QUOTATIONS

ELLWOOD HENDRICK

A FRIEND can not be defined. He is never made: he comes, when and how who shall say? Only where the wind listeth. He can not be a woman: subtle, homosexual harmonies tie the relationship. He is the greatest and rarest of discoveries: the inestimable loss. The intensity of friendship may vary greatly: waiting as it does upon opportunity for its upgrowth, ripening with time, its character is of instant determination: at least, you know at once who are the people you will like.

Ellwood Hendrick, almost by his name, made instant appeal to me ten years or so ago when we met at one of our summer chemical gatherings. To write the common, catalogued, laudatory notice of such a man is impossible, the more as he has no base professional claim. When with him I had the feeling that "Rip van Winkle" was at hand, having Jefferson's inspired presentation of the delinquent in mind —a vision unfortunately impossible to the modern generation. Hendrick was a bit of a Rip and both in build and manner of Dutch complexion, with sufficient *Diable au corps,* I believe of Irish origin, to make him artist and humorist as well—no mere testubical chemist. Giving avuncular advice on the study of chemistry, he could slyly write—

> You'd better join the Church before
> This course is well begun,
> Because you'll need to exercise
> The art of faith, my son.
>
> I used to think theology
> Was rather rough on doubt
> But chemistry with ions beats
> Theology all out.

Long an admirer of Lafcadio Hearn—the strangest of hybrids, Greek-Irish by descent—in reading his "Life and Letters," by Elizabeth Bisland (1906), I had wondered what manner of man the Ellwood Hendrick could be to whom Hearn had addressed such wonderful outpourings, even calling him "Dear, Devilishly Delightful, Old Fellow" (in 1891). Hearn wrote his friend's epitaph in using these words. This is what I at once found him to be. We exchanged letters freely and it took me but a short time to fathom the secret of Hearn's love of the man. The full story of this friendship was given by Hendrick, in an essay he contributed to the *Bulletin* of the New York Public Library last year; he had presented the precious originals of the Bisland letters to the library in 1919.

Hendrick tells how he first met Lafcadio Hearn, in 1888, in New York, at a select gathering of literary people, including Elizabeth Bisland—the most beautiful woman he ever saw. Hearn was then on his return from two years in the French West Indies; this was a year before he went to Japan. Quickly seeing how utterly miserable Hearn was in the presence of strangers, owing to his intense shyness, accentuated by his partial blindness, Hendrick soon took him away—as an old Heidelberg Corps student should, naturally to "a none too respectable beer cellar," the only possible place of resort in the circumstances. The beer fulfilled its divine appointed purpose. They talked of many things. In the end Hendrick resolved that here was his opportunity:

> . . . that if this man would only let me, I would cultivate his friendship and be with him as much as I might, for it seemed as though, through him, a light was dawning on my horizon.
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> Perhaps I had better explain a little about myself. I had studied chemistry abroad and had planned to organize a great synthetic organic chemical industry in the United States. It had started and proceeded for three years until we finally produced excellent materials. But our sales organization was defective, tariff changes and a bad year ensued; there arose disagreement among the proprietors, the bonds foreclosed and that was an end to it all for me. I was young and foolish and resolved to have nothing more to do with chemistry which had been, I felt, a false mistress to me. The dreams of my boyhood and young manhood were shattered, I believed my future to have been destroyed, that nothing but commonplace things would be available to me and that the whole business of living was hardly worth while. It was easy enough to make a living by sticking to my job but even if it did lead to a better post and more pay it lacked the distinction on which I had set my heart—and been disappointed. In short, my ambition was hardly to be recognized.
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> I did not tell these things to Lafcadio as I have told them here but he sensed the situation. And just as I resolved that night to cling to this man in the hope of enlightenment, I believe he resolved to fan the almost extinct spark of ambition in his new companion, who was ten years his junior, until it might burn again and warm his disappointed soul.

Ellwood Hendrick was born at Albany, N. Y., on December 19, 1861; he died in his New York home on October 29, 1930. Educated for the most part abroad, at twenty he became manager of the Albany Aniline Dye Works—it is not surprising that he was unsuccessful. He then spent over thirty years in insurance work. He returned to chemical work, in 1917, with the Arthur D. Little Co., Cambridge, Mas-

sachusetts. In 1924, he was appointed curator of the Chandler Museum in Columbia University. Of late, he exercised a great influence upon the social development of Columbia students, seeking to make them men of the world. All sorts of willing helpers came to his aid—distinguished actresses and others. He had a very pretty pen, as all know who have his delightful volume of "Percolator Papers" (Harper Bros., 1919), a model in its way—named after the organ of the New York Chemists' Club. He could write on subjects so far apart as Saul of Tarsus and C_2H_5OH—even ascribe to the latter the greater influence for good in the world.

Hendrick was a perfect letter writer. Early in March of last year, he wrote me a rapturous account of "Green Pastures," the work of his friend Marc Connelly. "I'm so full of it, I want to write about it to some sympathetic soul." To him it was a wonderful picture of the way in which the "darkies" took the Bible and adjusted it to their own minds. (This may not be without repercussion upon ourselves, if we consider what is the effect upon students of textbook tarradiddles and modern pseudo-scientific mysticism.) "It is all real from a simple and childish point of view that everybody had once. I urge you to see it. It is free from all the offensiveness of apologetics." His charm, in fact, lay in his being himself a primitive. In "Green Pastures," Hendrick was in the element native to his spirit.—HENRY E. ARMSTRONG in *Nature*.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS

The Migration of Butterflies. By C. B. WILLIAMS. Biological Monographs and Manuals, No. IX; Edinburgh and London: Oliver and Boyd, 1930, pp. xi + 473, 71 figs. (all diagrams and maps).

MR. WILLIAMS has been studying the subject of migration for a number of years and has written much about it. He has paid especial attention to the migration of butterflies. His successive residences in England, United States, British West Indies, Egypt and East Africa have given him unusual opportunities for observations, and he has not only made the most of these opportunities but has corresponded largely with naturalists in different parts of the world and has collected the literature of the subject very carefully.

The present volume is painstaking and full. The actual evidence in regard to each species is displayed with great care and detail in the first 312 pages. Part IV of the book, which gives a general discussion, is both interesting and important. It contains chapters on the true nature of migratory flights, on the condition and the behavior of the migrants, the conditions determining the start of the flight, and the determination of route and goal. Then follows a chapter on comparison with other animals, in which dragon-flies, locusts and other insects, birds, mammals and fishes are considered. And then there is added a chapter on general problems, with another which contains a summary, conclusions and suggestions for further work. The bibliography is extensive and covers 26 pages of fine type. The format of the book is admirable. Other monographs in this series are probably well known to workers. The general editors, as is well known, are F. A. E. Crew, of Edinburgh, and D. Ward Cutler, of Rothamsted. The object of the series is an admirable one, namely to provide authoritative accounts of what has been done in some of the diverse branches of biological investigation and at the same time to give those who have contributed notably to the development of a particular field of inquiry the opportunity of presenting the results of their researches, scattered through the scientific journals, in a more extended form, showing their relation to what has already been done and to the problems that remain to be solved.

As Mr. Williams states in his introduction, he has not included in his book any entirely new records of migration not published elsewhere. The work, however, brings the subject quite down to date, and it is done in a masterly way by a broad and very competent student.

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Barlow's Tables of Squares, Cubes, Square Roots, Cube Roots and Reciprocals of all Integer Numbers up to 10,000. Third edition. Revised and enlarged by DR. L. J. COMRIE. Pp. xii, 208. E. and F. N. Spon, London, 1930.

PETER BARLOW'S TABLES will need no introduction to many of the scientists who have found it desirable to use a calculating machine in their work. These tables originally appeared in 1814; a new incomplete edition was edited by Augustus de Morgan in 1840. Since then, an ever-increasing demand for the book has led to many printings from the stereotype plates of 1840.

It is very fortunate that the present revision of these tables has been carried out by Dr. Comrie. His expert knowledge of the efficient use of calculating