

It is when I think of the rare pleasures which were in store for Meyer in the evening of his life, watching these plants of his become more important every year, that the tragedy of his early death seems keenest. He might have wandered under avenues of his Chinese pistache, or rested under the shade of his dry-land elm, or strolled through orchards of his Feitcheng peach; the earliest ripening cherries in America he might have picked from trees in this country grown from scions he secured in Tangsi, and he might have gathered hardy walnuts from his Manchurian walnut trees, or sweet chestnuts from his blight resistant chestnut trees: he might have eaten candied Chinese haws, or bought in our markets delicious Chinese jujubes grown in large orchards in California and our Southwest. How each industry, each successful introduction would have brought to his mind the incidents of its discovery and given him a thrill of satisfaction over a difficult work which was destined to enrich the horticulture of the whole world!

But there is another side than that of the personal loss which we all feel on reading the brief cables that, flashed around the world, tell of the ending of Meyer's work. It is the realization of the greatness of the loss to the horticultural world.

It was in the work of ferreting out the details of the culture and proper handling of the thousands of his introductions that Meyer excelled, and now all this gathered plant lore from which we had expected to draw in years to come is gone. His notes were remarkable characterizations of the uses and cultural requirements of the plants he studied, and are in themselves distinct contributions to the horticultural literature of today; but they are very little compared to what he could have told us himself.

Frank N. Meyer was born in Amsterdam, Holland, and from boyhood he showed a love of plants and a lust for travel. He used to tell us how he walked over the Alps into Italy to see the orange groves there and then walked back again. For several years he was the Assistant in the Amsterdam Botanical Garden and was closely associated with Hugo de Vries during the years when the latter was writing his book on Mutations. Coming to America with letters from Professor de Vries and from the Dutch poet Van Eden, he began working in the greenhouses of the Department. His craving for travel caused him, however, to wander to California, and through Mexico and back on foot; later