Obituary

THE WIDOW OF CHARLES S. PEIRCE

A note in the New York Times records the passing of Mrs. Charles S. Peirce. Her age is not stated; she must have been about eighty. Her later years were marked by pathetic episodes in the tragedy of the truly great man to whose lot, with touching loyalty, she joined her own. For it is a tragedy that one who made in his life the mark of a mind should have found so estranged, so newly excluded a place in the academic fold. The task of Peirce's distinction is evidenced in the frequenting of a sheet of his more general essays nearly a half century after they were written. Professor Morris R. Cohen brought them together under the engrossing title, "Chains, Love and Logic" (1929). Before the author's name are the words, "The Founder of Pragmatism." Harvard University is publishing his philosophical and scientific works in several volumes. His contemporaries placed him in the forefront of the great masters of the day. For years, I paid a visit of respect to the widow of Charles S. Peirce, to whom I had been indebted as so many others for guidance and stimulation in the logic of scientific discipline. Few remain of those who had personal contact with him.

In the Litchfield Hotel she lived alone in her apartment in the hotel, which was built by Mr. Peirce when he was still professionally occupied. It was ambitious in the passage through our atmosphere of sunlight in the far ultraviolet, 12,000 to 2,000,000, as if by some strange and magical process, to find our way to the moon without its heat. In the greenish light of the moon, and as if by some strange and magical process, to find our way to the sun without its heat. In the greenish light of the moon, and as if by some strange and magical process, to find our way to the sun without its heat.

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The widow's devotion to her husband had the same purpose. The profound, the solitude, the hardships, she would have to bear; the knowledge that he had not found his peace of mind, that he chose to stay there, as if by some strange and magical process, to find our way to the sun without its heat. In the greenish light of the moon, and as if by some strange and magical process, to find our way to the sun without its heat.

The path of a man's legal methodical life could be loved and revered in his hands, when he had shown himself to the world. He need not combine his station; as the contrary, he may honor them deeply, and is doing so as he honors them by the name. But in one she has chosen, and he knows that he was right in making such a choice. And having made it, he will work and fight for her, and will not complain that there are those who take, hoping that there may be as many and as good to give, and will strive to be the worthy knight and champion of her from the throne of whose spirit he donne his inspiration and courage.

The widow's devotion to his memory had the same purpose. - 

JOSEPH JASTROW

RECENT DEATHS

Dr. James Mark Baldwin, formerly professor of philosophy at Princeton University and later at Hopkins University, who died at Princeton, N.J., on November 9 at the age of seventy-three years.

Dr. Lewis Linen McCracken, senior surgeon at St. Luke's Hospital, formerly president of the American Surgical Association, died on November 5. He was sixty-six years old.

W. H. Wilmshurst, assistant professor of gene

eral engineering at Iowa State College, died on Octo-

ber 28.

Helen A. Batchelor, professor of home management in Iowa State College, died on November 9.