishes, as cold roast beef, cold corned beef, cold chicken, cold hashed meat of some kind, and one or two kinds of pickled or preserved herring or some small fry, not sardines ; the bread of two or three kinds, wheat bread but especially "kneckebrod" a kind of rye bread made in broad rather thin (1/4 inch) cakes partially perforated. This is broken into pieces of about 15-25 square inch surface. I am not fond of it but all Swedes are. One eats at "Smörgesbord" standing or sitting. On the boat two kinds of "aperitifs" or appetizers were provided on the "Smörgesbord". Then some kind of (Swedish?) brandy (not punch), very light in color, almost the color of water, sweetened, one of them differing from the other in being flavored with caraway seed. The latter I think is horrid, while the other is not pleasant for me, so different from the French or American brandy. A wine glassful is poured and taken at a "gulp". Some connoisseurs say that to take it in several drafts the effect is not so beneficial as to take it down at a "gulp".

After the "Smörgesbord" comes the main dinner. For this we are seated at table. Several courses served. Soup, the fish, cooked (boiled) soft and very little, if any, seasoning. Not appetizing for me. Potatoes, bread without butter, though you can have butter by calling for "smör". There are also several kinds of cold meat on the table. After fish and potatoes comes some warm meat, chicken, or "roast biff", or mutton, "kalf", etc. with potatoes again

(Kartoffeln der Zweite). Then some sweets in the way of pie, or tarts in the way of cranberries (*Vaccinum vitisidea*, smaller than our cranberry but tasting very much like it), etc. Coffee served at table or afterward in the smoking room. It is moonlight night. We keep close to the English shore, and during the night some time strike away from the shore on to the great North Sea.

I have an inside room and alone.

Saturday Aug. 22, 1903.

On the North Sea out of sight of land again. Rather warm in the morning which with the rolling of our little craft, makes one very uncomfortable and dizzy. It becomes cooler during the day. Can eat but little. Swedish food does not have the effect that the English did on board the Philadelphia, when food relieved the feeling of sickness. Passed a miserable day though at no time did I "feed the fishes". Most of the afternoon lay down in my berth. Attended each meal but ate little and soon retired. Very few at meals. Boat gets higher out of water as the coal is consumed and rocks like a cork on the choppy waves and short swells.

Sunday Aug. 23, 1903.

Land in sight. West coast spur of Denmark. Miles of coast, sandy, and dunes piled high.

Feel all right to-day, and can stand all the rocking and rolling

of the tub. As we approach the harbor of Göteborg the coast of Sweden is rocky. Shipping more abundant.

We enter the harbor of Göteborg between rocks on either side, a narrow passage and must be rather dangerous in a very heavy wind. Reminds one of tales of Scylla and Charybdis. On the right as one enters is light-house, on rocks, --"Winga" (see photo). The harbor is wide and long. Pass many shipping and sailing crafts at anchor, also old schooners going out of harbor with sails well filled with a favoring breeze (photo). Enter Göteborg at wharf about 3 P.M.

The guard or porter (akåre!!) seizes one's baggage, puts it on a push cart and takes it over to the railway station, about 1 kroner (27-1/4 cents American money).

Now I happen to make the acquaintance of Mr. _____ instructor in European languages in Columbia University, on leave for several years as Secretary to the Legation or Consul at St. Petersburg, Russia, and a young Englishman, both of whom were on board Thorsten, but I had not made their acquaintance. Mr. _____, secretary to legation, is a nephew or cousin of Major Walter Schuyler, U.S.A.

We drive to Grand Hotel, and arranged with Cook's interpreter and agent for baggage to Stockholm. I then learn that dinner is served from 4 to 7 P.M. and is 4 kroner, while supper is served from 7 to 9 and is 2 kroner. WE decide to drive through the park and gardens and extend our outing until 7 P.M. to take advantage of the 2 kroner supper! Mr. Tripp, the Mr. _____ secretary, and self en-

gage a cab for two hours, drive through principal part of Göteborg (a beautiful and very clean city) and through the Gardens and Park. These are quite attractive and must cover several hundred acres. A pretty stream winds through the valley, we drive finally up on the bluff overlooking the bay and city and climb to the exposed summit, where there is an observatory, and fine view of the city. Here I photo scrub scotch pine bent and dwarfed by the wind, and clumps of Scotch heather which forms the chief part of the vegetation on the wind exposed rocks.

Returning we dismiss the cabman and stop at a café for tea.

Here we while away the time in chatting until near 7 o'clock when we walk to hotel and have supper, -which consists of first the usual "smörgesbord", then tea, Pilsner, bread, cold meats, and a tart. As we are ordering "supper" a gentleman at the next table recognizes Mr. Secretary and myself by voice and asks if we are Americans. He is Mr. Dean of Kansas City, a judge and lawyer, a graduate of the University of Michigan. He has the western confidence in self and has also the gift of gab. He was shocked to learn that we were getting supper for 2 kroner each, since when he came in at 7 P.M. the waiter told him it was too late for dinner, but did not tell him that supper began immediately. So he ordered an expensive repast a la carte, and seemed to regret the loss of the extra change. We informed him that we had inquired at the office sometime in the after-

noon concerning these matters.

After supper and a smoke, and a swapping of stories (I told the one about the John's Hopkins University electrician who pulled \$20,000.00 for telling the truth and Mr. Secretary remarked that it was a characteristic American story). We made our way to the station). The interpreter kindly saw to checking our baggage. It is weighed up and the excess collected on; (My large trunk cost 7 kroner to ^{one} Stockholm), and is given a piece of paper which states the number of pieces of baggage and the baggage number for collection of baggage at destination. Since the train is a night train the cars are "corridor" cars, i.e., a narrow corridor down one side and opening into the compartment. Our ticket calls for 2nd class, and we are located in compartment at one end of the car which has 1st class compartments at the other, a swinging door in the corridor separating the two. We soon observe that all the compartments are marked by a piece of metal bearing the stamp 2nd class on one side and 1st class on the reverse side. This metal piece can be slipped out and turned over to make it 1st class and vice versa. The difference is there are only two persons put in a compartment for 1st class (the two lower seats for ladies only), while four are put in for 2nd class.

Only one small watercloset and toilet was at end for both ladies and gentlemen. Corridor is narrow and one or two adjustable board seats. No place to sit after beds are made up. Beds made up by

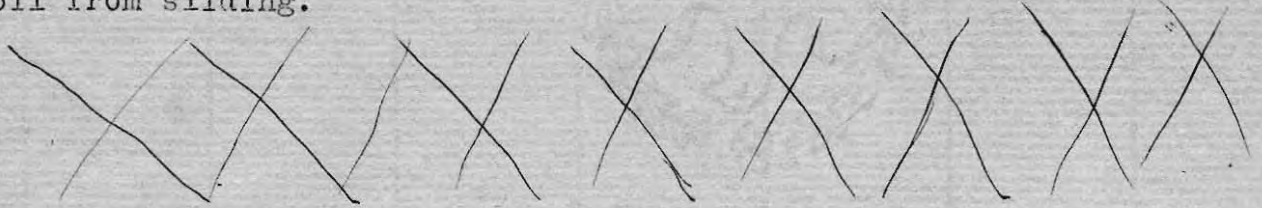
lifting the upholstered back of the seats up to form the upper berth. Short round cushions which also help to form the lower part of the upholstered back are used for the pillows. The beds are made up by simply putting these cushions for pillows with cover cases, and supplying a heavy blanket of the texture of a horse blanket, with no sheets. If you fee the porter (3 kroner?) you are supplied with sheets. It seemed even in this condition too crude a bed especially as I was "up stairs". So I removed coat, vest and pants, collar, etc., and covered up with the blanket. Swedes who occupied the lower berth simply curled up with coat and so forth on, covering with the heavy blanket in addition, although it was quite a warm night. It began raining during the night. The speed was fair, but the method of travel too uncomfortable for enjoyment, especially during the night. During the night some one, making the 4th party in our compartment, came in, climbing up stairs opposite me, lay down in trousers, coat, etc., and covered with the heavy blanket and was soon in the land of dreams. I slept fairly well notwithstanding all discomforts.

Monday Aug. 24, 1903.

Arose at 7 A.M. Raining hard, and country gives appearance of prolonged heavy rains. The low sloping railway embankments show evidence of much rain by the sliding down of the soil in places even

where overgrown with grass.

In many places lines of sod are planted obliquely to check the soil from sliding.



Cross lines of sod to check sliding of soil.

The woods show many mushrooms. The cultivated fields are interesting. It is harvest time, wheat, oats, rye, peas and beans being harvested. Wheat, oats and rye are usually bound in sheaves and when "shocked" a slender center pole sharpened at each end is stuck into the ground and stand 6 to 8 ft. high. The sheaves are stood around this and then capped by sticking or "impaling" other sheaves on the sharpened stick bringing them down crosswise on the top of the shock, sometimes several bundles.

Another method is to have these sticks in rows and tied together with cord or wire. The bundles are then stood along on either side

Still another method for unbound grains, especially where barley, oats and peas are grown together, is to have rather higher stakes fastened together with strong wire. Several tiers or rows of it. The mixture of oats, barley and peas is hung on the wires in long stacks to dry, unbound.

In all these methods the fields present a singular appearance to one not accustomed to it, and when the grain is hauled to the stacks or barns the stakes are left standing some time.

Much of the grain is cut by hand, the scythe being used. Men mow and women and men bind and stack. This method of cutting with a scythe leaves much grain scattered over the field. This is gathered up with a modern horse rake, then bound and the sheaves piled upon the already finished shocks.

We reach Stockholm about 9 o'clock (Mr. Secretary and self).

Take a cab to the Grand Hotel, while Mr. Tripp goes to the Continental and we see him no more. We have breakfast at Grand Hotel,--coffee, 2 eggs, "smörbröd", or "smör" for 1.40 (1 kroner 40 öre) feeing the porter 10 or 20 öre. We find there are no rooms to be had at the Grand Hotel until late in the day. I then walk over to the Hotel Rydberg facing the Gustavus Adolphus Torget, and find a good room with two telephones in it for 3.50 per day (3 kroner & 50 öre) (1 kroner = 27-1/4 cts.) (100 öre = 1 kroner). There is another room for 3 kroner per day with the same conveniences but is a little dark. I return to the Grand Hotel get grip and see Mr. Secretary, who then secures the 3 kroner room at the Hotel Rydberg and all our baggage is brought up from the station. Mr. Secretary of American legation remains only one day and then continues his journey to St. Petersburg.

About 1 P.M. I call on Romell (at present the best student of the agarics in Sweden and probably in the Scandinavian countries).

at Brünkebergstorg 11, 4 stairs. I find a large and powerful looking man with strong features. He greets me in a cordial dignified way and after some conversation introduces his wife, who speaks English better than he does, though he speaks quite well, but slowly and often at a loss for a word. Mr. Romell soon tells me that Mr. Lloyd has been in Sweden since the first of July collecting agarics, photographing them and sending specimens to Romell for determination. Romell then proposes at once to drop his business and go out with me to collect, though it is raining pitch forks! Mrs. Romell promises to phone over to some friends who are just leaving town to see if I can rent kitchen for drying mushrooms. Mr. Romell and I start out in the rain for mushrooms, first going to a shoe (sko) store for a pair of rubbers, Romell acting as interpreter, or in reality doing the business except "trying on". Cost of pair 3 kroner.

Then we sally out for Humlegården, which has a statue of Linnæus in center. Spend a few minutes looking for fungi and then Romell suggests that since it is raining it might be well to go to his rooms for the rest of the day and look over some plants in his herbarium. I readily consented.

I looked over first some Cortinariii fresh from Sodertelge where Mr. Lloyd is staying. Then go through his Amanitas, Lepiotas, etc, most of the Agarics. Supper at Hotel Rydberg, "smörgesbord", the cold meat, soup and pastry for 2/6 I think, not surä. Flavor of

food here not agreeable.

Addenda. Mr. Romell is candidate for Doctor of Philosophy, which means that he has finished his studies and examinations for the doctor's degree but has the thesis to present and also to meet the necessary financial obligations which I have been give to understand are considerable. He first studied for the ministry, then became interested in botany, especially fungi, was disappointed in not getting an appointment as a docent (?) (So Mr. Masseur suggests). Finally he fell in love with his present wife, who had charge of a patent office business, and this took Romell from his studies, but Lagerheim tells me now the business is quite successful.

Tuesday Aug. 25, 1903.

By agreement of last night I am to be at Romell's home 9 o'clock A.M. to go out collecting. Breakfast at G. H. since I do not like H. Rydberg. Coffee, bread and butter, and two eggs, 1/40 and 10 Öre for waiter. Then return to room at H. Rydberg for few minutes. Route to Romell's from H. Rydberg, Arsenalsgatan, past Berzelius Park, then turn to left up Jarls gatan, then on to Sturegatan to Humlegårdsgatan, one block to right to Brahegatan, which street take to Northwest end near Vallhallavägen, where Romell lives, up five stairs in a large flat. Day is fine and bracing, with sunshine.

We are soon on our way to the "pine" woods northwest of Stockholm

(just across the Vallhallavägen). Vallhalla means place where live those who dare to die in battle fighting for the Gods.

This first day I with Romell's help collected over 80 species. We returned about 1 P.M. I get lunch at a small restaurant where they cannot speak a word of English or German. We talk pantomime, and they bring out raw meats for me to select, pork, rostbif, lam-kotelette, etc. Romell speaks of "pine woods", the spruce is most abundant, so he says "Pinus abies" for Abies excelsa. In the afternoon we study the collection.

Wednesday Aug. 26, 1903

Rain to-day so we study fungi collected yesterday and I continue looking over Romell's herbarium. Lunch and supper at near by restaurant.

Thursday Aug. 27, 1903.

Collect again a little further to north of where we did Tuesday. Breakfast at Grand Hotel. Lunch and supper nearby restaurant.

Friday Aug. 28, 1903.

Friday morning rain. Romell goes with me to room at hotel Rydberg to look over my fungi. Rain ceases and we go to Djurgården, broad leaved woods. Find good collecting and many plants different from those in the pine woods. Rain begins in afternoon and we start home passing by the "Skansen", where costumes and ancient archi -

ological, as well as present tribal, and peasant costumes and customs are exhibited, etc. Rain lets up for a time and in the lawn near Skansen and near the river we find a few large clusters of "*Lepiota naucina*" of authors (*Ag. cretaceus* of Fr.). Collecting this a sudden downpour of rain bursts on us, but we rush the *Lepiotas* and get most of them, some 20-25, and make for the high board fence which affords us shelter though we are half wet through.

WE now walk home and study specimens. I dry the specimens on wire screen shelves, I purchased at a hardware store with Romell's assistance. He insisted on helping me fit it up, was very kind, and allowed, or insisted on the use of gas on his cook stove. A circular gas jet was used, a small sheet of sheet iron was placed over the flame to distribute the heat. The wire netting was nailed to upright boards, and then cross boards nailed on to hold the wire netting shelves out straight. This set of shelves was then stood on the stove above the flame and it worked so well that Romell himself began to use it.

Saturday Aug. 29, 1904.

Finished study of Friday's collection, wrapped up the fungi which were dry. Talked a few minutes over the phone with Lloyd at Sodertelge, left fresh plants on drier for Romell to remove when dry, packed up steamer trunk, purchased some more wire netting to use at Upsala, and left on evening train for Upsala. I had written

Dr. Robert Fries that I should visit Upsala and desired the privilege of bringing each day to him my collections for revision of my determination. He had written for me to let him know the day and train in which I should start for Upsala.

I did not see him when I reached the station at Upsala, but when I was in the bus he came by and after a few questions we learned that he was Dr. Fries and he that I was I! He took a seat in the bus with me and my first struggle with speaking German began under most unpropitious conditions. The bus jolted and pounded with great noise over the rough pavement. I managed to say that "Herr Romell sandte hoch Achtung", which made his eyes glitter with delight and he replied "Danke". Finally after struggling with the noise of the bus to make me understand, he spoke in English enough to say that at 10 o'clock on the morrow he would call at the hotel for me and we would go out in the Carolinagården to collect fungi. At the "Stadtshotellet" I bade him gute nacht. I engaged a 2 kroner room, quite good, but the only lights 2 tallow candles. Supper with some difficulty, for while the waiter declared he could speak English I found he knew quite two words, "please", "yes". I asked for a napkin and finally I grasped his own and shook it. "Oh! serviette" and the serviette came. Then I asked for some butter, he brought me a bottle of beer. "Butter" I say. "Butyl", says he! "Butter" says I. "Butyl" he replies. Finally I shout "smör". "Ach! booter, booter". He thought I wanted a "butyl öl" (bottle of ale).

After supper I sat for a time in the ~~hotellet~~ garden, then walked out the rear gate to the **grand** Domkyrka in the dusk, met two students who could talk German. One of them kindly showed me the way to the University which I found very near. I soon returned to ~~hotellet~~ and retired.

Upsala, Sunday Aug. 30, 1903

At 10 o'clock Dr. Robert Fries came with his son (Elias) and we went for a few minutes collecting in Carolina Parken, a park adjoining the university grounds and probably belonging to them. At the entrance is the University Library known as the Carolina Rediviva. The Carolina Parken is really a grove of trees with greensward and with walks through it, with no other planting and no attempt at landscape or floricultural effects. The fungi, however, proved to be very numerous and I was very much surprised to find that in an hour before Dr. Robert Fries left me to go to church we collected so many. Among them was what Dr. Robert Fries said was a rare plant, *Thelephora contorta*, which **Karsten** made the type of a new genus Polyozus (*P. contorta*). It differs from *Thelephora* which has black or brown rough spores, by having white, smooth, elliptical or fusoid spores. The specimens collected to-day were not very fine samples, but perhaps more can be collected later.

Tricholoma terreum was common, and several color forms were collected. Another plant new to me was *Tricholoma psammopodium*, which

has the stem covered with minute graytomentose or concentric lines and is related to *Armillaria aurantia*. Most of the plants collected I already knew. Dr. Robert Fries picked ^{up} *Psilocybe foenesecii* and asked me what it was. I replied that it looked like *Psilocybe foenesecii*. He laughed and said that species was the test of a good or poor mycologist !

He found a few scattered specimens of *Clitocybe fumosa* and said that when the specimens were scattered the gills were sinuate like a *Tricholoma*, but when the specimens were clustered they were (gills) decurrent. We soon found clustered specimens and on looking at the gills he was surprised to find the gills sinuate.

When Dr. Robert Fries and son went to church I went to hotel, looked over specimens and wrote notes. As I had not arranged place for drying I spread them out on window sills in room.

Sunday afternoon I walked a short distance into the country north of Upsala in the direction of Gamla Upsala but only a little way. Farming operations here same as on way to Stockholm.

Monday Aug. 31, 1903.

Dr. Fries had promised that his son would come for me at 9 o'clock in the morning and then we would go to call on Professor Von Post, quite an old man who has long been a student of the fungi, especially of the Agarics. The old Fries used quite a number of Von

Post's drawings.

I waited until 10 o'clock and as no one came I took my basket and walked to the woods south of Upsala, going through one corner of the Carolina Parken, past the "slottet", across the military parade grounds and into their woods. The artillery were out for manoeuvres, and for more than an hour I was in mortal terror of being shot or run down. Finally I passed beyond the military grounds, passed through in harvest field where two women and one man were binding up the "raking's" from a wheat field and putting the bundles on the top sheaves of the stacks. A little further on I came to uncut fields where oats, barley and peas were all growing as a mixed crop and some cut and hung up on the "lines" to dry.

(Some one visiting Norway and seeing grass cut and hung up this way reported that "the people cut the grass with scissors and hung it on the clothes line to dry"). I photographed the woman and man binding and shocking wheat, also a field in shock including one of these long shocks. Beyond this was a fine spruce and pine woods, in the low ground much moss and sphagnum, about two English miles from Upsala. The fungi were very numerous, especially Cortinariii, various species, *Mycena rosella*, *Lactarius deliciosus*, *L. rufus*, *Armillaria mellea*, *Lactarius deliciosus* was everywhere exceedingly abundant. The pileus varies in color greatly from youth to old age, but the gills and milk vary but little. The milk was always orange and I

tried a number of times to see if it would turn green, but it did not. Returning to the hotel I found that Dr. Robert Fries and Professor Von Post had called about 12 o'clock.

I studied the fungi, photographed some, took notes on most of them and fitted up a place to dry them. The proprietor of the hotel let me use one of the drying "affairs" for dishes which were not being used. This consists of two pieces of gas tubing about 4 feet long with small holes cut 2 cm. apart for escape of gas. These are connected with the gas. A piece of sheet iron 4 x 2-1/2 feet rests about 6 inches above this. On the sheet iron I placed bricks on edge on which to rest my wire netting. When the gas is lighted the heat is excellent for drying mushrooms.

Tuesday Sept. 1, 1903.

At 10 o'clock I took my fungi up for Dr. Fries to look over. Most of my determinations he confirmed. Some of the plants were new to me, especially the Cortinariii. I knew so many of the plants he finally said "Sie kennen alle".

Poor Dr. Fries had met with an accident the day before. He fell and injured one of his legs. He was confined to his bed in his study, and suffered considerable pain, but insisted that it was

a relief to him to look over the mushrooms and that it give him much pleasure.

I made another trip to the same woods in the afternoon, partly for the purpose of endeavoring to find my knife which I had lost the day before, and partly because the fungi were so abundant. Soon after entering the woods at the point near where I lost my knife, I met a young man, who has for several years been a graduate student at the University, doing special work in Zoology. He was collecting fungi, and asked me the names of a few he had in his basket. He learned I was looking for a lost knife. Wishing to learn the names of a few of the edible mushrooms he accompanied me for about an hour and then returned to Upsala. (On Saturday, Sept. 3rd, He met me in the street of Upsala near Linnaeus' old home and handed me my knife ! He had found it on Friday!) Fungi were again photographed and studied.

Professor Theodore Fries called about 6 P.M. He is jolly and very friendly, a man near 70 I should judge, with gray hair and beard. We talked in German. Dr. Robert Fries had suggested that I go to Flottsund on Wednesday. Professor Fries said I ought not to go alone and very kindly offered to send a student with me. When he returned home he looked up the time of the sailing of the small steamboat and phoned to me the time. He also invited me to dine with him at his home Thursday evening.

Wednesday Sept. 2, 1903.

Professor Fries telephoned over to Stadtshotellet that Professor Juel would meet me at the steamer wharf and accompany me to Flottsund first stop beyond Ultuna, where Dr. Robert Fries had advised me to go.

I met him at appointed place. The course lay in a narrow stream which flows through Upsala, the Fyriså and connects two small lakes (one at Ultuna). At Ultuna Erickson did his first work, and had associated with him Hennings (not P. Hennings of Berlin) We did not have time to stop there.

At Flottsund the heavy and prolonged rains had made such high water that we embarked in a rowboat which took us ashore. We crossed the bridge and entered first an open hard wood forest at the right (*Quercus robur*, *Betulina alba*, etc. and mixed with some pine and abies). Not finding much here (*Geoglossum hirsutum*, *Lepiota rachodes* and a few other things) we cut across the grain field (here a fine crew of young harvesters, two men mowing the grain with scythes and several women binding, and one man shocking the wheat. I photographed them, also the barns and Professor Juel). In the pine woods the collecting was better, found *Tricholoma vaccinium*, *flavo-brunneum*, *albobrunneum*. *Craterellus lutescens*, *Agaricus haemorrhoidarius* though Dr. Fries says it is *A. silvaticus*, was rather dry and did not turn red well, but spots turned very red). Professor Juel speaks English

quite well, so we did not talk German. Professor Juel is a rather spare man, dark hair and eyes, and rather long, drooping, dark mustache, slightly stoop shouldered. Does not look like a Swede, and Mrs. Linberg says he is a Dane. He reminds me in appearance of Dr. Arthur. He collected chiefly mushrooms to eat, *Lactarius deliciosus*, *Boletus edulis*, *Cantharellus cibarius*, etc.

We returned rather early as it was necessary on account of boat. Fungi were looked over as usual, and photo'd, notes written, etc.

In the evening I went into the coffee room Café of Stadtshotellet. Here were typical Swedes of nearly all stations drinking punch, wines, beer, and smoking, as well as being engaged in lively conversation. The first seat and table I took I was soon informed was engaged by the chief of police and party, so in a few minutes I moved. A half hour later the Grand chief bespangled with gold, entered with a subordinate a little less brightly bespangled, and another gentleman in citizen's garb, perhaps some member of city council.

Music by the Stadtshotellet was fine. Stringband and flutes, etc. with piano accompaniment in this room. When they play in the Garden balcony the piano is not used. They appear to be good artists and this evening rendered a concert of very classical music (with printed program) in a very creditable manner.

Thursday Sept. 3, 1903.

At 9:30 took my two days collection to Dr. Robert Fries. Then

started on a tramp to 1-1/2 mile from Upsala, south, beyond the woods where I had collected two days before, going on main road about 1-1/2 miles beyond military grounds. At this point turned across the field to a woods (pine, abies, etc.) where the ground was rolling and many variations from damp hillsides to drier hill top and swamp. (found afterward that the place I started for was further on, a Swedish mile being about six English miles, but the place I fell into was perhaps far better collecting than further on). I first struck a damp hillside, adjoining a barley field, with outcropping rocks, and small open meadow-like expanses. Here fungi of several species, some rare, were very abundant and many of them in fairy rings. *Amanita muscaria umbrina* in fairy rings. *Entoloma bloxami* in fairy rings. *Tricholoma flavo-brunneum* in fairy rings. *Hygrophorus eburneus* in fairy rings. *Hygrophorus puniceus* in fairy rings, and others also. I returned about 4 o'clock, photo'd and made notes of fungi and prepared for dinner at Professor Fries'.

I thought I was going to have some difficulty in finding the house, and was going in just the opposite direction, near Carolina Rediviva when I met Professor Fries coming from a conference of the members of faculty committee and accompanied him home.

Swedish houses have their characteristic architecture. In cities many are apartment houses. There buildings have an entrance

through the middle front to an interior court, where the proper entrance is to the various apartments, or to halls leading to them, So in this case.

Professor Fries' home is not palatial but more than moderately furnished and very comfortable, and approaches luxury in furniture and appointments. Mrs. Fries cannot speak a word of English and German, but greeted me with a hearty "willkom". We entered through a small hallway where we left coats and hats, into the room used as a dining room, where Mrs. Fries greeted me. From here we went to the left into a room, perhaps the library. After a few minutes conversation Docent Linberg (in Zoology) and wife arrived. Mrs. Linberg is a niece of Professor Fries and has spent a great part of her life in Florida, so she spoke English excellently. Dr. Linberg a tall and stout Swede is a jolly fellow with a rotund face and body, with a rapid flow of language, speaks English rapidly and quite well but with accent and the usual foreign slip. During the evening he would often act as interpreter in putting stories of mine which I could not well render in German, into Swede, and vice versa stories of others into English for me.

In the refreshments the gentlemen took the lead. In the library we had a small table next a sofa, with Black and White Scotch whiskey, soda, Swedish punch, cigars. We began on the whiskey and soda and cigars, then turned to punch, then to whiskey and soda again. Stories and jokes passed freely and some discussion of American

Universities, and especially the resources and characteristics of Cornell University. Dr. Linberg told me how to make punch. A good brand of Rice brandy is taken called arrach from East Indies. Rice brandy.

Cane sugar with just enough water to dissolve it. Pour in the brandy, then with a large ladel spoon dip up high and pour back into the mixture, repeating again and again, in this way stirring and mixing it.

The match industry of Sweden was called up because of the Jönköping matches which will not glow after the flame is extinguished. The matches are made from *Populus tremula*. Not many years ago a Japanese fellow visited Sweden and wished to look through the match industry at Jönköping. They thought the Japanese simple and harmless creatures with not too great intelligence, consequently they showed this fellow some courtesy, took him all through and showed him the business from start to finish, thinking he could not remember it, and certainly that such simple and harmless people as the Japanese could not put the knowledge to any good account. A few years afterward the Japanese began manufacturing matches and became formidable rivals of the Swedes, and hurt the Swedish industry. The Diamond match Co. also of the U. S. is a formidable competitor of Swedish matches. Dr. Linberg told an amusing story of the *Populus tremula*. It is said to have derived its name of trembling poplar

from the fact that when Christ passed it on his way to Calvary the leaves of the poplar trembled. That legend has stood until recent practical times. Now the Swedes say that the poplar trembles for fear it may be taken to Jönköping to be made into matches !

Dinner is now served in the dining room. First the Smörgesbord, which consisted of North Sea herring and Baltic Sea herring, the latter being by far the better. Then three dishes of mushrooms, one Agaricus campestris, two, Boletus edulis, three, a mixture of Lactarius deliciosus and Cantharellus cibarius. Some bread and butter. Plates are loaded and then we seat ourselves in groups at small side tables.

Then the dinner is served at the side tables. Warm roast beef, potatoes, bread and butter, Pilsner beer, wine. Then some tart (sauce), some sweets, tea, etc. During progress of this the company are changing seats at the side tables as different dishes are served, so that the guests see and meet in this way different ones. As dinner is completed all rise. Professor Fries kisses his wife, we all say "Tak so mucket" and shake hands with the hostess (Mrs. Fries) and the gentlemen go into the library again, and sit at the small tables where coffee, cigars and wine, whiskey and soda are served, and stories and discussion continue until about 11:30 P.M. Dr. and Mrs. Linberg take their leave, and I follow, going back to Stadtshotellet, the young Fries accompanying me to show the way. Thus ended a most delightful evening which I shall long remember.

Professor Fries said that several years ago Dr. Farlow and Professor Starbäck, a Swedish botanist were at his house. They were great chums. The Swedish Professor very tall and stout made a great contrast with Dr. Farlow. The Swede could not speak a word of any language but Swedish, and Dr. Farlow could not speak a word of Swedish, so they "talked pantomime" !! Laughter and applause!

Friday Sept. 4, 1903.

At 9:30 took my Thursday's collections to Dr. Robert Fries for review. Collected a few more plants.

Friday evening went to dinner to Professor Juel's and met his wife, a bright woman who speaks English very well, better I think than Professor Juel. We had several dishes of mushrooms, the ones which Professor Juel collected on Wednesday, and perhaps some others which Mrs. Juel had purchased on the market. The mushrooms were fine, better than any I have ever eaten in America (but no better than those at Professor Fries', perhaps not quite so good). The dinner was served more like an American dinner. We sat at the table just as one would in America, but Professor Juel and I had whiskey and soda in his study room before dinner, and after dinner we all went into another room for coffee. Then Professor Juel and I returned to study and conversed about botanists and their work, and drank more soda, etc., Professor Juel asking about a number of American botanists. At 11:30 I departed.

Saturday Sept. 5, 1903.

Took my Friday's collections to Dr. Robert Fries and bade him good-bye. It was sad to hear him say when I told him that in two years I expected to return to Europe, "Ich werde dar liegen", pointing to the cemetery across the way. I said, "Sie werden viele jahre gleich leben". He replied, "Nein, Ich habe eine Warnung gehabt" pointing to his head. He had had an apoplectic stroke and feared another soon. I bade him goodbye and thanked him again and again very heartily for his great kindness to me. Then I returned to the hotel to meet Professor Juel, who had kindly offered to go with me to see the city, the Botanic Gardens, etc.

First we visited the Library in Carolina Rediviva, and among other relics saw the large book in (Gothic?) which is about the only literature in this language preserved. Then visited Linneus' old home (see notes in book). Here Mr. Overgaard rode up to us and gave me my knife which he had found in the woods.

Visited the Botanic Garden, five or six acres with the botanical hall and herbarium near the center, and the green houses to the (south?). For material for systematic and morphological study they grow several hundred species in small plots about 1 m. square or less, a half acre perhaps being devoted to this.

The herbarium of fungi consists of dried preparations of all groups, the Swedish fungi being kept separate from the general. In the general collection are quite a number from Berkeley, Curtis, Ravenel, and from European botanists on the Continent, but Fries preserved apparently none of the Agarics which he studied. Quite a fine collection of Agarics, Gastromycetes, etc., are preserved in spirits (though nothing compared to the collection in the Berlin museum).

Early in the morning I visited the market to see if I could find *Agaricus augustus*. By the bridge along sidewalk sat a row of about ten peasant women with baskets full of mushrooms, and some fine specimens of *Agaricus augustus*, which I purchased and photographed. One broken specimen was 30 cm. broad, stem 12 cm. x 5 cm.!

Sunday Sept. 6, 1903.

Wrapped up many of my fungi which were dry and had become pliant. Then at 11 o'clock met Professor Juel at the Botanical Laboratory, according to appointment, and he admitted me to the herbarium that I might examine the collection and see what they had in Agarics. I took notes on several American specimens.

While at work in the herbarium Professor Kjellman came in a few minutes. He is short, stout, dark complexion, and appears like an ingenious wide awake man. Sorry I did not see more of him.

In afternoon finished packing fungi except a few still to dry.

In the afternoon Professor Fries called and accompanied me to the Domkyrka to show me things of interest.

Monument to Linneas in one of the chapels of the aisles.

Tomb of Linneas and wife in floor of aisle.

Tombs of two archbishops, one on one side, who was the last archbishop of the Catholic regime, and one the opposite side the tomb of the first protestant archbishop who succeeded him !!

Then he took me through the new University building. Broad stone steps on the south, large hall inside, along south side. Stairs start from side of middle of this hall, at middle of building, broad steps parallel with hall and the stairway each way. From main landing at beginning of two stairways is entrance to great auditorium, where degrees are conferred, great functions held and candidates for

professorship read their theses. Above hall on south side are Faculty rooms, for different faculties of university, where they hold meetings, and where examinations for Doctorates are held. Above auditorium are lecture rooms, etc., for mathematics, history, philosophy, etc.

Sunday night visited Professor Von Post.

Monday Sept. 7, 1903.

At 9:30 called on Dr. Robert Fries to get an opportunity of photographing him. The poor Dr. Fries did not want to be photographed in bed, so he rose, put on his dressing gown, and went into the library where he sat in a large arm chair holding a book, and his large round eyes glowing with pride. Then I placed my kodak on a table by the side of the window and "took him"! I promised to send him a print of it, and also a picture of myself. Then I went to the Zoological Hall with Dr. Linberg who called at Stadtshotellet for me to show me his department and the museum. The Zoological department and museum are in the old University Building. In the cupula of this building the old Professor had his laboratory and it was there (in Cupula) that the lymph vessels were discovered. Lectures and laboratory are small and old furnished, but good work done here. Dr. Linberg himself has published a good paper on a

fossil ancestor of horse (from hair and part of skin dried in a cave in South America?). The museum is fine for a small one. Representative types of each group and then specialties in certain of the Swedish species and genera, in some cases from collections of hybrid birds.

From here at 12 o'clock went to Botanical Museum by appointment with Professor Juel to photo *Phallus impudicus* from Upsala environs, preserved in spirits. Sections of the eggs showed a very thin membrane between the "cap" and receptacle, but in this material it is too difficult to say whether or not this membrane is homologous with the one in *Dictyophora ravenelii*.

After this I photographed Professor Juel in the Garden and he suggested that we make an exchange of photos after we have developed and printed them. I then bade him goodbye. At hotel settled my bill and at 3 P.M. took train for Stockholm.

Stockholm, Monday Sept. 7, 1903 cont'd.

I had written Lagerheim that I should be in Stockholm Monday evening and suggested that he call if possible at Hotel Rydberg. I did not receive his card until next day, but about 8 o'clock in the evening he called at my room with Rosenberg, and asked me to take dinner with them in Hotel Rydberg. I had had my dinner but was in for another, especially as it was to be a right royal Swedish

one. They telephoned for Vestergren and Bohlin (both assistant's in Lagerheim's laboratory) to come over. Vestergren came, but Bohlin was indisposed, having been up all night with a crying babe! (They are the same the world over!).

Dinner.

First course in Café. Black and White Scotch and soda, cigars.

Second course in main dining room. Smörgesbord served a la Rydberg, i.e., on the main dining table instead of on a separate table for they expect you to pay well for it. I had tested it once before at Hotel Rydberg. Small sandwiches, delicate, of about ten different flavors, some arranged like layer cake, with cold meat in some; cold horse hoof jelly, in others, and some sandwiches with only one slice of bread. Some of the layered sandwiches had different colors of bread. Kneckebrød also. Brandy! Pilsner beer!

Third course. Grause. Bread, champagne.

Other courses I do not now remember, but champagne several times, wine came again, ending up with the usual sweets and tarts.

Last course, in Café again. Coffee, cigars and Rydberg special cocktail, a mixture of four kinds of liquors, iced!

Pretty stiff course for one who was not accustomed to it! But I stood right up to it and never quivered. Had a royal time. Lagerheim is tall, slender, military bearing, erect bushy hair and "gotee", military mustache, straight cut, not ascending as the German

mustache. Vestergren is short, hair cur short and straight, smooth face, large jaws, pleasant. Rosenberg, sandy complexion, small mustache, mild, smiling face. At 11:20 good night and I was terribly glad to get to bed !!!

Tuesday Sept. 8, 1903.

By appointment I went to Romell's house at 9:30 A.M. to pack up my fungi. I had written to Romell to ask Mr. Lloyd at Soder-telge if he could not meet me at Romell's Tuesday morning. Mr. Lloyd was kind enough to come, but was a little late. He came at 11:30 A.M. and I had an appointment with Lagerheim at Hotel Rydberg at 12!! Mr. Lloyd is one of those genial and happy individuals who get a great deal of pleasure out of this life, does not take things too seriously, and consequently escapes the ravaging effects of worry. He can criticise and argue in a happy frame of mind and smile all the while. He expects to go ^{to} south of Europe for the winter. Will hereafter live in Europe. Has given up business and will, so he says, devote the rest of his life to the study of fungi. He is photographing Swedish fungi and sends examples to Romell to identify.

He is tired of America and American mycologists. Thinks they are a sorry lot. Do not study fungi properly nor describe them so any one can recognize them. Is about ready to publish me in

the Mycological Notes as a great sinner for describing Agarics from dried material (Lordy! when did I describe a species of Agarics from dried material!).

Handed me pileus and part of stem of a plant and said "here is a plant you have illustrated in your book, do you recognize it?" I suggested *Mycena cohaerens* before looking at it with lens. "Yes" he said. Then I looked for the cystidia on gills and said, "but this is not *Mycena cohaerens* as I understand it." "Oh yes, that is what you have published in your book as *Mycena cohaerens*." "Oh no, it is very different from my conception of *Mycena cohaerens*" I said. In the meantime Romell had become interested and looked at the plant. "Ah" he said, "is this not *Collybia acervata*?" "No" said Lloyd. "But" says Romell, "it is *Collybia acervata*, look at these which are part of what you have just brought in". "Well" said Mr. Lloyd. "It is what you determined for me three days ago as *Mycena cohaerens*!! Here this one dropped. I fear Mr. Lloyd does not remember, or assimilate his knowledge. Then he turned on the flood on the Nomenclature question, sitting in his chair smiling, and all the time with his hat on.

"Now" he said "your new genus *Tremellodendron*, I discovered that it had *Tremella* like basidia before you did" (He did not know that I had observed it three years before publishing!). "Why didn't

I make a new genus"? Then he said. "But why did you give it such an inappropriate name" he said. "Why" said I, "it has tremella like basidia and a dendroid form". Silence again on that question. Then he said, "I do not believe your species *Paxillus corrugatus* is different from *P. panuoides*. I have found it and it is exactly the same". "But", said I "it is very different from *P. panuoides* in color and in the size of the spores. Perhaps what you have found is a corrugated form of *P. panuoides*." "Perhaps it is", said he. "I did not compare the spores and did not note that the spores of your species were so much smaller."

Then he offered very kindly several times to let me use any of his many photos of Agarics any time I should be in want of them. I bade him goodbye, shaking hands while he still sat in his chair.

It was 12:30 and I was due at Hotel Rydberg at 12! It took me fifteen minutes to walk there and I was all in perspiration, which entirely freed me from the slight headache which my last night's revel had given me.

Lagerheim and I then walked through Humlegården, took train to the Agricultural Experiment Station near Stockholm to see Erickson. When we arrived at his house (beautifully situated in a grove on a hill in the grounds) the family were just rising from dinner. Lagerheim and I tried at a small café by side of railroad to get some coffee, but they only made it on Sunday's after the summer rush was

overtry So Lagerheim asked if we could get a cup of coffee. We went through Erickson's laboratory, which is in north part of his house, and sat in an east room also devoted to laboratory purposes. Then Erickson came in and I was introduced. After some talk in German the conversation naturally turned to Mycoplasma. I said I wanted to see it and he said he could show it. I asked him how mycoplasma now was! "Mycoplasma jetzt lebt" he said. In the meantime coffee came and we were ushered on the front porch, and Mrs. Erickson was introduced. She is a charming, kind and pleasant woman, who at once engaged in pleasant conversation and seemed to take an interest in those with whom she conversed. Mr. Erickson then introduced Mr. Tilschner, a graduate student of Heidelberg, who is a specialist in Cytology. He at once remembered me as the man who studied *Heterodera radiciicola* in America and asked me if I would like to receive a copy of his paper on the Cytology of *Heterodera*. I assured him I would. Lagerheim told me that Tilschner was engaged by Erickson to study the Cytology of the question Mycoplasma. This was Tilschner's second summer and his work was completed. Tilschner had told the botanists of Stockholm privately that his investigations did not support the mycoplasma theory! Mr. Erickson then said that owing to the fact that he had an engagement in Stockholm with his family and with Mr. Tilschner they must immediately go to catch the train. He said he would leave Professor Lagerheim to represent him-

self. I said I feared Lagerheim could not do this on the Mycoplasma! which "sally"!! called forth some expression of amusement from the company. Off they were in a "jiffy" leaving us in the midst of our coffee, or rather with a portion only of our coffee in our midst! Lagerheim and I finished our coffee and then walked over the beautiful road through the charming country with a rolling "lage" to Albano, near Bergelind, to the Botanical Gardens where Wittrock lives. His home is on an eminence overlooking the gardens, a small lake and much of the surrounding country. We ascended the steps and entered the large vestibule in the house, where Wittrock has his marvellous collection of photographs of botanists from all over the world, in some cases newspaper reproductions, prints from agricultural and horticultural journals, and in a few cases steel engravings, etc. He has made it a point in many cases to have pictures at different ages, which are especially interesting. He has an especially fine collection of Linneus' portraits. He has recently published a work on this collection with many illustrations in it and he gave me a copy. Among American botanists represented in the published work are Asa Gray, Farlow, Setchell. Others represented in his collection are Anderson, Bessey, Halsted, etc. America is not represented by many.

In the meantime Lagerheim had made known our presence and we had sent in our cards, having written several days before of my in-

tended visit. Wittrock who is in poor health was unwell to-day, and was lying down in his own study. He rose, dressed himself, and asked us into his room. He still sat on the couch. He greeted us heartily, but his voice is rather weak and he speaks with distinct intermissions to get breath and strength. He at once began to ask me about my trip to Europe and work with the fungi, how I dried them, how many specimens I had collected, and showed great pleasure, even now and then proving this by his bright and interested smile and animated expressions. It seemed to me marvellous that this man, struggling against death, deeply interested in many and great problems of plant life, and harvesting his strength as much as possible, working day and far into the night (up to 12 and 2 o'clock, because he did not sleep well) that he might complete his life work, could turn aside to take such a kindly interest in another's work. I felt it would not do so I abruptly broke in to ask him about some of his work. The sudden lighting up of his face showed how deeply he was interested in his own work. After some comments he asked if I would like to walk in the garden to which I very gladly assented. Then he prepared himself while we waited outside. It was a moderately warm autumn (September) day, but when Dr. Wittrock emerged one would have thought we were on an Arctic exploration. Heavy underclothes, two overcoats, a heavy scarf around his neck and ears, a heavy winter cap drawn well down,

heavy pantaloons, and his shoes covered with large and warm arctics, he was a sight to behold and never to forget, with his massive frame steadied by a cane, moving cautiously, his rotund face showing between cap and scarf and bristly sandy beard one-fourth inch long, and out of this those bright, gleaming, happy eyes!

We walked through the old alpine gardens first, close by the house (another large one is in process of construction). Then down by the lake shore with high perpendicular rocks near, giving great variety of conditions which is splendidly utilized with various plants from all quarters and centers of the globe, tropical, arctic and temperate, all growing together (of course all tropical plants could not grow here, but it is marvellous that some do seem to thrive here about as well as at home). There was a tree about 40 feet high which he asked me if I knew. I said I did not. How delighted he was!!! No American could tell what the tree was, and yet it was an American tree, from Washington, or southwest British America. Populus (trico ?) one of the largest dicotyledenous trees of the northwest. A traveller had brought the seed and from this it grew. He had two trees. The tree grew three feet a year and was 42 feet high! Then he showed me through the grounds where were asters and golden rod, some American species, then through the grounds where he grows many varieties of single species, where he has carried on renowned researches on varieties.

Then he walked to the station with us, we bade him goodbye, and just as I was mounting the steps of the car he struggled out a feeble but earnest expression of its having given him great pleasure to meet me!

On reaching Stockholm we went to dinner at a hotel proposed by Lagerheim. I have forgotten the name. Here as proposed by Lagerheim we had a plain dinner together, each paying his own share. First the smörgåsbord on a table at the entrance to the dining room. This was free, i.e., we paid nothing for it. Then we went to the table for seats, a small table for two. A plain supper and Pilsner beer. He asked the waiter what the supper cost and what the waiter's fee should be. Dinner was 2 kroner and waiter's fee 15 öre for each. Then we adjourned to café for coffee and cigars.

From here we walked through the tunnel to Lagerheim's laboratory and lecture rooms. They are small but show evidence of much hard and good work. Here Lagerheim showed and gave me the Harpochytrium from Patagonia, South America. I saw also Vestergrén's Mycomycete rari, etc. Met Vestergrén here again, and also met Bohlin. About 9 o'clock Lagerheim accompanied me to the street and set me on my way to the hotel. Here I wrote to Professor N. Wille, of Christiania, Norway, requesting specimens if it were possible for him to send them, of the Harpochytrium hedenii, on Zygnema and Spirogyra from Thibét.

Stockholm, Wednesday Sept. 9, 1903.

Rainy day. At 9 A.M. went to Royal Museum by appointment with Dr. Robert Elias Fries, son of Professor Theodore Fries, whom I met Sunday in Upsala. He accompanied Professor Fries and myself to Domkyrka and University. He is in charge of the Botanical division of the Royal Museum. I called at Museum to look over the original illustrations of the old Elias Fries. There are the originals of his, *Icones*, and *Atlas, Sveriges, etc., and* besides many unpublished figures, among them one of the real *Lepiota naucina*, which is very different from the plant which goes by that name in Europe and America, while the so-called *Lepiota naucina* of Author is Fries' real *Agaricus cretaceus*, though Fries in his text confused it with a *Psalliota* determined in South Europe as *Agaricus cretaceus* Fr. Fries illustration of *Agaricus cretaceus* and the plant he was familiar with in life is a *Lepiota*, and in fact the *Lepiota naucina* of

Authors, but not the real *Lepiota naucina*!
 illustration

Lepiota naucina Fr, unpublished, unknown apparently to mycologists of the present time.

Lepiota cretacea (Full.) Atkinson
 = *Ag. cretaceus* Bull. and earlier interpretations of Fries.

Lepiota naucinoides Pk.
 = *Lep. naucina* of American and European recent authors.
 = *Ag. cretaceus* Fries in part

Psalliota cretacella Atkinson.
 = *Ag. cretacellus* Atkinson, Jour. Myc.
 = *Ag. cretaceus*
 = *Ag.* " Fries in part.

Photo'd illustration of *Lepiota naucina* Fr.

About 11 o'clock Lagerheim called to say adieu. Dr. Robert Elias Fries was very courteous, giving me some of his separates and all the help he could in getting at illustrations and literature I wished to see. He has recently returned from an excursion to Brazil where he made extensive collections. At 12 o'clock I went to hotel to pack up and see about shipping by express the box of fungi. Had great difficulty. Cook's agent first sent me to a freight office some distance down the Norrström. Here they directed me to Stockholm's Express Bureau in an out of the way place. Here not a soul could speak English, but by pantomime and use of watches I learned that 6-9 P.M. there would be at the bureau a party who could speak English. As this left so little time to depart by the 7:30 P.M. train I had the porter at Hotel Rydberg telephone over for an Akåre from the bureau to come for the box, and the porter agreed to send me a receipt for it, which he never did, although I wrote him about ^{it} from London. I had also great difficulty in getting away from the Hotel Rydberg on time. I tried for an hour to get my trunks down stairs for the bus. The porter said they certainly would be in time. They had been running the busses for fifteen years and had never yet failed to make a train. He did not and would not realize, however, that I wanted to get to the station,

have baggage weighed up before the last moment, so I could get a good seat before the irrepressible smokers changed the "Rauchung verbjöden" to "rauchung". It was of no avail, we got off at the last moment. There was just time to get baggage weighed up, the 7 kroner for excess paid, to get in the compartment. It was only when landing at station that I gave the porter, who accompanied bus, a kroner *that virus seemed to get into his legs.* Then I also made the mistake of giving the bus driver a kroner, and he took off his military cap with a profound wave and flourish, and kept waving and bowing as long as I was in sight.

The compartment was I suppose really intended to be a "Rauchung verbjöden", but when I entered a smoker had already come in, changed the sign and was puffing away. Soon another came in and I wondered if I would have to sleep in that stuffy compartment with two smokers after they had filled it brimful. When the conductor came around I met him in the hall and asked him if the compartment was a smoker. He said, "do you not want smoking"? I said, "no". Then he stepped in, (the others had not heard the conversation), and said, "Rauchung verbjöden", changed the label from "Rauchung" to "Rauchung verbjöden", and the smokers silently knocked the fire and ashes out of their pipes and put them up. In the morning we three seemed to be good chums, and they asked me if I objected to smoking.

I said "no", (of course not after sleeping is over!).

Göteborg, Thursday Sept. 10, 1903.

Reached Göteborg about 8:30 A.M. Still raining, and wind is blowing a hurricane, which **agurs** ill with the voyage on the Thorsten across the North Sea. I had purchased ticket of Cook's agent in Stockholm two days before, and he had telegraphed on for a room. I was so anxious, however, about my room that I very foolishly walked in the rain and hurricane (so strong that part of the way I had to close my umbrella) along the wharf for about a mile, the waves and surf beating against shipping and wharf. Coming to the Thorsten I found my room all right. Half drenched I took a cab to **Grand Hotel**, had breakfast, and then took a cab back to Thorsten. Baggage came all right by "**akäre**" to whom I had entrusted it. I paid the akäre (No. 16) 2 kroner. This was his charge for two trunks and dress suit case.

A large party of teachers of "Sloyd" were taking passage to London, 2nd cabin. They had been to Sweden for six weeks to improve methods. They had friends down to see them off and were very enthusiastic, singing songs, cheering, etc. Among them was a Miss Widrington of Syracuse, N. Y., who had been over three months. She knew Miss Overacker slightly. Had relations in London whom she

was going to visit. We left the wharf on time in the teeth of this hurricane. Coming to the outer harbor we found many ships at anchor. Some of them had been at anchor for three days. The gale had continued for this time and outbound boats could make no headway, so they lay at anchor, while in coming boats came along. Near the outer entrance to the harbor, at about 3 P.M. Captain "hove to" and cast anchor. Here we lay until 3 A.M., when anchor was raised and we started. The gale had subsided but wind was still up and waves rolled the entire distance to London. Thorsten was loaded heavier than going up, but was "rocky".

Friday Sept. 11, 1903 on North Sea.

Could not eat much breakfast! I found yesterday that my stateroom mate was one of the gentlemen who occupied the compartment on train with me from Stockholm to Göteborg, an Englishman who every summer travels to fish, etc. He had been up to North of Sweden to "whip" some new rivers. Had been to Sweden before in other places. Only one real good day of fishing for the entire summer. He is interested in Lapland people and customs. Makes observations on life, etc., and collects articles of apparel, ware, etc. A great smoker and reader, pleasant companion, but not very much inclined to engage in conversation, but will readily talk when drawn out. Lives

in Scotland.

Saturday Sept 12, 1903.

Still on the North Sea with no immediate prospect of land, though we were due in London by 10 o'clock A.M.! Same old story repeated. Not feeling well, makes one dizzy to be up! So I spend my time in bed, but do not "feed the fishes". Have meals brought to my berth.

Sunday Sept 13, 1903.

Going up the Thames, water quiet, had breakfast at table, and uncomfortable feeling gone. As we are landing I meet Miss Widrington, who wished me to call on some of her friends in London, and gave me three addresses. I met on board also a Dr. Jones of London (Hartley Road) who has always been interested in gardening. Once studied botany considerably, and had hoped to make list of flora of one of the "shires" in England. But as a young man he saw little hope of getting a college education so he went into medicine. Has been interested in Professor Bailey's work and inquired about him.

On train from Tilbury Station up to Fenchurch Street Station he secured a compartment for himself and wife, Mr. (my stateroom mate) and myself. His wife is pleasant too. Dr. Jones told me several interesting things concerning historical places en-route. Near the dock at Tilbury Station is an old fort where

Elizabeth harangued the army and portion of fleet which there awaited the coming of the Armada. But alas the poor Armada never got that far up the river. One of the stations enroute is named "Purfleet". Legend has it, that as Elizabeth went through the place on her way to the aforesaid "harangue" she said "alas! my purfleet"! Hence the name of this place.

England (London and Southport)

Dr. Jones kindly offered to look in Nature to see if B.A.A.S. which I was going to attend, continued this week, and then to tell me over phone, I to call him up. I am late to Association. From Midland Hotel, at St. Pancras Station I called him up; he said it continued until Wednesday included. He then said it would give them great pleasure to have me dine with them some time after I returned to Kew from Southport and I accepted. Left St. Pancras Station at 3:15 P.M. for Southport. I had already written Seward that I could not leave Sweden until Thursday and would not reach Southport before Saturday afternoon. I now telegraphed him that storm on North Sea had delayed us and I would reach Southport 10:40 P.M. The Midland Railway passes through a very interesting part of England. The Southern end through a fine agricultural country. The hedge of *Crataegus*, with here and there trees, oaks, etc. which are allowed to grow up in the hedges, with the rolling character of

the land, the diversity of grain fields, pastures, meadows, and thatched or tiled roofs of the farm houses, presents the appearance of a great park. In the more northern part the country becomes more hilly and more forests, and rocky, country being more picturesque, not so well adapted to cultivation of grain crops, but more adapted to pasturage and meadows. Cattle and sheep are more abundant. Darkness comes on as we reach the station Warrington, where the Express continues to Liverpool, and I change for Southport, to a dingy train with no corridor. The Express has no diner so one is shut in a small compartment for long distances. A companionable crowd, however, of four gentlemen and one lady bound for Liverpool. At the larger places where we stop the Midland Railroad have restaurants, and we are furnished if ordered with a tray of tea, a thin sandwich for sixpence. It can be ordered in advance by telegraph at the company's expense, but I found time to go to restaurant and order one before train pulled out. At Warrington Station where I changed I got a lunch and some "bitters" at a stifling hotel where there are several small rooms adjacent to the "clerk's" desk and "bar", or cubby hole, where they serve out the liquor. The town is a manufacturing town. Nearly all the people in the restaurant were laborers and their wives in some cases. Smoke and fumes of grog filled the room. Little conversation. They seem to saturate themselves

with liquor and smoke and say but little.

In the course of an hour the train for Southport came along, and I continue journey. Seward met me at train which was very kind of him. We went to Scaresbrick Hotel where he and Mrs. Seward, and a number of others of B.A.A.S. are stopping. Had some whiskey and soda and I a lunch of sandwiches and milk. Then we retired.

Monday Sept. 14, 1903.

After breakfast, at which time I met Mrs. Seward, Mr. Seward said that I had been invited a guest to stay at Mr. J. P. Willets at 3 Park Road, and that I had better call upon them at once and report. I had not known of this since Mr. Willets' letter of invitation was mailed after I sailed from New York, and Mr. Van Hook had been given directions not to open any of my foreign mail except a letter from the director of Kew Gardens which I was expecting. Accordingly I called and found Miss Willets at home (Mr. Willets' sister) Mr. Willets being at Liverpool where he goes early daily to his office in the White Star or Cunard Line. I explained why I had not reported before and found that their letter had come after I left New York. Miss Willets was very kind, showed me my room, and then as she wanted to hear some of the papers she said she would come down to Section K, and at 1 o'clock go to lunch with me at one of the

restaurants, to save time of going home. At 4:30 the botanists attended by invitation a tea given by Mrs. Seward, where I met Miss Thomas, who once worked with Miss Sargent, also met Miss Margaret Benson, Mr. Bateman, a Miss _____ who is doing work in "Mendel's law", having begun it with Mr. Bateman. In speaking with her concerning DeVries' "Mutation Theory" she said it was what English botanists had for a long time called "discontinuous variation". She seems a bright and earnest woman. I also met here Dr. Lotsy. At the meeting in the morning Miss Sargent presented her discussion on the origin of the monocotyledons from dicotyledons. She is a very stout fleshy English, and not very pretty looking, woman of middle age. Miss Thomas followed her with some remarks giving an epitome of our knowledge of the embryo sac. She is a pretty lass, a likely botanist but a trifle unripe as yet in her embryo-sac work. Her talk was supposed to throw some light on or give emphasis to Miss Sargent's theory, but the light failed to appear. During the discussion which followed Miss Sargent's theory, she or her theory was unmercifully scored by Tansey, C _____ of British Museum and others.

The botanists were photographed in a group just at the close of the morning session. For the afternoon session Mr. J. B. Farmer was down for a semipopular lecture on Epiphytes. A number of the

fair sex of Southport turned out to hear this (from those who are amateur botanists). Mr. Farmer appeared and gave a most mystical and theoretical disquisition on the relation of stimuli to response in plants!!!

The annual dinner of Section K was held in the evening at the Prince of Wales Hotel. I arrived just after they had seated at table, only Mr. Hill coming in a few minutes later. I was Mr. Wager's special guest at the dinner. The other two guests were Dr. Linier, a paleobotanist from Caen, and Dr. Lotsy from Leiden, who sat one on either side of Mr. Seward, President of Section K at head of table. At the end of the standard of the T table were Mr. Wager (on right) and Mr. Farmer on left. I sat on Mr. Wager's right, Mr. Harvey Gibson sat opposite me, Mr. J. Reynolds Green sat at my right and Mr. Hill opposite him. Mr. Marshall Ward was at the head table, so Mr. Tansey and Mr. Blackman at it or on the stem of the T next it.

Good dinner and jolly time. Then came speeches, toasts, and still jolly time. First toast to the King, proposed by Seward. Drink standing, and all said "To the King" (even I!!!) Mr. Batmen toasted in a humorous speech Section K. Marshall Ward, the Committees of Secretaries who cared for the meeting. Mr. Blackman (I have forgotten what he toasted), but he told in a funny way a

good story (which by the way had no application to anything he was saying) about an old sea captain retired, who was alone, and got a herring from either the North or Baltic Sea. Had it in a vessel of water and carried on an experiment to see if he could transform the aquatic herring into a land herring. Each day he took out a drop of water from the aquarium. Finally when the place began to get rather dry the fish began to erect itself and changed its habits so that it could live in the dry air of the room. Finally the water was all gone and the herring was still alive. But it could not walk for it had no legs. So the captain made for it a wooden leg. The herring could now walk and it used to accompany the captain on all his excursions. One day while on a promenade they crossed a bridge and the herring fell through a hole and was drowned in the water!! The transition from a land environment to a water environment had been too sudden for him.

One thing impressed me in the toasts and replies, which is how thoroughly an Englishman enjoys assailing the party whom he toasts in a humorous and pleasant way, as well as to say good things of him, which is all taken in good part by the assailed and he gets back if he can. Very nearly the same thing can be said of the discussions of papers in the meetings. They not only criticise thor-

oughly and in a very kindly manner, and also make merry over parts of it, but at the same time they are sure to say a great many good things of the person and his paper. Americans would think in general there was too much "perlaver" in all this and yet I believe it helps to create good fellowship and encourages work and cooperation in discussions, and certainly the botanists of Section K are an extremely harmonious body of scientists, and they are certainly doing much good work. Professor Green toasted "our foreign guests" and all responded. With regard to me he intimated that while I had not crossed the Atlantic for the express purpose of attending section K I was there at least. At the close of my response I referred to this and said that while I had not crossed the Atlantic Ocean expecting to attend Section K I had crossed the North Sea for the express purpose of attending Section K.

P.S. At the day session Marshall Ward showed lantern slides of his work on the haustoria of *P. graminis*, a piece of work he did to show that Erickson's theory of the mycoplasma was wrong. First he showed Erickson's figures of yeast like bodies which are supposed to grow out into the intercellular spaces. Then he showed his own microphotographs of haustoria cut free from the connection with the mycelium. I was called upon by Seward to discuss the paper. After complimenting Ward, I related my experience at Erickson's laboratory.

Southport, Tuesday Sept. 15, 1903

The usual program for the day. To-day I took dinner at 7 P.M. with my host and hostess and their pastor (rector of St. Johns Church) was invited. He is a tall, stout, well bearded and haired, middle aged gentleman, who is alive to public questions as well as denominational. The first thing he said to me showed his traits. He came into the reception room where I was alone, introduced himself and said "who are you?" I told him. "Where are you from?" I told him. "What is your professional work?" I told him. "Where is Cornell University?" I told him. "What is Cornell University?" I told him. "What is its history?" I told him!!! So during dinner he manifested great interest in and asked many questions about the United States; President Rosevelt; the Negro question, etc.

Mr. Willets had a carriage and we four all intended to go to the reception given by the President of the B.A.A.S. of the "British Assn." as many Britains delighted to call it. During the course of the evening Mr. Willets introduced me to Sir Norman Lockyear (the president), and said where I was from. "Oh, do you know my friend Mr. Fiske?" said he. "I have met him", said I. Then he spoke of the Dante collection Fiske had given to Cornell and asked if I knew of it. Yes and I supposed from what I had heard

that it was the finest Dante Library in the United States !! I wanted to be modest in the presence of the lion for fear I might hurt him if I said "in the world". "Oh" he said quickly, "the finest in the world!" "I tried to get Fiske to fill some of the gaps in the British Museum, but no, he said he wanted to give it to Cornell". "Fiske is now making another equally valuable collection of another ancient writer and will probably give it to Cornell" said Sir Norman. However, the first thing Sir Norman said after I told him I had met Mr. Fiske was "I just had two telegrams from him telling me how much he enjoyed reading my speech and that he believed I was right"!

Professor Harvey Gibson had gotten a partial promise from me to go to Liverpool Thursday to see his laboratory and stay over Thursday night at his place. Farmer and Green were staying with him but Farmer would return to London Thursday. I learned, however, to-day through Mr. Wager that the Mycological Section of the Yorkshire Naturalist's Union were to hold Sept. 26-Oct. 1, the 176th annual Fungus Foray and Wager invited me to attend. I accepted for I have for years wished to attend a British Fungus Foray. Masee was to be there and in addition it would be a great opportunity for me to learn a number of British agarics and to get Masee's and others' interpretation of them. This would take a week from my

work at the Royal herbarium and as I had at best only two and one-half weeks for the herbarium this would leave me only one week and a half for the work of examining types and noticing the American plants in certain genera I am now especially interested in. So I wrote Professor Harvey Gibson a letter of regret, explained matters, and made my arrangements to take the train at 8:30 on the London and Northwestern Railroad for Easton Station in London. In the afternoon the section went on an excursion, led by Mr. who is a local amateur botanist somewhere in Northwest England, to the sand dunes along the coast. Miss Willets came at a little before 2 o'clock to go also. I met to-day Miss Stopes, a student at University College with Professor Daniel Oliver. She is doing special work in Paleobotany and is a very bright, promising young woman, the most promising one in Britain, I think. (I also met for a short time in the morning Miss Sargent who has not been much in evidence at the meetings since her effort owing to a very severe cold). I also met a Miss Roberts, tall and slender, and dark complexion. On the excursion I had the opportunity of seeing more of Miss Thomas and thought better of her, though she is still young. I also met a dark complexioned and black eyed Miss Tyler whom Mr. Wager knew and who was interested in mushrooms and nature study, a young woman of considerable worth I thought, and of a very engaging

manner, though not exactly captivating.

The dunes are fine ones and cover a great extent of territory along the coast near the sea and quite far inland, old and young, stationery and moving, fixed and changing, as well as extensive blowouts. Here and there the **marram** grass has been artificially planted to bind the sand, and I had a good opportunity to take a snap shot of some workmen planting grass on the dunes. I had never before seen **Salix ripens** and there were very fine examples of that as a sand binder here and in some places fine rotund clumps, 8-12 feet in diameter were present, forming a fine and large colony of these clumps. I took a snap shot of these and later of some old **Crataegus** trees showing effect of wind. On side of low dunes and in the sand of low grounds were quite a number of mushrooms, **Hypogophorus conicus**, abundant, **Marasmius oreades**, and others. I collected some and that night dried them at Mr. Willets on a gas stove.

Wednesday Sept. 16, 1903.

A few papers this morning finished up the program. Then the botanists, except those who were to attend the Mayor's banquet, fled. In the afternoon Miss Willets and I walked down to the quay to see the boats. Then I hunted up a "workshop" where I could get my glasses repaired. Then hunted up a "chemist's" where I could get

something in the way of quinine or ~~belladonna~~ lozenges for a cold. I happened into the shop of Mr. Ball, a botanist, one of the local committee who has demonstrated that lupus can be cured by X rays. I was surprised to see him. He pointed to a weed in a small vase and asked me if I knew it. I said I was not a specialist on weeds, and furthermore I had not my glasses on, but I should say if the plant were in America it would be the "ragweed" *Ambrosia artemisiaefolia*. "That's just what it is" said Mr. Ball. "I found it yesterday on our excursion to the sand dunes. The seed probably came over in ballast or grain from America to Liverpool."

To-night the officers of the British Association and its invited guests attended a banquet given by the Lord Mayor Scarsbrick at his palatial residence in the country. A special train conveyed the party to within a quarter of a mile of the Mayor's residence. Here carriages were supposed to convey us to the house, but since there were only four or five carriages and it would take many trips for them to carry all of us many of us walked. As we entered the gate of his grounds some distance from the house the roadside was lined on either side by little Chinese lanterns hung on little hooks close to the ground, different colored lights, and a very pretty effect it made. Then near the house the building and trees were hung with lights, some electrical.

In the reception room stood the Mayor and his wife (his wife a Cleveland, Ohio, woman). The Mayor, tall and spare, covered with official "regalia". At the entrance to the reception room stood a "barker", who asked your name and then shouted it (several individuals in advance) at the top of his high tenor voice to Lord and Lady Scaresbrick, who stood at the other end of the nearly vacant reception room, and of course by the time the guest got to them the name had died on their ears, if indeed it at first sounded anything more than a "tinkling cymbal". The row of guests kept filing in, making a stiff shake and a prim bow while the Lord's and Lady's hand and arm worked like derricks pumped by machinery and the file fell into the large room beyond. Here were a few luxuriously upholstered lounges and sofas on which sat the few honored of the fair sex. The gentlemen stood. The real warmth of the reception came to me when Lady Lockyear recognized me as I entered this room. She smiled graciously, half rose from her seat and extended her hand. I forgot to mention that at the evening of the reception to the Association I was introduced to her and had a very interesting conversation with her.

When we filed into the large banquet hall the guests hunted their places. Many of them must have known about where they were in advance. But some of us had a hard time finding them. Name

was on card by plate, and also at left as one entered banquet hall was a large diagram of the table with names in place. This was studied and as one found his place, off he would go. Some few of us had a hard time and my experience was positively funny or ludicrous. The fact is since I put in an appearance after the meetings were half over, my name was not on the banquet list, although Mr. Seward when I arrived kindly had the invitation sent me. So there I was an invited guest but with no place at the table. I scanned the chart and then went and looked over the tables, then scanned the chart again and again looked over the tables. By this time everybody was seated and the feast had begun, while I was moving back and forth like a shuttle cock between diagram and tables. Finally, as quite a number of the invited guests did not come, there were plenty of vacant seats and I took one of these by the side of a gentleman from the Yale Mathematical Society, in astronomy, whom I found a courteous, kindly and sociable chap. The dinner was fine. The finest banquet and the best service of any I have ever attended. When the toasts came, speeches were made by the president last year, by Sir Norman Lockyear, Lord Mayor Scaresbrick (who got so excited he simply stood stiff and stammered out his words in a half pitched monotone with a Scotch twang but not the brogue), by Mr. Brown who is to be the next Mayor of Southport. A Mr. Dean

toasted the ladies and made an ass of himself by trying to make geese of the ladies. He told the story of a man who happened to get the wrong woman for a wife. This made him a woman hater. When his wife died he lived with his son in a secluded place where they could see no women. The boy did not know what a woman was. One day they by accident came where there were a number of young women and the boy was now a young man. When he saw the young women he said "Father, what are those creatures?" "Those are geese, my son" he replied. "Well, Father, won't you buy me a goose?" inquired the son. Marshall Hall, a celebrated criminal lawyer in Southport replied to this toast for the women, and scored a pretty one on Dean in his wily and cutting reply. Massard, the celebrated French meteorologist also spoke in French. After speeches were over the women filed out alone. The gentlemen remained awhile smoking and drinking and then the party broke up and an informal was held for a few minutes in the hall. I met Professor White of Georgia, now chemist of the University of Georgia. After some talk we both went over to speak to Willis T. Moore of the United States Weather Bureau and introduced ourselves. But soon the Lord Mayor came around and began chaffing Moore about sleeping so late in the morning and finding all sorts of things chucked into his bed by his other friends in the house. We all chatted together, Moore in-

forming his Lordship that we were both Americans. Moore kindly invited me to call when in Washington.

On way back to station one man, perhaps too much in his cups, was knocked down and run over by the vehicle in front of us, and our horses came near running over him in the dark. Some guests on foot shouted to our driver to halt. We alighted and let the injured man and his friends have our carriage.

After returning to 3 Park Road about 11:45 Mr. and Miss Willets awaited me, and asked numerous questions about the banquet.

Southport--London, Kew Gardens,

Thursday Sept. 17, 1903.

Rose earlier than usual, had bath as usual which was prepared each morning by maid. Had breakfast for first time with Mr. Willets. Other mornings he had his earlier since he always took an early train to Liverpool. I bade them farewell. They have been very kind to me and have shown me many courtesies, and much consideration. The last evening I went into their garden (called it back yard which was a great blunder). Here they are making next the house, and fence near the house, small rockeries, one for each of their trips. This summer, for example, they visited Norway, and brought back a number of Norwegian plants, ferns especially and they made a Norway Rockery. Then they have a Switzerland Rockery and

so on. There is a large greensward in the center and in the extreme farther end the vegetable garden, and the irrepressible flower garden mixed in with it which makes so many homes of the English beautiful, even among the laboring classes. One thing interested me very much which is characteristic of the climate of nearly all England, tomatoes were growing in the garden but they bore no fruit. The total heat during a few weeks of the summer season is not great enough to make fruit. But they have a little greenhouse, the glass of which draws enough heat and the enclosure retains it, to ripen tomatoes. Tomato plants here planted at the same time as those out doors were heavily loaded with fruit. So in the southern part of England while a few tomatoes will ripen out of doors, the crop is grown under glass during the summer. All their grapes are grown during summer under glass and sell for from one to two shillings per pound. The grapes are said to be much finer to eat than grapes in France grown in the vineyard. It is also said by Englishmen (Farmer, for example) that in Paris when the wealthy want fine grapes for the table they purchase those grown in England in preference to using their own.

Leave Southport on early train, so without incident of importance to Euston Station, London. Take cab to Waterloo Station and take train for Kew Bridge Station. Here I go to Carleton House, but find there is only one small vacant room in the attic. The

landlady recommended me to go to her brother's at 40 Forest Road, running at right angles to the farther end of Priory Road which begins near the bridge opposite the Kew green. Here I get a fairly good room for 1/6 per day, and with breakfast thrown in for an additional 1/6, breakfast to be porridge, meat (steak or chop), bread and butter and coffee. Mrs. Richards runs this. She tried her best to get me to promise to take my other meals here but I wanted to get lunch at a more convenient place about ten yards from the herbarium, and to be free to go where I chose for dinner. Mr. Richards is a school master, a gentleman of considerable talent I should think. He plays classical music, and accompaniments for songs very well. They have two charming children. Beautiful little Doris about 8 or 10, and a boy about the age of my own, bright, respectful, and manly little fellow. A friend of theirs livings near, a boy about 14 years was in. He sings in the boy choir in the chapel of King Edward's London residence at St. James' Park. Has sung before Queen Victoria. He sang two solos, "In the gloaming", and a religious song. Sings with much feeling and has a beautiful voice, but sings rather too slow I think. It is interesting to see this almost babe stand and sing with such feeling and expression, with the appearance of a much older person, and as soon as it is over, he turns immediately to play with toys! He was the sole successful competitor among fifty applicants for the vacancy

in the choir to which he was chosen.

Royal herbarium, Kew Gardens, Friday Sept. 18, 1903

From Southport I had written Mr. Masee that I had asked permission from Sir William T. Dyer to examine types of American fungi in the Royal herbarium from America, especially from the United States, and also to see what material from the United States was represented in the collection. Dr. Dyer had shown me in the herbarium and said that Mr. Masee would assist me to see the specimens. I wrote Mr. Masee that as my time was limited, I hoped I would be permitted, in case it seemed desirable to examine the types with the microscope, to have a small piece of the pileus and gills for the purpose, which I could then examine more at leisure.

Friday (to-day) morning I called upon Mr. Masee at the herbarium. He at once showed me where the fungi were. The Hymenomyces are in his office and most of the Ascomycetes are in an ante room opening off from his office. I began with Amanitas. He said in reference to the privilege of examining types with the microscope that the Director had recently passed a very rigid rule that the types could no longer be cut for examination. He referred to Burt's and Murrill's work on the types and said that in some cases the types were disappearing by this process, and they had found it

necessary to establish this rule. He said he would speak again to the Director about it, but he was sure there could be no change. I said I did not know how one could ever know what the characters of the types were, and in some cases it would be absolutely impossible to determine the plant again with any degree of certainty unless one could examine the type with a microscope. I said I did not see what one was to do in such a case, and did not see that a type possessed any value unless one could examine the microscopic structure. Well, he said, one must do the best he could without this. In fact Mr. Masee thinks microscopic characters of little or no value in such plants, and that one is just as safe in relying on gross characters as upon microscopic characters. I said I thought it was necessary to combine the two, that one must study both the macroscopic and microscopic and employ both in forming concept of species.

My place of work was at a long table on the opposite side of the hall, the southwest side of the herbarium, looking out upon the new building. At the other end of the table Mr. Wright worked. This room contains the ferns, and Mr. Wright was working on the collection.

In an hour or so Mr. Masee came into the room with a few fungi which had been brought in from the grounds, which he thought I might

wish to see or have, since I had expressed a desire for examples of European species. One was a small but very pretty specimen of *Leptotaticomorpha* which appeared in one of the greenhouses. He handed me a *Clavaria* also saying, "this is *Clavaria formosa*". I looked at it a little while, split open one of the branches, and ventured this statement in a mild way, "Why, it does not look like *Clavaria formosa* to me. *Clavaria formosa* is a softer plant, the color is brighter, and the flesh is pink while the flesh of this plant is white." "Oh, well the plants vary in this respect", he said. In a short while I said, "It looks to me as if it might possibly be *Clavaria condensata*." "Oh no, it is not *Clavaria condensata*. That is a very different plant," said he. "Cannot we see Bresadola's description and figure" said I. "Oh, Bresadola is always cock sure of everything, and I do not place much importance on his determinations", said he. "But", said I, "we might see if it agrees with the description and figure which he thinks is condensata and that might help us to determine just what the plant is" said I. So he got out Bresadola's work. The illustration of the plant did not exactly suit, but as the spores were very characteristic he said he would in the afternoon look at the spores.

In the afternoon he came in about 3 o'clock and said "Well, that is *Clavaria condensata*!!!! In the course of another hour he

came in and said if there were any of the types of fungi which I wished specimens of he himself would take the responsibility of taking a bit for me! When he came to cut out a specimen of the single specimen of *Amanita ravenelii* he cut out a much larger piece than I should have done.

The herbarium is open at 10 A.M. and closes at 5 P.M. At the entrance is a daily register and all outside workers daily register their names as they come in. Sir Dietrich Brandis was at work in the herbarium. I saw him pass a few times. He is a tall, stout, well built man, now slightly stooped, and with gray hair and beard. I hoped to find time to be presented to him, so that I might have a few minutes conversation with him, but time went by and each day I seemed to have more to do and finally left Kew without having an opportunity of speaking to him.

Saturday Sept. 19, 1903.

Continued work on *Amanita* and began work on *Lepiota*. Notes on this work are kept separate. With the *Lepiota*'s I began making note of all specimens from the United States, in order to know just what is in Kew. Wish I had done it for *Amanita*.

Saturday evening I purchased a hand basket and exhibited it at one gate but was stopped by a policeman. He said baskets were not allowed in the garden. I explained that I was working in the her-

barium, and if I had spoken to Mr. Masee or the Director they would let me take the basket in. No. Then I explained that I wanted to collect mushrooms. O,well, I guess you can take it in then. So he spoke to the guard inside, who rather reluctantly permitted me to pass. He said if any one else should hold me up I should explain that I worked in the herbarium and was going in the garden to collect mushrooms. No one interfered. As time for closing the gates came on I heard musical voices from different parts of the garden sing "all out, all out". A custom very old, and now it is such a perfunctory call that one can scarcely distinguish the words. It often sounds more like " Ah - - - - - a *low* - - - - - "

In the evening as I was taking my fungi in basket to the boiler room where I was trying to dry some which Mr. Masee had given me the day before. Mr. Watson (the curator) came upon me and asked what I was doing with the basket. I explained. "But", he said, "no one is allowed in the garden with a basket". I explained that I was working in the herbarium and the policeman and guard, after my explanation of my purposes had permitted me to enter to collect. "But" he said "it is not allowed." No one must carry a basket in the grounds". He asked me where I was going. I said, "to the boiler house to put these mushrooms on to dry." "Where are you then going with the basket" said he. "I am going to take it out

with me at the curator's gate" said I. "All right" said he.

"good evening"!!! It was my first meeting with the curator, and I only learned he was the curator after some minutes conversation!! At 10 o'clock began work in the herbarium again and continued as before. Mr. Masee asked me if I would like to collect in the Garden Sunday morning. I said it would be a great pleasure, so we made an appointment for 9 o'clock at Curator's Gate.

In the evening I took a walk to the northeast on Mort Lake Road about two miles and returned along the Thames. I came upon the Thames at the winning point for the Oxford and Cambridge races, and followed the river to Kew Bridge. I saw a scrub race between two singles, - ~~one feure~~ - one eight oared crew.

Sunday Sept. 20, 1903.

Met Mr. Masee at 9 o'clock A.M., according to appointment at Curator's gate. Had my basket. Said I was not sure that I would be permitted to take a basket in the Gardens. He said "we can leave it in the Jodrell laboratory and get a box"!!! So we hunted up a cardboard box and started out for collection. Fungi were not very abundant and yet we found quite a number. We found marvellous specimens of *Polyporus giganteus* under the large beech. This beech is one which has been fenced around to prevent the branches being broken. The lower branches hang down until they touch the ground,