

Mrs. Pankhurst.—I have already written much of her. She stands as the martyr firebrand, the great live urge within and without the "Votes-for-Women" movement.

Elbert and Alice Hubbard.—Great Whitmanites— I have been a 33rd degree member of the Roycrofters for many years. They both promised to come to Bon Echo—Let us all be there to welcome them. I have had greetings from them since the ship went down.

Dear—O—Dear—Mabel, I'll have to live a long time and enlarge the "Sunset" if I write even Short Stories about all the known folks that have helped to make me what I am. How they do clamor for places. There is Lucy Doyle and Dr. Gordon, and Rev. Mr. Hutcheon, Lady Gay and J. W. Bengough, Agnes Dean Cameron, Mrs. Maciver and Laura McCully.

Hello—Central—Hello—this phone has been ringing all morning.

Why—yes—O—No. I remember the others. All the just plain folks and kids and dogs and horses—and the baby boy—and those splendid pioneers in the French settlement—and Burns, and the wondrous sky with its "Not Day" mystery of millions of worlds, of intoxicating sunrises, promising the fulfilled delights of day, and then the Glorious SUNSET. Am I getting selfish and old that I so long for rest and peace in the work I shall do in this "Sunset" or am I just beginning my real life? Let us all go and pick huckleberries—Mabel wants to make some pies.



We hope to make of Bon Echo a school where no one will ever finish his education.

Teachers will be pupils and pupils will be teachers and all will learn a little in joy and gladness.

The stupidly respectable will not feel at home at Bon Echo.



*Over our own private wire :*

It is rumoured that Mrs. Huestis and Miss Boulton will lead the street sweeping brigade of older women themselves.

Hurrah! No deserters here!