

BY WAY OF PREFACE.

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Saranac Lake,

18, December, 1919.

My dear M. P. K.

*It is somewhere about thirty below zero this morning, but what of that? Things begin to look better. The trail begins to lead up out of the valley toward a peak somewhere ahead, not quite clear yet — but there. We are not quite out of the woods, but they begin to thin; the drifts are not so deep; the smother is not so dense; and the going is better.*

*As I look back I wonder how I ever set out. If it had not been for you and my sister and Eric, I never should have got off at all. It all seemed too difficult — and unimportant. Even at the last minute I think I might have stampeded from the train, but for you and Anna Kenny and Emily. And now, behold, the ex-*