

Bon Echo has always had engaged couples; they either come engaged or go away engaged. Why Alice Hegan Rice became engaged on the north balcony away back in 1902 and I never blamed him either and there has been a stream ever since, because Alice founded the Bon Echo library—with Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and, besides, who could help but propose when she tells him that story?

Just to keep Bon Echo up to standard weight with so many of the boys at the front, why along comes Ern and Luella (ready-to-wear-engaged folks). They where Whitmanites from the drop of the hat and how Luella could play—technique, soul, time, place and all the rest of the classic phraseology (is that spelled right?) not familiar to the writer—and Nellie—why, you have never heard Nellie sing if you did not hear her at Bon Echo.

Do you know, if Garb and Scully had been left on the back porch while those concerts were going on they would have taken a launch and gone away into the upper lake and got lost. Then they'd have been sorry. But no one was left out, Ada looked as pretty as a picture and Mary tried to get drowned just to make a hero out of Garb, and Hiawatha—say, wasn't Hiawatha a stunner on the violin? I've picked out an affinity for her for next summer. Rowena nearly spoiled Garb for his job and had to carry in ice and bury garbage because he got sick eating too much huckleberry pie—O—those huckleberry pies, Mabel.

J. W. left his dignity and severity back on the big hill and exuded health and joy to the accompaniment of "For he's a jolly good fellow".

Edith forgot to talk English, and George blended with the scenery and forgot to find fault, and Minnie fell in love with them all, even if she did want to drown Sam and George a dozen times a day.

Everybody had room—and everybody loved the sunsets and the Old Rock, and everybody ate huckleberry pie, and nobody wanted to leave.

September slipped by and October, still some guests lingered. O, the beauty of it all, the good fellowship, the joy and the fun!

The Glory of Color, as the leaves turned crimson, yellow, russet brown and golden pink.

The finest Turner in the Tate gallery is but a framed thing of daubs of paint compared to the wondrous pictures beheld on all sides.

Here's to Bon Echo, Mabel. Let's apply for jobs next summer!