THE NATURE ESSAY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN MAGAZINES

by

Sarah Joanna Boell

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Approved by:

S. L. Whitcomb
Instructor in charge

R. D. O'Leary
Chairman of the Department

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TO MY MOTHER

PREFACE

It is not customary to concede to the periodical, a very prominent niche in the realm of literature. Yet in glancing at the literature of the past hundred years, it is a remarkable fact that a large percentage of it was first introduced to the public through the periodicals. Short stories, novels, essays, and histories have made their first appearance in this manner. It is not necessary to insist upon the obvious fact that our magazines contain literature but it is fitting to deplore the slight attention that they receive in a serious study of literature. There is a dearth of good criticism of magazine material except in fragmentary paragraphs in the magazines themselves.

It is also unfortunate that the Nature Essay has been in the main disregarded or barely mentioned in general treatises on literature or in the special discussion of individual types. Like the short story, the Nature Essay is largely of American growth, but whereas the short story has become international the Nature Essay has remained distinctly American. And while it has been popular among readers, and justly so, it has not been

recognized by critics to the degree in which it is worthy. Such comment as it has induced consists of criticisms of books of these essays. So far as I was able to discover, no study of the magazine Nature Essay has heretofore been made, so that if this paper is faulty in proportion, division, or appraisal, perhaps the faults will be pardoned to some extent because the paper is attempting to deal with a matter so new that conventions in its treatment have not yet been established. It is extraordinary that a field so attractive and so full of interest should for so long a period lie fallow.

Since my method of approach and treatment of the subject may not be altogether irreproachable, I shall endeavor to explain my plan in this paper. Part I deals with introductory matter, the history of the development of nature writing and a discussion of the various types of nature writing found in the magazines of the twentieth century. This, to be sure, has no direct bearing on the subject in hand, but since no study of this magazine material has been made before, I am inclined to think that it is here not altogether useless. The essay is not a clear cut type -- it is very closely related to the travel article, the picture article, the garden article, the hunting article, and the other types of articles discussed in Chapter II of Part I. These nature articles are not generally considered as having the literary merit of the Nature Essay, nevertheless they are closely related forms of writing.

In Part II, the study of the Nature Essay, I have not attempted to criticize the style or manner of writing of individual authors. For a preliminary study of this kind it seems to me hardly advisable to attempt a detailed appraisal of the work of even a fraction of the one hundred and eighty different writers. I have endeavored to give the reader some impression of the essays themselves -- what they are about and the distinguishing qualities of the recognizable types. A closer study of the work of several individual authors would be of distinct value but hardly practicable in a general survey of the material such as I have attempted.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor S. L. Whitcomb for suggesting this subject to me and for his supervision of my study, and also to the other members of the Graduate Committee of the English Department for their interest and their helpful suggestions.

Sarah Joanna Boell

Lawrence, Kansas
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THE NATURE ESSAY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PART I

SURVEY OF AMERICAN NATURE LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

GENERAL DEVELOPMENT OF NATURE WRITING

Nature and literature have always been closely associated. From the time of the earliest literatures to the present day, the beauty of the world about him has impressed the maker of prose and the singer of songs. Nature in literature is not an innovation, although text-books point out the beginnings of the so called "nature writings" of America from a period scarcely a century and a quarter ago. The poet has always used nature, yet, like the sculptor, he interprets not the material coming into his hands, but his own soul. For the literary interpretation of nature we must wait, as the historians of literature agree, until a bare hundred years ago when there arose a group of writers who loved beauty like the poet, accuracy like the scientist and foremost of all, loved nature. Perhaps Thoreau was the first, or it may have been Audubon or Wilson or Crevecoeur who should be considered the pioneer. Along with these names that we know, there must have been

many, many others who loved nature for its own sake, for every man of creative genius expresses the ideals of a waiting group who feel the same impulse but are incapable of expression.

Soon after their arrival in America, the colonists sent back word of the country that seemed to them so strange. Captain John Smith and William Strachey are only two of the many who attempted to describe the new world. They were interested in the climate and the appearance of the new country but their accounts were motivated by curiosity and a desire for exploration rather than by a love of nature. After the period of triumphant discovery and examination was over, the colonists were engaged in too serious a struggle against nature to observe that it could be anything but hostile. The woods and mountains were their enemies; as were the creatures of the woods unless they served as food and so became a necessity. It was only after the actual struggle for existence had ceased, after the wilderness had been subdued and sustenance was certain, that the pioneers began to be aware of the beauty in their surroundings.

Alexander Wilson, one of the first American nature lovers, landed in New York from Paisley, in 1794, at the age of twenty-eight. Shortly after his arrival he tramped to Philadelphia where he supported himself as best he could by any sort of work. In Philadelphia he found men who were interested in nature and there became acquainted with

William Bartram, whose famous botanical garden was his greatest source of pride. Bartram had written a book on American travel and observation and in 1803 Wilson conceived the idea of also writing a book on nature, treating birds in particular. This was a difficult undertaking, for he was poor, indifferently educated, and knew nothing of drawing although he proposed to illustrate his volume by colored plates. His sense of humor must have made the task easier. "I am entranced," he wrote to Boston a year after the work was begun, "over the plumage of a lark, or gazing like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl." "The American Ornithology" was published in nine volumes (1806-1814) and was by far the best work of its kind at that date.

The first American naturalist to be born in America was John James Audubon. He was of French descent and was taken to France to be educated. He remained there until he was eighteen, when his father sent him to America to learn English and the business methods of the new country. The father was a merchant and had a business career in mind for his son. But the boy, who has early tried to escape from school to hunt birds's nests and to make drawings of birds, found his pleasure in a small estate near Philadelphia rather than in business. It is probable that Wilson and Audubon were acquaintances but the dispositions and training of the two men made them too unlike to be congenial. Soon after his marriage in 1808, Audubon went to

Louisville, Kentucky, and operated a mill. After a business failure, he began to paint birds and to give painting lessons to gain a livlihood. He was soon recognized as an unusual portrayer of birds and his pictures were exhibited in England and Scotland. A short time later he proposed to publish his drawings under the title of "The Birds of America", and subscriptions were taken for this work, which was to cost one thousand dollars. For his material he traveled from Labrador to Florida and from Maine to the Rocky Mountains until he completed his work in 1838. It was issued in eighty-seven numbers and contained four hundred thirty-five plates showing more than a thousand individual birds, as well as many trees, flowers, and animals native to America. His work surpasses that of Wilson in the greater beauty of the illustrations, in the larger number of birds and in the more excellent style of writing. Nine years later, in 1847, he published a more pretentious work on the mammals of America. Dr. John Buckman prepared the text of this work while Audubon and his sons supplied the plates.

Another work on birds published soon after Audubon's , was that of Thomas Nuttal, who interested himself particularly in bird song. Beside Nuttal, two others of the early group of naturalists may be mentioned. Dr. John Godman was the author of a charming little book, "The Rambles of a Naturalist", which was the earlist example of sketches of that kind in this country. Later he pre-

pared an illustrated "Natural History" that contained an account of all the mammals known. Wilson Flagg wrote "Studies in Field and Forest" and "Birds and Seasons of New England". He felt keenly the lure of the out-of-doors and gave to a common sxparrow the more poetic name of "vesper-bird". This bird is now commonly known as the "vesper-sparrow".

Although not the first to write of nature, the works of Henry D. Thoreau stand as the foundation of what we now call American out-of-door literature. Yet during his life time only two volumes of his writings were published and these were unsuccessful if judged by their sale. It seems preposterous that a book now so well known as "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers", could find no publisher until it was paid for by the author. The publishers did not misjudge the book -- they acknowledged its superiority but foresaw a slight sale. That their appraisal was correct is evidenced by the fact that in four years following its publication, only two hundred copies were sold. The public was not yet ready for books of this type. The works of Wilson and Audubon had had hardly a larger circulation in spite of their worth and the magnificent drawings of Audubon.

Thoreau's love of nature was early inspired by his mother, who used to take her children into the woods to show them the beauties and wonders of wild life. Although

the family was poor, Thoreau was sent to Harvard in the hope that he would enter upon a professional career. He taught school for a short time, but it was not to his liking; andwhen he made his living in less scholarly ways, such as surveying, building fences, planting gardens, or working in the pencil factory, the neighbors called him lazy. When he resolved to live in the woods, Emerson allowed him to use some land on the edge of Walden Pond. Here he cleared off a spot and built his cabin. In "Walden" he gives a detailed account of the building of the cabin and of his mode of living. His garden furnished the major part of his food and the few other necessities of life he earned at day labor. There in the woods he lived a life of contentment, observing the things about him and setting down his observations. He left great quantities of notes and essays which were published after his death in 1862.

It was at this time that the literary magazines began to publish articles of open air observations. The "Atlantic Monthly" in 1862 contained a series of nature articlesby Thomas Wentworth Higginson. These were four in number: "Snow", "Walking", "The Life of Birds", and "The Procession of Flowers".[1] As the titles indicate, they

1. Higginson. Snow. Atlan. 9:138-201. F'1862.
Walking. Atlan. 9:657-74. Je'1862
The life of birds. Atlan. 10:368-76. S'1862
Procession of the flowers. Atlan.10:649-57.D'1862.

cover a large range of material. These articles are excellent in both content and style. It was not until four years later that "Harper's Monthly Magazine" published its first nature essays. In the March and April numbers, two articles by Mary Titcomb appeared.[1] One of these describes the burrows of a group of small quadrupeds such as the rabbit and the prairie dog, while the other is concerned with the nests of birds. Both of these show close and accurate observations and have as their primary purpose the giving of information. Another piece of out-of-door writing in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" of the same year is "The Yosemite Valley" by J. L. Wisely.[2] This is the first account in a magazine, of the Yosemite Valley, which was later to be so well loved by Muir. Wisely does not make us feel the power and grandeur of the spectacle of the cliffs and falls, as does Muir, for he is too intent on giving a detailed sketch of the valley in a scientific rather than a literary manner. This article is interesting only because it is one of the first of its kind and it ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ is an experiment rather than an example of a well defined type of writing. All of these first writings in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" are fully illustrated by steel cuts.

Since the introduction of nature writing into the magazines it has had a very rapid growth, owing, in part,

1.Titcomb. Little burrowers at home. Harp. 32:421-39. Mr'1866.
Birds at home. Harp. 32:548-65. Ap'1866.
2.Wisely. The Yosemite Valley. Harp. 32:697-708. My'1866.

to the same causes as have popularized the magazine itself:- larger type, better paper, and most of all, more numerous and better illustrations. The invention of the half tone and the three color processes of reproducing photographs and paintings, and the steady improvement and cheapening of the camera in its application to field study, have given the growth of the nature essay a tremendous impetus. Still, it is not only the added attractiveness of the pages that entices the readers attention; the reader himself is interested in the out-of-doors. This is indicated by the increasing number of magazines designed to print this kind of work. "Country Life in America", "Outing", "Forest and Stream", "Bird Lore", and the "Nature Magazine", and only a few of the periodicals that have been established and are finding an audience. The modern publisher is too sensitive to the likes and dislikes of the public to try to create a periodical or type of reading matter for which there is but slight demand.

Another proof of the new feeling for nature is the steady increase of Nature material in books as well as in periodicals. Books on birds, beasts, butterflies, flowers, and on miscellaneous matter dealing with nature, have been appearing more and more frequently. On the shelves of every library these books are to be found, and moreover, they show signs of having been read. It is a striking fact that the public that declined to buy the writings of the living Thoreau, asked for and read his works after his

death. The early writings of Burroughs did not come to fame quickly. It was only after an unceasing effort on the part of this great naturalist, and a small sympathetic group, that the resolutely blind America was made to open its eyes to its own green fields and its ears to the sweetness of bird songs. The pioneer's enmity has at last given way to a new friendship with the outdoors. It may be because of the cry for exercise and fresh air or, in part, because of the alluring devices of the manufacturers of sporting goods and equipment, that this change has come about. Yet the question as to what stimulated the growth of this new spirit is not of supreme importance so long as we know that there is a genuine interest in nature. Theories may be proved and disproved, but the fact that more and more nature books, more and more nature articles, and magazines and magazines, are being sold points undeniably to the conclusion that they are being read.

CHAPTER II

NATURE IN THE MAGAZINES

Because the nature articles began to appear much earlier, a study limited to the twentieth century product seems at first glance to involve dividing the subject in a purely arbitrary fashion. Yet at the beginning of this century there was a sudden expansion in nature literature that is marked enough to form a natural boundary between the experimental stage and that in which the nature article was accepted as a regular feature ofthe magazines like the short story or the critical article. This increase was not only in the amount of material in the magazines then in circulation, but was notably conspicuous in the establishment of new nature magazines during the years immediately preceding or following the opening of the twentieth century.

Of these new magazines, "Bird Lore", established in 1899, is a good example. It is a bi-monthly magazine devoted to the study and protection of birds and is the official organ of the Audubon Societies. The editor, Frank M. Chapman, is the Curator of Ornithology in the American

Museum of Natural History and is well known to bird lovers through several handbooks of birds and bird studies. Each issue ofthe magazine contains general articles on birds, a survey of the seasons, reviews of bird books and magazines, and a section devoted to the announcements and publications of the Audubon societies.

Two other bird magazines established in the same year, 1899, are "Wilson's Bulletin" and "The Condor". "Wilson's Bulletin" is published quarterly and is the official organ of the Wilson Ornithological Club and the Nebraska Ornithologists Union. The contents consast largely of notes, statistics, reviews, and articles appealing only to a class of readers devoted to the intensive study of birds. "The Condor" is a bi-monthly magazine of Western ornithology and is published in Pasadena, California. Like "Wilson's Bulletin" it does not attempt to appeal to other than bird lovers.

"Country Life in America" and "The National Geographic Magazine" are of a very different character and were established in 1901 and 1902, respectively. "Country Life in America" specializes chiefly on three subjects, nature, sport, and country homes. The nature articles are unusually well written and are made more attractive by the beautiful illustrations that are used. The illustrations form the most conspicuous part of "The National Geographic Magazine". They are usually on subjects well adapted to scenic effects although articles and illustrations with

birds, wild animals, and travel as the subject, are frequently included.

This list of magazines could be increased indefinitely; and the generalization that nearly all the nature magazines designed to deal with a special phase of outdoor activity were established at about this time, is not too sweeping.

Although it is the purpose of this paper to discuss the nature essay of the twentieth century periodicals, it may not be without interest to note briefly that the nature interest of the magazines does not always take the form of the essay but also appears in articles of various other types. Articles of hunting and fishing, exploration and travel, gardening and farming, pictures and photography are found in great numbers. The animal story or narrative is another form of nature writing that is also frequently met with in the magazines of today. When considered from the standpoint of bulk of material, hunting and fishing seem to be the most popular outdoor subjects. "Maine Woods", "American Beagle", "American Sportsman", "Pacific Outdoors","Outing", and "Outdoor Life" are only a few of the periodicals whose entire contents are devoted to these sports. Many of the general publications contain occasional articles of this character. Work of this kind rarely claims any merit except that of subject matter, for as a rule it is not well written or artistically illustrated. Snap shots taken of game or fish generally

constitute the pictures. The sporting magazines are designed for the amateur sportsman and are supported chiefly by the manufacturers of sporting goods, who find in them the best medium of advertising their products. Of hunting articles found in magazines of a recognized standing, Theodore'Roosevelt's accounts of a wolf hunt in Oklahoma[1] and a bear hunt in Colorado,[2] which were published in "Scribner's Magazine", are among the best. Yet even these are a rather tiresome journal of how many days and how many miles the party traveled before they were able to bring down the wolf or bear. The killing of the animal hunted may mark the climax but not the end of this type of tale. The hunter must measure and calculate and give figures to prove that this was the largest, wildest, or the most ferocious animal ever captured in the state, county, or at least somewhere. Then after the triumphant hero, with a gun over his shoulder, a dog on one side and the vanquished beast on the other, has posed for a picture, the ordeal of the hunting article is over.

It is gratifying to note that the camera is to some extent displacing the gun. It was a notable event when the first big game hunter hung up his rifle and took to the woods with a camera. The camera movement began in 1884 with the invention of the dry plate. The old wet plate

1.Roosevelt. Wolf hunt in Oklahoma. Scrib. 38:513-32. N'05.
2.Roosevelt. Colorado bear hunt. Scrib. 38:387-408. O'05.

with its long exposure had been too slow and cumbersome for use in the open. Mr. A. G. Wallhan was the first to demonstrate the value ofthe camera in relation to wild life. He,however, gives the credit of the idea to Mrs. Wallhan, who, while studying a colony of ants in the sage brush, looked up to see herself surrounded by a number of deer that had failed to notice her in the brush. This was in 1890, and for the next ten years Mr. and Mrs. Wallhan spent a busy life on the Western trails securing the pictures in a volume entitled "Camera Shots at Big Game".[1] George Shiras, 3rd, has achieved a remarkable success with flashlight pictures of deer from a canoe. In "Hunting with a Camera"[2] he describes his methods for these particular pictures and also gives some hints as to how to get a wild animal to take its own picture by placing a string across the runway to set off a trigger and ignite the magnesium powder.

Frank M. Chapman in "The Camera Hunter"[3] tries to weigh the relative merits of the gun and the camera. Man, he says, loves a chase and finds delight in hunting game because it is hard to procure, usually edible, and he takes a certain pride in showing it. Yet, he asks, "Is not a photograph of a wild animal more desirable than the body of the same animal in death? Two years later he is pleased to

1.Camera shots at big game. Doubleday,Page & Co. 1901.
2.Shiras. Hunting with a camera. Ind. 52:1364-8. Je'00.
3.Chapman. The camera hunter. Outing. 38:255-7. Je'01.

find that:

"Among sportsmen a picture is beginning to be more highly prized than the thing itself. Camera hunting is infinitely more difficult than hunting with the gun and makes greater demands on the patience, perseverance, strength and ingenuity of the hunter. The apparatus is interesting in its manipulation, its use implies no restriction of place or season and once its results become as desirable as those to be obtained with rod or gun, the latter will be used by sportsmen only to supply the larder.

"This doubtless sounds Utopian, but it is not. Can all the mounted deer and deer head heads in existence compare for a moment with Mr. Shiras's photographs of the creatures in their haunts? --------- As for the pleasure of making them -- try it!"[1]

Geogre Shiras also has something to say on the advantages of the camera over the gun.

"So the days pass, and the nights, with all the scents of the woods and the thousand charms of nature and of wild life, and all the zest of pursuit, all the setting of the wit of man against the wit of the beast, all the preparation for the chase, and all the cunning of its pursuit, with none of that remorse which comes to every true sportsman, who, when the well aimed bullet strikes

1.Chapman. Hunting with a camera. World's Work. 6:3554.Je'03.

down its quarry, is robbed of much of the pleasure of the pursuit by the dying glances of his innocent and suffering victim."[1]

There are many devices and methods used in getting pictures of birds, from the imitation of bird calls to the use of blinds. More attention is paid to birds than to any other animals, probably because they are more numerous and come closer to civilization. But it is not only animals that are hard to photograph. J. Horace MacFarland in "Hunting in the May Woods" gives an entertaining account of the troubles of the photographer of flowers.

"The flowers are perhaps six inches high and the shortest point of your tripod is nearly sixteen. When you get your tripod spread so as to look down upon the flower, but not too much down, and when you have 'composed' so as to secure a natural but contrasting background to your liking, you breathe a sigh of relief, and proceed to put the plate holder into the camera. Just now you find that you have four or more feet of your own besides the three belonging to the tripod, and when you have picked up the camera after the discompos ing stumble which mixed up all these various pedal extremities you begin again, with compressed lips.

"Next time you avoid accidents and prepare for the

1.Shiras. Hunting with a camera. Ind. 52:1368. Je'00.

exposure. Then the sun comes out, making the light 'hard' as nails and the little picture impossible; and the breeze blows most liberally upon the trillium, carefully avoiding your heated brow. But you wait if you are a good sportsman, and presently a fleecy cloud covers the too searching sun, and there is an instant's hush, within which the bulb is pressed, the shutter makes a satisfying click which says, 'I -- did it!' and you have caught your flowers."[1]

Photographs are of inestimable importance in nature work, for they record permanently, the smallest detail of the animal or flower. Now with the use of telephotography, birds in flight or at a distance, or any object far away may be photographed. The most successful pictures ever taken of the Grand Canyon were made possible by telephotography, at a distance from three to twenty-one miles.[2] Magazines are using more and more pictures and even a newspaper is hardly complete without a picture section. It is not an exaggeration to say that the development of nature articles was forced to wait for the camera.

Groups of photographs in themselves or with a slight amount of explanatory matter often form a magazine article. Ernest H. Baynes, in "Animals Photographed and Described",[3] shows four pages of pictures of small foxes, birds and deer. A few lines of comment are attached to each picture. Ruth

1.McFarland. Hunting in the May woods. Outlook. 83:193.My'06.
2.Brooks. Over night at the Grand Canyon. Scrib. 37:615-26.M'05.
3.Baynes.Animals photographed. Ind. 56:1238-41. Je'04.

Alexander, in a group of pictures which she called "With the Stripes in America"[1] brought together the pictures of several little striped animals including the ground squirrel, chipmunk, and skunk. "The National Geographic Magazine" in "Western Views in the Land ofthe Best"[2] gives a number of pictures in color taken from photographs. These scenes are of places in theWestern part of the United States. In the "New England Magazine" (new series) there are four pages of photographs in each issue. These are nearly always pictures of the woods, roads, or rustic bridges and often approach the beauty of a landscape painting.

Since the modern tendency is to gain its enjoyment visually, we may expect to find, in a few years time, pictures taking even a more important place than they do now. Since much of our literature has entered the realm of moving pictures, it is not strange that the nature article or nature picture should be found on the screne to some extent. Nature can be interpreted with a fair degree of success in literature or moving pictures, but it is hardly conceivable that we shall be able to get even the songs of birds by radio.

Of the localities in the United States that have not been fully explored there are only a few, such as portions of Monxtana, some areas of the Bad Lands of North Dakota,

1.Alexander. With the stripes. Outing. 74:120-4. Jl'19.
2.Western views. Nat'l Geog. Mag. 43:405-20. Ap'23.

and parts of the Western desert. These sections do not attract explorers, for they are arid districts of waste land, difficult to reach and useless after they are known. There is little incentive to tempt men to go there; so we must look upon the period of exploration in our own country as an era that is essentially past. Thus the article of exploration and discovery has disappeared except in accounts of foreign countries. However, the interest in unfamiliar places is still prevalent, although, from a magazine point of view, it is somewhat on the decline. The localities treated in the nature article of this type are usually those of which the average reader lacks a very intimate knowledge. John Muir, in writing of the Yosemite Valley in 1900,[1] was telling his readers not of a newly discovered marvel but of one not easily accessible and one which few people had seen. Now with five hundred thousand motor cars entering the Valley every season, it is a subject no longer given a detailed discussion in the magazines. Although more and more people go to Yellowstone National Park every year, there are not many articles on it in the magazines. Twenty years ago it was frequented by a few men who described it in the most glowing terms they could command -- now it is visited by millions who feel its spell but say little about it. It has become as commonplace a spectacle as Niagara Falls -- still to be marveled at b ut

1. Muir. Wild gardens of the Yosemite. Atlan.86:169-79. Ag'00
   Muir. Fountains and streams. Atlan. 87:556-65. Ap'01.

taken for granted. Even the desert of Southern California, "The Land of Littel Rain", as Mary Austin has christened it, so vividly described by Zane Grey as well as Mrs. Austin, receives slight mention in comparison with its former popularity.

Our interest in places has outgrown the familiar and so has outgrown the United States. As in business and politics, nature interest has passed the national boundary and now encompasses the entire world. "Scribner's Magazine", "Travel", "The National Geographic Magazine", "The Atlantic Monthly", "World Outlook", and "Harper's Monthly Magazine" are some ofthe magazines that reflect the widespread interest in foreign countries. The material in the "National Geographic Magazine" is devoted largely to foreign articles but like the "World Outlook", it deals more with the inhabitants of these countries than with the strictly nature element. Among the writers of foreign articles, William C. Beebe and Theodore Roosevelt are probably the best known. Beebe's descriptions of the land and life of the interior of Africa appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" at intervals from 1916 to 1920. Roosevelt's earlier expedition into the same jungles resulted in a series of articles published in "Scribner's Magazine". At first glance Africa may not seem to be the continent, next to America, in which Americans are interested, but that is what the magazines would have us believe. But even a hasty study of articles on foreign countries will bear out the fact that Africa

leads in the amount of attention it receives.

Another type of article whose spirit is in direct contrast to the adventerous spirit of exploration and travel, is the stay-at-home nature or garden article. The gardner may be interested in gardens of several kinds -- wild flower gardens, old fashioned gardens, or the ever varied "landscape" gardens. Candace Wheeler finds her "Content in a Garden" of wild flowers. From a bare plot of ground on Long Island, she created a glorious garden. Nearly all of her flowers are wild flowers for she has an aversion to buying them -- except perhaps in the case of a thousand tulip bulbs, "grown on the mud flats of Holland, tended by heavy men in blue blouses"[1] and bringing with them a bit of the character of the land of dikes and windmills. That flowers develop a personality of their own, in a garden in which they are not in terror of being choked by their stronger fellows or plucked by unfeeling bouquet collectors, Miss Wheeler has not a doubt, for she knows them intimately and speaks with an erudite assurance when she says:

> "Individual roses may be pensive or perky, dignified or hoidenish; and as for pansies, every one you pick shall have a different character. Some are perverse, like bashful babies, and will not look you in the face. Some are confiding; and some are even bold. Go and study them if you are an unbeliever, and you shall

1.Wheeler. Content in a garden. Atlan.85:780. Je'00.

find many things which we call human traits in almost equal proportion to plants and animals."[1]

Miss Wheeler's garden is supereminent. No other could possibly have half the charm of this paradise of flowers that lies high on Onteora Mountain.

"Country Life in America", House and Garden", and "Garden Magazine" are largely concerned with a consideration of gardens, while almost all of the so called "women's magazines" contain a garden department. These magazines and departments are, without exception, beautifully illustrated. If we may include gardening, which is the cultivation of flowers, fruits, or vegtables, in a rather loose discussion of nature writing, how can horticulture and farming be passed by? But as there are innumerable magazines and an unending supply of materials on these subjects, let us be content, here, to note merely that they have some bearing on nature work.

One of the most enjoyable forms of nature writing is in the form of the narrative or story. In sporting magazines there is always a demend for hunting stories and stories of adventures of the chase -- thrilling tales of forest life, with man forever in danger but always emerging victorious. Dallas Lore Sharp, in "The Spirit of the Herd ",[2] gives an exciting account of the stampede of a herd of cattle in Oregon in which the wit of a horse saves the

1. Wheeler. Content in a garden.II. Atlan. 86:101.Jl'00.
2. Sharp. Spirit of the herd. Atlan. 113:338. My'14.

riders and also the herd. Far different from this is the simple narrative of "A Tragedy in the Tree-tops"[1] by Jenny Brooks. She tells ofthe calamities and misfortunes that visited a pair of robins that were attempting to build a nest and rear their young.

The animal stories most conspicuous for their excellence are those of Charles G. D. Roberts and Ernest Thompson Seton. Mr. Seton, in his stories, reveals the life histories of animals that he has known. He insists that animals have individualities and especial traits of character. His animal heroes are those with whom he has had a personal acquaintance. His stories always end tragically, for he reminds us that "the life of a wild animal always has a tragical end."[2] He has only one moral to emphasize and that is that "we and the beasts are kin."[3] William W. Long takes a view of the character of wild life that differs utterly from that of Mr. Seton. Mr Long in "Little Comedies of Wild Life" says, "Beyond all question, the dominant note of all wild life is almost invariably one of joyousness; and the pitiless struggle that we read about in books does not exist nut of doors, for the simple reason that nature, if left alone, generally provides an abundance of food for all her creatures and makes them live in flocks and herds with a fundamental basis of co-operation rather than

1.Brooks. Tragedy in the tree-tops.Harp. 111:564-6.S'06.
2.Seton. Wild Animals I have known. Scribner's.1911.Preface.
3.Ibid.p.12.

competition."[1] This theory, however, does not fall in line with that of the majority of animal story tellers.

In his writings, Mr. Roberts does not announce any theories in regard to the happiness of animal life, yet his stories nearly always end in tragedy. But whether comedies or tragedies, they are artistically told and have a remarkable fascination and intensity. There is a vividness about his words that is not found in the works of other writers and the harshness of the violent deaths of the forest creatures is somewhat mitigated by his sincere compassion.

Animal stories are constantly growing more popular; whether they are fables, true accounts, or pure fiction, they find a ready audience. And no matter whether they are found in the bedtime stories of the daily papers, in adventure or sport magazines or in the most conservative of literary journals, the animal characters lend an added interest to the otherwise simple tales.

Nature, as dealt with in the essays of our current magazines, is approached from either one of two viewpoints, the literary or the scientific. In the following paragraphs, John Burroughs has vividly contrasted these two aspects of the treatment of nature.

> "The literary treatment of nature is, of course, quite different from the scientific treatment and should be so. The former compared to the latter is like

1.Long. Little comedies of wild life.Ind. 70:1192. Je'11.

freehand drawing compared with mechanical drawing. Literature aims to give us the truth in a way to touch our emotions, and in some degree to satisfy the enjoyment we have in living in reality. The literary artist is just as much in love with the fact as his scientific brother, only he makes a difference in the use of the fact and his interest is often non-scientific. His method is sympathetic rather than analytical. he deals in general and not in technical truths, -- thruths that he arrives at in the fields and woods and not in the laboratory.

"The essay naturalist observes and admires; the scientific naturalist collects. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other specimes for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your enthusiasm; the other would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives impressions and anologies and, as far as possible, shows you the live bird on the bough."[1]

The nature essay considered from the literary point of view, is an endeavor on the part of the naturalist to picture his impressions and experiences in the realm of the out-of-doors. It is a type of the familiar essay that combines the charm of intimacy with the author, with the

1.Burroughs.The literary treatment of nature.Atlan.94:38.J'04

most diversified, the most varied of all subjects -- nature. The essayist takes us with him and shows us what he sees. Whether we view the grandeur of the mighty mountains with Muir, or sit in the barn door with Eaton, to look contentedly over the placid hillside, we see far more than our eyes are able to conceive. Sometimes the essayist will take us out for a ramble -- perhaps only to walk leisurely along the dim little path that crosses the meadow and slips through the birches to the side of the merest trifle of a stream vainly emulating a brook; or perhaps the ramble may become a climb up a mountain over dangerous rocks, so near the edge of a cliff that we are filled with fear and wholly fascinated. We look about us with our guide and are entranced by the colors we behold; the brilliant sunset of the marshes, the soft glow of the woods, or the blue haze of the Western desert. We listen to the musicians of the woods and of the fields with a different delight and feel anew the perfection that lies in nature. Even we who are accustomed to the unbroken level of Kansas and see only square, fenced fields, listen to the song of the birds with a new thankfulness and feel a greater friendliness for the mischievous prairie dog or the little blind gopher that ruins our alfalfa. We see the things about us with a new vision, for we too have been in the May woods with Torrey and have searched with him for the rarest of spring flowers; we too have climbed mountains with Mills and have thrilled with the danger of

snowslides. But it is good to be back in the green summer Kansas or the brown winter Kansas, for it too has its wonder places that we have found by being away in spirit.

All this the nature essayist does for us, and until he ceases to inspire us, ceases to help us see new beauties in the life and things about us, we shall read his observations more and more. It is a magnificent world he shows us and a fascinating one.

PART II

A STUDY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NATURE ESSAY

CHAPTER I.

THE RAMBLE ESSAY

There are five easily recognized types of the nature essay. These are, briefly: the ramble essay, in which the writer gives an account of a short walk; the topical essay in which an individual or selected type of plant or animal is discussed; the essay that deals with a particular geographical feature or locality; the essay on nature's music ; and the humorous nature essays. Nearly all of the essays fall readily into one of these divisions although there are a few that show characteristics of more than one type.

The ramble essay is the most characteristic type of the nature essay and is practically always literary. In plan it is simple, for it is merely an account of the essayist's impressions and observations as he walks leisurely through the woods or across the fields. He has no destination to reach at a certain time and there is no

specific distance that he must traverse before he returns. It is in the ramble that the nature essayist is most intimate. He is not concerned with giving a detailed picture of a bird or plant or of some of the show places of America, but he is free to chat about the things that he noticed as he was passing. What he gives us is not a definite impression to carry with us always, but a glimpse of a transitory, ever-changing view. The rambler's purpose in telling us of it is to lead us to look for similar beauty in our own environment. That is frankly the aim of Samuel Scoville, who says in his "Everyday Adventures": "it is not necessary to go to the forest for adventures; they lie in wait for us at our very doors."[1] He finds delight in the birds that come to everyone's door and in the little furry animals that venture just as close. Elephants and eagles are no more interesting than these small creatures.

The most popular season of the year for the ramble essay may be surprising to the casual walker who goes out if the weather is perfect. But the nature essayist does not agree -- winter is the most attractive to him if we may rely on the number of essays for each season as a criterion. Spring, in numbers, is very little behind, with the fall -- that glorious time of brilliant colors -- scarcely appearing. What is there about the winter to cause its preference? The answer can almost be given in one word -- snow. Snow,

1.Scoville. Everyday adventures. Atlan. 122:187. Ag'18

in one way or another, forms the most conspicuous feature of over two-thirds of the winter essays in spite of the fact that in the largest area of the United States there is very little snow. This is, of course, owing to the fact that the majority of the essayists live in the Northeast.

As an agent of transformation that makes mysterious our familiar surroundings, the snow holds the fancy of some ramblers, while others are entranced by its magic power of creating beauty. At no season of the year does the earth become such a fairy dreamland as it does in the winter time. And never, except then, do we meet with such sights as these:

> "What fairy effects nature achieves, what fairy things she makes, with this fairy material, who needs to be told and what pen can describe it? No other effects of light, with cloud or water, not even the rainbow, can match in ethereality the effects of sunshine on snow. Nowhere else, except in some rare dream, do we ever see color so spiritualized and so strangely at peace."[1]

> "The forest has become a jewel laden feminine thing! Bough and bole, limb and twig, every line is repeated in white. We look from the edge of this forest beautiful across the valley, and the distances seem wonderfully clear and distinct. Yon house, those ungarnered shocks,

1.Le Gallienne. The treasures of the snow.Harp.130:591.F'15.

> which faded so indistinctly into the brown earth a few weeks ago, now stand forth in sharp silhouette. It is a glorious privilege, this looking forth over a broad expanse of snow, scintillating or fading into greyness, alternately, as clouds hide the sun's face. What a burst of brilliance, when but one spot in the center of the field receives of a sudden the sun's uninterrupted rays! a gem of dazzling fire set in dull metal is the feeling it conveys."[1]

To the few who have the rare and enviable gift of finding beauty where others pass it by, even the weeds above the snow are pictureaque.

> "To the farmer, at least, they are weeds. Some of them are the ghosts of our fairest flowers. Dried now to a russet or straw brown, in some lights as old gold, or, in the case of a hard-hack and shrubby cinquefoil to a deep chocolate, these dead stalks stand up rigidly above the snow, and each one reveals all that it possessed of linear charm and intricacy. They are no less lovely, surely, than the flowers -- these stiff little straw brown stars etched on the gleaming snow."[2]

Many ofthose who venture into the snowy fields are lured by the tiny tracks on the snow. The following titles are typical of the foot-print essays: "Animal Stories Told by the Snow", The Language of the Trails", "The Oldest of all Writing -- Tracks", "Writing on the

1.Engeln. On being abroad in winter.Outlook.73:42.Ja'03.
2.Eaton. Weeds above the snow. Atlan. 123:517. Ap'19.

Snow", and "Footnotes from the Book of Nature." He who is trained in the reading of tracks can find a story in these snow manuscripts that stirs the imagination and yet is truthful to the smallest detail. Although it is only the faint trail of a mouse, the rambler gets all the thrills of a detective in following the marks and reading them correctly. Ernest H. Baynes here describes the path of a mouse in search of food:

> "I saw the delicate trail of a white-footed mouse. I followed it until it led me out of the woods, wondering if it would end, as did another mouse trail I found last winter -- in a blood stain in the center of a deep depression, evidently made by some bird of prey, probably an owl, which in the moonlight of the night before had cast his black shadow across the pathway of the terrified rodent. But the mouse before me had been more fortunate. He had hunted for cherry pits, found and eaten two and then returned, crossing his own trail on the side of the hill."[1]

One of the essays showing a particularly shrewd insight into the instincts and habits of animals through a study of their trails is "Reading the Snow" by Raymond Spears.[2] Mr. Spears, who in now on the staff of "Adventure Magazine", has traveled over many parts of the United States in search of material for nature magazines, especially"Forest and

1. Baynes. The language of the trails. Harp. 112:126. D'05
2. Spears. Reading the snow. Atlan. 102:791-6. D'08.

Stream." For several years he was connected with the Adirondack field work of the Forest Department of New York and it is in the Adirondacks that his observations for this essay were made. Mr. Spears interprets for us the actions of a fox by measuring the distance between tracks. They range from three inches apart to twenty-eight inches apart when going down hill. When the fox suddenly changes his stride there is a reason. No two fox tracks, says Mr. Spears, were ever exactly alike, for every fox has its own character, its own habits and every day its own divergencies. The tracks of the timid animals show that they fear the open. Mr. Spears gives an account of the method in which a rabbit crossed a frozen stream, that can certainly do no less than call upon us a little sympathy for the creatures that are in perpetual terror for their lives.

Birds leave both foot and feather prints on the snow. When descending or arising from the ground, their wings touch the snow and at times the impression is clear enough to show individual feathers. Snow tracks, to one who can read them, form one of the most fascinating aspects of nature.

Of the writers of the winter season, Walter Prichard Eaton is the most eminent. Mr. Eaton is not, primarily, a nature writer but a dramatic critic. As a writer he makes three distinct appeals to the public, that of a dramatic critic writing books on the theatre, of the author of a series of boys's books, and of a most successful nature

essayist. Nearly all of his essays are written of the Berkshires around his country home although there are a few that appeared as a result of a trip across the continent in 1917. For a presentation of the scenery and the charm of the winter hills and pastures, Eaton is by far the best of the nature essayists. Forest creatures and birds interest him to a lesser degree than the inanimate fields and roadsides. In his favorite subject, winter rambles in the Berkshires, he is unsurpassed by any writer of the past or present.

In the essays of winter and spring there is as much difference as in the seasons. Spring brings with it the birds, the flowers, and the insects, that often coax the attention of the rambler from the views of the landscape that he was able to see in entirety during the still winter months. During the winter we see broad views but it is not often that we catch as wide a glimpse of spring as this:

> "The tide of delicate color rises steadily. The trunks and branches massed in the distant woods show distinct lanes of yellow and soft blendings of purple. Tufts of young grass border the roadside and sometimes one may find a pale violet delicately penciled."[1]

The most conspicuous element in the spring is the birds. It is the time of nesting and bird song when there is a riot of music everywhere. A great many essays are written of this season of the year but a more detailed discussion

1. Bacon. Spring. Harp. 104:920. My'02.

of them will be found in the chapters on the Topical Essay and the Essay on Nature's Music. Another spring symbol frequently met with, is the spiderweb. It is doubtful if anyone can ever pass a cobweb unheeded after once seeing them pictured as they are here:

> "I also discovered that the webs ofthe little spiders in the road, when saturated with moisture, as they were from the early fog this morning, exhibit prismatic tints. Every thread of the web was strung with minute spherules of moisture, andthey displayed all the tints of nature."[1]

> "A few silvery patches attract our attention ..... They are cobwebs, delicately spanned over a tuft of grass, like a tent, under which Oberon and Titania might have held their revels."[2]

The rambler is not afraid of weather. Snow and cold do not discourage him in the winter time nor rain in the spring. Sometimes it is during a rainy day that the woods are most beautiful.

> "If one would find the woods most secretly, mysteriously at home, one should go to them in the rain. I remember how startled I was when I first made this discovery. It was one of the really great experiences of my life ..... They were solemnly beautiful, -- these woods, instinct

1.Burroughs. Pleasures of a naturalist. Harp. 142:790.My'21
2.Hartmann. The camera in a country lane. Scrib. 31:

with an awful meaning; very dark and wet, yet flooded too with a strange intense light from their own green leaves, a sort of vivid gloom. They were utterly silent; hardly a stir of bird or squirrel was heard among the tall trunks of the darkly shining trees; only far among the shadows, the weird whirling of the song of the veery. The brook came sliding past my feet, uttering things of the greatest import which I could only just not understand. I had never had such a tingling sense of being on the verge of apprehending the world's mystery. I stood aghast, expectant."[1]

With the passing of spring and the coming of summer, there is a lull between nature's busy seasons that is felt in many of the essays but is nowhere better expressed than here:

"Nature dreams and meditates; her veins no longer thrill with frenzied sap; she ripens and hardens her growths; she concentrates; she begins to make ready for winter. The buds for next year are formed during this month and her nuts and seeds and bulbs finish storing up food for the future."[2]

There is a deplorably small number of essays of the autumn in spite of the opportunity for vivid color effects such as in the paragraph below:

"No pen can describe the turning of the leaves -- a maple began it, flaming blood red of a sudden where he

1.Humphrey. Wood magic. Outlook. 89:614. Jl'18.
2.Burroughs. August days. Harp. 103:445. Ag'01.

stood against the dark green of a pine belt. Next morning there was an answering signal from the swamp where the sumacs grow."[1]

The time ofthe day that the essayist finds most lovely is the morning. The vast majority of writers, especially in the summer time, find the morning the most interesting. The flowers and trees are then the freshest and the birds and insects their busiest -- so it is not strange that it is the ~~xxxxxxx~~ early hours that tempt the essayist out-of-doors. A small number of assays are written of the late afternoon or the early dusk, but very few are the essayists who venture forth after dark. The stars are so rarely mentioned that one almost forgets their existence until they are suddenly discovered in a line or two of brilliant imagery. If a canoe trip may be called a ramble, this paragraph may be properly quoted in this chapter:

"As I cross the lake campward, the evening star is sparkling like a great jewel on the pointed tip of a spruce that towers above his fellows on the crown of the Western hill. Overhead passes a sound of hurrying wings; a loon calls far away; and again these wild sounds are as fragments of a great stillness."[2]

It is a little disappointing to note that the writers of the Middle West and the far West, do not enjoy walking -- or at least walking and then writing about it. It is hard to be convinced that the prairies and the deserts are as

1.Kipling. From a winter notebook. Harp. 100:859. My'00.
2.Long. One day. Ind. 74:1296. Je'13.

fascinating as the Eastern hills while remembering that only one essay on each appeared during the twenty-four years over which this study extends. There are other essays, of course, but ~~Qnt~~ of the type in which the writer relates ~~relates~~ his little experiences and pleasures while out for a walk. There is no place in which the sun shines as brightly, where there is more bird song, or where flowers and skies are found in more glorious tints than on the prairies. Yet the sole ramble essay of this great section of the country is decidedly dismal. The essay is suggestive and carries with it a certain appeal, but one can hear and feel the shrieking winds too distinctly to be comfortable even by the fireside. It is entitled "Bleak Winds" and says in part:

> "These (the bleak winds)[1] must be sought upon the prairies. The winds that toss the bare branches of the trees beside your windows, behind which you sit snug and comfortable and spy out the location of the oriole's nest, which you sought in vain while the tree retained its summer clothing, may be cold and blustery but not bleak. That term conveys to my mind only one impression. I can think of such a wind only as sweeping across open country and starting shrill little shrieks from the dead grasses and weeds and briars that would obstruct its passage ..... The leaves of the goldenrod still cling to the stem, becoming fewer and more ragged. The

1. The words in parenthesis are mine.

plant stands stiffly erect and has its full share in the chilly chorus that follows in the wake of the wind."[1]

The dearth of the ramble essay outside of the East can be explained only by the fact that the homes of almost all of the nature essayists, are in the East. With the most ardent ramblers, Burroughs, Eaton, Sharp, and Torrey, living, or having lived in New York and Massachusetts, it is not surprising that these two states should contribute more than their proportion of nature material. John Burroughs, the great figure in nature writings, lived contentedly for many years beside the Hudson River. "I am as local as a turtle", he was wont to say, "and like to poke about a narrow field."[2] But how well he made use of his "narrow field"! Once in speaking of the material he used, he whimsically contrasted himself with his farmer neighbor.

"I can use what he would gladly reject. His daisies, his buttercups, his meadow rue, serve my purpose better than they do his. They look better on the printed page than they do in the hay-mow. Yes, and his timothy and clover have their literary uses, and his new-mown hay may perfume a line of poetry. When one of our poets makes 'wild carrot blooms nod round his quiet bed' he makes better use of this weed than the farmer can."[3]

It was Burroughs who possessed to the highest degree, the spirit of the rambler. Morning after morning it was

1.Morrow. Bleak winds. Outing. 41:315. D'02.
2.Barrus. With John o'Birds and John o'Mountains in the Southwest. Harp. 141:378. Ag'20.
3.Burroughs. A midsummer idyl. Harp. 141:378. Ag'20

his custom to take a short walk along the familiar scenes near his home. In his last bit of writing, "New Gleanings in Field and Wood" published in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" after his death, he tells of the charm -- the peculiar fascination that the ramble holds for the nature lover.

"As I saunter through the woods I discover new acts in Nature's drama. They are, however, the old acts played again and again, which have hitherto escaped my notice, so absorbed have I been in the rise and fall of the curtain and in the entrance and exit of the more familiar players. I count myself fortunate if, during each season, I detect a few new acts on the vast stage; and as long as I live I expect to cogitate and speculate on the old acts, and keep up my interest in the whole performance."[1]

1.Burroughs. New gleanings. Harp. 143:345. Ag'21

CHAPTER II

THE TOPICAL ESSAY

Two thirds of all the nature essays found in the magazines may be classed as topical essays. In spite of their dominance in numbers, they are as a whole of less value from a literary standpoint than those of the other four types. In the topical essay the author is prone to adopt the method although not always the nomenclature, of the scientist. Yet this is no more than could be expected when we consider that in most cases the writer ~~is~~ is a scientist who is writing an article in a popular magazine for an audience interested in the subject as a whole but not very familiar with it. As a result, the writer spends the greater part of his time in describing the appearance, the habits, and the method of finding or observing the plant or animal that happens to be the subject of the article. These essays are always interesting and usually give us a great deal of information. However, they are, as a rule not so artistically written as we expect the nature essay to be. Vivid impressions and beauty of language are made subordinate to the subject matter, whereas in the ideal

nature essay the emphasis is reversed.

Birds occupy the center of the stage in more than half of the topical essays, so that, roughly speaking, they form the subject of more than one-third of all the nature essays. There are many magazines the entire contents of which are devoted to birds. These magazines, except in the case of "Bird Lore", do not appeal to the general reader and have, therefore, not been considered in this study.

Birds are considered from many different angles -- as creatures that merely excite our curiosity, as the musical instruments of the woods, or as a part of the lovable portion of nature. Some kinds of curiosity can be satisfied by statistics and in this matter of figures we have been abundantly supplied by the ever present statistician. Here are the results of a few of his investigations. Wrens and orioles feed their young on an average of one hundred times in eleven hours, or once in every five and a half minutes.[1] Their food consists of about nine kinds of insects. In the stomach of a black duck, as many as 23,704 weed seeds have been found[2] and it is estimated that in the state of Iowa, sparrows alone consume eight hundred seventy-five tons of weed seeds annually.[3] The birds of the United States save the farmers something like $89,260,000.[4] There are other kinds of data too, but these just given may help to explain

1.Herrick. Wild birds by a new approach. Cent.44:860. O'03.
2.Eaton. By inland waters. Harp. 138:836. My'19.
3.Eaton. Our neglected neighbors the birds. Harp.136:709.Ap'18.
4.Ibid. p.701.

why bird essays are not always literary essays.

Two men are responsible for a considerable part of the bird essays. They are Herbert K. Job and Frank M. Chapman. Even as a boy, birds seemed to have made a strong appeal to Mr. Job, for he spent a great deal of his time cruising along the shores of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut in order to study the sea birds. After receiving his A. B. degree from Harvard, he attended the Hartford Theological Seminary and became a Congregational minister. However, he soon abandoned the pulpit to study and lecture on birds. He is now the State Ornithologist of Connecticut, a member of the faculty of Connecticut Agricultural College in charge of the department of Applied Ornithology, and a director of the National Association of Audubon Societies. The greater part of his attention has been directed to a study of the water birds. Frank M. Chapman who has previously been mentioned as the editor of "Bird Lore"[1], has written many books on the birds of America and seems particularly interested in the study and photography of birds in their native haunts. Both of these men seem most interested in the sea birds -- such as the pelican, flamingo, egret, tern, and gull. Neither of them pretends to literary skill, but in any discussion of birds their work is worthy of mention.

Many of the writers of bird life follow the school of Job and Chapman. They give an account of the habits of individuals or groups of birds illustrated by very excellent

1. Above, page 17.

photographs. They help to satisfy our curiosity in regard to birds by giving us readable information. Their work is well done, yet, when Eaton, or Burroughs, or Sharp talks about birds, a different spirit is felt immediately. Birds to these last named writers, are not merely things that have interesting habits and peculiarities -- they have character too. A description such as this was never written by a man who was only a scientist -- "A plebeian bird is the phoebe, plain of dress, homely of speech, with neither grace of form nor movement, yet endeared to us by a hundred associations."[1]

The robin is probably the most common bird, for it is found in every part of the United States. It is mentioned more frequently than any other and yet described less, for the robin, it seems, is largely taken for granted. It is the chickadee that receives the largest share of attention. Perhaps it is the universal favorite Because it stays through the winter and is a most friendly little creature. In the following paragraphs, Eaton and Sharp gave some very pleasant pictures of the little bird that "Thoreau loved and Emerson praised."[2]

> "Other birds go South in the winter -- the chickadee remains. Other birds are shy of man but the chickadee will perch on our shoulders and eat from our hand. The instinct of other birds, when man passes through their

1.Burroughs. A hay barn idyl. Atlan. 112:531. O'13.
2.Eaton. Friendly chickadee. Harp. 131:772. O'15.

leafy retreats, is to go farther away. The chickadee, when he sees us coming, flits nearer inquisitively and either tweets a soft little greeting or shouts out his chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee. Other birds, even the nuthatches, seek shelter in the winter storms, but the chickadee in his black cap, conspicuous in the winter whiteness, his feathers fluffed into a fat ball by the wind, goes buffeting through the driving snow, just as cheerful as ever, a five-inch long epitome of indomitable good nature. He sings when all else in nature is silent, He sings when the woods are musical -- and he holds his own. He is the bird of our summer pine woods and snow covered window ledge in winter, of our forest and our dwelling. One chickadee is worth a gallon of gasoline emulsion, considered utilitarianly. Spiritually, he is a tonic that makes for cheerfulness and there are no standards of value for that."[1]

"Chickadees and gray birches are of a kind. They go together. But why does the little gray and black bird prefer to nest in this little gray and black tree? Here is a case of what the scientists call protective coloring -- an instinctive choice of this tree over any other because tree and bird match in size and color. Is it not a case of poetry -- some subtle strain in the chickadee's soul that leads him into this exquisite harmony, into

1. Eaton. Friendly chickadee. Harp. 131:772. O'15.

this little gray house for his little gray self."[1]

The topical essays on quadrupeds are subject to the same imperfections as those on birds, namely, that of the author being too intent on the information rather than on the style in which he gives it. Many of the articles in which animals appear are narratives or short stories rather than essays. This is largely true of the work of Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles D. G. Roberts, and William J. Long. The different ideas of authors in regard to how far animals may be humanized and fictionized, have been responsible for several extended controversies. Then again the question of how far the story may legitimately be purely invention rather than accurate information has brought about many bitter disputes. Since the animal story is rather apart from the subject under consideration, it will not be necessary to discuss it here.

It would be hard to say which one of the fur-coated creatures appears as the hero of the animal essays. More time and attention has been paid to the fox than to any other animal, yet it can hardly be said to be the most popular. Favoritism is hardly the lot of the fox even though it excites a genuine admiration and much amusement. The fox is so shrewd that one is almost convinced that it must have a capacity for thinking to be able to carry out its extraordinary preformances. Although for his wit, the fox attracts attention, it is the deer that is the most

1.Sharp. Chickadee. Country Life. 9:303. Ja'06.

beloved. The deer is graceful and beautiful besides being extremely plucky. It has all the admirable qualities found in animals with none of the usual defects. Walter Prichard Eaton says of the deer, "It is a creature of spirit, too, in spite of its gentle eye and literary reputation."[1]

The smaller animals, "the little wood folk"[2] or the "little folk that gnaw"[3] are usually treated in groups. The squirrel, chipmunk, woodchuck, beaver, muskrat, mouse, skunk, mink, coon, and otter are some of the little animals that appear again and again but are never very fully treated. As a rule these animals come nearly as close to our homes as do the birds but they are so shy that they are rarely noticed by the ordinary observer. Theodore Roosevelt, whom we usually look upon as a most intrepid hunter of big game, knew the small animals exceedingly well. In one essay he mentions six kinds of mice -- the meadow mouse, pine mouse, jumping mouse, wood mouse, shrew mouse, and white footed mouse. He also shows a remarkable knowledge of their habits.[4]

As a boy, Roosevelt had been much interested in birds and made extensive collections in New York and in Egypt. When he went to Harvard it was his intention to prepare himself to become a naturalist, but his professors persuaded him that the day of the field naturalist had passed and wanted him to work on macroscopic forms of

1.Eaton. Deer in the Berkshires. Harp. 140:336. F'20.
2.Baynes. The little wood folk. Outing. 38:8-11. Ap'01.
3.Eaton. Little folk that gnaw. Harp. 138:345-57. F'19.
4.Roosevelt. Small country neighbors. Scrib.43:385-95. O'0 7.

invertebrate life. Roosevelt was not interested in microscopic animals but in those he could see outdoors, and although only an amateur naturalist, scientists generally acknowledged the Colonel as an authority. It was his friend, John Burroughs, who insisted that in spite of the fact that experienced ornithologists are often bewildered by the exceedingly large number of warblers, the President knew them all.[1] He was a man of remarkable versatility, for no matter what he did, he did it unusually well.

Many of us -- quite likely most of us -- do not care a great deal for most insects. The word calls up visions of mosquitoes and ants and all sorts of minute disagreeable pests. Henry C. McCook is one of the few who finds the traits of insects attractive enough to examine in detail. In something like twenty essays, published in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" between 1902 and 1908,[2] he gives us the result of his study and investigation. His method is scientific but his material is full of interest.

Butterflies and moths are recognizedly beautiful insects and are the subject of not a small number of essays. Gene Stratton Porter has written several essays on the sm~~a~~e moths that figure so conspicuously in some of her novels. However, butterflies, like the smaller insects, cannot be said to ~~xxx~~ be extremely popular.

The essayists who write of plants have described or mentioned slightly over a thousand different species. When

1. ---- Roosevelt as a bird lover. Lit. Dig. 60:504. Ja'19
2. See below. Bibliography. p. 125.

remembering that man cultivates and grows for himself and his live stock only about two hundred fifty species, we begin to have a small insight into the comparative numbers of wild and domesticated plants. Yet the thousand plants mentioned are only an infintesimal part of all the wild species of nature's farming; these number not less than one hundred forty thousand.[1]

The largest and perhaps the most impressive of plants are the Redwoods of California. John Muir "hunted" them and Ellsworth Huntington makes them prove his theories of prehistoric climate. Muir says that these gigantic trees do not attain anywhere near their full size and beauty before they are fifteen hundred years old, and he makes a note of one of the King River Giants , that was thirty-five feet eight inches in diameter and about four thousand years old.[2] "Most silver firs", he says, "are old in the second and third centuries, pines in their fourth or fifth while the big tree beside them is still in the bloom of its youth."[3] Mr. Huntington is a scientist who finds that the sequoia is the only link between the ancient East and the modern West. That there has been a perceptible change of climate in the world is attested to by the fact that the rate of growth of these trees, as shown by the yearly rings, corresponds roughly to the supposed change of rainfall in Asia.[4]

1.Hartmann. The camera in a country lane.Scrib.31:686.Je'02.
2.Muir. Hunting big redwoods. Atlan. 88:304-20. S'10.
3.Ibid. p. 318.
4. Huntington. The secret of the big trees. Harp. 125:292-3-2. Jl'12.

Other trees beside the giants hold the affection of the nature essayists and hold it throughout the year. For trees, even in the winter time, have a beauty that is visible to those who know how to see it.

> "'The naked woods' -- how beautiful they are! What a rare and delicate tracery is revealed to the eye, against the sky of autumn softness, as the 'wailing winds' bring down a protective covering of matured leaves upon the earth from which next season shall spring again exhuberant life."[1]

Certain species of trees are often more lovely at one season of the year than at another. The pines are most conspicuously beautiful in the winter time.

> "Look at them glistening in the winter sun, or drooping with the clinging snow; walk in a spruce wood, inhaling the bracing balsamic fragrance which seems so kindly to the lungs; listen to the music of the wind in their tops, telling of health and purity, of God's love and provision for man's mind and heart, and you will begin to know the song of the firs."[2]

Spring brings beauty to the maples, summer to the beeches, and in sheer riot of color, autumn best adorns the woods.

> "The leaves of the maple as they open to the coaxing April sun and April showers, have a special charm. They are properly red, but mingled with the characteristic

1.McFarland. Flowers of late autumn. Outlook. 70:74.Ja'02.
2.McFarland. The pines. Outlook. 73:321. F'03.

color is a whole palette of tints of soft yellow, bronze, and apricot. As the little baby leaflets open, they are shiny and crinkley, and altogether attractive."[1]

"There are few things more enjoyable than to lie one one's back beneath a beech tree and look up at the quivering translucent canopy of leaves, lined by delicate branches and etched by clean cut lines of ribs and midribs against the blue sky."[2]

"The leaves of the trees are no longer only cool green, to temper the sun. They range now into indescribable shades of red and yellow, and as they change and fall and fade, the soft browns and neutral tints only emphasize more strongly, in combination with sky and earth and trunk, the wonderful chromatic balance."[3]

A particular flower, like a species of a tree, seems to endear itself to a nature essayist because of his individual taste. There is no favorite or most popular flower for there are too many varied types from which to choose. The violet, of course, has many friends and some other flowers are also singled out, but there is no universal choice. John Burroughs is devoted to the arbutus, for he thinks:

"It would not be easy to say which is our finest or most beautiful wild flower, but certainly the most poetic and the greatest favorite is the arbutus. So

1.McFarland. The story of some maples. Outlook. 71:64.My'02.
2.French. Trees. Scrib. 26:32. Jl'00.
3.McFarland. Flowers of late autumn. Outlook. 70:73. Ja'02.

early, so lovely, so secretive, there in the moss and dry leaves, so fragrant, with the hues of youth and health, so hardy and homelike, it touches the heart as no other does."[1]

The early spring flowers are always eagerly welcomed, partly because they are the first and partly because they are so frail and delicate that they are granted more tenderness than the later, more colorful varieties. But even so, it would not be quite truthful to say that flower lovers as a whole show a partiality for spring flowers and it is utterly impossible to point out a single one as enjoying a preference above any others. Here is a picture that will show how very attractive these spring flowers are.

"The bright, clear morning, although there is a spice of North wind in the air, invites a ramble to see how the flowers are getting on..... Was there ever such a wealth of blossom? White and yellow and blue are scattered with lavish hand and mingled ~~and~~ in inextricable confusion. Anemonies and saxifrages cover the slopes under the trees. Dashed down among them are hundreds of blue violets. For yards along the margin of the water are beds of dog-tooth violets with their tawny flowers and mottled leaves. Everywhere are glorious stars of dandelion, which, if it had the good fortune to

1.Burroughs. A spray of arbutus. Outlook. 71:82. My'02.

be a Japanese flower, would be a perfect treasure to the florist. The meadows are splashed and daubed with masses of the most delicate blueish white from the bluets interspersed with the grass. There against the rising bank, is a perfect cloud of such bloom as you can only see in Southern skies overhanging a tropical island. Grape-hyacinths, one of the prettiest immigrants that ever crossed the ocean and which originally struggled from some old-fashioned garden, has settled down here, far from human habitation in a domain of its own. Along the edge of the wood, alike on the slope and in the meadow, is a mass of the purest white that almost makes us think that there still lingers a drift of winter's snow, as the country folk say, 'waiting for more'. As we draw nearer, however, we see that it is made up of literally myriads of flowers of that chastest of spring blossoms, the bloodroot."[1]

Summer flowers are the gayest in color, autumn flowers are only a trifle less gorgeous and even the "winter flowers" are not devoid of some charm. It is impossible even to conjecture how many persons stopped to notice the "ghosts of wild flowers"[2] after they read this paragraph that was published in November 1904, but many perhaps saw them for the first time and have continued to notice them.

"It would hardly be practicable, in spite of their

1. Blight. Bloodroot. Outing. 40:182. My'02.
2. Richards. Ghosts of wild flowers. Outlook. 78:621. N'04.

> beauty, to cultivate burdocks, for one's neighbor's would scarcely be grateful for one's aesthetic sense; but a very handsome field border of meadowsweet, evening primrose, or curling sporefronds of the ostrich fern, which are of a very rich brown, might be planted for their beauty against the snow; though after all, the most beautiful are the wild asters and wild carrots -- Queen Anne's lace -- which offer an infinite variety of delicate and starlike shapes, standing erect and perfect, for all their grace, through the snow and the autumn rains."[1]

In the topical essays we again find a geographic sectionalism. It is true in all types of essays that the largest portion of the country is forgotten. The prairie states are not so altogether utilitarian that there is nothing in them that delights the eye. In Kansas poetry we hear much of the golden wheat fields and the rows of corn. They are worthy of poetry, but there are also weeds that are worthy of nature essays. There is as much fascination in the shifting color of a Kansas wheat field as there is in any Eastern wood. To watch a yellow stubble field slowly turn a crab-grass green and then suddenly flare up in a smartweed pink, is enough to convince one that there is a magic wand concealed in the hot winds. Or once to see sunflowers -- how can one forget? Not a lonely, loose limbed stalk or the heavy headed monstrosity that is found

1. Richards. Ghosts of wild flowers. Outlook. 78:621. N'04.

in some gardens, but a field of sunflowers -- golden yellow sunflowers stretching over miles and miles of country. To see the glorious light of sunflowers outshining the sun and covering everything as far as one can see, makes one tingle with excitement. So we hope that there may come a man from the row of prairie states who will write of the splendor of the great acres of beauty before he rushed off to New York in an effort to become famous. And until then, we must wait patiently to see the glories of the West find their rightful place on the magazine page.

CHAPTER III

THE ESSAY ON THE OPEN SPACES

It is a characteristic of the American people to be attracted by immensity. Our enthusiasm for size even extends to the great buildings of the city, which Matthew Arnold so contemptously regarded as "huge masses of stone and mortar". When life worries or perplexes us, Bruce Barton advises us to go out and look at the stars.[1] He gives us a faint impression of the magnitude of the universe and challenges us to regard our own troubles as large in comparison. We derive something of the same comfort from beholding some magnificent feature of the earth. We forget ourselves and become a part of the spirit of all creation. So is it a fault that the size of a scene inspires us; that magnitude impresses us with a sense of the eternal and the beautiful? It is not an imperfection in our make-up if we sometimes tire of the smaller transient aspects of nature -- the birds that come and go in their busy chirping way, the changing fading flowers -- and long for the restfulness of a gigantic spectacle.

1.Barton. Put the stars to work for you. AM.M. 90:24-7. J'20.

The superficial features of the United States seem designed to satisfy man's desire for vastness. Waterfalls and canyons, high mountains and great deserts are found within our borders. And everywhere among these displays of nature, we find men who have come to escape from the trivialities of life. Sometimes they stay in these wild places, contented and fascinated by the majestic spell of the solitude and the spaciousness. E. A. Mills, as a boy, resented going to the mountains of Colorado for his health, but he lived in the cabin he built on Long's Peak the rest of his life. Mary Austin went to the desert at nineteen and has never come back. John Muir always felt a restlessness when he was forced to stay at home on the fruit farm, for he had seen the splendors of the mountains and plains of many regions. Benjamin Brooks, after his first taste of mountain climbing, enthusiastically tells of the thrills and wonders of his experiences and also introduces us to what he calls the "hill-tribe" -- the men and women in search of the content that bigness brings to our consciousness.

> "And at the same time I began the acquaintance of a very queer 'hill-tribe' -- a plain, rough-shod, rough-clad set of people who prowled these hills year after year -- never fished, never hunted (though trout and deer were to be had), never 'picnicked' with the usual defacement of surroundings, but always prowled on and on, over the endless trails, light of pack and light of heart,

covering the ashes of their fires, and hiding their camp kettles in mysterious places, leaving no sign behind them. Their sole object seemed to be the hills and the wide views from them, and the silent places. I remember a famous plant hunter among them -- a hatless, short skirted, broad shouldered woman of wonderful strength -- who usedto trudge easily twenty miles a day with the sun in her serene bronze face and the wind in her flying hair, carrying her heavy plant-presses on her back; yet botany was far from being her main object. There were artists among us whose little white tents we often came upon, hid in the foreground of some newly discovered picture in which they had been living surreptitiously for a week; but with them living was the main object and the canvas was incidental. Now and then there came a forester from Washington to measure the girth of the big trees; and there were a host of other folk too, that made no excuse for coming. But for all ofthem alike, the love of the hills was their real incentive and, for all I know, a part of their religion. Whether it was stinging cold or quivering with heat, whether calm and fair or storming until the trees crashed down, somewhere on these inexhaustible trails you would meet them walking their endless journey of discovery and delight."[1]

Many of the nature essayists are themselves of the

1.Brooks. The land of the Tamalpais. Scrib. 38:75. Jl'05.

"hill-tribe" and tramp over every part of the country in search of peace and satisfaction. All of the United States is explored by them but from their records in the magazines of the twentieth century, it would appear that they were for the most part in the great West. East of the Mississippi River, only the Palisades of the Hudson River, the Everglades of Florida, and the marsh lands of Virginia, have been the subjects of essays. This does not mean that other essays have not been written in the East or of Eastern scenery; on the contrary, in point of numbers considering all the essays, New England leads. It is this type of essay, having for its theme the impressions of a particular locality, be it mountain, valley, or swamp, that is rarely found east of the Mississippi River. This is owing to the fact that a great deal was written about the wonder places of the East before the date at which this study begins. It is also noticeable that in the last twenty years some places have ceased to be treated and others have only recently attracted attention. After 1907 there are no essays on the Everglades and after 1908, none on the Palisades. In fact, since 1909, when an essay on the Bad Lands of North Dakota appeared, no places east of the Rocky Mountains have been discussed. Then what are the places that are still new to the magazine reader? The desert of the Southwest and the Pacific Northwest are still of interest from a magazine point of view. The Rocky Mountains, the Grand Canyon, Redwood Canyon, Yosemite National Park, Glacier Park, Yellowstone National Park,

and the Sierra Mountains have had a remarkable popularity during the past quarter century; but they, as subjects of magazine essays, are becoming a little worn. Just where our next interest will turn it is hard to say, but many essayists are writing of the big lonely places of Alaska, Canada, and of other foreign countries.

It is remarkable to find that the response of different writers to a particular spot is nearly always the same. It is at night that the Palisades are the most impressive and it is in the darkness that the lovers of the beautiful come to them. The following extracts from two authors give much the same impression of solitude and darkness.

> "They reveal themselves in darkness, and this is no paradox; for it is under the moon, the stars, the polar aurora, in mist, snow, wind, and storm, when least seen, that they suggest the most, and are steadfast and sublime."[1]

> "Silence broods nightly at the brink. When we came to this untramped region, in the moonlight, the sense of solitude was universal. A few gray rabbits scurried to their retreat. Yonder, with lights and the roar of machines, man works with all his artificial tricks. Here in the world old simplicity of craft in a sanctuary of wind and solitude. It is well nigh unbelievable that in any place so hedged about by the oldest, largest cities of the continent, the constant operation of nature's

1. Skinner. The gates of the Hudson. Cent. 50:667. S'06.

forces and the unchanged ways of wild things should so force themselves on our observations. The theatre of natural existence and the stage of artificial life touch scenes upon this old volcanic wall, and yet are forever apart."[1]

The dominating feature ofthe Everglades and of the marshes, is their monotony, their vast desolation, but most of all their vivid coloring that is nowhere surpassed except perhaps in the brilliant desert sunsets. The ecstacy ofthe coloring of these large spaces appeals to our imagination in a way that the most exquisite painting cannot. The hues may be the same, but miles of color in a swamp is a far grander sight than the most exquisite technic and art on a canvas. Who is it that can suppress the excitement that even these brief paragraphs of description kindle in us?

"The marsh islands are glowing for miles and miles. Their undiminished orange and embrowned scarlet flash from the varied perspective like signals at sea. Over them is a sky of intense blue that fights winter to dearth, and is sown already with a great wind wreaking death among the oaks and those quivering poplars that tremulously fringe the swampy lowlands. And the great stacks on their staddles shine, polished gold and ruddy, against the inflamed copses, the breezy purples of far away, the greener spaces of lower sky."[2]

1.Mighels. The unknown Palisades. Harp. 117:249. Jl'08.
2.Conant. Marshes. Harp. 109:766. O'04.

"As far as the vision can compass, grasses of gold wave over fields of silver, reaching away to a skyline of cobalt blue. Green islands, so dreamlike that they seem to float in the tremulous sea of a sleep just ready to waken, open arms of welcome to their enchanting shadows."[1]

"Another smaller area is dominated by the willows among which, and more especially along the edges, rise the smooth, round stalks of giant rushes, the rich green leaves and white flowers of the arrow-head and the rose pink spikes of the water-pepper give a needed color. The feathery stalks and blooms of the water plantain rise in masses above the erect oval leaves; while further out where the swamp and meadow meet and contend for the mastery, the children gather the showy blue blossoms of the blue flag. In the swamp proper, greens and greys and browns are the colors that predominate, with only an occasional mass of white, or dash of pink or yellow, or red, or blue; but stoop down and pluck up the arrow-head or cat-tail or rush, and there beneath the black mud you will find such shadings from milk white through cream and gold, and pink, and rose, and wine, as you seldom find waving in the wind and sun of the meadow or hillside."[2]

Then can anything be more magical than the sinking day-

1 Dix. The Everglades of Florida. Cent. 47:526. F'05.
2. Morrow. Swamp notes. Outing. 38:294. Je'01.

light and the early dusk on the marshes?

"The evening purple was deepening on the bay when I mounted the dune. Bands of crimson and pink clouded the west, a thin cold wash of blue veiled the east; and over-head, bayward, landward, everywhere, the misting and the shadowing of twilight.

"Between me and the white wave bars at the end of the road gleamed a patch a silvery water -- the returning tide. As I watched, a silvery streamlet broke away and came running down the wheel track. Another streamlet, lagging a little, ran shining down the other track, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ stopped, rose, and creeping slowly to the middle of the road, spread into a second gleaming patch. They grew, met -- and the road for a hundred feet was covered with the bay.

"As the crimson paled into smoky pearl, the blue changed green and gold, big at the edge of the marsh showed the edge of the moon."[1]

Sadakicki Hartmann gives a suggestion of the spell of the marsh at night, after darkness has overspread the brilliance of the day time.

"Everything is silent. Only at intervals do we hear the rasping cry of the water-rail, the trumpet like notes of the bittern, and the monotonous call of the sedge warbler. An owl, noiselessly, as if wrapped in

1. Sharp. The marsh. Atlan. 90:94. Jl'02.

cotton, passes us so closely that we can plainly see her shining eyes."[1]

In the West it is the unparalleled magnitude, the architectural forms and suggestions and the opulence of color effects that entrance the traveler. The mighty gorges, and canyons, the rugged mountains, the thundering falls, and the mysterious desert, all combine to impress us with a vastness hard to comprehend. The Yosemite Valley was one of the first of the wonders of the West to be known and explored. Since then it has continued to attract thousands of pilgrims who travel the winding mountain trails to see the little valley as it has existed for centuries. It is only a tiny valley, lying unexpectedly in the midst of miles of mountains. Bradford Torrey, who loved to roam over the White Mountains of New Hampshire, was startled to find the Yosemite Valley surrounded by enormous rocks rising three to four thousand feet above the level of the valley. It is hard to realize, without seeing it, how gigantic a cliff of solid granite three thousand feet high might be, and yet, after seeing the mighty "Capitan" one feels that it is still an unreality. It is a sight beyond human comprehension; to understand one must live with it. The roaring waters of the Yosemite Falls plunge from a height of sixteen hundred feet before they reach the smaller cliffs of four hundred and six hundred feet. The sound of

1. Hartmann. A day in the salt marshes. Harp.106:960. My'03.

the dashing water fills the valley but the distance and height of the falls from the floor of the valley makes them appear in miniature. It is not strange that a valley so filled with marvels should awe its visitors and lead them to try to show it to the stay-at-home millions through the printed page.

It is the Yosemite Valley that Muir, after all his travels, found most full of wonderment. In a tiny cabin which he built of the boards of a tumble down saw-mill, he lived contentedly until far countries called him -- but he always came back. John Muir, in character, was the most interesting of all the essay naturalists. As a boy in Scotland he was fond of every kind of living thing and in Wisconsin where he grew up he had a splendid opportunity to know nature. After spending four years in college, he began his life of unending tramping and exploring. He was in Cuba, Central America, Alaska, Norway, and Switzerland, while there were few spots in the United States that he had not seen. Of all the places he knew, he liked the Sierras best. For their peaks, as he was fond of saying, were "more than half-way to heaven".[1] On his journeys he rarely carried a tent, blankets, or any of the usual camping equipment. All he needed was bread, tea, and a little tobacco, with a sack for the bread and a pot in which to boil the tea. He was always happy in the wilderness; it

1.Barrus. With John o'Birds and John o'Mountains in the Southwest. Cent. 80:521. Ag'10.

was only in the city that he felt cramped or lonely. While on his thousand mile walk to Florida, he passes through Louisville, Kentucky. In a single sentence he gives all he ever said of that city. "I steered through the big city by compass without saying a word to anyone."[1] At one time he went to the hotel to see his friend Johnson, who says, "I heard a high, thin, but cheery voice calling, 'Johnson! where are you? I can't find my way about in those confounded city canyons!'"[2] Mountains, to him, were not so difficult.

Muir loved the big things, mountains, glaciers, and the giant trees of California. A friend once said to him,

"John, you think more of a tree than you do a man."

"What wonder," replied John, "look at that tree and then look at man."[3]

The highest compliment he could give to a man was to liken him to a tree such as those of the Yosemite. Of Emerson, who came to visit the Yosemite Park, he said, "He seemed as serene as a Sequoia".[4] A higher tribute he could not pay. The little things that Burroughs loved, Muir did not notice ordinarily, although he knew them well. Muir wrote fervently of the Yosemite and of the Sierras. No one has had a greater affection for them and no one has written about them so well. No one knows the Yosemite without

1.Muir. A thousand mile walk to the Gulf. Ed.by W. F. Bade
2.Johnson. Personal impressions of John Muir. Outlook. 80:303. Je'05.
3.--- The lore of the late John Muir. Bookman. 40:617. F'15.
4.Muir. The forests of Yosemite Park. Atlan. 85:500. Ap'00.

knowing Muir, nor can one think of Muir without knowing Muir—they have become inseparable.

But there are other places in the West that are high, immense and impressive. Walter Prichard Eaton, who for the most part is content to write of the Berkshires surrounding his home, tells of the splendors of Glacier Park. Like Torrey in the Yosemite, he is awed and reverent before the almost incredible sight that he finds in Central Washington.

> "The depth of a lake, as a rule, adds little to its impressiveness, but the case is otherwise here. Lake Chelan is sixteen hundred feet deep, which means that its bottom is six hundred feet below sea level. As you look upon the abrupt plunge of the mountain walls into the green depths and realize that they continue below the surface for more than a thousand feet, the imagination is staggered with the slit in the earth crust this Chelan Canyon must have been before it was partially filled with water. For nearly forty miles it was once from one to almost three thousand feet deeper than the Grand Canyon of the Colorado — and still is, could we see to the bottom of this green mid-surface on which we float."[1]

Another feature of the Pacific Northwest that takes man out of himself through its magnitude, is the forest. Ordinarily a forest is full of busy creatures but in Ore-

1. Eaton. Where glaciers feed the apple roots. Harp. 135:625. O'17.

gon there is a tranquility in the woods that is almost weird.

"Stupendous silence rested on the greater part of this dense forest. For hours at a time there was not even the faintest peep of a bird, the flash of a squirrel or the hum of an insect through the vast, somber halls formed by the serried ranks of tree trunks. But in almost ravine the sweet twitter of the mountain quail was quite certain to welcome us from the green of the salal or the nodding arms of the scarlet huckleberry."[1]

In the Southwest it is not the height or the depth or the stillness that depresses or elates, but it is the unreality of the miles of vacancy that astonishes the observer. The desert is full of exquisite coloring, but it is not this that casts the unexplainable fascination over the hot wind-swept country. There is something frightening in the wierd enchantment that holds the settler against his will, for what the secret forces are that compell those who have ventured there, to stay, no one knows. The life there is hard, for the desert is loath to yield up a human living. There is little rain and little vegetation for the flocks that provide the rancher with the few necessities that he does possess. Yet the hardships and privations are offset by the sorcery of the climate. It is the charm that holds men there that excites the wonderment of those

1. VanDyke. In the big woods of Oregon. Outing. 47:613. F'06.

who write about this country. Mary Austin in this paragraph is speaking from experience:

> "If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of God's hands, what they do there and why they stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there. None other than this long, brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender blueish mists, the luminous radience of the spring, have the lotus charm. They trick the sense of time, so that once inhabiting there you always mean to go away without quite realizing that you have not done it."[1]

Ray Stannard Baker, too, has observed the elusiveness yet the strength of the power that holds men there.

> "The natural desert, indeed, abounds in a strange and beguiling beauty of its own that lays hold upon a man's spirit, perhaps rudely at first, yet with a growing fascination that, once deeply felt, forever calls and calls the wanderer home again. In the spell that it weaves over a man, it is like the sea: the love of a sailor for his life is not more faithful than that of the bronzed, silent riders ofthe desert for the long, hot stretches of their open land.

Every day thousands of people wish they could see these wonderful places, and long to throw everything aside to

1.Austin. Land of little rain. Atlan. 91:99. Ja'03.
2. Baker. The desert. Cent. 42:216. Je'02.

take to the road as did John Muir, to live in the open. Everyone has felt this "wanderlust", but few answer its call. For the good of society it is well they do not, but to the chosen few falls the responsibility of satisfying the longing of the many, for bigness and the open spaces. This is the task of the nature essayist and he usually does it simply but exceedingly well. There is an intensity and earnestness in the word pictures that grip and thrill us as we read. And in sharing the emotions of the writer, we become aware of something of the same profound peace that pervades the spirit of the nature essay. We feel, as do the authors of these quoted passages, the humility of man in the presence of nature.

> "The first thing that came into my mind was the old text, 'Be still and know that I am God'. To be still on such an ocassion is the easiest thing in the world, and to feel the surge of solemn and reverential emotions is equally easy -- is indeed, inevitable."[1]
>
> Walter Prichard Eaton confesses that "we suggested to the artist that he make a sketch, but he ~~shook~~ sadly shook his head. 'It can't be done!' he answered. There are times when man is humble."[2]
>
> And on another ocassion he says, "I stumbled down from War Creek Pass, leading my horse till the gathering shadows made me prefer to trust his feet rather than my own -- a humbler and, I trust, a better American."[3]

1.Burroughs.The Garnd Canyon of the Colorado. Cent.59:425.J'11.
2.Eaton. The park of many glaciers. Harp. 135:11. Je'17.
3.Eaton. Where glaciers feed the apple roots.Harp.135:630.O'17.

CHAPTER IV

THE ESSAY ON NATURE'S MUSIC

The phrase "nature's music" suggests the songs of birds, for they are the most vivid part of the music of nature. To the ordinary observer it is only the songs of birds that suggests music at all and he finds no beauty at all in their cries and complaints. But while the birds are the most conspicuous musicians of wild life, there are many others, for all animals are capable of making sounds of some kind. A few animals, such as the rabbit and deer, are ordinarily thought of as being mute, yet under extraordinary circumstances they will cry out or scream.

There is also music in inanimate as well as in animate nature. Wind in storms or blowing gently brings a train of melody and causes forest trees to whisper and talk. H. W. Morrow in "Bleak Wind"[1], an essay previously mentioned, devotes a great deal of attention to the sounds produced by the wind on the prairie. This is the only essay that stands out prominently for its treatment of wind noises. No doubt now more essays describe the winds because the

1.Morrow. Bleak winds. Outing. 41:313-20. D'02.

windy states as a whole are very scantily represented in nature articles. It is in the country where the wind sweeps over hundreds of miles of level land without being forced to pause, that it becomes a thing of power and loud of voice. Gentle breezes, like spring flowers, are very pretty but not impressive. Water, like the wind, has characteristic and varied sounds. The sea, the brooks, and the rivers sing softly sometimes and at other times noisily. Water and wind have different aspects at different seasons of the year and it is together that they produce their most common sounds. Rain alone brings a certain music but it is not so well known as that of wind driven rain. Showers do not attract much attention, in an audible way, until the wind accentuates and increases the sound. A storm is usually the combination of wind and rain. Few of us realize that a storm may be as full of music as we hear it through Mr. Beebe's description.

> "Onx a spruce encircled northern lake, when one side of the heavens is black with gathering storm clouds, there is always a lull -- a quarter hour of breathless waiting. The water is not only still, it seems leaden, as if pressed with a heavier weight than usual on its bed. Not a leaf stirs, all the customary noises are still and at this time more than at any other, in my experience, the song of the white-throated sparrow is sure to be heard. A half dozen sad, sweet notes, lowly audible in a descending cadence, then another

farther away, and another. It is so sweet, so suited to the moment, that when it is finished the song seems not to have broken the silence, and one wonders if he had not imagined it instead of heard it. Then in a few moments the antithesis comes, -- driving, stinging, rain, lashing up the waves, bending the spruces and birches far over, and howling through every leaf and needle. Suddenly, more loud than any noise of the gale, sounds the loon's wild laughter, seeming only a new phenomenon of the storm and the great bird passes with a rush overhead, steadily through the gale and dashes down into the water, soon to reappear and shake another guffaw,-- a lunatic's mirth -- from its long dripping beak. This is not a piece of imagination but actual, occuring again and again. The bird seeming a very spirit of the storm, and the little sparrow filling the interval before, are the dominant chords, the foci around which the memory naturally centers, in repicturing the scene".[1]

Of bodies of water, the sea is often treated outside of the nature essay; but it is by no means neglected therein. The music of lakes, ponds, and even small pools has a charm of its own. Running water in small streams and brooks seems unusually attractive to the nature essayist, for this is often described. Water music is always lovely and even a tiny trickle of water becomes enchanting in a setting

1.Beebe. The music of nature. Cosmop. 35:603. S'02.

such as this:

"Today was bitterly cold after a warm wet spell. We went out to the road after dark to see a young moon that was settling down the west into the black lacework of the summit pines. The chill world was almost bare of snow, and silent as a deserted ruin -- or so we thought until our voices were hushed and we listened for some speech from the mountain. Yes, there was a voice! Some where up in the pasture the recent thaw had opened a new spring. In the soft stillness we could hear the water rushing forth and the tinkle of it as it ran away over frozen ground."[1]

To some listeners there is music in inanimate nature where there is no motion. Helen Johes discovers melodies in all nature, where there is life, wind, and water, and even in the barren, soundless, tracts. In the introductory paragraph of an essay entitled "Music in Nature", she explains that:

"Each phase of nature voices its own individual harmony. Each landscape, be it bleak or luxuriant, teems with some rich melody that sings its way into the heart of man. Nature in her most entrancing moods may be absolutely silent, but the great waves of light and shadow that illumine and soften her beauty sing and pulsate with visible melodies. Field, mountain, desert, and sea abound in grand, vibrating, pictured

1.Eaton. Fireflies and woodland voices. Harp. 143:465.8'21

harmonies, allegro vivace among the high lights and brilliant colors, religioso, misterioso and andante sostenuto among the shadows. Ever resounding from God's great canvas, on which he has painted the world, comes the grand chorus -- a chorus whose marvelous cadences rise and fall, in response to the coquetries and moods of the nature-world. Birds, bees, butterflies and all wild children join in the grand concert; hurrying winds toss broadcast their sonorous notes; the stream adds its murmur and the torrent its roar, while every leaf and flower and twig rustle a glad accompaniment and a joyful chorus."[1]

It is not strange that in the essays devoted to music, by far the majority deal with the songs of birds. There are birds that have no song, only a call of a few tones, but the greater number of wild birds sing, after a method of their own. Individual singers show differences that are very marked. Their calls are usually similar and cannot be differentiated, but songsters such as the finches, mockingbirds, thrushes, and meadowlarks show a great range in expression and sweetness. In fact there is as much difference in their voices as there is in human voices. Henry Oldys emphasizes this fact when he says:

'I have been impressed with the diversity of musical capabilities of different individual birds of the same

1. Jones. The music of nature. Cosmop. 34:258. Ja'03.

species. They range from Rubinstein to the blind beggar with his accordian finds a diminished parallel in several species of birds. Wood thrushes, song sparrows, and chewinks, particularly, in my opinion, show every gradation from mastery to mediocrity. The differences are not merely in execution but as well -- let me boldly say -- in temperament."[1]

It is noticeable to everyone that birds sing only during the mating season, in the spring and early summer months. This explains why spring is the most popular season among bird lovers. Not only is the plumage of birds at its best and their habits the most interesting, but also spring is the time of the year that they pour out their songs. While the songs are not heard throughout the year, the calls of birds are used at all times. Bird calls are sometimes easily imitated and are used by hunters to attract the birds they are seeking. The "camera hunter" also uses this trick to entice birds to come near enough for his purposes. The call of a certain species will always bring this particular bird but sometimes a cry will bring several species. The imitation of the cry of a nestling will cause a considerable commotion in a forest, as many birds will respond. This device, however, cannot be used too often, for birds easily suspect a ruse. Sometimes the call of a bird is better known than its song. The "bob-white" of the quail has led it to be called by the name it so nearly

1. Oldys. The music ofbirds. Harp. 113:724. 0'06.

sounds. The "chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee", that Mr. Eaton calls a "college yell",[1] has been responsible for the chickadee's name.

Many writers attempt to give the songs of birds in our musical notation, but this is an exceedingly difficult task. It is said that the song of the meadow lark can be given more satisfactorily than that of any other bird. Duets and quartettes are unknown, although a few birds such as the finches and grackles sing in chorus. Among music lovers the "meditative hymn"[2] of the hermit thrush and the "tender appeal"[3] of the vesper sparrow are by far the favorites. It is high praise that Mr. Sprague gives the thrush in these lines.

> "There is absolutely no tone in nature -- no human voice, no vibration of string, or wood, or metal -- to compare with the mellow richness and sonority of the thrush's note."[4]

Another type of vocalist should be mentioned, before we pass on to the instrumentalists, and that is the frog. Frogs of all sorts and making all kinds of noises are to be found wherever there is water but they are not very often mentioned in the essays. Walter Prichard Eaton gives us a glimpse of a frog such as we do not often see although his "song" need no introduction.

1.Eaton. The friendly chickadee. Harp. 131:779. O'15.
2.Oldys. The music of bird song. Harp. 113:723. O'06.
3. Ibid. p. 723
4.Sprague. Three bird vocalists. Outing. 40:202. My'02.

"There are certain voices in that song of nature which everyone knows and loves, yet which come from throats few ever see. How many, I wonder, of the thousands who listen for the first shrill piping of the hylas or Pickering's frog, in the spring, have ever seen one ofthe little fellows on the bank of his swamp run out of water (or even in a roadside ditch) and watched his little bagpipes work."[1]

Crickets, locusts, grasshoppers, and katydids are the insect musicians most frequently heard. They make their rather unharmonous noises by means of rubbing some part ofthe body. Several birds, also, could be classed as instrumentalists -- especially the partridge and the woodpecker. The partridge makes a whirring or drumming sound by rapidly beating its wings upon the log on which it is standing. The woodpecker's hammering is familiar to every one. But the insects, as all agree, are the most skilled in making noises by means of rapid bodily movements. Mrs. Porter, in a description ofthe marsh, mentions the insect musicians, and Mr. Brownell, in the second quotation given below, tells of sounds with which we are all familiar,

"There crickets sing as cheerily as under the hearthstone; grasshoppers voice constant praise of the sweet marsh grass; honey laden wild bees drone over the pollen; sing-snake feeders sway on the rushes; the locusts hum and hum in boundless contentment, and the katydid -- surely

1.Eaton. Fireflies and woodland voices. Harp. 113:462. S'21.

it must have been some very, very delightful thing that Katy did."[1]

"After the vocal music of the birds which has charmed our ears all spring, comes the instrumental music of the grasshopper, locusts, and the katydids, cicadas, and crickets and right merrily do they take up their part in nature's orchestration. What a vibrant whirring chorus they make over the meadow and field throughout the hot, long, days of August, and what a fitting accompaniment it is to those same drowsy days, when the whole air seems surcharged with laziness, and it is sufficient to lie in the shade of some friendly tree, and, watching the slow sailing, drowsy clouds, listen to this countless, dizzy whistling hum of myriads of insects."[2]

For the number found, there is a great variety in these musical essays because there is a great variety and a remarkable range of subject matter. As a whole, those dealing with birds are the best because the songs of birds possess more of the qualities generally regarded as musical. These essays are interesting and unique. The subject is not so worn but that each essay contributes a few original observations.

1.Porter. The music of the marsh. Outing. 40:658. S'02.
2.Brownell. Midsummer musicians. Outing. 42:598. Ag'03.

CHAPTER V

THE HUMOROUS NATURE ESSAY

In the nature essay, one always finds a pleasantness of tone that often becomes genial and frequently humorous. When out in the open, the essayist is prone to forget whatever vexations and annoyances he may have felt before and becomes imbued with a simple joyousness that makes all things right. His exultation may go even farther and become a kind of sustained gaiety that stays with him as he writes his essays. One does not find witty comment, scintillating satire, or any type of carefully conceived humor, but an exhuberance of spirit that permeates the page and captivates us by its genuineness and its kindliness. We are never offended by ill timed jests or dazzled by exotic brilliance, for the nature essay humorist always holds himself in check. He never laughs outright but he often smiles and frequently it is at his own singularity of conduct. The essayists are keenly aware of the fact that they are regarded as a queer folk who are doubtless quite harmless, but who, nevertheless, become the butt of much curiosity. To find a man idling away his time looking for flowers and not picking them, hunting for birds with-

out shooting them, or simply gazing at the sunset for no apparent purpose at all, is too much for even the most ardent of American vacationists to comprehend. Taking a two week's vacation in these days is a business and it takes the practice of efficiency to get anything out of it. Whereas the eager vacationist, after a two mintue's stare at his surroundings, turns aside with an air of "Well, I've seen this" and rushes on for another of the magnificent sights of which he has read; the members of the "hill-tribe" will stay at the same place for a week without seeming to tire of it. Such a difference in the make-up of the vacationist and the essayist is soon noticeable.

Bradford Torrey is one of the essayists who is fond of reminding us how and wherein these strange lovers of nature are eccentric. In this quaint description of the "bird-gazer", as he styles himself, there is not so much humor as simply "good humor".

> "The bird gazer is peculiar. This is not said of bird gazers in general, who may be very much like other people for all I know, but of a certain particular member of the fraternity, the adventures of whose mmnd in the face of one of the undoubted wonders of the world are here briefly recounted.
>
> "He is a lover of scenery. At least he thinks he is. As he goes about among his fellows, he finds few who spend more time, or seem to experience more delight, in looking at the beauty that surrounds them. He would not

rank himself, of course, with the great specialists in that line, -- with Wordsworth or Thoreau, to cite two very dissimilar examples; but as compared with the common run of more or less intelligent men, he finds no occasion to feel ashamed of himself for anything like indifference to the prospects of earth and sky. He is as likely as almost any one he knows to spend half an hour over a sunset, or to sit a long while under the charm of a Massachusetts meadow or a New Hampshire valley. Common beauty appeals to him. His spirit is refreshed by it."[1]

Although Torrey insists that this is a purely personal description, it is just as fitting to many, many others. In this same essay on the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Torrey, who, through some curious conceit, speaks in the third person, tells of his impressions.

"He was not disappointed. Wise men seldom are. He had known very well that he should not see the glory and the wonder of the place at the first look. His mind is slow and he has lived long enough to know a little of its weakness. The canyon was astounding, unspeakable. The words were never made that could express it, and the shapes and colors! 'Well, well,' he said, 'it is too much like the pictures. I must wait until they have been forgotten, and I can see the Canyon for itself.'"[2]

A little later, after seeing a stray snowbird, he adds whimsically:

1.Torrey. Birdgazer at the Grand Canyon. Atlan. 97:739. Je'05.
2.Ibid. p.739.

" "'Yes, yes,' he said to himself, with a sense of relief, 'I do not need a week or two to appreciate the beauty of a snowbird. This is something within my capacity.'

"It is a great part of the comfort and success of life to recognize one's limitations and be reconciled to them."[1]

Torrey is always conscious of being odd -- and his amusement at the thought of being queer often brings out a sportive paragraph or two. In this paragraph, as in the entire essay, a novel effect is obtained by the use of the present tense.

"Here a light shower comes on, and I raise my umbrella. Then follows a grand excitment among a flock of sheep, whose day, perhaps, needs enlivening as badly as my own. They gaze at the umbrella, start away upon the gallop, stop again to look ('There are forty looking like one', I say to myself, smiling at my propensity for quoting Wordsworth), and are again struck with panic. This time they scamper quite down the field and out of sight. Another danger escaped! Shepherds, it is evident, are not so effeminate as to carry umbrellas. Probably they do not wear spectacles, -- happy men, -- and so are not in danger of being blinded by a few drops of moisture."[2]

Ernest Thompson Seton, in his accounts of building a

1. Torrey. Bird-gazer at the Grand Canyon. Atlan. 97:739. Je'09
2. Torrey. Moosilauke. Atlan. 87:676. My'01.

hollow tree, amuses himself, and us, in a highly original way. Near his home there was a dead aspen tree of which he said its usefulness began when it died, for it became the nesting place of many animals, and especially birds. Mr. Seton, with purely philanthropic motives, decided to build a hollow tree. For since what was true of one hollow tree would doubtless be true of all hollow trees, he began his construction of the apartment house for the wild folk of Wyndygoul Park.

The tree was thirty-five feet high and large enough at the bottom to enscribe a seven foot circle. It was made as realistic as possible and even dead limbs were attached. Then, being very business like about the tree, Mr. Seton gives an account of the cost of it. The debit side showed a total outlay of $37.50 but that was a trifling outlay when the balance was found to total $11,926,50. Evidently Mr. Seton had had many serious conferences as to how the tree would be regarded by the hoped for tenants. The expectation of his friends and his own hopes is most delightful.

"John Burroughs doubts if it will be occupied at all, but thinks coons or owls might come if it has suitable cavities for them.

"Dr. C. H. Merriam suggests that it may be possible attract bats if I supply it with such accessories as are attractive to bats.

"Dr. W. T. Hornaday things it will be monopolized by

one species, probably English sparrows.

"William Brewster confidently expects bats and screedh owls, also in time crows, blackbirds, tree swallows, and perhaps a wood-duck.

"Dr. E. A. Means is sure it will be populated by wasps.

"F. M. Chapman says it will stand idle and empty except for an odd screech owl.

"My own opinion is that a pair of ospreys will build an eyrie on top, that purple grackles will come and live in the branches thereof, that cliff swallows will surely crown the eaves below the roof, and that three huge colonies of bats, representing three different species and numbering thousands, will occupy the upper chambers. Swifts in abundande will be alloted space in the next rows. Tree swallows, and bluebirds will be scattered in various other parts.

"It was for martins that I made the two inch holes (very important the question of calibre -- the creatures love a tight fit), a quarter dollar size for a wren, fifty cents for a tree swallow, a dollar size for a bluebird, two inches for a martin is the rule. A colony of English sparrows for the middle parts, screech owls (four inch calibre), dormice and flying squirrels will take place somewhere. Wood-duck (five inch) in pairs, with an occasional barred owl (six-inches) will punctuate the middle regions, a phoebe will nest on an outside knot,

while coons, woodchucks, muskrats and minks will occur on the ground floor.

"We shall see. Noah's Ark was nothing but a well managed hollow tree. I await without doubting."[1]

Torrey and Seton are two of those rare individuals who can see the fun in, and make merry over their own idiosyncrasies. Yet their sense ofthe ludicrous does not in any way, lessen their enjoyment off the outdoors. They laugh at themselves for having the nature hobby but they are careful not to laugh at the hobby itself.

It is a universal characteristic of the essayists never to poke fun at nature. To them it seems a thing almost sacred. Many of them are always ready to ridicule a companion or to attempt a joke whenever possible but they do not trifle with ~~xxxxxx~~ the outdoor things. Their attitude is that one might just as well be witty about one's religion as with nature. But if the ever present good humor of the essayist must have an outlet, plants and animals are often humanized until they become charmingly facetious. There is no one who loves flowers and any kind of growing plant more than does Candace Wheeler, yet we are often entertained by her treatment of them When her plants acquire all the characteristics, frailties, and conceits of humanity, then we may laugh at them but it is only their human traits that amuse us. It must be a heavy reader who does not enjoy the balsam fir trees of the

1.Seton, Making a hollow tree. Country Life. 14:47. N'08.

"college graduate age"[1] or the daffodils that are double because they saw a double tulip and could not resist the temptation to try to"out-do" them.[2]

Bolton Brown, in his essay on the pack-mule, credits his companion with characteristics of disposition hardly to be expected in this hero of the mountain trails. The pack-mule, as here described, is reminiscent of Stemenson's Modestine, except that Modestine was a donkey and Brown hastily explains that the pack-mule is not. He later emphasized this point when he concluded the essay by saying, "The pack-mule is all right if only you do not take him for a donkey or a man, but always remember that he is just mule."[3] It is high praise to say of Mr. Brown's essay that it is almost as well done as Stevenson.

Perhaps in this chapter, mention should be made of a writer who rarely introduces humor into his writings but in his speech was the wittiest of all the essayists. John Muir is remembered by those who knew him, as the source of never ending amusement. His continual chatter, his teasing, and his love of fun, made him a fascinating companion. Although he was very modest, it was in monologue that he was most conspicuously interesting. His fund of stories, adventures, interesting experiences, and personal recollections never gave out -- he could talk on endlessly. But if confessed ignorance and sought enlightenment, he was just

1.Wheeler.Content in a garden. I. Atlan.85:779. Je'00.
2. Ibid. p. 783.
3. Brown. The pack-mule. Atlan. 94:702. N'04.

as likely as not to be met by bantering ridicule -- as was Burroughs when he asked about some question in geology that was puzzling him.

"Aw, Johnny," replied Muir, "ye may tak' all your geology and tie it in a bundle and cast it into the sea, and it wouldna' mak' a ripple."[1] And that was all the satisfaction he would give.

Stories of this most lovable, yet arbitrary and exasperating Muir, are almost without number and each is an illustration of the unending good humor of the men of the open.

Then there are essays that could better be classed as humorous than as nature essays. The primary aim of many essays is to entertain and they make an avowed attempt to please. The only justification in mentioning them here in the fact that their subject happens to be such as "The Missouri River"[2] or "Chicago Spiders"[3] or others dealing with nature. This paragraph is obviously not of the type one would expect to find in the nature essay.

> "It (the Missouri River) makes farming as fascinating as gambling too, you never know whether you are going to harvest corn or catfish. The farmer may go blithely forth on a morning with a wheat binder to cut wheat only to come back at noon for a trout line -- his wheat having gone down the river the night before. This

1.Barrus. In the Yosemite with John Muir. Crafts.23:328.D'12.
2.Fitch.The Missouri River. Am.M. 63:637. Ap'07.
3.Stewart. Chicago spiders. Atlan. 102:447-454.

leads us naturally to the subject of the Missouri's appetite. It is the hungriest river ever created."[1]

The entire essay is full of cleverness and a certain freshness of spirit, but obviously that is its only aim -- nature, in the form of the Missouri River, merely provides subject matter. The other essay mentioned, "Chicago Spiders", does not depend so much on exaggeration for its effectiveness. It shows keen observation and an interest in spiders but its purpose is chiefly to amuse. Of the two articles, it is the more successful.

Another essay ~~that~~ is unique in that it makes the naturalists provide, unconsciously, both the material and the humor of the essay. Burgess Johnson is the perpetrator of the article that he calls "From the Notebook of an Un-naturalist". In it he relates, as really authentic, the story of a woodpecker that became intoxicated by drinking the fermented sap from a dead tree. He asks a number of naturalists for their opinion of the matter and prints the letters he received from Seton, Watson, Hornaday, Baynes, Codding, Herrick, and Green. The answers differ widely; some are brief, others detailed, some are positive, others in doubt -- but taken as a group, they are exceedingly ludicrous, as Johnson well realizes.

It is hard to generalize on the humorous touches and aspects of the nature essays since they occur frequently and in the work of many writers. Yet the

1.Johnson.Notebook of an un-naturalist. Harp. 132:260-6. F16.

dominating and most distinctive features of the essayists humor are its gentleness and wholesomeness, its freedom from pettiness or attempts at mere ingenuity , and above all its invariable appearance -- not only as humor but as the universal spirit of good temper.

PART III

BRIEF SUMMARY OF ESSAYS AND AUTHORS:

CONCLUSIONS

The nature essays so far discussed have been written by no less than one hundred eighty authors. Many of these writers are men of science whose method of observation and later accounts are somewhat inclined to become dryly scientific. Of the group of scientists, the most notable are, L. H. Bailey, W. L. Findley, Wm. C. Beebe, Francis H. Herrick, J. L. Loring, George Shiras, W. T. Hornaday, Wm. M. Morton and Ellsworth Huntington. These men are first of all intent upon the examination of the species upon which they are focusing their attention. They give data when necessary and in every way stress accuracy. They do not humanize their material to make it interesting for in their estimation the materials themselves are so teeming with interest that they need only to be shown to become fascinating. Research is one of their fundamental pleasures and it is to these men that we owe much of our knowledge of plant and animal life.

Another large group of writers includes those who are authors by profession. When out on a trip through the country, or out for a stroll, they often see things that they find worthy of repicturing for the magazines. Gene Stratton Porter and Zane Grey are two novelists who sometimes write of nature. Then there are professors, clergymen, lawyers, editors, and other professional men and women who write or lecture on these out-of-door subjects. Ray Stannard Baker ("David Grayson") is better known for his "Adventures in Contentment" and his essays on humna nature than for this type of nature work. Sadakichi Hartmann, Walter Prichard Eaton, Richard Le Gallienne, E. S. Martin, E. P. Powell, Samuel Scoville, Bradford Torrey, Margaret Shewwood, and Henry Van Dyke are too well known in the realm of poetry and criticism to need even a summary introduction. Painters and illustrators often write ofthe things they are putting on the canvas. Frank French, Candace Wheeler, Charles Livingston Bull, Walter King Stone, and Lewis Agassiz Freutes have written some of the finest of the essays.

Then there are the naturalists, of whom Burroughs and Muir are the great figures. What are the occupations, interests and manner of life of the many who write, is unknown. All we know ofthe majority of the writers is that the essays are the result of a love of the outdoors.

John Burroughs in speaking of the literary treatment of nature says: "We have a host of nature students in our

day, bent on plucking out the heart of every mystery of the fields and woods. Some are dryly scientific, some are dull and prosy, some are sentimental, some are sensational and a few are altogether admirable."[1]

It is true that at times the scientist is dry, that sometimes the essays are dull, prosy, sentimental, or sensational, but the whole of any kind of writing cannot be perfect. Burroughs admits that a few are "altogether admirable" and it is these few that make the writing of nature essays worth while.

Among the essays that stand out for their meritorious qualities -- those of which even the master nature writer would approve -- are those of Eaton, Muir, Torrey, and Sharp. No matter if Eaton wrote of a bird or of a mountain, he brought the reader into intimate contact with the subject. It is in the Berkshires that he is most at home and he writes of them most delightfully. As a nature essayist, Eaton is unsurpassed. Not even Burroughs has written with greater sympathy or keener observation, although Burroughs is looked upon as the great model for literary naturalists. Muir disliked to write and this apparent in his essays although they are among the best. Torrey is one of the most genial ramblers, while Sharp, who often writes humorous articles, does not always refrain from being "funny" in his nature work.

1.Burroughs. Literary treatment of nature. Atlan.94:42.Jl04.

The nature essay appeals to theperson who is inclined to be solitary. There is nothing in it that is likely to interest the student of economics or sociology or any of the social sciences that are now so popular. But these essays are of great comfort to him who is tired and vexed with life among his fellows and longs to have nature rest him. To read a ramble essay is almost as good as being able to go out for a walk; sometimes, indeed, it is better, for the essayist shows us many things we ourselves would not have observed. Life is so complex and at times so irritating that reading a nature essay sometimes acts as a "catharsis" as surely as reading or seeing a tragedy.

The average reader may be surprised to find how generally the nature essay is distributed throughout the magazines containing any work of a literary type. These essays appear frequently in the literary magazines and especially in "The Atlantic Monthly", "Harper's Monthly Magazine", and "Scribner's Magazine". In periodicals of a more general character they are found in somewhat fewer numbers. The magazine as a medium for the appearance of the nature essay is singularly satisfactory for it enables the essay to reach the reader at the season of the year that it pictures, for an essay will hardly ever be found out of season.

That the attitude of writers varies has been briefly noted. It is not surprising that the nature essay, a form

of the familiar essay dealing with nature, should show a great variation. Nature itself presents many aspects and these combined with the writers views give us an endless array of ideas. While in numbers they are many, the essays do not become monotonous or dreary any more than a spring day ceases to be a marvel even to one who has seen many springs.

Almost every part of the United States is described in the nature essays. The ramble essay generally shows Eastern scenery while the essay devoted to a particular place tends largely to picture the West. The topical essays, humorous essays and musical essays are not limited sectionally and are often not definitely located. Altogether, over six hundred places are mentioned or described in the essays. The variety of matter can well be conjectured from the fact that one hundred twenty-five quadrupeds, one hundred fifty insects, four hundred sixty birds, and over one thousand plants are treated. Many, of course, are barely mentioned while others appear again and again.

Yet in this almost limitless amount of material, there are two traits of similarity in the essays -- their general subject of nature and their perpetual cheerfulness. In the last twenty-four years the essay has, with the exception of the period of the World War, been appearing steadily and increasing in numbers. The nature essay in the magazine

gives the impression of having become an indispensable type of literature. We may, therefore, look forward to the nature essay as permanently occupying its place in the magazine.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

List of magazines using nature material. Those underlined have been used in this study of the nature essay.

All Outdoors

American Angler

American Beagle

American Botanist

American Forestry

American Magazine

American Sportsman

American Naturalist

Atlantic Monthly

Auk

Bird Lore

Blue Bird

Century Magazine

Chautauquan

Collier's Weekly

Condor

Cosmopolitan

Country Gentleman

Country Life in America

Craftsman

Delineator

Everybody's Magazine

Feathered Warrior

Field and Stream

Forest and Stream

Freeman

Fruit, Garden and Home

Garden Magazine

Good Housekeeping

Guide to Nature

Harper's Bazaar

Harper's Monthly Magazine

Harper's Weekly

Home Progress

House and Garden

House Beautiful

Hunter- Trader - Trapper

Independent

In the Open

Ladies Home Journal

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine

Literary Digest

Maine Woods

Michigan Sportsman

Munsey's Magazine

National Geographic Magazine

National Sportsman

Nature

Nature Magazine

New England Magazine

Oregon Sportsman

Our Dumb Animals

Outdoor Life

Outer's Recreation

Outing

Outlook

Overland

Pacific Outdoors

Photo Era

Saturday Evening Post

St. Nicholas

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April--month of bursting buds. Outlook.103:676-7.Mr'13.
May--the return of the birds. Outlokk. 103:950-1.Ap'13.
June--the singing month. Outlook. 104:182-3. My'13.
July--butterfly days. Outlook. 104:450-1. Je'13.
August--the glory of the sea. Outlook. 104:682-3. Jl'13.
September--the ripening month. Outlook. 104:918-9.Ag'13.
Outober--nature's play day. Outlook. 105:202-3. S'13.

(Nature month by month)
November--retrospect and prospect. Outlook. 105:443-4. O'13.
December--making all snug. Outlook. 105:658-9. N'13.

IRLAND, FREDERICK

The Wyoming game stronghold. Scrib. 34:260-76. S'03.

JESSUP, ELON H.

Greatest park in the world. Outing. 72:289-93. Ag'18.
We hike into the Adirondacks. Outing. 73:15-6. O'18.
In the valley of Ten Peaks. Outing. 78:195-9. Ag'19.
Trailing a winter's day. Outing. 74:337-41. S'19.
Winter week ends. Country Life. 37:48-51. D'19.
Lakes to order. Country Life. 37:57-9. Ap'20.
Snow photography. Outlook. 130:58-60. Ja'22.

JOB, HERBERT KELCHTLY

City of the pelican. Outing. 41:406-14. Ja'03.
In heron haunts. Outing. 42:190-202. My'03.
Following Audubon among the Florida Keys. Outing. 43:71-90. O'03.
In Cape Sable wilderness. Outing. 43:162-8. N'03.
Off lonely bird key. Outing. 44:231-8. My'04.
Great Cuthbert rookery. Outing. 43:583-90. F'04.
Domestic trials of bob white. Outing. 45:43-50. O'04.
Northward with the shore bird host. Outing. 45:321-7. D'04.
Ocean birds off Pollock's Rip. Outing. 45:573-81. F'05.
Bird hunting with a camera. R.ofR. 31:433-8. Ap'05.
Stalking hoot owls with a camera. Outing 46:51-8. Ap'05.
Lake side waders of the northwest. Outing. 48:671-7. S'06.
Our vanishing shore birds. Country Life. 10:519-23. S'06.
Photographing the small life of the prairies. Outing 49:169-75. N'06.
Photographing a duck in flight. Country Life. 11:714. Ap'07.
Photographing prairie chickens. Outing. 50:85-94. Ap'07.
Robbers of the falls. Outing. 50:699-705. S'07.
Vanishing woodcock. Country Life. 13:414. F'07.
Experiments with humming birds. Outing. 51:331-6. D'07.
Kingbirds of the hatch pond. Outlook. 89:477-82. Je'08.
Birds with a handicap. Outing. 53:313-9. D'08.
Invasions of the deer. Country Life. 15:255-8. Ja'09.
Trick of bird photography. Outing. 54:83-94. Ap'09.
Bird castles among the rocks. Outing 54:325-30. Je'09.
Triumph of bird protection. Harp. 119:290-9. Jl'09.
Curiosities of Louisana sea islands. Outing. 54:118-25. Jl'09.
Game birds at close range. Outing 55:22-32. O'09.
Conquest of the northern heron. Outing 55:457-65. Ja'10.
Knowing the winter birds. Outing 55:624-32. F'10.

(Job)
Coming of the birds. Outing. 56:75-83. Ap'10.
Franklin's gull. Bird Lore. 12:124-7. My'10.
Feathered humorist. Ind. 69:117-21. Je'10.
Danger from the starling. Outing. 57:146-57. N'10.
Conquest of No Man's Land. Outing. 58:525-36. Ag'11.
Wild fowl at close range. Outing. 69:300-13.
In quest of the canvas back. Outing. 63:514-25. F'14.
Pintail. Bird Lore. 16:350-3. S'14.
Bird's eye view of birds. Good H. 62:412-9. Ap'16.
Birds of a feather. Outing. 69:146-61. N'16.

JOBE, MARY L.

My quest in the Rockies. Harp. 130:813-25. My'15.

JOHNSON, BURGESS

From the note-book of an un-naturalist. Harp.132:260-6.Ja'16.

JOHNSON, CLIFTON

Our imported pests. Outing. 48:39-44. Ap'06.
Niagara of the West. Outing. 50:293-300. Je'07.

JOHNSON, WALTER ADAMS

Elk--the last of the big game herds. Country Life.
8:506-11 S'05.
Wonderful marine photography. World's Work. 12:7827-43.Ag'06.

JONES, CHARLES JESSE. ("Buffalo Jones")

My buffalo experiments. Ind. 60:1351-5. Je'06.

JONES, HELEN LUKENS

Music of nature. Cosmop. 34:259-68. Ja'03.

JONES, OTTO M.

Catching the beaver at work. Outing. 66:269-80. Je'15.

KEELER, LUCY ELLIOT

My garden beasts. Atlan. 112:134-41. Ja'13.

KENNARD, FREDERICK EDGE

Encouraging the birds around home. Nat Geog.Mag.
25:315-44. Mr'14.

KENT, EDWIF C.

Woodland hermit. Outing. 40:740-6. D'02.

KEYSER, LEADNER SEYVESTER

Nocturnal flight of birds. Sci.Am.S. 50:20546. Jl'00.
Birds at short range. Outing. 37:667-9. Mr'01.

KIPLING, RUDYARD

From a winter note-book. Harp. 100:859-62. My'00.

KOLB, ELISWORTH and EMERY

Experiences in the Grand Canyon. Nat.Geog.Mag.
26:99-184. Ag'14.

LANGE, DIETRICH

The great tidal waves of bird life. Atlan. 104:230-6.Ag'0 9.

LANIER, HENRY WYSHAM

Winter, the artist. Country Life. 27:43-7. D'14.

LAZELL, FRED J.

The robin family in photography. Outing. 66:137-50. My'15.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD

Aesthetics of the sky. Harp. 108:950-6. My'04.
Treasures in the snow. Harp. 130:381-91. F'15.
Concerning salt marshes. Harper, 133:225-35. Jl'16.
Tree worship. Harp. 137:239-49. Jl'18.
Jitneying in the Berkshires. Harp. 139:534-46. S'19.

LOCKE, ELSIE

Flower folk in the Boston reservation. New Eng. Mag. n.s.
26:259-67. My'02.

LONG, WILLIAM JOSEPH.

When you meet a bear. Outlook. 71:387-93. Je'02.
Wild animals at home. Outlook. 74:364-8. Je'03.
Animal individuality. Ind.56:1242-8. Je'04.
Wild goose ways. Ind. 60:1344-50. Je'06.
Getting acquainted with wild life. Ind. 70:1192-7. Je'11.
One day. Ind. 74:1292-6. Je'13.
Night life of the wilderness. 78:555-8. Je'14.

(Long)
Fox hunt comedy. Ind. 95:324-5. My'19.
Peaceable, timid wolf. Ind. 98:324-5. My'19
Bird's fable. Harp. 140:696-701. Ap'20.
Animal Comedy. Harp. 141:530-8. S'20.

LORING, JOHN ALDEN

Individuality of animals. Collier's. 43:19. Ap'09.
Friendly citizen of chipmunk ville. Collier's.
43:16-7. Jl'09.
Home life of our game birds. Outing. 60:529-36. Ag'12.
Bird studies with the camera. Outing. 71:26-8. O'17.
Photographing birds with electricity. Scrib.65:613-21.My' 19.

LOWNDES, CARY GAMBLE

The courier of spring. Atlan. 127:488-9. Ap'21.

MCCOOK, HENRY CHRISTOPHER

Sir John Lubbock's queen ants. Ind. 54:457-65. F'02.
Insects and civilization. Harp. 105:79-82. Je'02.
Royal mother of ants. Harp. 107:132-8. Je'03.
Kidnapping ants and their slaves. Harp. 107:132-8. Je'03.
Tailoring animals. Harp. 108:453-7. F'04.
Insect commonwealth. Harp. 108:554:60. Mr'04.
Aeronautic spiders. Harp. 108:905-11. My'04.
Daintiness of ants. Harp. 109:604-10. S'04.
Agricultural ants. Harp. 111:292-7. Jl'05.
Huntress wasps. Harp. 110:894-9. My'05.
Insect herds and herders. Harp. 111:941-7. N805.
Net-making caddis worm. Harp. 112:276-82. Ja'06.
Honey ants of the Garden of the Gods. Harp.113:126-33.Je' 06.
Guild of carpenter ants. Harp. 113:293-300. Jl'06.
Hunting wild bees. Harp. 113:592-9. S'06.
Story of a spider. Harp. 114:392-7. F'07.
Language of insects. Harp. 115:559-66. S'07.
Ant communes. Harp 114:933-41. My'07.

MCDOUGAL, DANIEL TREMBLEY

A voyage below sea level on the Salton Sea. Outing.
51:592-601. F'08.
Water relation of desert plants. Pop.Sci. 79:440-53. D'11.

MCFARLAND, HORACE

Flowers of late autumn. Outlook. 70:72-7. Ja'02.
The blooming of the trees. Country life. 1:187-91. Ap'02.
A story of some maples. Outlook. 71:62-9. My'02.
The growth of the oak. Outlook. 62:540-7. N'02.
The pines. Outlook. 73:313-22. F'03.

(McFarland)
Apples. Outlook. 73:794-801. Ap'03.
A plant-hunting vacation. Country Life. 4:105-8. Je'03.
Willows. Outlook. 74:583-91. Jl'03.
Dolobran--a wild gardening estate. Country Life. 4:338-42. S'03.
The elm and the tulip. Outlook. 75:277-86. O'03.
Nut bearing trees. Outlook. 76:597-607. Mr'04.
Some American trees. Outlook. 76;847-27. Ap'04.
Awakening of the woods. Outlook. 79:803-10. Ap'05.
Hunting in the May woods. Outlook. 83:190-5. My'06.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE

Field flowers. Fortn. 79:243-6. F'03.
Old time flowers. Outlook. 76;519-39. F'04.

MARTIN, EDWARS SANFORD

Winter in the country. Harp. 107:845-52. N'03.
Seashore. Harp. 111;519-26. S'05.
The habits of the sea. Harp. 113:205-15. Jl'06.

MERRITT, ANNA LEA

Making a garden. Lippinc. 67:552-61. Mr'01.
My garden. Cent. 62:342-50. Jl'01.
Suggestions for an alpine and marsh garden. Lippinc. 68:577-80. N'01.

MICHELS, PHILLIP.VERRILL

Unknown Palisades. Harp. 117:244-53. Jl'08.

MILLER, HARRY EDWARD

Bird voices of the night. Outing. 52:264-9. Je'08.

MILLER, WILHELM

Wild gardening beside a wooded lake. Country Life 9:548-52. Mr'06.

MILLS, ENOS

Snowflake and snowslide. Ind. 70:1316-8. Ja'11.
Alone with a crumbling mountain. Country Life.20:26-9.D'11.
Rocky Mountain region. Country Life. 22:25-30. Ag'12
White cyclone. Outing. 73:134-6. Jl'18.
Day with a nature guide. Outlook. 122:244-6. Je'19.
Happy-go-lucky black bear. Country Life. 39:61-2. D'20.
Twisted trees. Country Life. 37:58-9. Ja'20.

(Mills)
A nature guide in New York. Outlook. 125:362-3. Je'20.
Beaver claims her birthright. Outing. 128:279-81. Jl'21.
Rescueing her cub. Atlan. 130:527-30. O'22.

MOODY, CHARLES STUART

The mountain lion at home. Outing. 54:630-36. F'12.

MOORE, ALBERT HANFORD

White mountain wild flowers. New Eng. Mag. n.s.50:461-70. Ja'14.

MOTT, EDWARD SPENCER

Black bear as a character study. Outing. 40:289-94. Je'02.
When bruin awakes. Outing. 42:73-8. Ap'03.

MORROW, H. W.

In the wake of a bird lover. Outing. 36:36-43. Ap'00.
Swamp notes. Outing. 38:293-7. Je'01.
Bleak winds. Outing. 41:313-20. D'03.

MUIR, JOHN

Wild gardens of the Yosemite. Atlan. 86:167-79. Ap'00.
Fountains and streams of the Yosemite. Atlan. 87:556-65. Ap'01.
Hunting big redwoods. Atlan. 88:804-20. S'01.
Grand canyon of the Colorado. Craftsman. 7:654-65. Mr'05.
Letter from the Yosemite Valley. Cent. 65:107-16. N'02.
Yosemite storms and floods. Outlook. 80:297-302. Je'05.
Forests of the Yosemite. Atlan. 85:495-507. Ap'07.
Endangered valley: the Hetch-Hetchy. Cent. 77:464-9. Ja'09.
My first summer in the Sierras. Atlan. 107:1-11, 170-81, 333-49, 521-8, Ja-Ap'11.
Three adventures in the Yosemite. Cent. 83:656-61. Mr'12.
Lessons of the wilderness. Atlan. 111:81-92. Ja'13.

MILDYS, HENRY

Music of bird song. Harp. 113:723-9. O'06.
Music of birds. Ind. 63:491-6. Ag'07.
Bird duets. Ind. 63:604-8. S'07.
Bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. Ind. 98:76-9. Ap'19.

OSGOOD, FLETCHER

Last primeval pines of New England. New.Eng. Mag. n.s. 30:530-7. Jl'04.

PRANGBORN GEORGIA WOOD

From an Adirondack note-book. Outlook. 99:28-31. S'11.
Ice storm. Woman's H. C. 45:15-6. Mr'18.

PARKINSON, EDWARD K.

Midsummer flower pageant. Outlook. 131:452. Jl'22.

PARSONS, FRANCES THEODORA

A spring holiday. Outlook. 65:118-22. My'00.

PEABODY, W. ROWMAN

Spirit of the woods. Outlook. 86:962-6. Ag'07.
Secrets of the woods. Outlook. 89:443-9. Je'08.

PORTER, GENE STRATTON

Photographing the belted kingfisher. Outing.39:198-202.N'01.
A study of the black vulture. Outing. 39:279-83. D'01.
Bird architecture. Outing. 38:437-42. Jl'01.
Sight and scent in birds and animals. Outing. 40:295-8.
Je'02.
Music of the marsh. Outing. 40:658-65. S'02.
Hidden treasure. Country Life. 22:29-36. Je'12.

POWELL, EDWARD LAYSON

Winter in the country. Ind. 55:483-9. F'03.
Midsummer days in the country. Ind. 55:1666-9. Jl'03.
Old fashioned spring. Ind. 56:719-22. Mr'04.
Midwinter. Ind. 58:65-8. Ja'05.
October on the hills. Ind. 63:977-80. O'07.
Mocking birds are mating. Outing. 51:676-8. Mr'08.
Apple orchard in may. Outing. 52:239-41. My'08.
Animals--my friends. Ind. 64:1126-30. My'08.
June. Ind. 64:1456. Je'08.
Top of the year. Outing. 52:463-6. Jl'08.
Down the valley. Ind. 65:539-93. S'08.
Midwinter idyl. Ind. 66:17-20. Ja'09.
My companions, the trees. Ind. 79:85-6. Jl'13.
Ninety in the shade. Ind. 79:232. Jl'14.
Old flowers to love. Ind. 83:51-2. Jl'15.
Idyll of the alligators. Ind. 84:104. O'15.
November morning tramp. Ind. 84:232. N'15.

PYCE, WILLIAM S.

Suspicious characters of the woods. Outing. 40:551-4. Ag'02.
Unfolding ofthe buds. Country Life. 15:648. Ap'09.

RICHARDS, ROSELIND

Bog plants. New Eng. Mag. n.s.30:419-23. Je'04.
Ghosts of wild flowers. Outlook. 78:620-1. N'04.

ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS

Heart of the ancient wood. Lippinc. 65:483-5. Ap'00.
Treason of nature. Outing. 37:2-6. O'00.
Moonlight trails. Outing. 37:371-5. Je'01.
Wild motherhood. Outing. 37:500-6. Je'01.
Haunters of the pine gloom. Outing. 39:542-5. Ja'02.
Watchers of the campfire. Outing. 40:311-7. Je'02.
Little people of the sycamores. Outing. 41:292-9. D'02.
Little tyrant of the burrows. Harp. 109:752-5. O'04.
Scourge of the forest. Outlook. 80:871-5. Ag'05.
Presumption of the black mink. Ind. 59:551-3. S'05.
Stranger to the wild. Cent. 51:165-74. D'06.
On the night trail. McClure's. 28:295-8. Ja'07.

ROGERS, JULIA ELLEN

Seventeen year locust. Country Life. 16:503-4. S'09.
Seven-fold interest of the candleberry. Country Life. 17:163-8. D'09.
Making friends with the birds. Country Life. 19:143-6. D'10.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE

With the cougar hounds. Scrib. 30:417-35, 545-64. O-N'01.
Colorado bear hunt. Scrib. 36:387-408. O'05.
Wolf hunt in Oklahoma. Scrib. 38:513-35. N'05.
Small country neighbors. Scrib. 42:285-95. O'07.
In the Louisiana canebrakes. Scrib. 42:47-60. Je'08.
Bird refuges of Louisana. Scrib. 59:261-80. Mr'16.
Wild animals of North America. Outlook. 120:342-3. N'18.

RUSHBY, H. H.

The April wild food of the United States. Country Life. 9:718-9. Ap'06.
Wild foods of the United States in May. Country Life. 10:66-9. My'06.
The June wild foods of the United States. Country Life. 10:202-4. Je'06.
Wild foods in July. Country Life. 10:228-30. Jl'06.
The August wild foods of the United States. Country Life. 10:436-8. Ag'06.
Wild foods of the United States in September. Country Life. 10:533-6. S'06.
Wild foods of October. Country Life. 10:722-3. O'06.
The wild foods of November. Country Life. 11:82-5. N'06.

(Rushby)
The wild foods of February. Country Life. 11:456-60. F'07.
The wild foods of March. Country Life. 11:546-50. Mr'07.

RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD

Bird of mystery. Collier's. 46:26. O'01.
Birds of the southern winter. Outlook. 97:370-5. F'11.
Our native nut trees. Outing. 61:376-80. D'12.
My friend, the deer. Country Life. 34:45-8. My'18.
My winter woods. Country Life. 37:47-9. d'19.
Otter, the playboy of nature. 38:106-14. O'20.
Wild life in a forest fire. Country Life. 37:84-8. Mr'20.
Vendettas of the marsh. Outlook. 127:379-82. O'21.

SANDYS, EDWYN

Woodcock and his ways. Outing. 37:19-23. O'00.
A trifle about turkeys. Ind. 54:2582-6. O'02.
White woodlands. Outing. 49:529-32. F'05.
Spring music in a marsh meadow. Outing. 46:69-72. Ap'05.

SASS, HERBERT RAVENAL

Wild music. Atlan. 108:403-8. S'11.

SAUNDERS, CHARLES FRANCIS

California desert as a pleasure resort. Outlook. 107:997-1004. Ag'14.
In the heart of the giant forest. Sunset. 39:41-3. S'17.
With Pancho on a pilgrimage. Sunset. 43:22-4. N'19.
Lowest, dryest, hottest spot in America. Travel. 34:25-8. D'19.
Cliff temple of Red Rock Canyon. Travel. 36:20-1. n'20.

SAYRES, HENRY M.

In the shadow of the pines. Outing. 36:634-7. S'00.

SCOTT, WILLIAM EARL DODGE

Talk on birds. Outlook. 71:608-18. Jl'02.
Blue jays. Outlook. 77:45-51. My'04.
Turtle dove. Outlook. 80:325-9. Je'05.
How to help the birds. Country Life. 16:122. My'09.

SCOVILLE, SAMUEL

Everyday adventures. Atlan. 122:186-93. Ag'18.
Orchid hunting. Atlan. 123:794-803. Je'19.
Bird's nesting. Good H. 68:271. My'19.
Raven's nest. Atlan. 126:32-7. Jl'20.

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSOM

Kangaroo rat. Scrib. 27:418-27. Ap'00.
Johnny Bear. Scrib. 28:658-71. D'00.
Monarch, the grizzley. Ladies H. J. 21:5-6. F'04.
Making permanent records of tracks. Country Life 8:229. Je'05.
Secrets ofthe trail. Country Life. 8:202-5. Je'05.
Wapiti and his antlers. Scrib. 39:15-33. Ja'06.
Moose and his antlers. Scrib. 39:137-76. F'06.
Caribou and his kindred. Scrib. 39:426-43. Ap'06.
Prong horned antelope. Scrib. 40:33-49. Jl'06.
White tailed deer and its kin. Scrib. 40:321-41. S'06.
American bison or buffalo. Scrib. 40:385-405. O'06.
Snow shoe rabbit. Everybody's. 16:599-608. My'07.
Habits of wolves. Am. M. 64:636-45. O'07.
Oldest of all writing--tracks. Country Life. 17:169-73. D'09.
Porcupine at home. Country Life. 17:116-6. F'10.
Forest secrets. Country Life. 20:39-42. Jl'11.
Dipo; sprite of the desert. Cent. 105:106-15. N'12.

SHANNON, HOWARD J.

Movements of tendrils. Harp. 115-296-8. Jl'07.
Spring awakening of the sea. Harp. 116:537-45. Mr'08.
Microscopic animals of the sea. Harp. 121:99-106. Je'10.
September day on the shore. Harp. 121:609-17. S'10.
Foster children ofthe sea. Harp. 123:520-8. S'11.
Do insects migrate like birds? Harp. 131:699-708. S'15.

SHARP, DALLAS LORE

Marsh. Atlan. 90:87-92. Jl'02.
Chickadee. Country Life. 9:502-3. Jl'03.
Birds from a city roof. Atlan. 92:242-6. Ag'03.
Getting ready for winter. Country Life. 11:39-41. N'06.
Muskrats are building. Atlan. 100:468-75.O'07.
Face of the fields. Atlan. 104:275-9. Ag'09.
Edge of the night. Atlan. 104:510-16. O'09.
Turtle eggs for Agassiz. Atlan. 105:156-64. F'10.
Little foxes. Outlook. 99:502-9. O'11.
Wild mother. Atlan. 112:82-6. Jl'13.
Spirit of the herd. Atlan. 114:538-44. Mr'14.
The woods of Maine. Harp. 145:185-96. Jl'22.
The honey flow. Harp. 145:479-87. O'22.

SHAW, ELLEN EDDY

Persistant fruits. Country Life. 29:42. Ja'16.
Some common flowering weeds. Country Life. 30:32-3. Ag'16.
Common weeds. Country Life. 31:64. Mr'17.

SHAW, W. A.

A night and morning at moose point. Outing. 54:718-20. Mr'12.

SHERWOOD, MARGARET

Bluebird's nest. Scrib. 42:410-6. O'07.
Clearest voices. Atlan. 116:84-9. Jl'15.
Our nearest and our farthest neighbors. Atlan. 114:191-8. Ag'15.

SHIRAS, GEORGE, 3RD.

Hunting with a camera. Ind. 52:1364-8. Je'00.
Wild animals that took their own pictures. Nat'l Geog. Mag. 24:763-834. Jl'13.
Wild life of Lake Superior. Nat'l Geog. Mag. 40:113-204. Ag'21.

SKINNER, CHARLES M.

Small voices of the town. Atlan. 88:550-5. O'01.
The gates of the Hudson. Cent. 50:665-671.

SNUFFLDT, ROBERT WILSON

Fishing with a camera. Cosmop. 30:43-8. N'00.
Photographing fishes under water. Outing. 38:543-7. Ag'01.
Poring wild animals for their photographs. Outing. 40:216-21. My'02.
Pets I have kept. New Eng. Mag. n.s. 41:407-14. D'09.
Queen of plant parasites. Country Life. 32:60. O'17.
Sparrow hawk. Country Life. 30:39. Jl'16.
Chipmunk. Country Life. 35:96. Ap'19.

SMITH, THEODORE CLARK.

Song forms of the thrush. Atlan. 93:777-8. Je'04.

SPEARS, RAYMOND SMILEY

When the snow falls in the Adirondacks. Scrib. 30:737-49. D'01.
Woods of the Mississippi. Atlan. 102:378-82. O'08.
Reading the snow. Atlan. 102:791-6. D'08.
New Adirondacks. Outlook. 113:191-200. My'16.
On the Yellowstone trail. Outing. 68:425-35. Jl'16.
Hoarded assets. Scrib. 63:741-9. Je'18.

SPRAGUE, LYNN TEW

In woodland byways. Outing. 36:252-4. Je'00.
In the winter woods. Outing. 37:576-9. F'01.
Easter outing in Florida. 38:60-4. Ap'01.
Birds of the bushes. Outing. 38:237-40. Je'01.
Misunderstood birds. Outing. 39:717-22. Mr'02.
Three bird vocalists. Outing. 40:201-7. My'02.
At dawn of day. Outing. 40:475-8. Jl'02.
Flight of game birds. 53:257-64. N'08.

STEELE, VIOLA

Before the sap flows. Outlook. 70:678-80. Mr'02.

STEWART, CHARLES D.

Chicago spiders. Atlan. 102:447-52. O'08.

STILLMAN, WILLIAM JAMES

Squirrel land. ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Cent. 70:530-5. Ag'05.

STONE, ANDREW JACKSON

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