Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler Lovelace Family Papers.

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Maud Hart Lovelace
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200 West 54th Street
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NEW EVERY MORNING

by Maud Hart Lovelace

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Up to that time my name had been Maud Rosemond, the Rosemond for my father's mother. Mother, sensing the approach of fame, wanted her maiden name used and persuaded Daddy to change the Rosemond to Palmer. My older sister, Kathleen, who at age three had sung a hymn at a Sunday School entertainment in both English and Norwegian, "not making a single mistake", had long since had her Kathleen Albertine changed to Kathleen Palmer. The baby was Helen Palmer from the start, although Dad had suggested affably, "Why not Palmer, Palmer, Palmer?"

In later years I lived in dread of having the "Selections" fall into the wrong hands, but at ten I was complacent about them. A local poetess of advanced years invited me to come to see her, and I went and we had refreshments and talked shop. My father bought me a

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I grabbed my pencil.

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessings rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guide her from above."

That got her into the book! And she is in many of the twenty-odd books I have written since. She and my Uncle Frank Palmer have been used again and again. Some people lend themselves naturally to a story teller's purposes.

My first desk was in a young hard maple tree in our back yard in Mankato, Minnesota. It was nailed into a lofty crotch, a

cigar box with a brightly shawled Spanish lady on the cover. This held my pencils and a supply of small notebooks, advertising Hart's Shoe Store and Queen Quality Shoes. An author who liked privacy could hardly ask for a finer study, the thick leaves of a maple are so concealing. There was a stout branch to lean against in periods of pencil-chewing, and views in all directions...up at encircling wooded hills, across Center Street to the house where my best friend lived, Frances Kenney, nicknamed Dick...and down at the Hart estate.

A lattice separated our side lawn from the back yard where my maple stood. I looked down on the kitchen garden, to which I was often sent to pull radishes and green onions for supper. My father, who had been raised on a farm, had put in also a few young fruit trees; they made a fine show of pink and white in spring. Sweet peas climbed a wire rack in a dazzle of color and fragrance.

Our lot sloped up to the buggy shed and Old Mag's barn and the alley.

The alley...although I could not see it from my perch...held a row of sorry little houses, in one of which lived a man who sometimes came home drunk, late at night, singing loudly as he climbed. Kathleen and I could hear him after we had gone to bed...an eerie sound in the darkness. Center Street, however, had little to do with the alley. My father, and no doubt others, sent Christmas boxes there and we children went now and then on an errand to a washerwoman, but we were always adjured to return promptly. Never the less, this alley inspired one of the poems in my "Selections"... a tear-wringer, as I recall it.

In front of the lattice, beside the side kitchen door, were tiger-colored, strong-smelling nasturtiums and lilies of the valley and always pansies. Daddy...we called him 'Papa' then and Mother was 'Mamma'...liked a pansy in his buttonhole. Along the wall below the dining room windows were a lilac bush and a yellow rose bush.

"Oh, yellow roses there at home!" Kathleen used to sing with feeling many years later.

The side lawn had maples like the one in which I had my study, but smaller. Papa had planted them when he bought the yellow cottage, a few months after I was born, and he had planted ivy around the small front porch which fitted into that corner of the house. It florished abundantly; I liked that ivy and wrote a poem about it which graced the "Selections."

The cottage was adorned by more than ivy, however, and the importance of this was brought out years later.

I had long been happily married to Delos and had written flocks of short stories and a number of novels, some of them with him. He was then assistant city editor of the New York Sun, but he found time for writing too. Be tween us, our small daughter Merian was always put to bed with a story.

When I noticed how much she enjoyed tales of my childhood I laid aside the novel I was working on...not dreaming it was never to be finished... and went to my typewriter. The result was a succession of books about a Betsy and a Tacy, me being more or less Betsy and Bick more or less Tacy and a little yellow-headed friend, nick named

Midge, more or less Tib. Other friends were "characters" too; sometimes two or three were blended into one, and although the stories were fictional, they seldom failed to recognize themselves and we all found it diverting.

Lois Lenski did the illustrations for the earliest books, (Vera Neville, for the later ones) and we characters sent Lois old photographs of ourselves, and our houses and schools. She reacted with lovable enthusiasm and we became great friends. When she finished her delightful sketches for the first Betsy-Tacy book, she came from Connecticut to our suburban home in Garden City, New York, to show them to us.

Mother was living with us then, old but still lively and gay, and at first she exclaimed so joyfully over the drawings that Lois was perturbed when she saw her frowning dubiously at one. It showed Betsy, aged four, standing in front of her home.

Lois went over to her. "Is there something wrong with that picture, Mrs. Hart?"

"Yes," said Mother, "there is."

"What is it? Do tell me."

"Well," Mother said sternly, "there should be a curlecue in the gable of our house. It wasn't there when we bought it, but they were the fashion and I wanted one. Tom had a carpenter make it and put it there and it cost four dollars and a half and you have left it out."

"Just give me a pencil, Mrs. Hart," Lois said. And while Mother watched, first anxiously, then proudly, Lois sketched in a

those long - gone summer evenings on

curlecue. She turned to another picture of the house and gave that its curlecue, too.

The trim little house was worthy of curlecues, and they looked down ~~in summer~~ long summer evenings on a very well-kept lawn. Papa enjoyed watering it...usually right after supper. Erect, as he always was, shirt sleeves rolled up, smiling contentedly, he directed the hose. Neighbors were doing the same, and there would be a shouted exchange of views on the weather or the news of the day.

Beyond a tall butternut tree, steps led down to the hitching block and Center Street with Bickie's home over the way.

Bickie, my inseparable friend, had long soft auburn ringlets, Irish blue eyes and a sprinkle of freckles. She was shy but not with me, and if we had a disagreement, which was seldom, and took to our own sides of Center Street we soon ran out and met in the middle of the road shouting, "I like you!"

Lewis Street climbed lazily past the Kenneys' barn and buggy shed, kitchen garden, pump and well-filled house to intersect Center at this corner. There it ended, unless it could be identified with the rough narrow road which led up the big hill behind our cottage. Center Street, after sponsoring three more houses, lost itself in the gentler slope of the Center Street hill. Except for these three houses, Center Street was only three blocks long. Our block descended in a pattern of terraces and lawns. The next block...it held the small house in which I had been born...was level. The third and last slanted down to Lincoln Park where Center Street changed to Broad.

Lincoln Park was a triangular piece of land dominated by the statue of a Union soldier, aloft on a red stone fountain. There was a Civil War cannon on the point farthest from the street and near the street was a huge benevolent elm. It provided a fine shade in which to spread a shawl and play games or have a picnic. Bick, Midge and I were allowed to go this far from our homes alone.

I could not see Lincoln Park from my maple but I could watch the life of the neighborhood...children playing, babies being trundled, delivery wagons dawdling up our hilly block. Sometimes Syrians came selling laces and embroideries...there was a Syrian colony on the far side of Center Street Hill... or I might have heard the rag man's cry:

"Rags! Rags! Any rags today?"

For him I certainly deserted my writing and scrambled down, for his visit was an event. Mother and Mrs. Kenney and the other neighborhood women would bring out their rag bags, and the rags were weighed and exchanged for shiny pots and pans.

In winter, of course, my airy study had to be abandoned but, happily, Mother believed every child should have a special place in which to keep her treasures.... no prying allowed... and I was assigned a drawer in the tall secretary-bookcase which stood in the back parlor. There I stored my well-chewed pencils, my notebooks and creased smudged papers, and pictures I had clipped from magazines to be pasted into my stories as illustrations.

I was near the hard coal heater with its isinglass windows through which one could see the flame-licked coals. Around the nickle

trim ran the flying manes of horses. And if I wished privacy for my writing, I could sit behind the stove where the kettle was usually singing on the warming plate and one could roast apples if invention led to hunger.

Sometimes I could be alone in the small peak-roofed front bedroom which I shared with Kathleen and later with Helen, too.

The back bedroom usually housed a hired girl, or a girl working her board. There was a distinction. A hired girl, although often beloved, worked six and a half long days a week and ate in the kitchen where she also entertained her beaux. (It was a hired girl who had taught Kathleen the Norwegian words to that hymn.) A girl who worked for her board was often the daughter of farmer friends, ate with the family and attended the State Normal or the high school. She ate with the family and entertained her beaux in the parlor. One such helper cared for me while my father and mother and three-year old Kathleen attended the Chicago World's Fair. We stayed on the farm with her parents and I was, she has told me, a jolly baby.

From the back bedroom, steep stairs descended to the kitchen on the right and our parents' bedroom on the left. That was the scene of a shock when I was six.

Kathleen and I had been sent on an expedient visit to farmer friends and when we returned after several days, our beaming father met us on the threshold and asked us to guess what! He led us to that downstairs bedroom where a strange woman wearing a white apron greeted us and Mamma was in bed...in the daytime!

"Here is a beautiful little baby sister," she said, uncovering a small, wrinkled, red face, Kathleen gave squeals of joy and wanted to hold her but I went out to the barn and cried.

"Her nose is broken," I heard people murmur sympathetically but there was nothing the matter with my nose. I just didn't like all that fuss about an unnecessary baby. However, before too long I was writing happily...it is in the Selections....

"Our sweet little Helen,
Our baby, our joy..."

And unprompted by Mother, I gave this piece a truly moving finish:

"What the years for my darling do graciously hold
If good or if bad it can never be told
If musician or artist or poet of fame
I prophecy much for my dear sister's name.
But greater than these, if it please the good lord
Is a pure womanhood, that is nature's reward...."

While I was busy with my writing, Kathleen was probably practicing her piano lesson down in the front parlor. She not only loved to sing but to play the piano and dance and speak pieces, and she skilfully learned and practiced the gracious social arts.

"Why did she have to say, 'I beg your pardon'?", I grumbled to Mother after callers left. Kathleen had passed in front of them several times just to introduce this dazzling innovation. "Isn't 'excuse me' good enough?"

But though I scorned social graces, I was not unsocial. Before Bickie moved in across the street, I called regularly on all the

neighbors every morning, whether they had children or not. And sometimes, so they told Mother later, I recited, gestures and all, pieces that Kathleen had recited at school entertainments.

"And we never dreamed you knew them!" Mother would exclaim, in telling me about this later.

Alas, such incidents did not prove that I had Kathleen's talent for elocution!

I was chubby with a ~~freckled face~~ rosy cheeks, parted front teeth and short brown braids. My hair was fine and straight, and Mother put it up on rags to make curls for special occasions. Kathleen's long dark hair was wavy; she was delicately built, poetic looking and very precocious...the kind of child other children often fail to understand.

I did not understand her but oh how I adored her! Secretly, underneath envy and even jealousy for a time, for Mother paid her a great deal of attention and a hired girl told me one day that Kathleen was Mother's favorite. Everyone knew it, she said.

I was appalled by this revelation and brooded about it for days. I discussed it with Bick who came from a large family and assured me earnestly that the oldest child was always the most important. This helped, but I still didn't like it and Mother, noting the unaccustomed cloud on my face, finally wormed out my secret.

She took me into her arms with remorseful warmth and declared emphatically that she loved her children <u>all alike</u>. She reminded me that Kathleen was not strong and that she didn't like to run and play with other children as I did. I didn't <u>need</u> the attention Kathleen

needed, Mother explained, hugging me, but what, she asked, would she and Papa do without a happy, sturdy, busy, little girl like me?

Her conviction and the love which poured from her voice and arms cured the hurt but Kathleen and I did not find complete rapport until high school days. As children we enjoyed some lively scraps, and we would have had more except for Mother.

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The dreams fared pretty well. Tom was in love with her until the day he died. We children never saw anything but a loverlike harmony between them...except, perhaps, when the bills came in. According to Victorian custom, he handled the money and in spite of his generous nature the first of the month was sometimes an uneasy period. Stella managed it beautifully with his favorite dessert, a bow in her hair, and us children on our best behaviour.

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Street house we still used kerosene lamps. A hanging lamp over the dining room table, a bracketed lamp in the kitchen, lamps with painted shades on tables in the front and back parlors, and plain lamps with glass chimneys for the other rooms. They had to be filled, trimmed, washed and polished daily but they made sweet shadows when one carried them about.

We did not have a furnace but Papa shook down and filled the two stoves night and morning. Neither did we have plumbing. There were decorated wash bowls, pitchers and chamber pots in our bedrooms and a well scrubbed water closet in back of the house. (Water closet may be a euphuism but the other word was banned as vulgar.) On Saturday night a tub was set out in the kitchen beside the wood stove and we bathed by turns, beginning with the youngest, and by turns were hurried, steaming, into bed.

Water came into the house via a pump in the kitchen sink. There was a rain barrel beside the back kitchen door. Nearby was a cellar door which was very good to slide on...like the one in the song.

"I don't want to play at your house
I don't love you anymore
You'll be sorry when you see me
Sliding down our cellar door..."

Kathleen and I sang that song together, at some entertainment in somewhere in the dim, dim past.

So far as household furnishings were concerned, we were strictly up to date. Stella would have no horsehair sofas or marble-topped tables around, and she painted white any old pieces of furniture

which she could not afford to replace. It would have transfixed a modern collector with horror to see the joyful vigor with which she splashed white paint on black walnut chests and a steeple clock which had once been her mother's.

A rattling rattan curtain separated the two parlors. The back parlor was the coziest. Besides the secretary-bookcase and a lamp for reading, it had a soft sofa loaded with cushions, all well supplied with tossles. Stella made the sofa into a Cozy Corner when they were the rage, but it soon became itself again. Another brief fad was a pink tissue paper umbrella, hung open in a high corner of the room.

The walls of both parlors were plastered with pictures: landscapes, Madonnas, a panel of bright pansies, children both angelic and mischievous, lovers hurrying through a storm...

The front parlor had our upright piano, on which stood a plaster of Paris lion with an upraised tail. He was surrounded by photographs of our family, relatives and friends. There was one of a Canadian cousin, a little girl with long golden hair. She had died soon after the picture was taken, and I always looked at it with interest because she was an angel now, and she could fly!

There was a draped easel in the front parlor although none of us drew or painted. Easels must have been in style and drapes, like tossels, were everywhere.

On a wicker table was a green glass bottle with white and gold daisies painted on it. I have it still. Mother's mother and

stepfather had brought it back from a Paris Exposition in the 'eighties'. On the same trip Grandma had seen the Empress Eugenie, sitting in the Tuileries Gardens. She was old then and in mourning for her husband but she once had been, Grandma said, themost beautiful woman in the world. I made Grandma tell me about her over and over. No wonder that thirty years or so later, I wrote a novel about her.

Another gift from our grandparents was a conch shell from California; by holding it to our ears we could hear the sea. Like so many Minnesotans, Grandpa and Grandma had succumbed to California's charms and would soon go there to live.

In the place of honor on the wicker table was a copy of Owen Meredith's "Lucille". This was an ornate volume, not intended to be read, but in the back parlor the secretary-bookcase was full of books which were.

When Tom and Stella entertained their High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any High Fly house.

Kathleen and I and the hired girl loved to see Papa and Mamma, dressed for a party. Stella looked like a queen to her admiring brood when she started off with her proud, erect escort for a Knights of Pythias ball. A wrist loop of ribbon would hold up her trailing skirt as she danced.

She had made the gown herself, of course. With her own quick, skilful needle, she dressed herself and us girls in the latest fashions from the women's magazines.

She dressed Kathleen and me alike at first. (We were dressed

alike when we sang about the cellar door.) We had red coats with fur-trimmed double capes and matching fur-trimmed hoods. Then we had green coats with matching pointed hoods. Once she turned a pair of my father's trousers into a dress for me. It was a gray-striped, hard finish wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of its origin leaked out.

My father was a tall man and in those days youthfully this. Later he became somewhat portly with a swelling front across which his watch chain was draped. He held himself proudly with squared shoulders, and the mein of a benevolent monarch. He had shining, fine, dark hair, kind hazel eyes, and a geniality which sprang from a genuine love of people. Children frolicked about him like puppies and yet he had a dignity on which they did not impose.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had undressed (under our long nightgowns) she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed and she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other goodnight. If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. This was, in the main, a comforting regulation. However, after she left, we sometimes started quarreling again. In whispers first, of course. One accused the other of taking more than her share of the bedclothes or perhaps of pre-empting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the stairs.

"One more word from either of you and I'll come up and spank

"I could span her waist with my hands," he remembered when he was old.

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Midge, more or less Tib. Other friends were "characters" too; sometimes two or three were blended into one, and although the stories were fictional, they seldom failed to recognize themselves, and we all found it diverting.

Lois Lenski did the illustrations for the earliest books, (Vera Neville, for the later ones) and we characters sent Lois old photographs of ourselves, and our houses and schools. She reacted with lovable enthusiasm and we became great friends. When she finished her delightful sketches for the first Betsy-Tacy book, she came from Connecticut to our suburban home in Garden City, New York, to show them to us.

Mother was living with us then, old but still lively and gay, and at first she exclaimed so joyfully over the drawings that Lois was perturbed when she saw her frowning dubiously at one. It showed Betsy, aged four, standing in front of her home.

Lois went over to her. "Is there something wrong with that picture, Mrs. Hart?"

"Yes," said Mother, "there is."

"What is it? Do tell me."

"Well," Mother said sternly, "there should be a curlecue in the gable of our house. It wasn't there when we bought it, but they were the fashion and I wanted one. Tom had a carpenter make it and put it there and it cost four dollars and a half and you have left it out."

"Just give me a pencil, Mrs. Hart," Lois said. And while Mother watched, first anxiously, then proudly, Lois sketched in a

curlecue. She turned to another picture of the house and gave that its curlecue, too.

The trim little house was worthy of curlecues, and they looked down in those long-gone summer evenings on a very well-kept lawn. Papa enjoyed watering it...usually right after supper. Erect, as he always was, shirt sleeves rolled up, smiling contentedly, he directed the hose. Neighbors were doing the same, and there would be a shouted exchange of views on the weather or the news of the day.

Beyond a tall butternut tree, steps led down to the hitching block and Center Street with Bickie's home over the way.

Bickie, my inseparable friend, had long soft auburn ringlets, Irish blue eyes and a sprinkle of freckles. She was shy but not with me, and if we had a disagreement, which was seldom, and took to our own sides of Center Street we soon ran out and met in the middle of the road shouting, "I like you!"

Lewis Street climbed lazily past the Kenneys' barn and buggy shed, kitchen garden, pump and well-filled house to intersect Center at this corner. There it ended, unless it could be identified with the rough narrow road which led up the big hill behind our cottage. Center Street, after sponsoring three more houses, lost itself in the gentler slope of the Center Street hill. Except for these three houses, Center Street was only three blocks long. Our block descended in a pattern of terraces and lawns. The next block...it held the small house in which I had been born...was level. The third and last slanted down to Lincoln Park where Center Street changed to Broad.

She
~~Bickie~~ and I were inseparable and if we had a disagreement, which was frequent, and took to our own sides of ~~the~~ Center Street we soon ran out and met in the middle of the road shouting "I like you!" She had long soft auburn ringlets, a sprinkle of freckles, and soft blue eyes which could express without words fear or hope or joy. She was very shy in those days but not with me.

Lincoln Park was a triangular piece of land dominated by the statue of a Union soldier, aloft on a red stone fountain. There was a Civil War cannon on the point farthest from the street and near the street was a huge benevolent elm. It provided a fine shade in which to spread a shawl and play games or have a picnic. Bick, Midge and I were allowed to go this far from our homes alone.

I could not see Lincoln Park from my maple but I could watch the life of the neighborhood...children playing, babies being trundled, delivery wagons dawdling up our hilly block. Sometimes Syrians came selling laces and embroideries...there was a Syrian colony on the far side of Center Street Hill... or I might have heard the rag man's cry:

"Rags! Rags! Any rags today?"

For him I certainly deserted my writing and scrambled down, for his visit was an event. Mother and Mrs. Kenney and the other neighborhood women would bring out their rag bags, and the rags were weighed and exchanged for shiny pots and pans.

In winter, of course, my airy study had to be abandoned but, happily, Mother believed every child should have a special place in which to keep her treasures.... no prying allowed... and I was assigned a drawer in the tall secretary-bookcase which stood in the back parlor. There I stored my well-chewed pencils, my notebooks and creased smudged papers, and pictures I had clipped from magazines to be pasted into my stories as illustrations.

I was near the hard coal heater with its isinglass windows through which one could see the flame-licked coals. Around the nickle

trim ran the flying manes of horses. And if I wished privacy for my writing, I could sit behind the stove where the kettle was usually singing on the warming plate and one could roast apples if invention led to hunger.

Sometimes I could be alone in the small peak-roofed front bedroom which I shared with Kathleen and later with Helen, too.

The back bedroom usually housed a hired girl, or a girl working her board. There was a distinction. A hired girl, although often beloved, worked six and a half long days a week and ate in the kitchen where she also entertained her beaux. (It was a hired girl who had taught Kathleen the Norwegian words to that hymn.) A girl who worked for her board was often the daughter of farmer friends, ate with the family and attended the State Normal or the high school. She ate with the family and entertained her beaux in the parlor. One such helper cared for me while my father and mother and three-year old Kathleen attended the Chicago World's Fair. We stayed on the farm with her parents and I was, she has told me, a jolly baby.

From the back bedroom, steep stairs descended to the kitchen on the right and our parents' bedroom on the left. That was the scene of a shock when I was six.

Kathleen and I had been sent on an expedient visit to farmer friends and when we returned after several days, our beaming father met us on the threshold and asked us to guess what! He led us to that downstairs bedroom where a strange woman wearing a white apron greeted us and Mamma was in bed...in the daytime!

"Here is a beautiful little baby sister," she said, uncovering a small, wrinkled, red face, Kathleen gave squeals of joy and wanted to hold her but I went out to the barn and cried.

"Her nose is broken," I heard people murmur sympathetically but there was nothing the matter with my nose. I just didn't like all that fuss about an unnecessary baby. However, before too long I was writing happily...it is in the Selections....

"Our sweet little Helen,
Our baby, our joy..."

And unprompted by Mother, I gave this piece a truly moving finish:

"What the years for my darling do graciously hold
If good or if bad it can never be told
If musician or artist or poet of fame
I prophecy much for my dear sister's name.
But greater than these, if it please the good lord
Is a pure womanhood, that is nature's reward...."

While I was busy with my writing, Kathleen was probably practicing her piano lesson down in the front parlor. She not only loved to sing but to play the piano and dance and speak pieces, and she skilfully learned and practiced the gracious social arts.

"Why did she have to say, 'I beg your pardon'?", I grumbled to Mother after callers left. Kathleen had passed in front of them several times just to introduce this dazzling innovation. "Isn't 'excuse me' good enough?"

But though I scorned social graces, I was not unsocial. Before Bickie moved in across the street, I called regularly on all the

neighbors every morning, whether they had children or not. And sometimes, so they told Mother later, I recited, gestures and all, pieces that Kathleen had recited at school entertainments.

"And we never dreamed you knew them!" Mother would exclaim, in telling me about this later.

Alas, such incidents did not prove that I had Kathleen's talent for elocution!

I was chubby with ~~a freckled face~~ rosy cheeks, parted front teeth and short brown braids. My hair was fine and straight, and Mother put it up on rags to make curls for special occasions. Kathleen's long dark hair was wavy; she was delicately built, poetic looking and very precocious...the kind of child other children often fail to understand.

I did not understand her but oh how I adored her! Secretly, underneath envy and even jealousy for a time, for Mother paid her a great deal of attention and a hired girl told me one day that Kathleen was Mother's favorite. Everyone knew it, she said.

I was appalled by this revelation and brooded about it for days. I discussed it with Bick who came from a large family and assured me earnestly that the oldest child was always the most important. This helped, but I still didn't like it and Mother, noting the unaccustomed cloud on my face, finally wormed out my secret.

She took me into her arms with remorseful warmth and declared emphatically that she loved her children <u>all alike</u>. She reminded me that Kathleen was not strong and that she didn't like to run and play with other children as I did. I didn't <u>need</u> the attention Kathleen

Street house we still used kerosene lamps. A hanging lamp over the dining room table, a bracketed lamp in the kitchen, lamps with painted shades on tables in the front and back parlors, and plain lamps with glass chimneys for the other rooms. They had to be filled, trimmed, washed and polished daily but they made sweet shadows when one carried them about.

We did not have a furnace but Papa shook down and filled the two stoves night and morning. Neither did we have plumbing. There were decorated wash bowls, pitchers and chamber pots in our bedrooms and a well scrubbed water closet in back of the house. (Water closet may be a euphuism but the other word was banned as vulgar.) On Saturday night a tub was set out in the kitchen beside the wood stove and we bathed by turns, beginning with the youngest, and by turns were hurried, steaming, into bed.

Water came into the house via a pump in the kitchen sink. There was a rain barrel beside the back kitchen door. Nearby was a cellar door which was very good to slide on...like the one in the song.

"I don't want to play at your house
I don't love you anymore
You'll be sorry when you see me
Sliding down our cellar door..."

Kathleen and I sang that song together, at some entertainment somewhere in the dim, dim past.

So far as household furnishings were concerned, we were strictly up to date. Stella would have no horsehair sofas or marble-topped tables around, and she painted white any old pieces of furniture

which she could not afford to replace. It would have transfixed a modern collector with horror to see the joyful vigor with which she splashed white paint on black walnut chests and a steeple clock which had once been her mother's.

A rattling rattan curtain separated the two parlors. The back parlor was the coziest. Besides the secretary-bookcase and a lamp for reading, it had a soft sofa loaded with cushions, all well supplied with tossles. Stella made the sofa into a Cozy Corner when they were the rage, but it soon became itself again. Another brief fad was a pink tissue paper umbrella, hung open in a high corner of the room.

The walls of both parlors were plastered with pictures: landscapes, Madonnas, a panel of bright pansies, children both angelic and mischievous, lovers hurrying through a storm...

The front parlor had our upright piano, on which stood a plaster of Paris lion with an upraised tail. He was surrounded by photographs of our family, relatives and friends. There was one of a Canadian cousin, a little girl with long golden hair. She had died soon after the picture was taken, and I always looked at it with interest because she was an angel now and she could fly!

There was a draped easel in the front parlor although none of us drew or painted. Easels must have been in style and drapes, like tossels, were everywhere.

On a wicker table was a green glass bottle with white and gold daisies painted on it. I have it still. Mother's mother and

stepfather had brought it back from a Paris Exposition in the 'eighties'. On the same trip Grandma had seen the Empress Eugenie, sitting in the Tuileries Gardens. She was old then and in mourning for her husband but she once had been, Grandma said, the most beautiful woman in the world. I made Grandma tell me about her over and over. No wonder that thirty years or so later, I wrote a novel about her.

Another gift from our grandparents was a conch shell from California; by holding it to our ears we could hear the sea. Like so many Minnesotans, Grandpa and Grandma had succumbed to California's charms and would soon go there to live.

In the place of honor on the wicker table was a copy of Owen Meredith's "Lucille". This was an ornate volume, not intended to be read, but in the back parlor the secretary-bookcase was full of books which were.

When Tom and Stella entertained their High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any High Fly house.

Kathleen and I and the hired girl loved to see Papa and Mamma, dressed for a party. Stella looked like a queen to her admiring brood when she started off with her proud, erect escort for a Knights of Pythias ball. A wrist loop of ribbon would hold up her trailing skirt as she danced.

She had made the gown herself, of course. With her own quick, skilful needle, she dressed herself and us girls in the latest fashions from the women's magazines.

She dressed Kathleen and me alike at first. (We were dressed

alike when we sang about the cellar door.) We had red coats with fur-trimmed double capes and matching fur-trimmed hoods. Then we had green coats with matching pointed hoods. Once she turned a pair of my father's trousers into a dress for me. It was a gray-striped, hard finish wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of its origin leaked out.

My father was a tall man and in those days youthfully thin. Later he became somewhat portly with a swelling front across which his watch chain was draped. He held himself proudly with squared shoulders, and the mein of a benevolent monarch. He had shining, fine, dark hair, kind hazel eyes, and a geniality which sprang from a genuine love of people. Children frolicked about him like puppies and yet he had a dignity on which they did not impose.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had undressed (under our long nightgowns) she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed and she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other goodnight. If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. This was, in the main, a comforting regulation. However, after she left, we sometimes started quarreling again. In whispers first, of course. One accused the other of taking more than her share of the bedclothes or perhaps of pre-empting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the stairs.

"One more word from either of you and I'll come up and spank

you both!"

We knew she meant it, so we usually subsided although we discussed in angry whispers the injustice of her method. Why should she spank us both when, "you started it." "I certainly did not!" "You did and you know it!"

However, we received more praise than punishment, and were never reproached with our lapses from perfection after spankings had been administered...always by Mother. If he had had boys, I am sure Tom Hart would have taken a hand but he would not attempt to discipline girls. Girls and women, he believed, were superior to boys and men. He was a thorough-going feminist and championed women's rights long before women's Lib bowed in. This

~~Tom's~~ attitude probably sprang from his love and respect for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other granddaughters were named... Arosmond, in most cases, being modernized to Rosemond. Leave an extra space before new paragraph

¶ Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village in Ontario, when she became engaged to James A. Hart. He went ahead of her to homestead land in Iowa and after a time his father wrote that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed by train as far as Chicago and then by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and Arosmond was enchanted by the wild flowers...scarlet, yellow, pink, blue, purple...which embroidered the wheel-high prairie grass. She kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was enchanted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon.

Incomplete
Dupe manuscript
missing pages
Is material what came from Sandy.

NEW EVERY MORNING

by Maud Hart Lovelace

It has been my good fortune to live with writing since, at age four or so, I approached my mother with a pencil and asked her how to spell going-dpwn-the-street. I cannot say that I remember this but I've often heard her tell it. She bragged brazenly about her children . Our father was more subtle. In 1902 he had privately printed...but widely distributed to helpless friends and relatives.... Selections from the ZPoems of Maud Palmer Hart, Ten Years Old.

Up to that time my name had been Maud Rosemond, the Rosemond for my father's mother. Mother, sensing the approach of fame, wanted her maiden name used and persuaded Dad to change the Rosemond to Palmer. My older sister, Kathleen, who at age three had sung a hymn at a Sunday School entertainment in both English and Norwegian, "not making a single mistake", had long since had her Kathleen Albertine changed to Kathleen Palmer. The baby was Helen Palmer from the start.

I cannot remember being unduly puffed up by this early publication of my work. I remember that a more advanced years invited me to come to see her and I went and had refreshments and a very good time. And my father bought me a chunky blue volume of Longfellow's Complete Poems. He just bought it and brought it home and gave it to me when it wasn't my birthday or Christmas or anything. That made an impression. I read it, I fear, more in public than in private, and began a bit ostentatiously but I must have read some of it, for my poems

It was warm; it had a billiard table; above all, it had a bar. They had discovered to their astonished horror that ~~fxixxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~drxxx~~ alcoholic beverages were not sold in Fairmont.

One delight ~~ed~~ was common to them all. The hunting!

began to have the rhythm of "Hiawatha" where as, previously they now often suggested "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

~~To be frank, my poems were doggerel.~~ In later years I lived in dread of having my booklet fall into the wrong hands. There was only one sprightly piece in it and that concerned Kathleen. She was, according to my poem, always pointing out that she was almost three years older than I, except at dish-washing time, when she pretended to have a stomach ache. I remember that Mother objected to this poem. It could not go into the Selections unless I added something to show that I loved my sister.

I grabbed my pencil.

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guide her from above."

That got her into the book! And she has been in more than half of the twenty-odd books I have written since. She and my Uncle Frank Palmer have been used again and again. Some people lend themselves naturally to a story teller's purposes.

My first desk was in a young hard maple tree in our back yard in Mankato, Minnesota. It was nailed into a lofty crotch, a cigar box with a plump Spanish lady on the cover. Inside, I kept my pencils and a supply of small notebooks advertising "art's Shoe Store and Queen Quality Shoes. A young author could hardly ask for a finer study; the thick leaves of a maple are so concealing. There was a stout branch to lean against in periods of pencil-chewing, and views in all directions....up at wooded hills to the east and south, down at the roof of our yellow cottage and across Center Street ~~to the west~~ to the house where my best friend lived. She was Frances Kenney, nick-

named Bick,and had long ,s oft. auburn ringlets and a sensitive freckled face. Her blue eyes had that gift of irish eyes for mirroring emotiom. None could look more fearful, more joyful, more sorrowful. None could sparkle more mischievously nor show hove more plainly.

A lattice separated our side lawn from the back yard in which my maple stopd. Below was the kitchen gardem...to which I was often sent to pull radishes and green onions for supper. Dad, who had been raised on a farm, had put in also a few young fruit trees; they made a fine show of pink and white in spring. Behind them were the buggy shed and the barn for Old Mag. We did not have a flower garden but therer were sweet peas climbing a wire rack in a dazzle of color and fragrance, and tiger-colored , strong-smelling nasturtiums, and always pansies. Dad....we called him papa then and Mother was mamma....liked a pansy in his buttonhole. In front of the lattice, beside the house, were a lilac bush and some yellow roses.

That side lawn had maples like my own, Dad had planted them when he and Mother bought the Cottage, a few weeks after I was born. At the same time he had had a carpenter put a wooden curlecue into the front gable. They were the fashion and Mother wanted one. He had planted ivy around the small front porch which fitted into a corner of the house. It flourished abundantly. I liked that ivy; in fact, I wrote a poem about it. In front, beyond a butternut tree... Oh, mm the butternut cakes !....steps led down to the hitching block, with Bickie's house over the way.

Lewis Street climbed lazily past the Kenneys' barn, buggy shed, kitchen garden and well-filled house to intersect Center at our corner. There it ended, unless it could be identified with the narrow dusty road which led up the big grassy hill behind our cottage.

Center Street, after sponsoring three more houses, lost itself in the low slope of Center Street Hill.

Except for those three houses, Center Street was only three blocks long. Our block descended in a pattern of terraces and lawns. The next block...it held the small house in which I had been born....was level. The third and last sloped gently to Lincoln Park, a triangular piece of land dominated by a Union soldier on a red stone fountain. . There was a Civil War cannon on the point farthest from the street and near the street was one huge tree, a large elm.... perhaps the largest in Mankato. It privided a fine shade in which little girls could spread a shawl and play with dolls.

I could not see Lincoln Park from my lofty perch but I could watch the life of our neighborhood....children, playing, babies being trundled, delivery wagins dawdling up our hilly block. Sometimes Syrians came selling laces and embroideries....there was a Syrian colony on the far side of Center Street Hill. Or I might have herard the Rag man's cry :

"Rags, rags, any rags today?"

For him I no doubt deserted my writing and scrambled down. His visit was an event. Mother and Mrs Kenney and the other neighborhood women would bring out their rag bags, and the rags were weighed and exchanged for shiny pots and pans.

In winter my airy cubicle had to be abandoned and I was less well off. I needed privacy for my writing; still do; and in those days I had a dread of being teased about it. My notebooks were safe, though, even after I loved indoors, and so were all the creased, smudged papers on which I wrote rhyms and stories. Mother believed every child should have a special place in which to keep whatever she especially treasured ....no prying allowed....and mine was given over to my manuscripts.

I could sometimes write unnoticed behind the hard coal heater in our back parlor, a cozy retreat for a kettle ~~we~~ usually simgng o n the warming plate and one could roast apples there if invention ld to hunger. Sometimes I could be alone iin the small, peak-roofed front bedroom which I shared with Kathleen.

The back bedroom housed a hired girl, or a girl working her board. There was a distinction. A hired girl, although often beloved, worked six and a half long days a week and ate in the kitchen where she also entertained her beaux. It was ~~one of these~~ a hired girl who had taught Kathleen the Norwegian words to that hymn, A girl who worked her board, often the daughter of farmer friends, attended the high school or State Normal School in Mankato, ate with the family and entertained beaux in the kitchen. One such rosy-cheeked ~~girl~~ help cared for me while my father and mother and three year old Kathleen attended the Chicago World's Fair. We stayed on the farm with her parents and I was, she has told me, "a jolly baby."

From the back bedroom, step stairs descended to the kitchen on the right and our parents' bedroom on the left. That downstairs bedroom was an addition to the orgginal cotagge. The year it was built on, when I was six, was an exciting one...and not just because the the Spanish-American War. I remember the smell of fresh lumber, having a clear new plank for a seesaw, and playing with the yellow shaving curls which followed the carpenter's plane.

After the room was finished, Kathleen and I were sent to visit in the country. When we returned we were greeted on the front porch by our father who, smiling broadly, said he had a surprise for us and asked us to guess what it was. I guessed a puppy but Kathleen guessed a baby brother and papa laughed and took us into the new bedroom where there was a queer smell of medicine, and a strange woman wearing a white apron, and Mamma in bed...in broad daylight.

"Here is a beautiful little baby sister," she said, uncovering a small, wrinkled, red face. Kathleen gave squeals of

and wanted to hold her but I went out to the buggy shed and cried.

"Her nose is broken," I heard people murmur sympathetically but there waas nothing the matter with my nose. I just didn't like all tha t fuss about an unnecessary baby. ~~I myself was the baby.... or was I? As it dawned on me that I lost that distinction I cried all the harder.~~

But before too long I was writing happily (it is in the Selections):

"Our sweet little Helen,
Our baby, our joy..."

And, unprompted by Mother, I gave this piece a truly moving finish:

"What the years for my darling do graciously hold
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Though Iscorned social graces, I was not unsocial. ~~I loved the company of other children and, Before Bickie moved in across the street,~~ for a time I called regularly on all the neighbors every morning, whether they had children or not.

I was chubby with a cheerful freckled face, parted front teeth and short brown braids. My hair was fine and straight, and mother put it up on rags to make curls for special occasions. Kathleen's long dark hair was wavy; she was delicately built, poetic looking, and very precocious, the kind of child other children often fail

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We would have had more except for Mother.

Good manners, she preached continually, should not be saved for company. They were to be used at home, every day.

"They won't wear out."

We should not be cross and quarrelsome with each other, the ones we loved best, and save our smiles and thoughtfulness and pleasantness for the outside world.

Stella Palmer had married Tom Hart with the firm ideal that their family life should be perfect. Perfect! She never added, "or as nearly perfect as it can be in this imperfect world." She had not been happy at home before her marriage. A stepfather did not understand her and her brother who were red-haired, spirited and musical as their own (Palmer) father had been. Frank ran away with an opera troupe and Stella started teaching at sixteen and building up her dreams of what a home should be.

The dreams fared pretty well. Dad was in love with her until the day he died. We children never saw anything but a loverlike harmony between them....except, perhaps, when the bills came in. According to Victorian custom, he handled the money and in spite of his generous nature the first of the month was sometimes an uneasy period. Mother managed it beautifully with his favorite desserts,

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a bow in her hair and us children on our best behaviour.

Although outragedbby her arithmetic, Tom appreciated his Stella. And no wonder! She was handsome, gay, stylish, a mouth-wateiting cook, and a fine though never fussy housekepper. She usually had some sort of helper but it was Stella herself, with flying red hair and plenty of clean kitchen aprons who made 333 Center Street (and our several later homes) so shiningly attractive.

All before three in the afternoon, too . By then she aimed to have her dress changed and be sewing in the front parlor window.which

Housework was not easy in the 'nineties. There were so helpful electric appliances. Gas had ceased to be called, as it was at first in Mankato, "the man killer"///two men at the new plant having been asphyxiated....but in the Center Street house we still used kerosene lamps. A hanging lamp over the dining room table, a bracketed lamp in the kitchen, lamps with painted shades in the front and back parlors, and plain lamps with glass chimeys for the other rooms. They had to be filled, trimmed, washed and polished daily but they made sweet shadows when one carried them about.

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So far as household decorations were concerned, we were strictly up to date. Mother would have no horsehair sofas or marble-topped tables around, and she painted white any old furniture which she could not afford to replace. It would have transfixed a modern collector with horror to watch the joyful vigor with which she splashed white paint on black walnut chests and a steeple clock which had once been her mother's. We had a rattling rattan curtain in the doorway between the two parlors, a plaster of Paris lion waving its tail on the piano, scarves on everything and cushions everywhere, all well supplied with tossels.

On the wicker front parlor table was a green glass bottle with white and gold daisies painted on it. Mother's mother and stepfather had brought it back to her from the Paris Exposition. Another gift from them was a conch shell from California; by holding it up to our ears we could hear the sea. In the place of honor was a copy of Owen Meredith's "Lucile." This was an ornate volume, not intended to be read, but in the back parlor was a secretary-bookcase full of books that were. When Tom and Stella entertained their High Fly Whist Club, 333 Center Street looked as sophisticated as any High Fly house.

I am positive, too, that Mother looked as stylish as any woman present. With her own quick needle, she dressed herself and her girls in the latest fashions from the women's magazines. She dressed Kathleen and me alike at first. Once she turned a worn

pair of my father's trowsers into a dress for me. It was a gray-striped, hard finish wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of its origin leaked out.

My father was a tall man and in those days youthfully thin. Later he became somewhat portly with a swelling front across which his watch chain was draped. He held himself proudly, with squared shoulders, and the mein of a benevolent monarch. He had shining, fine, dark hair, very kind hazel eyes, and a geniality which sprang from a genuine love of people. Children frolicked about him like puppies, yet he had a dignity on which one did not impose.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had undressed (under our long nightgowns) she would come up to the little peak-roofed room to hear our prayers. Then we scrambled into bed and she kissed us goodnight and we kissed each other goodnight. If we had quarreled that day, we told each other we were sorry. This was, in the main, a comforting regulation. However, after she left, we sometimes started quarreling again. In whispers first, of course. One accused the other of taking more than her share of the bedclithes or perhaps of pre-emoting the middle of the bed. If our voices rose, mother would call up the stairs.

"One more word from either of you and I'll come up and soank you both !"

We knew she meant it, so we usually subsided although we discussed in angry whispers the injustice of her method. Why should she spank us both when, "you had started it.""I certainly did not! You did and you know it."

However, we received more praise than punishment, and we were never reproached with our lapses from perfection after spankings had been administered...always by mother. If he had had boys, I am sure Tom Hart would have taken a hand but he would not attempt to discipline girls. Girls and women, he believed, were superior to boys and men. He was a thorough-going feminist and championed women's rights long before it was popular to do so.

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This attitude probably sprang from his love and respect for his mother, the Arosmond for whom I and several other granddaughters were named... Arosmond, in most cases, modernized to Rosemond. Arosmond Price was a teacher in her home village in Ontario when she became engaged to James A. Hart. He went ahead of her to homestead land in Iowa and after a time his father wrotw that the young Methodist minister was getting interested in Arosmond, whereupon James hurried home and they were married.

They journeyed by train as far as Chicago and then by ox-drawn wagon. It was spring and she was enchanted by the wild flowers...scarlet, yellow, pink, blue, purple...which embroidered the wheel-high prairie grass. She kept asking James to stop so she could pick some and he was enchanted to comply, swinging her down and up, down and up into the wagon.

"I could span her waist with my hands," he remembered when he was old.

She was a slight girl with sedate brown ringlets, luminous blue eyes, and a resolute mouth. Her spirit is said to have been exceptionally happy, yet she wept when they reached the acres James

It was a grey striped, hard-finish wool to which she added a ~~red~~ tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satisfaction until word of i ts origin leaked out.

My father was a tall man and in those days youthfully thin. Later he became somewhat portly with a swelling front across which his watch chain was draped. He always held himself proudly, with squared shoulders, and the mein of a benevolent monarch. Early photographs show a mustache, but I remember only the day it was cut off. He had shining fine dark hair, very kind hazel eyes, and a geniality which sprang from a genuine love of people. Children frolicked about him like puppies, yet he had a dignity on which one they did not impose.

Mother was a brisk disciplinarian. After Kathleen and I had

had broken and planted. This was in I857 and Iowa seemed to be emoty except for sky. The primitive house he was building for her was not finished and she stayed for a time with kindly neighbors. Perhaps she wept, thinking of the things she had brought: the six silk dresses, a mahogany melodeon, a modern marvel called a s ewing machine. Or perhaps she was thinking of leafy Canadian streets and her sisters Eva and Mary.

She named her first two children Eva and Mary, and then came my father who was Thomas for the grandfather who had warned James to hurry home. There followed Flora, and Emma who had hip disease, and Ersula Arosmond called Zue, ~~James, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen,~~ James called Jim, Rhoda, Minnie Agnes and Stephen, and a little Edna who died.

The early years were gruelling. That first autumn James' shoes wore out and on bare feet he drove his cattle some two hundred and fifty miles to the Chicago market. A shod neighbor with his cattle went along. There were droughts and blizzrds and hogs died of cholera but the Harts were able, after a few years, to build a better home near Ossian.

Arosmond was weakened by child-bearing,and the drudgery of pioneer farm life was uncongenial to her. Her happy spirit survived, however, and she managed her work efficiently, assigning each child his task. She was determined that they should have a gentle upbringing and began with their manners. Every one of them carried fine manners through life. She taught them to read at home. They read aloud to her by turns while she ironed, sitting on a tall stool to save her strength. For three or four months each year they attended country school and, when money could ne found, the older ones went to an academy in nearby Decorah. They did not live in the

dormitory but rented a room where they cooked for themselves, bringing firewood, bread, cold pies and sausage from the farm.

The Hart boys were busy from dark to dark with farm work and on Saturday nights they took turns cleaning and greasing the family boots and shoss. Since each members had only one pair, and that was not available until its owner was through for the day, work went on to a late hour but at bedtime a gleaming row of footwear was waiting for the morrow.

This plan of Arosmond's not only insinuated gently to her sons that sisters should be looked after. It obviated unnecessary work on the Sabbath and stressed the dignity of the day. It was a grief to her that Methodist services were held in an old log building. There was no English-speaking Protestant church in that part of Ihwacounty but she was determined that there should be.

One June day when Tom was thirteen he hitched a team of horses to a wagon and drove her out to raise the money. Her husband had headed her paper with a pledge of one hundred dollars and Tollver Holverson matched it and others put down their names for various sums...twenty d dollars, ten, thirty, three, two-fifty.

Arosmond wad not only dainty and persuasive; she was ingenious, too. If a farmer said he had no money to give, she would look around the barnyard and smilingly suggest a pig from that fine new litter or a calf or some hens. Many gave such gifts, Dad used to tell Kathleen, Helen and me in relating the story.

There was a colony of athiests. Dad always referred to them...but in the friendliest way...as infidels. "All the infidels gave Mother money for her church," he would assure us proudly.

Men of many denominations gave and by August $II53.25 had been promised and Articles of Incorporation of the United Brethren

Church were filed. Later it became the Centennial Methodist Church but at first it served "all orthordox Christian denominations." It was also open for all funerals.

Arosmond's came when she was forty-four.

"She hath done what she could," it says on her tombstone in the burying ground of the steepled small white church from which fields stretch away on every side.

One thing she had done was to leave her mark on every one of her ten children. Her memory was always green as myrtle and is green still among her grandchildren, while even some of the great grands are fragrantly aware of Grandmother Arosmond Price Hart.

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Her sister Eva who had married a Methodist minister came to do what she could. She took Emma, the delicate child, back with her to Canada. Emma, recovered from her hip disease, lived a lively life with four boy cousins. She and one of them had a memorable argument as to which was superior, Queen Victoria or the President of the United States. History does not record the decision, only that Emma and the cousin did not speak to each other for six months. In spite of her lingering Yankee loyalty, Emma lived out her life in Canada, marrying a Methodist minister there.

Shortly before his mother's death oit had come Tom's turn to attend the academy. Its proper name was Decorah Institute but it was usually called Breckenridge's Academy, perhaps because white-bearded Professor Breckenridge was such an impressive figure. My father never forgot how that white-bearded patriarch dismissed school at day's end:

"Now, you boys and girls, to please me, put on clean clothes and go among clean people."

Other advice gave Dad his always courtly carriage.

"Remember the big elm on Water Street?" the Professor would boom from his platform. "Every morning and evening, when you pass that tree stop, take a deep breath, and expel it slowly. If you come to school from the other diredtion, stop by the monument."

After three years, with an autograph book full of nuggets of wisdom, Tom left home and went to Mankato.

I don' t know why he chose Mankato but for me not to have been born there seems almost as incr edible as it would be not to have been born into the Hart family. Mankato stands at the great bend of the Minnesota River, ~~here~~ where the Blue Earthj rushed to join it, Flowing north, the river is followed for a space by Mankato's Front Street and the tiers of leafy streets which parallel that. Breweries, turreted like Rhenish castles, and seveal schools and colleges look down from the heights. Other streets meet the hills head on, for there are hills all around, ready for coasting or picnicking, and there are small valleys and ferny moist ravines in which to hunt for wil d flowers.

Moreover, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west in Mankato which cannot be said for any other place in which I've ever lived. To set myself straight about directions, even now, I close my eyes and remember the sun setting behind Bickie's house.

Tom found work driving a dray and saved one hundred dollars to send back to those sisters who were now in Breckenridge's. He clerked and delivered groceries, inspiring confidance and making friends wherever he went.

One friend was a thin debonair boy of six foot two, with a high-held head of glossy dark red hair, bright blue eyes and a flashing smile. He could play any instrument at hand, dance any step he saw, write verses, compose music, model in clay and build anything

if given a hammer and saw. He loved to tease, especially the girls, and act the clown.

Frank Palmer was the stepson of the wealthy owner of a retail wholesale/shoe house in Mankato. The family home was at nearby Madison Lake but in winter they lived in an apartment over their plant in town so that Frank and his sister and their two young half-sisters could go to school. Mr Austin was a hard working, respected man but stern and extremely straight-laced. He believed that dancing and the theatre were instruments of the devil and forbade his family all such amusements.

One time, when he and his wife were travelling, the Andrews Opera Company came to Mankato. Frank and his sister attended every performance, hearing in one bedazzled week "The Chimes of Normandy", "Pinafore" ,"The Mikado", "Carmen", "Pretty Persian", "Erminie", "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Martha."

"Oh, it was glorious!" Mother told me, adding hastily, "Of course, we felt guilty every moment."

~~I doubt it.~~

She was now attending the State Normal School. Frank introduced Tom, and she wrote in his autographa album in swirls of violet ink:

" Friend Thomas, "

" In contentment is true wisdom.

"Truly your friends, Stella M. Palmer/"

While he wrote in hers,

"Friend Stella,

"Friends may meet and
Friends may part
But distance cannot
Change the Hart,"

if given a hammer and saw. He loved to tease, especially the girls, and act the clown.

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She was now attending the State Normal School in Mankato. Frank introduced Tom and he wrote in her autograph album:

"Friend Stella,

"Friends may meet and
Friends may part
But distance cannot
Change the Hart."

"Your friend

"T.W. Hart."

He added in a corner. "Pleasant memories of yesterday."

While she wrote in his, in swirls of violet ink:

"Friend Thomas,

"In contentment is true wisdom.

"Truly your friend, "Stella M. Palmer."

~~"Stella H. Palmer."~~

3

Stella's roots ran straight and deep into the State of Maine. She never saw it. The Palmers, and also the Crockers, her mother's people, moved from Maine to New York, to Pennsylvania, to Indiana and thence to Minnesota....some, on the California. But somehow they all came down to us, their descendants, as Mainites. And Grandma Austin, who had been Albertine Crocker, spoke like a Mainite to the end of her long life.

I do not know much about the Crockers except for those family anecdotes which cling like burrs when important facts have dropped away. I remember that Great Grandmother Crocker, as Joanna Small, attended a boarding school for young ladies in the early I800s, and snow sifted from a leaky attic roof over her dormitory bed. I remember that after she married L.J.R. Crocker **he haule d her incredible miles to their new home on a bobsled through a tremendous blizzard.** ~~they took to their new home on a bobsled through a stupendous blizzard~~. I remember that she bore the last of her long line of children when she was fifty and he was so small that they used a cigar box for his cradle. (He became a strapping man.)

They lived in the hamlet of Springfield and I remember Grandma Austin's tale of how one of her sisters returned from a visit to Bangor with great news. Girls in Bangor were wearing, under the many voluminous petticoats common in that day, a new and fashionable article of attire. She had brought home a pattern and soon all the sisters, including Albertine, were down on the floor with a length or two of homespun happily cutting out....drawers.

~~Great-Grandfather and Grandmother Crocker were rigid church people and look so in their walnut-framed portraits. Yet Stella told me that they smoked their pipes together of an evening in Indiana when she was a tiny girl. Of course, so did Andrew Jackson's Rachel smoke a~~

When spiritism hit New England , it hit the Crockers, too. Albertine's sister Helen got on well with spirits. In fact, she must have had a mediumistic gift. The family used to sit around their table after supper, in a room lit only by ~~caff~~firelight or perhaps a cabdle. In silence they would join hands and wait, and there were all kinds of astral demonstrations. Chairs were knocked over, rappings sounded here and there, and departed relatives came back with messages. These were thumped out by a table leg, according to an alphabetical code.

At first it was just a game for stormy/winter evenings but it became more than that. Helen began to grow nervous and pale. The whole family was nervous and/losing ~~could hardly~~ sleep. Yet they were drawn, being deeply religious ~~people~~, by this glimpse into the occult.

One night, however, the table not only thumped and rocked on its heavy legs, but it flew. Yes, that's what Grandma Austin said. (And years before Mary Poppins!) When it settled down on the floor again, Great Grandfather Crocker rrared back in/his chair. He addr essed the table as he might an erring son.

"This has gone far enough!" he roared. "I demand to know ~~where it is coming from.~~ Who is doing these things?"

And the table began to thump. Everyone sat in fearful silence. It thumped out "t...h...e" and paused. It began again, "d...e...v..." It thumped out, "The Devil ," and Great Grandfather Crocker rose.

He looked forbiddingly around the circle at every member of his family, Joanna his wife, George and Abel and Helen and Alvina and Albertine and Hansom who had been ~~xxixxdxixxx~~ nursed in a cigar box.

"This is the end of spirits in my house," he said.

The ~~Great Grandfather and~~ Granmother Crocker were rigid church people and look so in their walnut-framed portraits. Yet Stella told me that they smoked their pipes together of an evening in Indiana when she was a tiny girl. Of course, so did Andrew Jackson's Rachel smoke a

~~smoke~~ a pipe. Which reminds me that I do recall one important fact. The J among Great Grandfather Crocker;s initials stood for Jackson. His mother was a Jackson, related in some degree in Andrew.

In spite of all the stories, I never felt close to the Crockers as I always have for the Palmer. Perhaps because the Palmers loved to express themselves in writing.

Great Grandfather Bezaleel turns up first in the tattered copy of a letter he wrote in I83I regarding the death of his first wife. It is addressed ti a Rev. Bingham in Marietta, Ohio, who had sent him the news. Some years before, Bezaleel had taken her and their three young children....Francis, Emily and Lucius....from Maine to Ohio because the Ohio climate was supposed to benefit lung complaint from which she suffered.

I have been pondering on how they made the trip. The forests were being sheared away from the shores of Maine's rocky bays and tidal rivers. There were flourishing towns. But there were no railroads as yet and roads were poor. Bezaleel seems to have lived in Waldo and in Belfast...both near Penobscot Bay...and he might, I suppose, have gotten his brood by ship to Philadelphia and from thence by stage to Pittsburg and an Ohio River steamboat.

Marietta, home of the Northwest Territory, was a charming little town with elmy streets, fine houses, churches and even an Academy. Yet, after establishing his family there, Bezaleel returned to Maine.

"God is just im all his ways," he wrote the Rev. Bingham in I83I, "add it is the duty of his creatures to be reconciled to every dispensation of Divine Providence. My dear children, left to mourn the loss of a tender and kind mother, occupy my earnest solicitude.

Would it were in my power to be near them, to embrace and counsel them...but alas! at present it is not practicable. I rejoice, Rev. Sir, to learn that Emily was put under your charge by her mother, prior to her decease, and that your position is such as to teach her..."here the paper has crumbled away..."i ncumbent upom perishing mortals whereby she may grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord....It is uncertain whether circumstances will render it possible for me to visit your section of the country, yet the object is desirable. Notwithstanding we are not personally acquainted, I should rejoice to receive a communication from you touching the condition of my dear children and in the meantime please, Rev, Sir, to present my paternal affection to my daughter..."

The Binghamds treated Emily like their own child, she reports to her father in I835. She says she has long neglected to reply to his kind letters, and she mentions a new mother and sister back in Maine. She speaks also of her own mother. "Oh, my dear father she was once dear to us both....The winds of five winters and the sun of four summers have passed over her grave," she writes with a Palmer's poetic touch.

Her brother Francis has "gone over the mountains with men from this place and a drove of horses" and has disappeared. Emily has heard reports of his death and has heard them contradicted. She has made many inquiries, all to no purpose. Lucius is apprenticed to a tanner at Point Harmon..."He is one of the best boys in town. At least, he is said to be. I think he is the best..... All who ever saw yuu say he is the very picture of you.

She describes herself as a round-faced, black-eyed girl of sixteen, a little more than five feet high, who wants to see her father

very much and has a great favor to ask of him.

She asks it eloquently: the gift or loan of around three hundred dollars so that she can attend a ladies' seminary under the care of Miss Caroline McWebster of Newburgpoint. She feels that she has accepted the hospitality of the Binghams too long. Kinder friends never lived, she declares, but the Rev. Bingham has a small salary, a large family, has built a large house and is in debt. She wishes to qualify herself as a teacher..."the call for teachers is everywhere heard"....and she goes into touching detail about what it would cost to "board, clothe and school me" during the required two years.

She writes two letters, and the second is more urgent. After a year, Lucius writes, too. He seems to have been too frail for the tanner's trade. One feels a creeping dread that he may have acquired his mother's malady. Like his sister , he needs more education and he asks for two hundred dollars.

There is no evidence that either of them ever received a reply.

When I read these faded letters as a girl, my heart used to burn against Great Grandfather Bezaleel Palmer. Now I reflect that he had a new wife and child to support...shortly two children, for my grandfather, Solomon, was born a month or so after Emily wrote her first letter. Bezaleel had followed the Penobscot River up to Old Town where he opened a general store. From this island town each fall, red-shirted lumbermen plunged into the forests to cut pines, returning with bulging pockets in the spring. There were waterfalls to power lumber mills and the air was filled with the jubilant screech of saws and the fragrance of cut timber. Batteaux, which Thoreau calls the white man's canoe, were manufactured here. Money must have circulated briskly

but Bezaleel who loved the written word does not seem to have been the type to make it. I have his old account book, and note that he trusted his customers freely...too freely, I suspect. He rented his home for one hundred dollars per year and once paid $6.28 for twenty-three days. That sounds hard pressed to me. Quite possibly he could not have laid hands upon the three hundfed dollars for which Emily pleaded or the two hundred Lucius required.

Why did he keep the letters which were such a reproach to him? He could easily have destroyed them. Perhaps he kept hoping that some day he could find the money to send. Perhaps he had already acquired the cough which forecast his death from lung disease. Perhapd these worries account for a weakness of his which has been whispered through the generations. Although a godly man, and a kind father and husband, Great Grandfather Palmer drank too much.

"By spells, only by spells," Mother would explain, lowering her voice, a mere century later. "He would disappear from home when they came on."

Plenty of liquor was sold in his store and ...so that I do not seem to present myself as omniscient....I should go into more detail about the long, narrow, now tattered account book in thick paper covers which was begun in Old Town...part of Orono then....on the 20th October, 1835. The brown ink in which Bezaleel inscribed his accounts is dim with age but it sheds a cheery light on the habits of town fathers. I know when Wm. A. Cheever bought rum and when Gresham Lord bought gin and when B.F.Brown bought brandy. Luther Coffin preferred "sundry liquors." Potables of all sorts were popular and so were segars and plain tobacco. There were customers also for fresh pork, paregoric, candles, stove pipes, biscuits, castor oil, axes, molasses, pies, and especially for something called...as I first made out the word...glopes. Glopes cost three cents

apiece and customers bought one, two, three....True Thompson once bought nine! With scholarly curiosity I searched for glopes in dictionaries and encyclopedias; I looked them up under fish, fruit and fowl; I inquired about them from former citizens of Maine. Then in a burst of revelation I recalled the look of the old-fashioned double s. The word was not glopes but glasses! It was glasses these doughty pioneers were buying, glasses doubtless filled with rum.

I could have learned more about the people of Old Town if my ancestors had not been so fond of verses, recipes and jokes. Later generations clipped these from magazines and newspapers and pasted them smack on top of Bezaleel's long columns of accounts. Pages not given over to accounts were utilized by him, his family and descendants in a variety of ways: For pencilled sermons...although there was no minister of the gospel among them; for the lyrics of songs; for music with carefully ruled staff and bars and carefully drawn clef; and especially for poetry. Favorite poems were copied in elegant script, and there were original poems, sometimes signed.

As its custodians moved farther and farther westward, the precious old book was used for all kinds of casual jottings. Children were allowed to scrawl pictures in it, practise penmanship and attempt verse. After Grandma Austin gave it to Mother, I availed myself of that privilege with horrible zeal. Kathleen and Helen, too, used the ancient book for scribble-scrabble. Merian Hart Lovelace, when her turn came, treated it with more respect. At age eleven and a half, she wrote in it formally and neatly" : "A beautiful day, but hot. This is the first time I've seen the old account book. 107 years old now. It's practicly falling apart. We should copy some of the nicest things."

Old Town looked, as it does now, across to Indian Island

where the small homes of Penobscot Indians stood in rows around Church and Council House. In the only two-storied house with blinds lived Thoreau's aristocrat of Indian guides, Joe Polis, and no doubt the Palmers knew him for h e came to Old Town to go to school and even church, he being a Protestant and the Island church, Catholic. There was only one Protestant church in Old Town for a time , and this the Palmers certainly attended.

I picture Bezaleel as tall and red-headed with bright blue eyes, like Solomon, my grandfather, and my mother and Uncle Frank. But the red hair may have come into the line with Bezaleel's second wife, Catherine Palmer Bickmore. And some writing blood along with it! A Bicmmore survives in family legend because he wrote for a Brooklyn newspaper under the significant pseudonym of Bricktop. I believe Catherine also gave the inheritance of music for music was not mentioned by Bezaleel, Emily or Lucius in their letters but it was treasured by all of Catherine's descendants.

"When you write, say something about music," Solomon begged his young wife, Albertine in a lettee from the Civil War. And when the first three fingers of his left hand were shot away, his greatest concern, according to his chaplain, was that nevermore could he play his violin.

In Old Town days he was too young for fiddling but he always loved to sing and so did his sister, Maria...the name was pronounced Ma with a long a 'i', Mariah. There were other children butm as was common in that day, early death took them. Sol was a strong, lomg-legged, fun-loving youngster. Maria was strong, too, at firest, a lovely little red-head, helping her mother as she wove, spun, sewed and cooked. And Maria liked to make up poems and stories. I hope she had a maple tree.

~~When her father died she wrote a poem about~~

When her father died she wrote a poem to him in the account book. We know, from one of its many verses about Bezaleel's end:

"Glad was he when the hour should come
That angels should beckon his spirit away
And when at last the hour it came
He shouted glory to God the most High."

The last verse reads:

"I must not weep for my departed friend
Although but few of us remain
It seems as if my heart it would rend
My loss is his eternal gain."

It rends my heart to think of the consumptive's flush rising in Maria's cheeks. I do not know when this was first observed. I believe, from hazy family tales, that Bezaleel had lingering consumption/ and Maria had the galloping kind. The Palmers knew all

Her mother married Thomas Bryant, and Kitty and Oliver were born, and at some point the family moved to Olean, New York, and across the state border to McKean County in northern Pennsylvania. On cleared land near Prentiss Vale, they sowed rye and wheat. The land was enclosed by tall forested hills and slashed by deep ravines and an always oily brook flowed through it. At night wolves howled and foxes brayed and screech owls repeated their tremulous wails. It must have been a lone,y place for a foreknowledge of death to come to a spirited and beautiful girl.

There is another poem in the account book which Maria is said to have written although she did not sign it as she did the one to her father. It may have been one she merely copied, but the underlining is certainly hers.

"Earth is no home for me,
I read it everywhere,
There's not a single thing I see
But tells me death is there.

The little flowers look in my face
In their mute language saying,
Behold upon our petals gay
The flush of death is playing.

The little brook that's murmuring on
To find some place of rest,
Tells me in its sorrowing tones
That I a home shall find in death.

The rainbow with its splendid hues,
That glowing fabric fair,
While softly stealing from my view,
Proclaims the tyrant's finger there.

The wind that heaves a passing sigh
While day and eve are belending
Seems like the breath of some spirit nigh
Breathing death's dark mournful warning.

And the Stars look out from their azure dome
And beckon me away,
They tell me earth is not my home
And I no longer wish to stay. "

She was eighteen when she died.

Sol , a bony six feet two by now, found work in Olean and the family at Prentiss Vale missed him. "Little Sis says Sol's gone to Plean to buy canday," his mother wrote in what she called "a homely letter. You know I can write better when I am well." She mentioned her cough for which her husband had bought a pulmonary balsame when he went to Portville to mill. She could perceive that it helped her, she said, and her son was not to worry. But soon she too was gone.
Sol wrote a poem about her in the account book.

In Olean , where the Maine Crockers lived now. he met Albertine. That name too was pronounced with the long 'i', the last syllable rhyming with 'mine', 'shine" and 'wine', in one or more of his poetic tributes, ~~to her~~. He usually called her "Tina", "Tine"

and later joked about his 'Tiny' wife.

On their first meeting he was impressed by her hazel eyes....they were fringed by heavy dark lashes...and both were conscious, he wrote later, of the sy mptahy existing between them. In 1859, shortly before her sixteenth birthday, they were married.

Her wedding dress, which flowed over hoop petticoats, was of blue-green changeable silk. The minister gave them a small book entitled, "Affectionate Advice to a Married Couple", and the Olean newspaper editor reported receiving "a nice piece of cake which we done ample justice to. We wish the happy couple a pleasant journey through life, hoping the realities of their future bliss will prove all their imagination pictured it."

And they were, in fact, extremely happy! Sol had secured a teacher's certificate but he returned with his bride to work on the family farm. Mr Bryant had remarried and his wife was a kindly stepmother to small Oliver and Kitty and had a motherly care even for her husband's stepson and his Tine.

Sol and Tine set up housekeeping in a log cabin on a sassafras knob , and how different was Prentiss Vale to them than it must have been to Maria! The crowding hills only heightened their coziness. When the wolves howled and the foxes brayed and the screech owls wailed at night, Albertine was deliciously fearful. Sol teased her about it in one of those war letters.

"Do you remember how you'd shrink and cling to <u>someone</u> to protect you?.....I recollect of having you say, "Sol, is your musket loaded?'"

He loved to tease and sing and play his violin and he never, never scolded. Albertine was accustomed to family prayers ... so was Sol, as a matter of fact....and he allowed her to establish

Dr Glass [illegible] later
[illegible] Cocker [illegible]
[illegible] he was celebrities...
a long [illegible], [illegible]
name to. He called
her [illegible] Tim (or
Mynna [illegible] unit)
and Tim and later
joked about his Tiny
wife.

the ptactise in their cottage, but he was a stumbling block to her sometimes about such things. He could compose magmificent prayers, thiugh. For her sixteenth birthday he gave her a blue glass sugar bowl which I now fill with flowers.

Tina was a comely, industrious, sweet-temered girl, but she could be spunky when neefful. She too liked music. They used to sit on the front ~~doorstep~~ stoop and sing.

"Oh, were we not happy!" Sol wrote. The sassafras knob was beautiful to them' ; everything was beautiful, although the oil skimming the water of their brook was a nuisance. During ~~xhaxx~~ the 'sixties many in McKean County were made rich from oil but not Sol and Albertine for they had moved to Indiana.

Other Palmers, Crockers and Bryants lived in the Hoosier State at various times, according to the old account book. When they came, I do not know. They all seemed to have settled in hilly Perry County, near the Ohio. Sol and Tina had a small farm with a big kitchen garden, ~~and a smaller one for flowers.~~ They kept a cow and chickens and geese and raised a few crops. At first Sol worked in the quarry at Cannelton for the good round sum of a dollar a day but soon he was was teaching school. He taught all ages, naturally. While some learned the alphabet, others were learning read and chanting:

"A, b; ab
E, b~~x~~, eb;
I, b, ib" and so on.

The older ones were doing sums.

Sol kept the names and ages of his pupils in ~~xix~~ the ~~fxthxrixx~~ account book and from that made the roll call every day.

Frank was born, and Tina suffered so greatly that Sol wept while the midwife toiled.

"If you

"If you ever have another child, it won't be by me," he told Tina, kissing her with tears in his eyes after the bouncing red-headed boy had been delivered.

The same midwife chaffed him about this when Stella' s red head emerged into the world. She was named Inestell Maria, Maria for Sol's sister and Inestell for the heroine of a story Tine had been reading in a woman's magazine./ But all this was ~~But she xxxxxxxxxx joined the household~~ later, after the Civil War.

The war had been raging for several years when Sol enlisted in the I3th Indiana Cavalry. Tina had pleaded with him not to go. But her brothers went in/ and Morgan's Raiders stormed into the state, and Sol grew more and more restive.

"One day," Grandma Austin told me, "I saw him coming home, carrying a pile of books with the school bell on top, and I knew he had enlisted and I began to cry."

"I am glad you do not have a drafted man for a husband," Sol said, for not until the United States was well into World War I did the idea of the draft become acceptable ~~to men~~ of spirit.

After a few months Tina took Frankie and went back to New York where she stayed at Allegany with/ her brother Abel ~~a brother~~ who had lost a leg at Gettysberg. Sol was greatly relieved at her decision to leave Indiana.

"The Rebs are still along the Ohio and I am so glad you are safe," he wrote her in July of '64. He reported Governor Oliver P. Morton's discovery of arms and ammunition to be used against Unionists and the arrest of some prominent Indiana citizens who were leaders of "a nefarious society" ..... probably, the Knights of the Golden Circle. He praised ~~Indiana's~~ the great war governor for whose re-election he was praying. He also placed great confidence in Uncle Abe.

"Give us Abe and Andy and peace,
Give them McClellan and a long war," he chanted as election time drew near.

His regiment was encamped near Huntsville, Alabama, which he described in glowing terms...the surrounding great plantations with their mansions, the city's shady walks and yards and drives.

"I woild admire to live here with yuu."

The Rebels were trying unsuccessfully to drive them out but Sol had little part in thwarting them for he had been made company clerk.

~~"We do Picket, Provost and Post duty but I do nothing but write," the told Albertine.~~

His health was superb. He had no complaints except about the food: biscuit coffee, sow belly, pea soup, dried peaches and hard tack full of worms. He liked his officers and they liked him. There was talk of his being made a lieutenant, "although I do not crave it for a private sees far the most comfort." Then a band was formed and to his delight he was chosen to be a musician. An indirument had been assigned him and he was given a second one, "a first baritone which is a bass solo. It is a very particular instrument in a band. Our instruments," he writes proudly, "are as nice as any I ever see. It is a German silver band, or as near German silver as any. Nineteen pieces."

His letters were cheerful and chatty. He gave her news of the Indiana men she knew amd passed on gossip they got from home.

He told about a woman who had been two years in the army as a soldier. Her sex was discovered when she was wounded at Chickamauga and she had been in several hard battles previously. She was very good looking, her said, but muxh tanned by the southern sun.

He sent a pack of letters he had received from some "patriotic ladies of the north who were recommended to me as being interesting correspondents. I am writing to them. It seems to break the dullness of camp life and furnishes amusement. I know you will not care. I receive their letters about once a month. Tell me what you think of it? If you don't like it, I will stop for your sake."

Probably he would have. His love and admiration for her are plain enough. He praises her courage, her cheerfulness, her generous self-sacrifice.

"You wrote me once you thought you loved me before I enlisted but now better than ever. So it is with me. The longer I am separated from you, the nearer you seem to my heart."

"I iften think of you and the merry times we used to have. Tina, didn't we enjoy ourselves? I believe our dispositions are one and the same. I am perfectly satisfied with you as my companion."

"I think, Tina, that I write too loving letters. But I am separated so far from you that my mind cannot keep away from you."

"I hope we will meet again and live in love as we used to."

He liked to recre ate by means of his flowing and often flowery pen, their "sparking days". the honeymoon on the sassafras knob, the happy times in Indiana. He liked to make plans, as soldiers do, for after the war and played with the romantic idea of becomin g a telegraph operator/ ... a romantic modern occupation. He dreamed of a rich parlor with a Brussels carpet on the floor and Tine singing as she set the table for their evening meal:

"I shall be gay, I shall be gay
O tell me not of sorrow
The flower that does not bloom today
Will surely bloom tomorrow."

She sent him a flower fashioned from a lock of her brown hair, copies of the New York Tribune, pieces of music, Frankie's

"minerture," and Sol promises her his Ambrotype.

He worried about her , and ~~is~~ was desperate when her letters ~~arrw~~ were delayed. He worried because she had so little money and he ~~sends~~ sent all he ~~can~~ could squeeze out. He worried about her health. "You might run into a consumption." He worried about Frankie, too, although she ~~writes~~ wrote reassuringly that theur son ~~is~~ was "a fat little chub." Looking forward to her return some day to Indiana, he had another horror. "Don't ever, ever get on a raft to go down river, will you?" For Allegany was, of course, near to Olean, a favorite starting place for adventurous expeditions to the Ohio.

Tina worried ~~a bit~~ about Sol's young half-sister, Kitty. Telling him the news of Olean and Prentiss Vale she reported in shock that Kitty had been heard to say, "My Lord!" Also she was fond of praise, ~~and~~ "It would never do to tell her she was pretty." And Tine feared she was in love with a Copperhead.

"She thinks a lot of you. Write her a good Union letter."

From time to time Sol reported the departure of various regiments and in November there was talk that his own would soon be leaving. "The band is not ordered to go as yet. How soon it will be, I do not know. We are ready to go at any time."

They were moved out shortly and after that, although he had assured her that mail would follow the regiment, few letters got through on either side. Life was grimmer in the bloody woods and swamps of Tennessee. I do not know how much chance he had to play that first baritone. He was in no big engagements. The only skirmish, so far as I know, was the one in which he lost his fingers. There was much marching in wintry rain and sleeping on wet ground; there were crowded hospital tents and boats and a bad attack of "winter fever." from which many of his comrades died. By the time he received his honorable discharge, the family disease had caught up with him.

Back in Indiana, times were hard. The war was over and everyone

was poor, except for a few whp had stayed at home, Sol farmed to the extent of his strength; Albeetine helped him and took in sewing. And, as Sol had hoped, they 'lived in love as they used to.'

Stella remembered that their little house was surrounded by corn fields. It seemed to her, looking back, that they ate chiefly corn. Corn mush, corn dodgers, corn pone, hoe cakes.

"That;s why Frank and I had such beautiful teeth," she informed me when she gad passed into her eighties and her teeth were still her own. "Corn is good for people's teeth."

Kitty came from Prentiss Vale to live with them, and she and Sol and Albertine used to sit by the fireplace in the evening and sang. Sol would start them off with his tuning fork, and then join in with his deep bass.

One of their favorite songs was copied into the old account book.

"Meet me by moonlight alone,
And there I will tell you a tale...."

Stella used to sing it to us children and tell us how she and Frank had listened from their trundle beds. Her Grandfather and Grandmother Crocker lived nearby and were present sometimes...smoking those pipes, I suppose.

Singing was a polular amusement. Neighbors came to the Palmers to sing and the Palmers went to their homes to ding. Almost every gathering ended in singing. Sunday meeting was the big event of the week, and there were husking bees and quilting bees and spelling after weddings there were infairs. Webster describes this old Scotch and English function as "a housearming, a reception or entertainment given by a newly married couple or by the husband upon receiving his wife into his house. " Grandma Austin's account was livelier and more specific. "We put them to bed at night and gave them a good-lucking

and then left them. We had a glorious time."

Even in the soft air of Southern Indiana , however, Sol's cough grew worse. With characteristic optimism, he was sure it could be cured. Minnesota was said to have a climate beneficial to consumption and in the early spring of 1870 he set out for this Utopia. Albertine and the children would follow as soon as he found suitable work and she was able to sell a certain note which would pay for their journey.

By steamboat and the cars, on foot with his carpet bag and riding with a farmer, Sol reached...of all places!.....Mankato. Somewhere along the way he had a hemmorrhage and was cared for by members of the Oddfellows Lodge to which he belonged. He recovered and in the town at the confluence of the rivers he soon found work and made friends and was singing in a church choir. He wrote that the people of Mankato enjoyed themselves hugely with rides and picnics and e xcursions to places like Crystal Lake Town and Minneopa Falls. He bought little Tellie a breast pin ans would give it to her when they came. "If I am healthy, we will do well here, I think....If you were here, I'd be a happy man.....Do all you cam, Tina, to get here."

She was doing all she could. The note was still unsold but she was trying confidently to sell it, and was full of eager interest in all he was doing.

"Tell me how people look, how they dress, mention every particular. Don't never send a sheet of paper without filling it full."

Her own sheets were crammed. Frankie could play "Bounding Billows" on the accordian. She thought he would be quick learning to play on any instrument. Tellie was up in a chair beside her mother, eating a biscuit. She was excited because her father had written he had

bought a breast pin for her.

Kitty was being courted by a man for whom both Sol and Tina had a high regard.

A relative brought them a fine quarter of mutton, the first fresh meat they had had that year.

The church, in a gesture which overwhelmed Tina with pleasure, gave her a farewell gift, a leather-bound Bible with a gilt edge and a clasp. ~~It cost two dollars and seventy-five cents.~~ She made a request of Sol.

"I want you to write a foolscap full to the church and compose it very nice. Send it to one of the elders and have it read at meeting. Tell them how often you think of the church, and all about the church where you are now, and ask the prayers off all and tell them you hope to meet them in Heaven." (There is no indication that Sol ever complied.)

He had done very wrong, she chided him, im not getting up in meeting before he left and telling everyone goodbye.

He was not to buy any furniture until she got to Minnesota. She wanted to get only nice durable things...nothing cheaap, such as they had now..If they could not afford all they needed, they would buy a piece at a time. After a while everything would be good.

"I can't see it any other way."

She drove with her father and mother to Tell City, a town which Swiss emigrants had built. Here she had her parents pictures taken, the ones which now look out at me so sternly.

~~"I shall keep them as long as I live."~~

~~She bought herself a large double shawl for the cold~~

for more than half a century into my own girlhood. In fact, it prevailed with the Hart family into the radio age. Only television, I suspectm gave it its death blow.

On Sundays the Palmers went to maeting. That was the big event of each week. Southern Indiana was a relaxed sociable place and there were rood raisings and quilting beeds and after weddings there were infairs. The oldest dictionary in the Lovelace house describes this function as a "housearming, a reception or entertainment given by a newly married couple or by the husband upom receiving his wife into his house." Grandma's account was livelier. The event happened the day after the wedding. "We had a glorious time. We put them to bed at night and gave them a good lucking and then left them."

Although life was pleasant in the soft air of southern Indiana Sol's coughing grew worse all the time. He was always optimistic, however. Word had circulated thatbMinnesota was good for the consumptiom. That was

northern winter ahead.

A milliner in Tell City offered her a chance to learn the milliner;s trade. She would board and teach Tine for eight days for eleven dollars, and Mother Crocker would look after the children. What did Sol think of the proposal?

"How many milliners' shops in Mankato? You know, neither of us is very stout, and if we could get started I think it would be nice work."

Perhaps she accepted this offer. Sol had wanted her to buy a hat but instead she made over her old bonnet and it looked as good, her mother said, as though it had just come from a shop. She did buy herself a heavy double shawl for the cold northern winter ahead. She bought Tellie a hat and a pair of striped gaiters.

"She is the proudest little thing I ever saw. She never had a hat before."

Frank was told he might gather all the paper rags he could find, take them to the store and try his hand at trading. He came home with a pocket knife and some bleached factory cloth from which his mother could make him a shirt.

"Bully for Frank," she said.

She advised her husband against putting in for a soldiers' claim for land. She feared he would never be string enough to far m it.

He was not to do without anything her needed.

"I love you, Solomon. Keep up good heart."

Kittygot married. Twenty-five dollars had come from Prentiss Vale and Tina helped her buy a set of dishes, goblets, knives and forks, a bridal bonnet and a nice infair dress. The groom had bought a stive and furniture and afine black suit for himself. Both he and Kitty had white gloves, and he put a gold ring ~~to put~~ on her

finger when the parson said, "Join hands."

"We are doing it up in style, I tell you," Tina wrote.

Her brother took her to the infair...the same brother who had been nursed in a cigar box. He was a strapping young man now with a well-oiled mustache.

Sol had to miss the wedding and...what was even sadder... he was leaving Mankato. The work he had found there had proved too hard for him. He started travelling again, searching for the right location and his letters to Tine and hers to him were delayed, sometimes for week.s

In Indiana, the lea ves were fallinh and autumn mists were wreathing in and out among the corn stalks. After Kitty left, Tine was very lonely. She could not sell the miserable note. People were ffraid to buy it because there was no mortgage on their land. Sol must send sixty dollars, she wrote, if she and the children were to join him befire winter set in.

Everyone around seemed to be ailing...with chills and fever, mostly. A child about Frankie's age died of diptheria. He had been sick only a day and a night. Tine went over th help make the grave clothes.

She had all the sewing she could do and ~~she~~ managed ~~with~~ the barnyard chores. Sol had arranged with neighbors to harvest h is crops ~~and get the wheat to mill~~. All the neighbors were kind to her, bu one was too kind. There was a pretty face inside her faded sub bonnet. He wished, she wrote her husband, to be more than just a friend.

"But don't worry. You know me. He nor no other man can persuade me to do wrong."

She went ahead stubbornly disposing of all her

possessions , in preparation for departure. She sold her bedstead for two dollars, her bureau for five and a quarter, her stove for three. She traded her table and flat iron for yarn, her chairs and dishes for factory cloth. Perhaps the polularity of that fabric impaired the value of her spinning wheel. In any case, when she put her wheel in at a neighbor's auction, the highest bid was only one dollar, so she bid it in herself.

"I don't ' pose to give it away."

According to custom everything over five dollars was paid for in notes and the notes went to clear up debts at the general store. The store took in the family cow also. The only prospective buyer wanted a new milk cow and Sol had not done his duty, she reminded him, by having the animal bred.

She was getting impatient now, poor homeless Tine! She and the children were staying with her parents and she did not like living without her companion.

"I hope this letter writing is almost over with and a better way will be introduced," she wrote Sol tartly.

Sometimes she tried to cheer herself and him by picturing their reunion.

"What a meeting that will be," she wrote, paraphrasing the old camp meeting spiritual. "Would you like to see your Tiny wife?"

But whether her letters were cheerful or blue made little difference for he was not receiving them . It was November before September' s letters reached him and he had already sent seventy-five dollars for their journey. She was to go to the Tell City Postmaster, he wrote, and ask what advice he had received from the Postmaster of Winnebago City, Minnespta. Sol was to be City Clerk in this new Utopia.

"God bless you and may we meet again and enjoy ourselves as formerly. Yours in love," he wrote, and Tine moved on light feet through the final preparations.

Stella, who was then four years old, remembered that her Grandfather Crocker carried her from the buggy to the Ohio River steamboat. She wore her new hat and the new striped gaiters and was clutching a doll which she held up to be seen by the world. She did not remember where they left the steamboat or whether they took a second one when they reached the Mississippi. Near the end of the journey they went by rail and finally by stagecoach over prairie land sheeted by snow. She woke in the night during that ride because of the fearful jolting and in later life could never understand why her daughters considered a stagecoach romantic.

Winnebago was sleeping...a village of low houses, woodpiles, outhouses and barns. A lantern flickered in front of the small htoel. The proprietor rushed upstairs to waken Sol and hurried back to build a roaring fire in the bar room. Albertine in a bar room! But she was too happy to mind. Sol pulled on his clothes and bounded downstairs to clutch his family in his arms, and he gave Stella her breast pin. It was blue!

The little family lived at the hotel for a time. Stella remembered that the dining room had a swinging door...and that the waitress told her/she would pin back her ears and grease her and swallow her whole. Oh, the wonders and dangers of Winnebago City! Sunshine glittered on the frozen Blue Earth River and the icy air was bracing. It was the healthiest climate in the world, the natives bragged, no malaria, no fever'n ague, no pulmonary disease. Moreover, the railroad was coming. It was only a town or two away.

City! Tine was happily selecting their furniture, buying each piece with care and only what they could afford, just as she had planned to do. She arranged these things in a house Sol had rented.

Sunshine glittered on the frozen Blue Earth River and the icy air was bracing. It was the healthiest climate in the world, the natives bragged. No malaria, no fever'n ague, no pulmonary disease. Moreover, the railroad was coming; it was only a town or two away. When/prairie west-bound schooners rolled through the streets, the citizens wondered how anyone coild wish to go farther.

To be sure, within a few years, a plague of locusts struck. Grasshoppers, Minnesotans called them at first. They would settle on a field like a cloud and eat it bare and be gone in a few hours, but they did not neglect to lay their eggs/so that next spring a fresh crop of murderers was hatched. This went on for several yaars and the townsfolk were affected almost as much as the farmers/on whose trade/they were dependent. They lost their own kitchen gardems, too, and Sol and Albertine always had a fine one.

Sol had built his family a house with his own hands and had felled a walnut tree to make Tine a table. She took several people to board. One man could play the violin, a tremendous asset in the Palmer house. Sol was singing everywhere, a tall, lean, handsome figure, his blue eyes brught beneath his ruddy hair. Tine sang with him in the/Christian Church choir. Frank was old enough to sit in church alone but lively little Stella was tucked away in the choir space behind her mother.

One Sunday Tine rose with the choir to sing, a

small hat perched on her chignon, her skirts swelling out like a bush behind. But they did nit swell enough to please her daughter's always dashing taste. While Time stood, intent on carrying the ALTI, Stella stole forward and poked up that read protuberance briskly and the paper bustle crackled and her mother turned in horror to push her away/

Like her parents and Frank, after his voice changed, Stella was soon singing. Sol and Tine used to put the red-ringleted tike on the kitchen table to sing. One day a blizzard hit Winnebago City. It closed down like a trap while children were in school and those whose families lived at a distance were housed with families who lived near. Stella stayed with such a family for several days while the snow whirled and the winds tore around the house. Her hosts knew she was "the little Palmer girl who sang" and they lifted her to a table and she gave them her entire repertoire, including "Grandpa's Spectacles" with which she had recently charmed a church entertainment and that gratifying tear-ringer, "Father, dear Father, come home with me now."

Sc 42A

This incident, filched from my mother's memories went into my first novel, "The Black Angels."

The Palmers lived in love and with music but this was not to last long. Sol began to cough again, and Stella found her mother crying over blood in the chamber pot. After he was unable to work, they sold the little house he had built and bought a millinery store which Tine took over add the family lived in the rooms above.

Sol was slow to lose hope. He was sure he would recover from this set back and then they would move to Colorado. In that towering Utopia, he had heard, consumption was unknown. Soon, however, two brothers of the local Oddfellows Lodge were sitting up with him at night. They did this for three months and it was a great help to Tine. She worked in the shop by day, making and selling her hats, running upstairs at intervals to cook and clean and attend to Sol's needs. She needed sleep at night and Sol was very wakeful. Several brother Oddfellows ~~often~~ sang with him ~~for that was what he liked best to do.~~ The old hymns wove through Tine's dreams. One Saturday night she would not leave him. She sat close beside him or stood leaning over his bed and she joined in when the Oddfellows sang and so did Sol in his deep bass:

"Pass me not, O gentle saviour
Hear my humble cry..."

Next morning Stella found her mother on the floor of the back room cutting out cotton underwear. It was to lay Sol out in but Stella did not know that ~~then~~. Tine told her daughter only, "I'm afraid Papa's awfully sick."

He died just as the church bells were tolling , conscious to the last, and the "upper world" was his Utopia now. His blue eyes shone as he named those who were gathered to welcome him...his father, his mother, Maria....

"Oh, I'm so happy!" he told Tine and the children. "It's

beautiful up there."

Browsing through the moldering writings of my ancestors, with their references to daily deaths from diseases which, in our time, could have been cured, I am thankful for the faith that generation had. Death for "the saved" was a journey to the "upper world".... a remote place, but one hardly less tangible thamhem than Palestine, China, or Araby. The journey might be unwelcome. Nevertheless, if one;s conscience was clear, it was high adventure.

"When we come to die, a shining escort from the celestial courts will conduct us to the paradise of God," an anonymous Palmer, perhaps Sol, pencilled in the account book.

And the heartbreak was softened for those left behind by the certainty that they, in their turn, would travel to this dazzling place which held the sweetness of harp music, the ring of trumpets, drifts of angels, The Saviour himself.

"We will walk and talk with him."

I wa s raised with a similar view and, although in today's world we cannot be so literal, I do feel that space, which grows vaster all the time, should be allowed some haven of mysterious beauty for our souls.

Tine finished the cotton underwear and sewed black bows on Stella's best white dress./ The church was crowded and the funeral, conducted ~~[illegible]~~ according to the Oddfellows' rites, was long ~~and~~ impressive. ~~Through~~ ~~[illegible] was long and impressive. [illegible]~~ ~~it all~~ Stella thought with sombre satisfaction of the bows, especially ~~and [illegible]~~ When the family left ~~Then the family left~~ the church, passing beneath a row of crossed swords, and when they rode ~~rode~~ at the head of ~~a~~ the long winding procession to the graeyard.

Clothes were always of deep interest to Stella. She remembered her fifth birthday party by a pink tarlton dress which one of her little guests wore, a

She did not remember where they left the steamboat or whether they took a second one when they reached the Mississippi. Near the end of their journey they went by rail and finally by stage coach. She woke in the night during that ride because of the fearful jolting, [illegible]

The village of Winnebago City was sleeping, its [illegible] A lantern flickered in front of the small hotel.

The proprietor rushed upstairs to waken Sol and hurried back to

one of her little guests wore, and she remebered herf father's funeral for those bows althoghhshhe loved him dearly and always kept him brightly in her memory. She was only semen when he died.

Neither child acquired the tuberculosis which had wiped out so many Palmers. There were no precautions taken against catching the disease for it was believed to be inherited , not contagious. Tine slept with Sil in the conjugal double bed every night until the Oddfellows undertook their brotherly vigil. Even she was not infected. Perhaps the strong Crocker blood protected them all.

Back in Indiana, L.J.R. Crocker died, and the widowed Joanna came to live with herdaughter. Tine continued tourun her millinery store, and Joanna helped with the housework and the care of the children. Among the duties she took over was braiding Stella's hair for school. Stella submitted but with exasperation. She used to wink at her mother as her grandmother strove to eliminate all curl and make the young Palmer look properly neat and plain.

It would not surprise me if, away from the house, Stella undid those braids , restoring them as best she could before returning. She never confessed this, although she did admit that every morning, one winter, she hid a white and black muff which she detested in a pile of lumber she passed on the way to school, retrieving it on the way home.

"A boy had told me it looked like a cat," she explained, in extenuation.

One day when Tine was sewing she asked Stella to run to the store for a spool of thread. At once, ~~please,~~ she was in a hurry. Stella protested that she was barefoot but her mother could not

wait for her to put on shoes and stockings, so on her way out Stella slyly took an umbrella from the hall umbrella stand. She opened it and held it over the offending bare toes all the way to the dry goods store, and while she bought the thread, and all the way back.

In spite of Tine's industry, her millinery store had hard going. The locust plague was dying out and the railroad had arrived; Winnebago City was the end of the line for a time. A wave of prosperity swept the little town but it did not seem to help in selling hats. Across the street from the store, the new hotel did a thriving business and it was a fascinating place for the young Palmers to watch for the railroad was bringing Britishers, and more Britishers and more. Their ridinghorses, their tin bath tubs, ther enormous boxes were unloaded from the baggage cars and the owndrs usually stayed at the hotel for a time...to recover from shock at finding the so-called City so small and the countryside so empty and remote.

Their destination was the nearby village of Fairmont, to which the British had been coming for several years. They were chiefly of the upper class, many younger sons and ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ two or three titles among them. A promoter in ~~xxxxxxxx~~ London had persuaded them that a fortune could could be made aroudd Fairmont by raising beans. They had soon discovered that they did not care for farming, and most of them hired Yankees to plant and tend their fields. Their wealth and ~~even more their~~ stubborn courage were a tonic to the region ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ through the locust plague.

They had envisaged ~~building~~ gracious country places ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ such as they had left behing in England, and some of them did build fine himes near the tree-encricled lakes which gentled this pleasant stretch of praire. They worked hard and made good lives for themselves but others sank into despair. When winter came on, with its endle

but others sank into despair. When winter came on, with its endlesss sweeps of snow, they fled to the Winnebago City hotel at which Frank and Stella stared from across the street.

The ypung Palmers and im fact all the Americans were a stounded by the Britishers' hunting. This was a delight to the sober diligent ones and the discouraged ones alike.

than freah oysters. Some did in time build fine homes near the tree-encircled lakes which gentled and beautified the region, When winter came with its endless sweeps of snow the hotel in Winnebago City was a refuge. It was warm; it had a billiard tab;e; it had a bar. (Fairmont, to their astonished horror, was dry.) Some buckled down to make good lives for themselves but others sank into discouragement.

One delight was common to all. The hunting. They could hunt all the year round, In spring there were wild geese, ducks and sandhill cranes. In summer there were plovers, snipes, curlews, woddcock and pigeons. Then prairie chickens came along and in autumn d geese and ducks again, ruffed grouse, pheasants, partridges. By November they were hunting deer all winter there were wolves, and foxes.

The unmarried men built a club house. They had brought their horses and soon acquired the finest pack of hounds west of Virginia. They hunted almost all the year around, although sometimes the hounds followed only the scent of annis seed. They tore across the Yankess' unfenced fields, paying liberally, however, for the damage they wrought.

and Frank used to watch
Stella/ swaggeri g handsome hunters in their red coats, their riding breeches, top boots and spurs. galloping over the countryside and also gathering for refreshment in thei hotel across the street from Mrs. S.B. Palmers Millinery store. Later she was to tell her children endless stories about them . And like the incident of her singing on a table during that blizzard, the gentlemen from England were to find their way into a novel, one on which my husband and I collaborated, for he

he was to enjoy as much as I did the stories my parents loved to tell.

Albertine continued to sing in the Christian Church Choir; she taught Sunday School, too; and her children rose through the grades, growing taller and thinner and more like their father every day. When Frank was fourteen and Stella eleven, and after a few years she went to a Christian Church Convention at Mankato. She was pleased to see the town Solomoan had praised so highly for its beauty and spirits of its people. At the convention she met the shoe merchant, Chauncey Austin, a widower with two sons nearly grown (they were 18 and 20, the older one recently married.) Mr Austin A SHORT GREY BEARD, a stern cruel face, He looked with favor on Albertine's prettiness and modesty. Her millinery store was in trouble. She had acquired an agreessive competito in Winnebago City. In Mankato, she discovered, there was a good milliner longing to sell out. Albertine bought the shop but she did not run it long. Mr Austin wooed her vigorously. He wooed her mother, the widow, Joanna, who approved him highly. He wooed Frank and Stella who had come up through the grades to the ages of eleven and eleven, growing taller a d thinner and every day more like their father... wavy red hair, bright blue eyes, white teeth, music and the joy of life. The rapport between them and Mr Austin (as Stella always called them) was short lived. But soon their mother had married Mr Austin and all of them were living, as I have explained, over his factor y on Front Street during the school year and in for the summer he built the house on beautiful Madison Lake.

He added in a corner, "Pleasant Memories of yesterday."

Stella enjoyed the Normal. She had a friend named Merrie whose spirits were as gay as her own, and there were ~~other~~ beaux about whom Tom was to tease her in later years. But at sixteen she received her certificate and was off to teach country school, a red-haired slip of a girl. (Maud to self. This first teaching was at Tivoli School house not far from home. I find Tivoli on the map Merian gave us but not on modern maps. Also rhere are letters she and Tom wrote to each other from there.)

It was customary for a country school teacher to "board around" with the parents of her pupils, as part of her very small salary. The Blue Earth County farm homes I remember from my childhood were spacious, clean and comfortable and their tables groaned with appetizing food, but this was not often true of them in Mother's youth. She often talked of one home ~~family~~ of refinement and culture ~~which~~ in which she loved stay, In fact, she and the members of this family remained friends through her lifetime. But some of the immigrant homes were very rough. Stella often slept in the loft with the girls of the family, and the table where all ate was noisy and crowded ~~and often most of the conversation was in a foreign language.~~ Although a very brave person, she was close to being frightened sometimes. However, a s she s hool teacher she was always treated with resp ect and she used to describe to me ~~my children~~ the proud beaming faces of her pupils when it was "teacher's"turn" to board with them.

Some of her students were older than she was, and some of the big burly boys knew much more about artithmetic than she did, but she kept them in hand. When some boy asked her explain a problem she she did not her self understand she would answer crisply. "I believe you can work that out without any help from me. Try it over Sunday,

a

bought a breast pin for her.

Kitty was being courted by a man for whom both Sol and Tina had a high regard,

Tin was making a quilt for her sister Helen.

Her sister Alvina had brought them a fine quarter of mutton, the first fresh meat they had had that year.

The church, in a gesture which overwhelmed Tina with pleasure, had given her a farewell gift, a leather-bound Bible with a gilt edge and a clasp. It cist two dollars and seventy-five cents. She made a request of Sol.

"I want you to write a foolscap full to the church and compose it very nice. Send it to one of the elders and have it read at meeting. Tell them how often you think of the church, and all about the church where you are now, and ask the prayers of all and tell them you hope to meet them in Heaven."

He had done very wrong, she chided him, in not getting up in meeting before he left and telling everyone goodbye.

She went, with her father and mother in their buggy, to Tell City, a town which the Swiss emigrants had built. It climbed the hill from the Ohio River and the names of the streets...Schiller, Mozart, Rubens, La Fayette....ring sonorous bells in one's head.

Here she had her parents' pictures taken, the ones which now look out at me so sternly. They cost towo dollars and she had

"I am glad I have their pictures....I shall keep them as long as I live. I can't bear to think of leaving them," she wrote,

A milliner in Tell City offered her a chance to learn the milliner's trade. She would board and teach her for eight days for eleven dollars. Mother Crocker would look after the children. Wha t did Sol think of the proposal?

"How many millinery shops in Mankato? You know neither of us is very stout, and if we could get started I think it would be nice work."

Perhaps she accepted this offer. She did sol had wanted her to buy a hat but she decided to make over her old bonnet and did so, and it looked as good, her mother said, as though it had just come from a shop. ~~"Well, it did come from my shop!"~~ And he could buy her a new one when she got to Minnesota,

She ~~got~~ bought Tellie a new hat and a pair of striped gaiters.

"She is the proudest little thing I ever saw. She never had a hat before." She told Frabk he might gather all the paper rags he could find and take them to the store and try his hand at trading. He could get whatever he took a notion to. He came home with a pocket knife and some bleached factiry cloth to make him a fine shirt.

"Bully for Frank!" his mother said.

She advised her husband against putting in for a soldiers' claim for land. She feared he would not be strong enough to farm it.

He was not to do without anything he needed.

"I love you Solomon. Keep up good heart,"

Kitty got married. Twenty-five dollars had come from Prentiss Vale and Tina helped her buy a set of dishes, goblets, knives and forks, a bridal bonnet and a nice infair dress. The groom had bought a stove and furnitire and a fine black suit for himself. Both her and Kitty had white gloves , and he had a gold ring to put on her finger when the parson said, "Join hands."

"We are doing it up in style, I tell you ," Tina said.

Tine's

Her brother took her to the infair....the same brother who had been nursed in a cigar box. He was a young man now, with a well-oiled mustache.

Sol had to miss the wedding and...what was even sadder... he was leaving Mankato. The work he had found there had been too hard for him. He had started travelling again, hunting for the right location, and their letters to each other were delayed, sometimes for weeks.

After Kitty left, Tine was alone with the children and she was very lonely. She could not sell the miserable note. ~~[illegible]~~ People were afraid to buy it , because there was no mortgage on the land. Sol must send sixty dollars if she and the children were to join him, before winter set in. The leaves were falling and autumn mists were wreathing in and out among the cornfields. Everyone seemed to be ailing, with chills and fever, mostly.

A child about Frank's age died of diptheria. He had been sick only a day and a night . Tina went over to help make the grave clothes, and her parents went next morning to put him in his coffin.

Tine had all the sewing she could do and, wearing her faded sun bonnet, she did her best with the ~~garden and the cow.~~ barnyard chores. Sol had arranged with neighbors to harvest what crops they had and get the wheat to mill. All the neighbors were kind to her, but one was too kind. (There was a ~~very~~ pretty young face beneath that sun-bonnet.) He wished, she wrote her husband, to be more than just a friend.

"But don't worry. You know me. He nor no other man can persuade me to do wrong.

She went ahead stubbornly with preparations for departure, selling off her possessions, one by one. She sold her flat iron and table for yarn, her bedstead for two dollars and stove for three. She sold her dishes and chairs for factory cloth. Perhaps that

on hill overlooking the Ohio, ~~with the~~
street named ~~after him~~ ---- Schenk,
Wayland, Rubens ---, ~~this~~ which Such
Surname both.

popular fabric was what made it hard to sell her spinning wheel? In any case, when she was allowed to put her ~~last~~ remaining possessions in at a neighbir's auction, she received five dollars and twenty-five cents for her bureau but the highest bi~~d~~ on her spinning wheel was only one dollar, so she bi~~d~~ it in herself.~~for~~ She thought she would take the head with her and leave the rest at her father's for them to sell.

I don't 'pose to give it away."

According to custom, anything over five dollars was paid for in notes, and the notes went to clear up ~~the~~ debts at the general store. The cow also went to the store. The only prospective buyer had wanted a new milk cow and Sol had not done his duty by having the animal bred.

She was getting impatient, now poor homeless Tine! She and the children were living with her parents ~~now.~~ and she did not like living with her companions.

"I hope this letter writing is almost over with and a better way will be introduced," she remarks tartly.

Sometimes she tried to cheer herself and him by imagining their reunion.

"What a meeting that will be!" she wrote, perhaps paraphrasing the old camp meeting spiritual. "Would you like to see your Tiny wife?"

But whether her letters were cheerful or blue made no difference ~~effect~~ ~~where~~ was not receiving them. ~~In what letters came through, from him,~~ he was desperate because he had not heard. It was November before they reached him and he had long since sent ~~the money required~~ seventy-five dollars for ~~their~~ her journey. She was tow go th ~~the~~ Tell City and ask the Postmaster ~~of~~ ~~Winnebago~~ ~~City~~ what advice her had received from the Postmaster of Winnebago ~~City, Minnesota~~.

City, Minnesota.

Winnebago City! So that was the name of their Utopia. Sol was to be City Clerk in Winnebago City!

"God bless you and may we meet again and enjoy ourselves as formerly. Yours in love," wrote Solomon, and Tina danced about on light feet making the final preparations.

Stella who was four years old then remembered that her Grabdfather Crocker carried her in his arms from the buggy to the Ohio River steamboat. She wore her new hat and hew new striped gaiters and was clutching her doll which she held up to be seen after she add Frank and her mother were on board.

She did not remember where they left the steanboat or whether they took a second one when they reached the Mississippi. Near the end of their journey they went by rail, probably to Wells in Minnesota and thence...this she remembered....by stage coach to Winnebago. The stage coach driver, she remembered, was a Mr. Fellows. She woke up in the night, during that ride, because of the fearful jolting and jouncing and she never could understand why I considered a stage coach romantic.

They arrived late at night and the Kimball House where Sol was staying was dark. The proprietor rushed upstairs to wake Sol and he built a big fire in the Bar Room. Albertine in a bar room! But she was too happy to mind. Sol pulled on his clothes and hurried down to take Albertine in his arms and then Frank and Stella and he gave Stella her breast pin. It was blue.

The little family lived at the hotel for a time. Stella remembered that the dining room had a swinging door. And a waitress who told her she wpuld pin back her ears add grease her and swallow her whole. Oh, the dangers and wonders of Winnebago City.

Maud Hart Lovelace
care Nannine Joseph
200 West 54th St.
New York I9,N.Y.

L I V I N G W I TNH W R I T I N G

By Maud Hart Lovelace

-I-

This book is to tell about living with writing which I can honestly claim to have done,.It has been my good fortune to do it since, at age four or so, I approached my mother with a pencil and asked her how to spell going-down-the-street. I cannot say that I remember this but I've often heard her tell it. She bragged brazenly about her children. Our father was more subtle. In I I902 he had privately printed...but widely distributed to helpless friends and relatives... Selections from the Poems of Maud Palmer Hart. Ten Years Old.

Up to that time my name had been Maud Rosemond, the Rosemond for my father's mother. Mother, sensing the approach of fame, thought that her side of the family should be represented and persuaded Dad to change the Rosemond to Palmer, her maiden name. My older sister,Kathleen, who at age three had sung a hymn at a Sunday School entertainment in both English and Norwegian, "not making a single mistake," had long since had her Kathleen Albertine changed to Kathleen Palmer. The baby was Helen Palmer from the start.

My Poems were sad doggerel. In later years I lived in dread of having the booklet fall into the wrong hands. There was only one sprightly piece in it and that concerned Kathleen. She

was, according to my Poem, always pointing out that she was almost three years older than I, except at dish-washing time, when she pretended to have a stomach ache. I remember that Mother objected to this Poem. It could not go into the Selections unless I added something to show that I loved my sister.

I grabbed my pencil.

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guidehher from above."

That got her into the book! And she has been in more that half of the twenty odd books I have written since. She and my Uncle Frank Palmer have been used again and again. Some people lend themselves naturally to a story-teller's purposes.

Much earlier, not long after I followed my mother around with that pencil, I used it for a letter to God. This was composed in collaboration with my red-ringleted friend, Frances Vivian Kenney, nicknamed Bick, who lived across the street. When we met one evening on the hitching block, as was our custom after supper, Bickie's blue eyes did not have their usual sparkle. They were darkly tragically fearful as Irish eyes can be, and I'm sure my own were popping.

Each of us, at her own supper table, had received the same impression. The world was going to pot. This was in the gay 'nineties, but they weren't always gay, and there must have been something in the evening paper which disturbed our fathers greatly. Both were keenly interested in current affairs. Mr Kenney had been a teacher and a country newspaper editor before he turned to business

time, when she bent over and pretended to have a stomach ache. I remember that mother objected to this poem / It could not go into the Selections unless I added something to show that I loved my sister.

I grabbed my pencil.

"Yet I love her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover 'round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood she's grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God s abiding love
He will guide her from above."

That got her into the book! And she has been in more than half of the 23 books I have written since. She and my Uncle Frank Palmer have been used again and again. Some people lend themselves naturally to a story-teller's purposes.

Much earlier, not long after I followed my mother around with that pencil (if ever I actually did so) I used it for the daring project of a letter to God. This was written in collaboration with my red-ringleted friend Frances, nicknamed Bick, who lived across the street. When we met one evening, as was our custom after supper, Bick's big blue eyes did not have their usual sparkle. They were darkly tragically fearful as Irish eyes can be, and I'm sure my own were popping.

Each of us, at her own supper table, had received the same impression. The world was going to pot. This was in the gay '90s, but they weren't always gay as advertised, and there must have been something in the evening paper which disturbed our parents greatly. The world, Bick and I gathered, was wicked. Not, of course, Mankato, Minnesota where we lived, but the wide world beyond our encircling hills. It was full of wicked people, doing wicked things.

for me, a grey and brown striped wool to which she added a tucked red taffeta yoke. I wore it with red hair ribbons and considerable satusfaction until word of its origin leaked out in school.

Palmer Cooke

"Stella M. Palmer."

-0-

Stella's roots ran straight and deep into the State of Maine. She never saw it. The Palmers, and also the Crockers, her mother's people, moved from Maine to New York, from New York to Indiana, and thence to Minnesota...some, om to California. But somehow they ~~all~~ come down to us, their descendants, as Mainites. And/my Grandma ~~Grandma~~ Austin , who had been Albertine Crocker, spoke like a Mainite to the end of her long life.

I do not know much about the Crockers except for those family anecdotes which cling like burrs when important facts have dropped away. I remember that Great Grandmother Crocker, as Joanna Small, attended a boarding school for young ladies somewhere in Maine and snow sifted from a leaky attic roof over her dormitory bed. I do not know ~~where or~~ when ~~in Maine~~ she married L.J.R. CRocker but ~~I remember that~~ she bore the last of her long line of children when she was fifty and ~~that~~ he was so small that they used a cigar box for his ~~or~~ cradle. (He became a strapping man.)

I remember Grandma Austin ~~telling me~~ how one of her sisters returned with great news from a trip to ...I believe... Augusta. Girls in Augusta were wearing, under the many voluminous petticoats common in that day, a new and fashionable article of attire. She had brought home a pattern and soon all the sisters, including Albertine, were down on the floor with a length or two of homespun happily cutting out....drawers!

Great Grandfather and Grandmother Crocker were ~~rigidly religious~~ devout people, amd look so in their walnut-framed portraits. Yet Stella remembered them smoking their pipes together of an evening in Indiana when she was a tiny girl. Of course, so did Andrew Jackson's Rachel smoke a pipe. Which reminds me that I do ~~know~~ remember one important

fact. The J among Great Grandfather Crocker's initials stood for Jackson. His mother was a Jackson, related in some degree to Andrew~~xx~~

In spite of all the stories, I never felt close to the Crockers as I always have to the ~~[illegible]~~ Perhaps because the Palmers loved to express themselves in writing.

Great Grandfather Bezaleel turns up first in the tattered copy of a letter he wrote in 1831 regarding the death of his first wife. It is addressed to a Rev. Bingham a Congregational minister in Marietta, Ohio, who had sent him the news. Some years before, Bezaleel had taken her and their three young children...Francis, Emily and Lucius...from Maine to Ohio because the Ohio climate was supposed to benefit lung complaint from which she suffered.

I have pondered on how they made the trip. The ~~xxxx~~ forests were being erased from the shores of Maine's rocky bays and ~~xxx~~ great rivers. There were flourishing towns. But there were no railroads as yet, and roads were poor. Bezaleel seems to have ~~xxxx~~ ~~[illegible]~~ lived in Waldo and in Belfast...~~always~~ both near Penobscot Bay....and he might conveniently have taken his brood by ship as far as Boston. Or did they go by stage coach ar ox-team to Olean, New York, from which one could raft down the Allegheny River and get an Ohio River steamboat?

Marietta, home of the Northwest Territory, was a charming little town with elmy streets, fine houses, churches and even an academy. But after establishing his family there, Bezaleel returned to Maine.

Eventually he followed the Penobscot River past Bangor

to Rev Bingham
winter of 1831,

~~in those days...at least about death. And of one who liked to write.~~

"God is just in all his ways," he ~~said~~, "and it is the duty of his creatures to be reconcildd to every dispensation of Divine Providence. My dear children, left to mourn the loss of a tender and kind mother, occupy my earnest solicitude. Would it were in my power to be near them, to embrace and counsel them...but alas! at present it is not practicable. I rejoice, Rev. Sir, to learn that Emily was put under your charge by her mother , prior to her decease and that your position is such as to teach her...."here the paper has crumbled away...."incumbent upon perishing mortals whereby she may grow in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.....It is uncertain whether circumstances will render it possible for me to visit your section of the country, yet the object is desirable. Notwithstanding we are not personally acquainted I should rejoice to receive a communication from you toucing the condition of my dear children and in the meantime, pkease Rev Sir to present my paternal affection to my daughter...." T

Emily lived with the Binghams until she was sixteen or seventeen and reports to her father in 1835 ~~says~~ that kinder friends never lived. They treated her like an own child, ~~she [illegible] to her father~~ ~~[illegible] tells Bezaleel when she writes in 1835.~~

The winds of five winters and the suns of four summers have passed over her mother's grave, she says, ~~sounding like a true Palmer.~~ poetic with a Palmer's ~~poetic~~ elevated tuck.

~~"My dear mother used to speak of you almost every day~~ while she was sick and with the warmest affectiom. She longed to see you before she died, but as she could not she cheerfully acquiesced saying "The will of the lord be done."

Her brother Francis had "gone over the mountains with men from this place and a drove of horses," He had ~~and~~ disappeared. She

The Binghams treated Emily like their own daughter. She reports to her father in 1835, saying that she has long neglected to write him in answer to his kind letters. She mentions lovingly a new mother and sister back in Maine, and speaks also of "the dear, very dear mother who was gone.....Oh , my dear father, she was once dear to us both..... The winds of five summers and the sun of four summers have passed over her grave," she writes, sounding like true Puritan.

Her brother Francis had "gone over the mountains with men from this place and a drove of horses." He had disappeared . Emily has heard reports of his death and has heard them contradicted and has many many inquiries, all to no purpose. Lucius is apprenticed to a

tanner at Point Harmon....."He is one of the best boys in town . At least, he is said to be. I think he is said to be. I think he is the best.... All who ever saw you say he is the very picture of you."

She herself is, she says, a round -faced, black-eyed girl of sixteen, a little more than five feet high. who wants to see her father very much and has a great favor to ask of him.

She asks it eloquently: the gift or loan of around three hundred dollars so that she can attend a ladies' seminary under the care of Miss Caroline McWebster of Newburgpoint. She feels that she has accepted the hospitality of the Rev Mr Bingham too long. He has a small salary, a large family, has built a large house and is in debt. She wishes to qualify herself as a teacher...."the call for teachers is everywhere heard"....and she goes into touching detail about what it would cost to "board , clothe and school me" during the required two years.

She writes two letters, and the second is more urgent. After a year Lucius writes, too. He seems to have been too frail for the tanner's trade. One feels a creeping dread that he may have acquired his mother's comp,aint. Like his sister, he needs more education and he asks for two hundred dollars.

There is no evidence that either of them ever received a rpply.

When I read these fsded letters as a girl, my heart used to burn against Great Grandfather Bezaleel Palmer. Now I reflect that he had a new wife and child to support....shortly two children m for my grandfather, Solomon, was born a month or so after Emily wrote her first letter. Moreover, Bezaleel, who ~~loved the written word~~, may have been out of place running a gtore, ~~in busty young lumbering town.~~ Old
~~Old Town~~

The Binghams treated Emily like xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxx an ~~mx~~ own ~~daughter~~, She reports ~~xiix~~ to her father in
I835, saying that she ~~haa~~"long neglected to write/ ~~xun~~ in answer to
~~xuuxxxuux~~/kind letters. She mentions/a new mother and a sister
back in Maine, and/~~also~~ of the/mother who was gone. "Oh, my dear
xxxxxxxxxxxx~~"Oh,xuxxdxar~~ father, she ~~axxx~~ was once dear to us both.
....." The winds of five winters and the sum of four summers have
passed over her grave," she ~~xapaxkxx~~ writes, ~~xixxxxxPalmerixxxxixxxxd~~
~~xuuxxxx~~ poetbc as a true Palmer .

My dear mokher used to speak of you almost every day while she was sick and with the warmest affection. She longed to see you before she died, but as she could not she cheerfully acquiesced saying,

From his island town each ~~spring~~ fall red-shirted lumberjacks plunged into the forests to cut pines, returning in the spring with money to spend. There were falls here to power lumber mills. Batteaux, which Thoreau calls the whute man's canoe, were manufactured. Money circulated briskly but Bezaleleel who could write such an elevated letter does not seem to have beenthetype to make it. I have his old account book and note that he trusted his customers freely, too freely perhaps. He rented his home for $100 per year and records paying $6.28 for twenty-three days. That sounds hard- pressed to me. Quite possibly he could not have laid ~~his~~ hands upon the three hundred dollars for which Emily pleaded or the two hundred Lucius required.

Why did he keep the letters which were such a reproach to h him? He could easily have destroyed them. Perhaps he kept hoping that some day he could find the money to spend. Perhaps he had already acquired the cough which forecast his death in the '40s from Emily's mother's malady. Perhaps these worries account for a weakness of his which has been whispered through the generations. Although a religious man, and a kind husband and father, Great Grandfather Palmer drank too much.

"By spells, only by spells," Mother explained in a lowered voice, a century later. "He would disappear from home when they came on."

Plenty of liquor was sold in the store and...so that I do not/seem to present myself as omniscient.... I should, perhaps, go into more detail about the long, narrow,/tattered now account book in hard-pressed paper covers/which was begun in Old Town (part of Orono then) on the 20th October, 1835.

The brown ink in which Bezaleel, in elegant script, inscribed his accounts is faded with age but it faithfully records

which Thoreau calls the white man;s canoe, were manufactured. Money must have circulated briskly but Bezabeel who loved the written word does not seem to have been the type to make it. I have his old account book and note that he trusted his customers freely, too freely perhaps. He rented his home

thick leaves of a maple provide such privacy. There was a stout branch to lean against in periods of pencil chewing and views in all directions...up at wooded hills, for our Center Street neighborhood ended the town on the south and east, down to the roof of our yellow cottage and across the street to Bick's house.

In winter this airy cubicle had to be abandoned and I was less well off. I needed privacy for my writing; still do; and in those days I had a dread of being teased about it. My notebooks were safe, though, even after I moved indoors and so were all the creased smudged papers on which I wrote rhymes and stories. Mother believed every child should have a special place in which to keep that she especially treasured. ~~No prying allowed.~~ Mine was given over to my "manuscripts."

I could sometimes write unnoticed behind the hard coal heater in our back parlor, a cosy retreat, for a kettle was usually singing on the warming plate and one could roast apples there if invention led to hunger. Sometimes I could be alone in the small peak-roofed front bedroom which I shared with Kathleen and later also with Helen. A hired girl, or a girl working her board, had the back bedroom from which steep stairs led down to our parents' room on the left and the kitchen on the right.

While I was writing, Kathleen was probably practising on the piano down in the front parlor. She not only loved to sing but to play the piano and dance and speak pieces, and she skilfully learned and practised the gracious social arts.

~~"Why did she have to say, 'I beg your pardon?'~~ "I grumbled to mother after callers left; Kathleen had passed in front of them several times just to introduce this dazzling innovation.

~~I was chubby with a round and usually beaming face,~~

to support a growing family. Dad read his newspapers ragged. ~~read their Bibles~~. Daily, over the evening meal, they brought their wives and children up to date.

~~Bick and I~~ We held a sort of Ecumenical Council . At least, Roman Catholic and Baptist wisdom were mingled. We agreed that God could not possibly be aware of what was going on. If he were, he would stop it. Plainly it was our duty to tell him. The only trouble was that he lived in the Sky.

Sky. Sky! Some days earlier we had found a baby robin which had fallen from its nest in our backyard maple. We had dug womms with enthusiasm and, helped by the hired girl, had raised him in a shoebox. He was ready to fly any time now, we had been told.

I dashed into the house for a pencil and paper, and out in our twilit backyard we composed and wrote The Letter. We did not know how to spell many words and were obliged, against our wills, to use a controlled vocabulary, but we managed to let God know that he had better do something QUIK. We tied the letter to the robin's foot, let him out of the box and washed our hands of the wickedness of the world.

I hope we did something to help him on his long uncharted journey. We might have put him on top of the lilac bush that stood by the side kitchen door. At that time we could nothave reached even the lowest branches of the maple.

Later, my first desk was in that young hard maple tree. It was nailed into a lofty crotch, a cigar box with a plump Spanish lady on the cover. Inside I kept my pencils and a supply of small notebooks, advertising Hart's Shoe Store and Queen Quality shoes. A young author could not have asked for a finer study; the

Newest version
as of April 1, 1940

suggested change

~~L I V I N G W I T H W R I T I N G~~

By Maud Hart Lovelace

~~This book is to tell about living with writing which I can honestly claim to have done. It has been my good fortune to do it since,~~ At age four or so, I approached my mother with a pencil and asked her how to spell going-down-the-street. I cannot say that I remember this but I've often heard her tell it. She bragged brazenly about her children. Our father was more subtle. In 1902 he had privately printed...but widely distributed to helpless friends and relatives...Selections from the Poems of Maud Palmer Hart. Ten Years Old.

Up to that time my name had been Maud Rosemond, the Rosemond for my father's mother. Mother, sensing the approach of fame, wanted her maiden name used and persuaded Dad to change the Rosemond to Palmer. My older sister, Kathleen, who at age three had sung a hymn at a Sunday School entertainment in both English and Norwegian, "not making a single mistake", had long since had her Kathleen Albertine changed to Kathleen Palmer. The baby was Helen Palmer from the start.

My Poems were sad doggerel. In later years I lived in dread of having the booklet fall into the wrong hands. There was only one sprightly piece in it and that concerned Kathleen. She was, according to my Poem, always pointing out that she was almost three years older than I, except at dish-washing time, when she pretended to have a stomach ache. I remember that Mother objected

to this Poem. It could not go into the Selections unless I added something to show that I loved my sister.

I grabbed my pencil.

"Yet I lover her with all my heart
And of my life she is a part
And I pray God's blessing rich and rare
To hover round my Kathleen fair
And when to womanhood shes grown
And in other lands may roam
Under God's abiding love
He will guidem her from above."

That got her into the Book! And she has been in more than half of the twenty-odd books I have written since. She and my Uncle Frank Palmer have been used again and again. Some people lend themselves naturally to a story teller's purposes.

My first desk was in a ~~young~~ hard maple tree in our back yard in Mankato, Minnesota. It was nailed into a lofty crotch, a cigar box with a plump Spanish lady on the cover. Inside, I kept my pencils and a supply of small notebooks advertising Hart's Shoe Store and Queen Quality Shoes. A young author could hardly ask for a finer study; the thick leaves of a mapleare so concealing. There was a stout branch to lean against in periods of pencil chewing, and views in all directions..up at wooded hills to the ~~south and east,~~ east and south across Center Street to thehouse ~~where~~ sher my best friend ~~lived,~~ Frances Kenney nicknamed Bick! and down to the roof of our own yellow cottage.

A lattice separated our side lawn from the backyard in which my maple stood. I looked down on the kitchen garden...to which I was often sent to pull radishes and green onions for supper. Dad,who had been raised on a farm, had put in also a few young fruit trees ; they made a fine show of pink and white in ~~the~~ spring. Behind them were the buggy shed and the barn for Old Mag. That was

shared with a cow for a time but Mother haf objected to hhe cow. She did not like to have her husband change out of his well-pressed suit ans go out to milk when he came home at night. Milkimg was smelly work, she claimed. So Dad...we called him Papa then, amd Mother was Mamma...gpt rid of the cow and we boughtour milk from less fastidious neighbors.

We did not have a flower garden but there were sweet peas climbing on a wire rack in a dazzle of color and fragrance, add tiger-colored, strong-smelling nasturtiums, and always pansies... Daddy liked a pamsy in his buttonhole. And in front of the ~~xxxxxx~~ lattice, on the south side of the cottage, were a lilac bush and some yellow roses.

That side lawn had maples like my own. Dad had plamted them when he and Mother bought the little house, six weeks after I was born. At that time, too, he had had a caroenter put a wooden curlecue into the front gable. They were the fashion, and Mother wanted one. He had planted ivy around the small front porch which fitted into a corner of the house. I liked that ivy; i wrote a ~~most religious~~ Poem ~~about it. In front, beyond a butternut tree, steps led down to xxx~~ our ~~xxxxxx~~ stood about it. In front, ~~xxxxx~~ a butternut tree. We children used to pick and shell the nuts and Mother made delectable butternut cakes. Beyond that, steps led down to the hitching block ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ with Bickie's house over the way.

Shaubut Street intersected Center here and ended...unless it could be identified with the narrow dusty road which led up the Big ~~empty~~ Hill behind our house ~~...propperly named Prospect Heights but the Big Hill to us.~~ Center Streetm, after sponsoring three more houses, lost itself in the low slope of Center Street Hill. Except for those three houses , Center Street was only three blocks long. Our block descended in a pattern of terraces and lawns. The next block...it ~~was xxx the one on~~ which I had beam born...was level. The third and last sloped gently to Lincoln Park, a pie-shaped piece of land ~~on which were~~ a Civil War cannon, and a round red fountain with the

There was a distinction. The former, although often beloved, worked six and a half days a week and ate in the kitchen. The latter, usually ~~a farm girl and often~~ the daughter of farmer friends, attended the High School or the State Normal School in Mankato, ~~she~~, gave what help she could, ate with the family and entertained her beaux in the parlor. One such ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ cared for me while Dad and mother and three year old Kathleen attended the Chicago World's Fair. ~~xxxxx~~ I stayed ~~with her xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in her ~~own~~ farm home ~~xxx I~~ was, she has told me, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ "a ~~fat~~ jolly baby."

From ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ our back bedroom, steep stairs led down to the kitchen on the right and our parents" bedroom on the left. That downstairs bedroom was an addition to the original cottage. The ~~year~~ it was built on, when I was six , was ~~an~~ exciting ~~one~~...and not just because of the Spanish -American War. I remember the smell of fresh lumber, of having a clean new plank for a seesaw, and ~~playing games~~ with the yellow shaving curls which followed the carpenter's plam e.

After the room was finished, Kathleen and I were sent to ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ visit in the country, and we had a splendid time, collecting eggs, watching pigs fed, drinking milk, warm from the cow. When we returned we were greeted on the ~~front~~ porch by our father who ~~daid~~ he had a surprise for is and asked us to guess what it was. I guessed a puppy but Kathleen guessed a baby brother and papa laughed and took us into the new bedroom where there was a queer smell of medicine, and a strange woman ~~wearing~~ a white apron, and Mamma ~~Mother~~ in bed...in ~~broad~~ daylight!

"Here is a ~~beautiful~~ little baby sister," she said, ~~uncovering~~ a small, wrinkled, red face. Kathleen ~~gave~~ squeals of joy

and wanted to hold her but I went out to the buggy shed and cried.

"Her nose is broken," I heard people murmur sympathetically, but my nose was all right. I just didn't like all that fuss about an unnecessary baby. I myself was the baby, always had been, ~~where did this leave me?~~ But before too long I was writing happily (it is in the Selections):

"Our sweet little Helen,
Our baby, our joy...."

And, unprompted by Mother, I gave this piece a truly moving finish:

"What the years for my darling do graciously hold
If good or if bad it can never be told
If musician or artist or poet of fame
I prophecy much for my dear sister's mame.
But greater than these, if it please the good lord
Is a pure womanhood, that is nature's reward...."

While I was busy writing, Kathleen was probably practising down in the front parlor. She not only loved to sing but to play the piano ~~piano~~ and dance and speak pieces, and she skilfully learned and practised the gracious social arts.

"Why did she have to say, 'I beg your pardon?'" I grumbled to Mother after callers left. Kathleen had passed in front of them several times just to introduce this dazzling innovation. "Isn't plain 'excuse me' good enough?"

Though I scorned social graces, I was not unsocial. Before Bickie moved in across the street, I ~~a friendly child. In fact, I aas usually bursting with friendliness. At one period I~~ called regularly on all the neighbors every morning, ~~whether they had children or not.~~

I was chubby with a round cheerful face, parted front teeth and short brown braids. My hair was fine and straight and Mother put it up on rags to make curls for Sunday or a party. Kathleen's long dark hair was wavy; she was delicately built, poetic looking, and very precocious, the kind of child other children often fail to understand.

I did not understand her but oh how I adored her. Secretly, underneath envy and even jea lousy for a time. For Mother paid her a great deal of attention and a hired girl told me the day that Kathleen was Mother's favorite. Everyone knew it, she said.

I was appallled by this revelation and brooded about it for days. I discussed it with Bickie. She came froma large family and assured me earnestly that the oldest child was always the most important. This helped, but I still didn't like it and Mother, noting the unaccustomed cloud on my face, finally wormed out my secret.

She took me into her arms with remorseful warmth and declared emphatically that she loved her children all alike. She reminded me that Kathleen was not strong, that she had had a serious operation on one ear, and that she ran into difficulties at school which I never encountered. I didn't need the attention Kathleen did, Mother explained, hugging me, but what, she asked, would she and Papa do without a happy, sturdy dependable, little girl like me?

Her conviction and the love which poured from her voice and arms cured the hurt but Kathleen and I did not find complete rapport until high school days. As children we enjoyed some lively scraps, and we would have had more except for Mother.

Stella Palmer had married Tom Hart with the firm ideal that their family life should be perfect. Perfect! She never added, "Or as nearly perfect as it can be in this imperfect world." She had not been happy at home before her marriage. A stepfather did not understand her and her brother, who were red-haired, spirited and musical as their own (Palmer) father had been. Frank ran away with an opera troupe and Stella started teaching at sixteen and building up her dreams of what a home should be.

The dreams fared pretty well. Dad was in love with her until the day he died. We children never saw anything but a loverlike harmony between them...except, perhaps, when the bills came in. According to Victorian custom, he handled the money and in spite of his generous nature the first of the month was sometimes an uneasy period. Mother managed it beautifully with his favorite desserts, a bow in her hair, and us children on our best behaviour.

When the bills were really distressing, he used to hitch up Old Mag and take her out for a ride. I can imagine him, away from our big ears, trying to explain why he could not afford this or that. Mother had no sense about money. She was wonderfully ingenious about stretching pennies to accomplish all sorts of delightful things but she had colorful, luxurious tastes and never quite understood when the purchase of a bargain in silks or china was sensible and when it was impossible on her husband's earnings. As a matter of fact, she knew very little about those earnings. He thought it better to keep the totals from her. It did not occur to him for years to give her an allowance. Even then, he felt sure she would spend it all on the day it was received.

Although outraged by her arithmetuc, Rom appreciated his Stella. And no wonder! She was handsome, gay, stylish, a mouth-watering cook, and a fine though never fussy housekeeper. She usually had some sort of helper, but it was Stella herself, with flying red hair and plenty of clean kitchen aprons, who made 333 Center Street (and our several later homes) so shiningly attractive.

All before three in the afternoon, too. By then she aimed to have her dress changed and be sewing in the front parlor.

That was the hour when ladies came calling, impressive in their floor-length dresses, wearing hats and gloves and carrying card cases. Sometimes after our noon dinner Daddy walked the two miles back to the store in order to leave Old Mag for Mother who with hat, gloves and card case, smelling of violet perfume, went calling heeself.

The formality seems curious now for housework was not easy

She looked like a queen to her admiring brood when she started off with her proud erect escort for a Knights of Pythias ball, wearing a trailing gown she had made herself. A wrist loop of ribbon would hold up the skirt while she danced, and there was a pompom in her hair. She dressed Kathleen and me alike at first. We had red coats with fur trimmed double capes and matching fur-trimmed hoods. Once she turned a worn pair of my father's trowsers into a dress for

wearing a trailing dress of her own manufacture. A wrist loop of ribbon would hold up her skirt while she danced . She dressed Kathleen and me alike at first. We had red coats with fur-trimmed double capes and matching fur-trim,ed hoods. We had green coats with matching pointed hoods. Once she turned a pair of my father's trowsers into a dfess for me. It was a gray-striped, hard finish

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up to page 16 old version

statue of a Union soldier om the top, and a huge elm, whose shade provided a fine shade for little girls who wished to spread an old shawl and play with their dolls.

I could not see Lincoln Park from my lofty study but I could watch the life of our neighborhood....children playing, babies being trundled, delivery wagons dawdling up the holly street. Sometimes Syrians came selling laces and embroideries....there was a Syrian colony on the far side of Center Street Hill. Or I might have heard the rag man's cry:

"Rags, rags, any rags today?"

For him, I no do8bt deserted my writing and scrambled dowm. His visit was a real event. Mother and the other neighbohood women would bring out their rag bags and the rags were weighed and exchanged for shiny pots and pans.

In winter my airy cubicle had to be abandoned and I was less well pff. I needed privacy for my writing; still do'; and in those days I had a dread of being teased about it. My notebooks were safe, though, even after I moved indoors, and so were all the creased smudged papers on which I wrote rhymes and stories. Mother believed every child should have a special place in which to keep whatever she especially treasured....no prying allowed....and mine was given over to my manuscripts.

I could sometimes write unnoticed behind the hard coal heater in our back parlor, a cozy retreat, for a ktettle was usually singing on the warming plate and one could roast apples there if invention led to hunger. Sometimes I could be alone in the small peak-roofed front bedroom which I shared with Kathleen, A hired girl pr a girl working her board. The back bedroom housed

He added in a corner, "Pleasant memories of yesterday."

Stella had a girl friend at the Normal with a spirit as gay as her own. Merrie's page in the autograph album is stuffed with teasing nonsense.

Stella was soon teaching school , spending only her vacations at the Madison Lake home, and Tom sought for a solid job on which a man might marry.

He started selling fiber ware on the road but changed to nursery stock. Farmers to the west needed seedling trees. The Timber Culture Act allowed a homesteader one hundred and sixty acres in addition to his original half section if he would plant one-fourth of it to trees. Tom journeyed with horse and buggy over the prairies of western Minnesota and South Dakota. He had his mother's appreciation of natural beauty and enjoyed the billowing oceans of grass, the cloud formations, the meadow larks.

Later, travelling this country, he would point out with satusfaction groves in which he had had a part.

His headquarters were still in Mankato. He now roomed with Frank who no longer lived at home and shortly made his dash for freedom with a travelling Pinafore Company. Tom changed his line to shoes, and after he married Stella he travelled for a time for her stepfather.

Back in Iowa, his own father had married a widow with seven children, and one by one Arismond's children drifted away. The two older girls had long since married. After Breckenridge"s, Flora taught scool and sent herself to Grinnell College where she met a serious young man and became, like Emma , a Methodist minister's wife. For the younger brothers and sisters, Tom and Stella's home in Mankato was a hospitable haven.

When I think of these aunts and uncles, legend and memory mingle.

Kathleen ~~Kathleen~~ was more than two years old and mother was feather-stitching baby clothes again when Uncle Jim came visiting and fell in love with Maud Maloney. He was a travelling salesman ~~like~~ with a blond mustache and the beautiful Hart manners. She was a 'teen age widow, and although her black mourning veil flowed down to her heels , she soon reciprocated his affection. They became engaged in April, just as her birthday was approaching, and Mother, swept by romantic excitement, declared that if her expected baby was a girl and came on the 25th, Maud's birthday, she should be named for her prospective aunt.

So I was named Maud. But when mother was old and living with us Lovelaces, I asked her to repeat the oft-told tale~~m~~ and inquired particularly as to the hour of my birth.

She looked embarrassed.

"Well... it was near midnight."

"How near?"

"O-o-h! I can't be sure. A little after, though."

"Then I qas born when the 25th was just coming in?"

"No t exactly. That is...I suppose it was just over."

"Over! You mean I WAS BORN ON THE 26th?"

"Well," she hedged. "It was after midnight. But just a teeny bit. Maybe an hour or so."

"But it's the 25th on all my records!" I wailed. "Has been all my life! And besides, what about numerology and astrology and all those things? Maybr I was born under a different star than the one I've always believed I was under."

"It's too bad," Mother soothed me. "But Maud was so

pleased! And og

pleased! And oh how sweet she looked in thatv mourning veil! It fell from a little tucked white cap."

Zue, Rhoda and Minnie Agnes came to Mankato to attend the Normal School. Minnie Agnes was an elocutionist and while living with us one winter she taught three-year-old Kathleen to "strike attitudes." That black-haired, blue eyed moppet, perched on the kitchen table, could represent anger, love, surprise, grief or any other emotion, upon request.

After they earned their certificates and started teaching school, the aunties used to flock in at vacation time. They were like bright birds...pretty, animated, talkers...all the Harts were talkers. They arrived in a hack, often charged to Tom, and their trunks were unpacked in the kitchen...rustling dresses with leg of mutton sleeves, gay little capelets and small hats with birds. I don't kmow where Mother slept them in that small house but, young herself, she enjoyed these visitations. The sewing machine hummed and there was much talk of clothes and beaux.

Of these frivolous young ladies, two became exemplary wives and mothers. Annt Zue went on to the University of Chicago, pursuing oriental studies, and thence to the Orient. She taught in Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, India, also in Africa, and she toured Europeand Russie when these were undreamed of bournes for most travelling Americans.

The younger brother, Steve, worked his way through Northwestern University and came to Center Street for holidays sometimes. He was a brilliant bookworm with curly dark hair and a Puckish face. He walways brought gifts to us children but confused our ages and even our sexes with the Jim and Maud Hart cousins who were now be-

now beginning to arrive. I was as apt to receive a jackknife as a doll but I remember him fondly, for he introduced Kathleen and me to the myths of Greece. Later Mother bought a set of Hawthorne from a travelling book agent and I discovered in Tanglewood Tales the wondrous stories Uncle Steve had told us.

The other side of the family came visiting, too. For a long time after his flight from home, Uncle Frank Palmer kept safely distant from Mankato. I never met that tall fascinating redhead until I was eighteen. But before my birth, Dad and Mother visited him and his wife in Chicago. She sang, as he did at that time, in light opera and was so fascinating that it was hard to tell her age although she was plainly older than her husband. After a few years they separated; a divorce was in the air when Uncle Frank visited on Center Street and fell wildly in love with one of my father's dainty school girl sisters. He wished to marry her. But, Tom reminded him, he was married already. It caused an explosive quarrel for Tom was truculent where his womenfolk were concerned. So Frank disappeared again.

The actress wife came to see us often, though, after she and Frank had been divorced. She never should have married him, she told Mother and Dad, admitting now that she was older than his mother. Aunt Libby wore black taffeta dresses trimmed with jet; she had a curly wig and a powder-soft complexion. Her speaking voice was low and musical and Kathleen and I were enthralled by her tales of theatrical life. For her visits, Dad always brought in a case of beer, otherwise unknown in our house. It was kept in the cellar to which one descended with a candle through the trap door in the kitchen.

Aunt Libby brought us children bound copies of ancient ladies' magazines, piles of old sheet music, and even opera scores.

Kathleen pounced like a hungry tiger on "Erminie", "Olivette", "The Chimes of Normandy" and "Pinafore." One of the sheet music pieces was "The Cat Duett"; it may have been used as a between-act "specialty" in Aunt Libby's ingenue days. Bick and I sang it an a school entertainment when we were in fifth grade. Our mothers made cat costumes for us, and we were such a literally howling success that we sang that Duett even unto high school days.

We can still sing it on request.

Aunt Libby never heard from Uncle Frank. Nobody did, except his mother when he enlisted in the Spanish American War. I believe my father always felt a wrench in his heart about that quarrel, although it was basic in his philosophy not to brood over any situation in which he had done his best. I am sure he never doubted that he had done what was right. He had promised his mother to look after his young sisters and marriage, in those days, meant just what the marriage service says. But quarrels were rare with him; he was a man of peace; and Frank was Stella's idolized brother.

Stella, although with grief, accepted her husband's decision. We children knew nothing about these events and Uncle Frank's name was a romantic household word.

"If Uncle Frank is killed in the war, ~~how will we find out?~~" Kathleen asked.

"I suppose," said Dad, "they would send ~~his body~~ back to Grandma Austin."

I was appalled at this brutality.

"What would they do with his head?" I demanded, and still remember the humiliating laughter.

One of his theatrical trunks had, for some reason, been left at our house. It was stored in the cubby hole, off the back bedroom, which served us as an attic and had a magic for me like

Aunt Libby's songs and the pictures in her old magazines of ladies wearing small flat hats tipped over their faces ~~with hair~~ and looped-up overdresses sweeping into trains ~~that~~ behind.

About the time I was born, Dad had set himself up in his own shoestore. It had some rocky going in the Depression of the 'nineties when Coxey's Army marched, but he slugged his way through with hard work and shrewdness. He had enjoyed road travel...starting off for a new place each day in the cool of the morning, meeting people, talking, bending his skill amd energies to selling. But he could sell in his own store and he was glad to settle down for he was, above all, a family man and got his greatest satisfaction from his home, his wife and children.

He agreed with mother that there was no family like the Hart family, and so ,willy nilly, did we children. We did do lovely things together. Kathleen and I often enjoyed each other in spite of ourselves. We had so many festivals, anniversaries and traditions. The year was strung with them like lights on a Christmas tree.

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There was no Christmas like a Hart Christmas, we felt sure, although Dad's income from the shoe store was modest and our celebration the same. from the first smell of fruit cake, suspense built up and up. Strict secrecy governed the making or buying, the wrapping and hiding of presents, even joke presents, which were one of ourtrditions. Everyone got some. Mother was unfailingly remembered with a tastefully wrapped potato or lump of coal from the beau Daddy had taken her away from.

Another tradition which began on Center Street was Dad

making Sunday night lunch. He started doing it after Helen was born, to make things easier for Mother on a night when the hired girl was out. He made coffee, using an egg, ~~unimgaan~~ ~~afxeaurrxy~~ shell and all... and sandwiches from cold meat, ~~or~~ chicken, ~~or~~ cheese or onions... especially onions. When friends dropped in they were welcome, and as the years passed more and ~~and~~ more dropped in, friends of all ages, ~~of each one of us~~. A boon to us girls ~~in high school days!~~ The custom lasted as long as he lived, and after Delos came into the family he memorialized it with a gift to Dad of a solid well-honed knife with a silver plate affixed to its handle which read:

TOm Hart
His Sunday Sandwich Knife

A Hartt brought back presents for everyone else in the family whenever he returned from even the shortest trip.

En Masse, we observed our parents' wedding anniversary. As long as we lived in Mankato, when October the fifteenth was fair, we drove in the family surrey to lake Madison, to the lakeside home which mother's stepfather had built before he and Graddma moved to California.

Except on the lake side, which had a dock and a bathouse, it was enclosed by a white fence with an arched gate in front, and the road leading to the house was lined with fragrant evergreens. Kathleen and I, while our grandparents lived there, had had good times on these spacious lawns...making hats from grape keaves, swinging in the long rope swing, having dolls' tea parties in the ~~summerhouse~~.

A farm family lived there now.

Scuffing through the red and yellow leaves, we inspected the tree under which Dad had proposed. He had been camping with friends on the lakeshore and came to the house to borrow a cup of salt.

We children would look up into the branches.

"It was moonlight," Stella would say dreamily.

"And she hooked me," Dad would crow while we chuckled delightedly until Kathleen grew old enough to look indulgent.

We saw the bay window in which they had been married and the window above where, Mother said, she had been waiting , wearing a teagown, when he drove up the driveway in a hired livery rig.

"With Uncle Henry Bowder, Aunt Flo's husband. He married us."

Perhaps we had broughta picnic along, for the Harts were great picnickers. We took Sunday breakfasts to the country sometimes. Mother and Dad were church-goers, but they weren't what was called "strict,"and once in a while on Sunday we would pack a basket, roll blankets, and drive through the dawn to cook breakfast out of doors. The smoke, the boiling coffee, the sizzling bacon or sausage mingled delectably with the cool morning air.

We ~~always~~ cooked breskfast on the Fair Grounds on the day the circus came to town, to watch the elephants being fed, and the big tent raised, ~~and happily catch a glimpse of an acrobat or clown~~. Sometimes we were accompanied by the Woods or the Macbeths, friends from the High Fly Whist Club. Flossie Macbeth was the become Florence of the Chicago Opera Company. When they were six or so, she and Eleanor Wood and Kathleen, wearing spangled tulle dresses, one blue, one red, one green, danced together in a Kermiss. Kathleen's dress was the green one and that shade of green still gives me a shiver of delight... though I always miss the spangles.

We took family supperd to Sibley Park, at the meeting of the rivers. We children would wade in the Blue Earth, throw pebbles, and gaze up at the grassy tree-covered bluffs on the Minnesota River side, and we enjoyed the high wooden swing while Dad made coffee in the Parl kitchen and mother spread out supper on one of the long

Tables. Dad said grace, of course, before we ate.

On the rides home, we sang, Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat, Helen up front with Mother and Dad. The first song in which Helen could join told about that bicycle built for two. We all loved to sing, except Dad, amd he loved to listen, and we "took parts" in "Annie Laurie", "The Tavern in the Town", "Juanita." "Tenting Tonight."

Mother had a rich contralto voice . She rocked her babies to sleep with lullabies:. the hulababy from Himinie?

"Bye, bye,
Drowsiness o'ertaking,
Pretty little eyelids close..."

and other soft songs like "Suwanee River."

According to her, if she sang "Suwanee River" to me, I would start nursing and start to cry. She would change to something else , and I would return to the nipple, but if she slyly reverted to "Suwanee River" I would let go and start to cry again,

I don't know what they was supposed to prove but I doted on hearing it told. Most of the family stories pertained either to Kathleen, because she was oldest, or to Helen, because she was the baby , I have wept at"Swanee River" all my life, probably from vanity at th e achievement,

When Mother wasn't putting babies to sleep, her songs to them were lively. Like that Captain Jinks of the Horse marines who fed his horseon pork and beans, or "Marching Through Georgia" , or... best of all...."Tje Birdies' Ball." This must have been one of Aunt Libby's Songs for I never heard it outside our family circle.

"Spring once said to the nightingale
I'm going to give you birds a ball

The birds and the birdies, great and small.

"Tra la la la la

Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la....."

As she sang those tra la las, Mother jounced the lucky baby briskly, holding it well out on her knee, her hands firm beneath its arms. Her determination was to elicit a smile from the enchanted infant, and I seldom knew her to fail. I remember Helen, a fat delicious baby, yielding a toothless smile and our Merian doing the same, for mother sang "Birdies's Ball" to her grandchildren, just as she had to us, through interminable verses of which she never forgot a line.

She played the piano withthe same verve with which she sang, until Kathleen took over. Her marches had a fine forceful beat, and we always had marches for birthday parties, to accompany the eager procession winding in from the lawn, where we had been playing games, to the dining room and the ever new excitement of the candlelighted cake.

We had cakes for every birthday but the first birthday at which I had a party was my fifth one, memorable for several reasons.

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To begin with, for this occasinn, Mother made me my first silk dress. I was overjoyed to have one. Silk dresses were what prince princesses wore. This was a checked rose and tan silk with lace trimming aro8nd the neck and sleeves. After the birthday, I wore it every Sunday and did not doubt that the Baptist Sunday School was stunned by my beauty.

I had my picture taken in it , which was fortunate, for it had a short life.

Somewhere I heard about places called slums in a city hamed New York. Perhaps Dad had bean discussing with Mother an

article by Jacob Riis in his favorite Century Magazine. I learned that children in New York did not have enough to eat and wore ragged clothes. When I found myself alone, I went upstairs and took my silk dress off its hook. I crept down to the kitchen and went to the ice box. A bowl of cottage cheese caught my eye. I scraped it carefully into the glistening folds of my dress, wrapped the dressin a newspaper, tied it with a string and printed on the margin To the New York Poor. I gave this damp bundle to the postman secretly , and secretly he returned it to my mother, so I did not know for many years that it had not gone where it was intended to go.

Writing this down, I am startled to realize that it was the most unselfish action of my life. And so many years lay ahead of me!

Though I lost the dress, I still have two things from that fifth birthday party. A little glass pitcher, which was one of the presents I received...and Bickie. That was when she came into my life and she still illumines it. We had eyed each other a few days earlier when the large Kenney family moved into our street but, due to her shyness and my too exuberant overtures, we hada an unfriendly exchange. There were none such after we joined hands to lead the procession at my party.

When we had a tiff, which was seldom, we walked on opposite sides of the streeet but we never reached our destination with t that chasm between us. At some point, with one accord, we would rush to the middle of the street and shout, "I like you!"

Indubitably, we liked each other. Except when school interfered, we played with each other all day long. Paper dolls. Sand stores. Church , in an empty piano box which served us as a playhouse. Bick, a devout Catholic, insisted on an altar and we used a valentine.

Sometimes we were allowed to take our filled supper plates up to a little bench which a neighbor had built on the woodsy slope that ended Center Street. This was called Center Street Hill, as opposed to the Big Hill which crossed Center Street here and climbed to what seemed enormous heights behind our house.

Later we took picnics up there, eating as soon as we reached the top for our picnics bore no relation to meal times. There were only one or two houses then on the grassy , oak-strewn summit. We found a mysterious twin row of trees which we decided to keep for a secret and named The Secret Lane. There were thorn apples to pick, wild strawberries to eat, wild flowers to gather. And when we sat down to rest we liked to make up stories.

Making up stories was a favorite diversion. We made them up together. Tess, one of Dick's older sisters, was good at it too and used to join us sometimes on the Kenney back fence which was separated from their house by a pump and kitchen garden, buggy shed and barn. We sat on that fence and made up stories while the sun was setting.

"The sun was setting in the west!" That was our favorite opening whether our tale was to be about the ravishing Gwendolyn Poindexter, fairies or Indians. When one of us got bored, she would yell, "The sun was setting in the <u>east</u>!" And that dfefiant cry was a signal to push one another off and go racing up to Center Street to join those children who were playing Pom Pom Pullaway in the early dark.

Usually, though, Tess preferred the company of Kathleen and the other big girls. and soon Dick and I were joined in all our undertakings by a little girl , quite different from us, who nevertheless became our inseparable companion.

She was a tiny sprite whose light hair looked even lighter than it was, because she was so deeply tanned. Her name was Marjorie Gerlach but everyone called her Midge. I am told that she and I met when our mothers were wheeling us out in baby buggies, but she lived on the next street and I have no firm memories of her until Bick and I, walking each day to the Pleasant Grive School, were bewitched by her house. It was chocolate colored and had red glass over the front door and...we discovered later....front and back stairs. A mansion of all glories!

However, Midge had a charm for us greater even than her house or the lovely lacy clothes her mother made for her or her grace as a solo dancer for which she was locally famed. She appreciated us. She admired us. She realized how wonderful we were. Not that she flattered us in words. On the contrary she was blunt and all tooxhibs honest. But she listened to our stories with wide eyes and gurgled with laughter at our jokes. She waited on us; she had been taught to be helpful at home. Her German mother had taught her to cook, dust and sew. She was practical where we were dreamy, independent where we were tied to apron strings, fearless where we were timid.

She was as agile as she was fearless. Telephones had reached Mankato and the tall poles were sprouting in residential streets. A neighbor ran to tell Mrs Gerlach that her tiny daughter had climbed a telephone pole...all the way to the top.

"Don't worry," Mrs Gerlach answered. "She'll come down."

Bick and I had not thought of climbing telephone poles but we were full of fine ideas for exciting things to do . Midge put our ideas into execution,

We climbed our backyard maple and decided to fly like birds.

"We haven't got wings," Midge pointed out with German practicality.

"We"ll use our arms for wings, " we told her. "Weill wave them and jump the way baby birds do."

Midge jumped.

We decided to daub ourselves with mud, tangle out hair, rumple our dresses and go begging at a strange house. Bick or I rang but it was little Midge who explained, in simulated baby talk, that we weew hungry.

One day, alone at our ho use, we decided to make an Everything Pudding. Put ino one pan a little of everything edible in cupboard and ice box, stir it, and cook it, and see how it came out. Probably it would be the mos t delicious food ever eaten, I decla declared, and we would be the first in the whole wide world to make it , because no one had thought of making it before.

Midge looked dubious but she took charge , nevertheless. She suggested that we begin with bacon grease , and stirred briskly while Bick and I dumped in sugarm salt, oatmeal, catsup, tapioca, an eggg, milk, molasses, butter, chocolate, bay leaf, corn starch, cocoa, vanilla, egg-o-see. ...You name it; we dumped it.

Though it didn't turn out well, it was an important scientific experiment.

Bick and I used to spin tales by the hour about what we were going to do when we grew up. Midge hung on every word as we told how beautiful we were going to be, what long trains our dresses would have, what big plumy fans we would wave, how we would live in Paris with French maids, even go around the world.

You will note later who went around the world. She went all alone and sent us post cards.

Bick and I bragged about our ~~relatives~~ relatives. She had cousins living in St Paul including one ~~near~~ about our age named called Beadie. I don't believe Bick had ever been to St Paul, but

she held us enthralled withbtales of Beadie...her curls, her clothes, her cutenesses. I didn't have a cousin to rival her but I could always fall back on Grandma Austin who had gone to Paris...and we had that green bottle to prove it.

"My grandma," I would say, "saw the Empress Eugenie in Paris, sitting in a park. She's old now but she used to be the most beautiful woman in the world."

Midge hung on every word, wide-eyed.

She had an exquisite blonde aunt in Milwaukee and after we saw her photographs she became a favorite subject for our fanciful tales. She visited Mankato and was even more ravishing than her pictures. (I prayed every night that I might wake up looking like Aunt Dell. (Though I always woke and still freckled and straight-haired, it was a lovely idea to go to sleep on.)

Bick and I talked about Aunt Dell so extravagantly that honest Midge hesitated to claim her.

"Did my Aunt Dell do that?" she would demand, bewildered. Or, trying to get into the spirit of things, she would put in helpfully:

"Aunt Dell is a good cook , too."

We met that with the silence it deserved.

Last year, looking over a Gerlach geneology, I noted that Midge's father's grandmother had been a Bavarian countess. If only Bick and I could have known about that! We were all three in love with the young King Alfonso of Spain. (Midge thought it was silly but she fell in with it.) We cut his pictures out of the newspapers and pinned them to our underwear , above - we hoped - our hearts. We agreed without jealousy that Midge would make the best queen, because of her yellow hair and accordian pleated dress, but the newspapers dashed our hopes by stating that his queeen must be of

royal blood. Why couldn't we have known that Midge was practically a countess!

As a matter of fact, we had an aristocratic connection right in Mankato. Over the hill from Center Street, in a softly rolling valley, stood Mr Tinkcom's impressive brick house and, facing it, A ROW OF SMALL HOUSES WITH LARGE GARDENS BEHIND, WHICH dwelt Mankato's Syrian colony. Mr Tinkcom had sold the Syrians their land, and the place was called Tinkcomville.

We wandered down there sometimes.

People called from garden to garden in a harsh foreign speech. Men were always setting off in horse-drawn buggies, loaded with satchels, to sell linens and embroideries and laces. Some of the new arrivals still wore their old-country clothes and most of the little girls wore scarves and ear rings like the woman.

A rumor went around Mankato and was brought home by my father that one little Syrian girl...we knew her...was a princess. A princess in Tinkcomville! Some scoffed at the idea; others believed it. Bick, Midge and I believed it and I pursued research on the subject in New York when I was fifty.

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Although we three played so much together, we did not always play alone. Ruth Williams who had long fat yellow braids lived nearby and one day the four of us climbed to Highland Park,.. It was worth the climb because of thorn apples and peacocks...

We made up a club called the P.O.F., standing for Pledge of Friendship, a pledge not broken yet.

Beulah Hunt had straight black hair, and elish black eyes and a pony cart in which we wangled rides. Also, because her father was owner and editor of the Free Press, she had passes to the matinees played at the Opera House. She often took us on her

passes, and I can almost say that the Opera House was Beulah Land for certainly our eyes were filled with heavenly noises and our eyes delighted with heavenly visions there. ~~The glittering crystal chandelier helped, too.~~ But whether we sat in Beulah's velvet-draped box or teased dimes from our fathers for the gallery, we kne w pure undiluted bliss under the glittering crytal chandelier of this temple of the arts,

Years later, doing research in the New AYork Public Library, I strolled into their art gallery and saw a painting which made me hear the heart-stirring sound of violins tuning up. I expected to see the room darken and the painting slowly rise before my eyes for it was May Festival in Spain by Luis Alvarez, a copy of which had filled the curtain of the Opera House at home. I knew it well for we always aimed to be first past the ticket-taker and to pass the time we studied/~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ this picture... ...the flower booth, the sedan chair, the gentlemen in cocked hats, the ladies - one had a pink dress- and chickens scratching.

Mankato was a show town. It not only had weeklong visits from the Minneapolis Stock Company but road companies played one-night stands there, en route from the Twin Cities to Omaha. We saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "Rip Van Winkle", "East Lynn", "Way Down East" and other classics. Does anyone else in the world remember "Secrets of the Russian Police"?

I had not/~~seen~~ heard a musical show, although Kathleen had been taken by Mother and Dad to hear "The Prince of Pilsen/" ~~"In the evening!~~ I was not considered old enough to go on the excursion, and it rankled. But I got/~~running~~ even when "The Tenderfoot" came. Mr and Mrs Gerlach, ~~ready to leave~~ in gala attire for the theatre, ~~in gala attire~~, had the kindly impulse to take Midge and me along.

Permission from my parents was

hurriedly securdd. They had tickets for only two seats but we crowded in between them or took turns on their laps and if our foursome looked a little odd to the opera cloaks and full dress suits around us, Mr and Mrs Gerlach weren't the kind to care. In a rapturous daze, I heard Richard Garle sing, "I lost my heart in the Alamo."

I hummed it for days when I wantdd to irritate Kathlnen.

By now I was writing plays like mad and always wrote in for myself a juicy part as villainess. ~~When we gave "The Repentance of Lady Clinton" in Midge's back parlor I repented to such good effect that I made a little boy in the audience cry.~~

We weren't often allowed to give our plays indoors. We stretched ~~trees~~ sheets between convenient trees, ~~often our side lawn maples,~~ and the audience, who had paid in pins for the treat, sat on the ground, Adults, ~~if they could be induced to come~~, were ~~given~~ charged a penny and given kitchen chairs.

After the circus made its annual visit, we gave our own. First we had a parade around the neighborhood which rivalled the one we had recently watched on Front Street with its bands and screaming calliopes and clowns and ladies in gilded wagons.

Helen was the star of our parade ,. She was three or four years old, We pulled her, lying on her stinach, in a tissue-decorated cart and although, even as a small child , she was reserved and dignified, she seemed modestly not displeased as we hauled her along, shouting raucously:

"She's wonderful! She's marvellous! She combs her hair with her feet."

She didn't comb it in the cart, of course. People had to pay their pins to see her, still on her tummy, take a comb in her bare rosy toes and wriggle them up until she got it into her hair.

She saved the family reputation for I was no good at

circuses but my friends were loyal and I was hoisted, panting, into one of the trapezes in the tree bn yhe Gerlachs' knoll which served us as a tent. I did not tricks bnt swang back and forth, painted amd bedizened, while Midge, Bick, Ruth, Beulah and assorted younger brothers and sisters produced The Greatest Show on Earth.

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Don't forget that I was busy all these years writing the Poems which went into the Selections!

About the time they were publishdd, Dad gave me a volume of Longfellow's Complete Works. It wasn't a birthday or Christmas or anything. He ~~just~~ went into ahe bookstore and bought it and brought it home to me, ~~just~~ because I was a Poetess. ~~I~~ ~~was~~ Longfellow's Complete Works, Cabinet Edition, Houghton Mifflin and Co. I have it still.

This was the first book in my personal library, and ~~it~~ was a boon to me. Up to that time many of my poetbc works ~~wemadrdmiNe~~ "Twas the Night Before Christmas." Now they began to sound like "Hiawatha." I was in full command of two rhyme schemes and I would not have felt abahhed in competition with Wordsworth.

The pile of stories in the cigar box was growing, too . I read them to Midge and Bick, and Midge wept buckets of tears when theywere sad. They were usually sad, for so were the books in the secretary-bookcase in our back parlor.

"Black Beauty", "Beautiful Joe', "Elsie Dinsmore". "The Lamplighter", "Queechy", "The Wide Wide World", ~~and~~ "Ten Nights in ahBaBarroom.""

More cheerful were "The Five Little Peppers","E ditha's Burglar" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol." The last two prpvided recitations for Kathleen. I have received letters over the years

from people who ~~have~~ rcognized her as Julia in ~~my~~ the Betsy-Tacy books which are based on my own young days . They ~~and~~ remember her reciting "The Birds' Christmas Carol" in Fourth Grade. She took all the parts, changing her voice for each character. Do you wonder that she was hard to follow?

I'm sure it was for Kathleen that Mother had purchased a fat book of Recitations and Readings, but Bick and I sampled it sometimes. It contained a blood-curdling account of the execution of M Mary, Queen of Scots , We read that one wintry twilight, alone in my back parlor. By the time we finished, both of us were quaking. Darkness had fallen and Bick was afraid to go home alone, so I tput on my wraps and took her across the street to her house. But I ~~too~~ felt the hot breath of the executioner on my neck. I ~~and~~ was too scared to return unaccompanied, and of course she went with me. We made a number of trips back and forth, across the ghostly snow, our hands tightly clasped, each one resolved not to desert the other. Finally we agreed to separate in the middle of the road and run to our own abodes, calling out to each other as we ran. And so we did, our voices echoing. "I"m all right. Are you?" The executioner didn't catch up with either of us.

Our bookcase ~~Mother~~ had several sets of books. Mother had bought them from travelling book agents ~~whbhathe theg oergivihguvaltufes~~sniffed through Hawthorne and extracted "Tanglewood Tales" and sniffed through Stevenson and extracted "Treasure Island". But I read every ~~word~~ one of the Travel Lectures of John L. Stoddard. I read them through from one marbled red cover to the other, all ten volumes.

I have the old set ~~still and found it very useful when wri writing in 1952 when in the new and found it~~ now , and in the changed world geography og 1952, I found it very useful when writing "Betsy and the Great World" which dealt with travels in 1914.

Soon Kathleen was racing through Mother's novels: "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall", "When Knighthood was in Flower", "Janice Meredith", "The CRisis", "Graustark." I struggled after her.

I discovered spicier fare. Our hired girl had in her back bedroom dozens of paper-backed novels. "Cruel as the Grave", "A Dark Marriage Morn", "Lady Audley's Secret." Instinct told me not to mention these to Mother but I read them aloud to our helper on evenings when Mother and Dad were out at the High Fly Whist Club or a Knights of Pythias dance. I borrowed them to read to Bick and Midge.

This was a time of borrowing. It went on briskly all up and down Center Street for Andrew Carnegie did not bring a real library to town until 1903.

From Bick's dining room cupboard, I borrowed Father Finn's boys' stories: "Tom Playfair or Making a Boy of Him," "Percy Wynn or Making a Boy of Him," and all the rest.

From a blue frame hiuse wuth a wide porch I borrowed the Horatio Alger books, notably "Dan, the Newsboy."

From a red brick house with arched windows, I borrowed "Toby Tyler or Ten Weeks with the Circus."

Wreathed in glory in my memiry is the neat tan house with brown trimmings where I borrowed "Little Women." I used to borrow it, read it through, reluctanly return it, and if it were returned on Monday, by Wednesday I was back on the doorstep, bright and smiling, to borrow it again.

I was now ten years old , and for Christmas, I informed all and sundry, I wanted two things and two things only: A typewriter and "Little Women." Nothing else!

How rash such statements are!

I was roving down Front Street late one afternoon, waiting to drive home with my father who was still busy at the store. Sleigh-bells chimed as cutters slid along the icy streets, sidewalks were crowded with shoppers, and the store windows were were filled with Christmas greens and bells and tempting merchandise. It was cold, and I skipped from one to another briskly until , just across from the Faulpaugh Hotel, I reached the window of a jewelry store. There, among rings and bracelets and necklaces and pin-on gold watches, I saw something that brought me up short. It was a sort of glorified note-book. It had a silver cover with a little silver pencil at the side and it hung by a chain, obviously supposed to hang from the belt as ladies' purses did that year.

I was overwhelmed with desire.

I could not bear to move on, in spite of the cold. Of course, I was wrapped up tighter than a sausage with a fascinator wound between hood and heavy coat, and a wool dress beneath the coat, flannel petticoats beneath the dress, and long-sleeved, long-legged flannel underwear beneath the petticoats and long black stockings, and a red flannel chest protector underneath all. Still, my nose could get cold. And yet I did not move.

"I oughtbto have that," I thought. "It's just the thing for a writer."

If I had it, I would wear it all the time. It would always hang on my belt, so I could write down any idea for a story that occurred to me, or a line for a Poem, or a good new word.

I must find out how much it cost. If it was only ten cents I would buy it.

Happily , the clerk who came forward was a friend. She was Mary Wood of the High Fly Whist Club Woods, a blooming

high school
black-haired/girl in a Gibson girl shirtwaist, clerking to earns some Christmas money.

She greeted me kindly and asked what I wanted and I led her to the window and pointed.

"How much does that cost?"

"Oh, that....it's a chatelaine and a half relished that word, she went on, "A dollar and a half."

I'm sure an exclamation of dismay escaped me for I remember that she asked sympathetically whether I had wanted it for my mother.

No, I answered, for myself.

She explained that a chatelaine was intended for a lady. It hung from her belt and she used it to jot down shopping lists and engagements and such.

"You wouldn't have any use for it, Maudie."

"Oh,yes,I would ," I said, tears beginning to roll down my cheeks,."It's just what I need." I stumbled out some sort of explanation about stories and poems and then stumbled out of the store. A dollar and a half! When would I ever have a dollar and a half! And grown-ups would think, as Mary did, that a chatelaine was a silly thing for a little girl to want.

But when Christmas Eve was past...with its carols and readings and the trimming of the tree and stuffing of one another's stockings...and Christmas morning came with stockings unpacked in a bedlam of tissue paper, ribbons and joke presents, there was a dainty box for me, bearing the calling card of Miss Mary Wood, and inside on a bed of cotton lay my chatelaine!

For a t least a week thereafter it flapped against my stomach and no immortal word or line escaped me.

If Maeterlinck is right and the dead awake when their names are lovingly uttered, Mary Wood Bowen should wake to hear my thanks for that dear ridiculous gift.

I got "Little Women," too. No typewriter, though.

As may be surmised from his presentation of the Longfellow, Dad was giving thought to my writing. He was not a reader, except of newspapers and the Century Magazine, but he and Mother felt alike about their children. Any budding talent that any of us showed was encouraged as a gardener encourages a precious seedling.

Mother was probably the one who declared that since Maudie liked to write she was sure to become a famous author. And Dad responded characteristically with one of his "snoggestions." That was his word for the happy suggestions he made at significant moments.

In an all-family conference , he revealed his plan. I was to take out a card in the new Carnegie Library and since it was far from our hillside home I would go there everyother Saturday and spend the day. I was to lunch, all by myself, at a nearby bakery and would be given a dime...or was it fifteen cents?...to pay for this. In the late afternoon, I could bring home a load of books to be returned on the next visit.

If I wanted to be an author, he said, I must read ~~good kxxxxfxgxxdxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the classics, the great books of the world. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

I started these memorable trips ~~xxipx~~ in the winter, I think, for I recall a fire in the fireplace of the Children's Room. There was a painting above it called, "The Isle of Delos." Prophetically I was struck by that name, Delos. And I recall snow sifting past the windows as I read at one of the low comfortable tables....after browsing blissfully along the so accessible shelves.

I remember Andrew Lang's Blue Fairybook, Crimson Fairy Book, Orange Fairy Book and all the gaily hued line. I remember Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen and "Alice in Wonderland", seen for the first time in fine editions.

If yearned toward anything obviously too young for a girl old enough to spend the day alone at the library, I took it home to read to Helen. I read her most of the Little Colonel books. (A child girl from Louisville came to visit in Mankato and claimed that the Little Colonel was real and that she had seen her and touched her.)

Helen, big eyes looking out from her English bob, listened with the charmed attention one might expect from a future librarian.

I confided, of course, to the Mankato librarian that I was going to be an author and must read the classics. I was guided to "Tales from Shakespeare" , "Gulliver's Travels". "The Arabian Nights Entertainment". "King Arthur and his Court", "Robin-hood."

I read them all, and many more, did I forget that the inner man must be fed. I stood in the warm, delicious fragrance of the bakery, my nickles inside my mitten, trying to decide among jelly roll, sugared doughnuts and cream puffs .

Something nourishing, Mother had said. Well, cream puffs were very nourishing!

It was some time before these trips had the desired effect on my writing. This is made plain to me as I look over some scribbled"manuscripts" of the Mankato period, preserved over the years, first by mother and then by me.

They often begin with a maid bringing tea to a beautiful bored young woman who sits in her luxurious boudoir before a snapping fire.

"Are you at home to callers?" asked patient Maggie as she tucked a soft lace shawl about her mistress' shoulders...

"Mrs Glextor-Glexton surveyed the capped and aproned figure over the rim of her cup.

"Well, er, well, I trust you, Maggie, to admit no one who is stupid or gossipy, no one who will notice these crowsfeet about my eyes or that my ears are dirty; no one who will tell that I am feeling blue because Lord so and so did not take me in to supper....Now go, you make me nervous."

A notable story from nothing from the collection for a cent it to the Ladies' Home Journal. In this venture, as in the Letter to God, I had Buck's assistance. Buck contributed a sheet of pink stationery filched from an older sister. She dared take only one sheet so the story had to be written very VERY small. Midge who had the smallest script undertook the writing.

We never received the hundred dollars we expected; the story never even came back. When this reminiscence first appeared in print, a friend in the Curtis Publishing Company expressed her amusement and a little surprise. She thought it had always been company policy to reply to every contribution, no matter how humble. Perhaps there just hadn't been room on that pink paper for ~~me to sign my~~ name? Or perhaps I thought it more cordial to end the story like a letter, "Your loving friend, Maudie."

I had never heard then of the practise of enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a manuscript's return/ It's a mean, low-spirited practise anyway. What lack of confience in one's muse is implied! But I learned to conform. Before long my Dad was saying that the Post Office Department ought to issue round trip postage stamps for the benefit of Maudie's stories.

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Sometimes we were allowed to take our filled supper plates up to a little bench which a neighbor had built on the woodsy slope that ended Center Street. This was called Center Street Hill, as opposed to the Big Hill which crossed Center Street here and climbed to what seemed enormous heights, behind our house.

Later we took picnics up there, eating as soon as we reached the top for our picnics bore no relation to meal times. There were only one or two houses then on the grassy, oak strewn summit. We found a/mysterious twin row of trees which we decided to keep for a secret and named it The Secret Lane. We discovered a ravine with a bubbling icy spring, [illegible] When we sat down to rest, we liked to/make up tell stories. We made them up together.

Some readers of the Betsy-Tacy stories have commented on their being so happy.

"Didn't anything sad ever happen?" they demand.

Well, Bick's little sister Ruth died. I mentioned that in one of the books but not in its true chronology and I did not tell the ~~whole~~ story.

Ruth was always called The Baby, for she was the youngest in a family of nine children, some of whom were grown. She was everyone's pet, a chubby little darling with a headful of blonde curls, large blue eyes and a fair skin. When she saw her father driving in at night, she would run to get his slippers.

Mr Kenney was away on a short trip when she fell ill and died, within a day and a night, of spinal meningitis. The family doctor met his train to deliver this blow.

George, the oldest brother, was in the Philippines. ~~He was in the American War.~~ He was a sweet-faced, dark-haired lad of eighteen, a favorite with his children. The Spanish American war lasted less than three months but George was away for two years and contracted malaria in the Philippines.

He reached Mankato in the early hours of a morning in May. Joyfully intent on surprising the family, he walked home from the station. When he climbed the last sloping block of Center Street, only the birds were awake, twittering in trees that were just leafing out. But Gyp, the Kenney dog, awoke when he heard footsteps and rushed out barking angrily. George spoke and told him to be quiet and Gyp recognized him and nearly turned himself inside-out with joy.

The Baby had died in February but George knew nothing about it and after the family had come trooping from their beds to greet him, he missed her and started toward the downstairs bedroom weking, "Where's The Baby?"

He sat on the couch all that morning and sobbed.

But these were adult sorrows. We sensed something of them but not much. I remember better Decoration Day that year.

As usual, members of the Grand Army of the Republic visited the schools and told us stories of the Civil War, and people took lilacs and snowballs to their family graves, and there was a parade down Front Street. And George Kenney led the parade! Slim in his two-toned blues, he rode the Kenneys' frisky black colt. We children nearly burst with pride as he came down Front Street on dancing Mae with the pipe and drumo corps behind.

I admit that in the Betsy-Tacys the sky is usually a cloudless blue and of course we all know that even with happy children some rain must fall. I have been trying to recall the rain.

Mother made me a brown silk dress with an accordian pleated skirt. It was piped in pink, but the pleated skirt was the glory of the dress. I whirled and whirled to watch it spin. It made its debut at the BaptistSunday School and after dinner I could not bear to take it off and persuaded Mother to let me wear it all afternoon. I was going with Bick to see a friend in West Mankato.

West Mankato was a long way from Center Street and Bick and I decided to go on bicycles. We started off gaily but about midway of our journey the glorious skirt got caught in a wheel. It ripped, it even tore. Bickie and I were in despair. We turned around and went home on dragging feeet, our hearts heavy with dread. I don't remember how we broke the news to Mother, or whether she punished me.

Come to think of it, I had a pleated skirt torn in a Betsy-Tacy book.

When my grandparents left the home on Madison Lake to go to California, Grandma came to give mother some of the family

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~~This year~~ George Kenney led the parade. Slim in his two-toned blues, he rode the Kenneys" frisky black colt. We children nearly burst with pride as he came down Front Street on dancing Mae with the pipe and drum corps behind.

keepsakes. One was the china doll Mother had played with when she was a child, and Grandma...of whom I was very fond...bestowed it ceremoniously on me. I never cared much for dolls but I was moved by this faded old-fashioned baby and very proud to be entrusted with such a treasure. I rushed over to show her to Bick and Bick and I skipped down Center Street to show her to somebody else. We skipped too fast for I fell on my face and the doll was smashed beyond repair.

And this...it echoed in my head...was my mother's beloved doll, one of the few mementoes she had of her childhood! And Grandma had saved it for me...so she had said...until I was old enough to appreciate it and know how to take care of it"! And Grandma was still there! I would have to face her! It was almost more than I could bear.

Bickie and I crawled back up the hill, both weeping. Again, I don't remember exactly what happened, but I am sure I was not punished. It wasn't the sort of thing Mother punished for. She had a tender heart.

This was never put into a Betsy-Tacy book but I do remember some such incident in a story I wrote for "Jack and Jill." I admit, though, that it was prettied up. The doll in the story could be mended.

There is an even sadder tale to report, one of which memory does not spare me a single detail. It was too awful to forget. No one ever mentioned it to me after it was over. It never became a subject for jokes as many childish misadventures do, and I probably have not told it more than two or three times in my life.

Mother's friend Merrie of Normal School days lived in Minneapolis with a husband and five children and one summer she paid us a visit. When the time came to leave, she invited me to go home with her for a stay of a week or so. Mother gave her

hill to show it to someone else. We rushed too fast, I guess, for I fell on my face which wasn't smashed but the doll's face was. The doll was ruined beyomd repair. And grandm a was still this was mother's treasured doll, one of the few mementoes she had ~~left~~ from her childhood. And Grandma who had saved it for me until I was old enough to appreciate it, was still at our house, r probably still glowing with the appreciation with which I had received my her gift. Never two snails crawled up that hill both weeping,
as Bickie and I [illegible]

permission and I was ecstatic. To go on a train, to meeet Aunt Merrie's children, to see Minneapolis, perhaps to tread the streets of St. Paul where Beadie lived! Kayhleen had gone with Mother to visit Grandpa and Grandma Austin in California. Now I was off to see the world.

My clothes were washed, starched, ironed , and packed in a valise. I got a new hat with flowers on it, and I started away with Aunt Merrie so shining with happiness that I must have glowed like a lamp. The whole family saw us off.

"Write to us," Mother called, waving, as we stood on the back platform.

"I will," I called back.

There was really no need for her to remind me. I had packed paper and a clutch of pencils with my most important impedimenta. Writing letters home would be part of the fun.

The whistle blew, the bell tolled, and the train chuff chuffed out of the station. I wasn't even tearful as my family faded from sight. I loved Aunt Merrie. She was a gentle lady, plumper than Mother, with a pretty careworn face. I felt sure that I would not be homesick on this visit.

And I had a very fine time. The house was a little shabby and the neighborhood, near the railroad tracks, not so pretty as our leafy Center Street , but the family made much of me and were plainly glad to have me in their midst. Several of the children were near my age, and all were fun to play with. We played without quarreling. They took me on the street car to St Paul to see Beadie. She wasn't at home but I saw the outside of her house! It had a sort of magic light around it.

One morning I delayed going out to play in order to write the promised letter home.

Mpls.

The Snipe Hair
Hat always
[illegible]
Send Sweet. Letter
"Stew" [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Dictate. Ti

~~Tribute~~ The Poets Tribute
Tribute to Friends
Took Hack home, studied
copying
Mrs E's letter.

~~The Secret~~
My Father working me
Working Mrs Curtis ☆.
The Sacrifice ☆.
So painful that I've never been
been able to bring myself to
tell ☆.

There was much to tell and one of the most interesting things to me was that these people were so different from the Harts. The children didn'y have good table manners. They grabbed and talked with their mouths full. They were saucy to their mother and nothing happened. Mother had instilled into us the conviction that if we were saucy to her, the sky would fall. Aunt Merrie had no such power. Her children even told her to shut up.

I described all this with a skill of which I was proud and probably, being a writer, colored it up a little

The girls were calling me to come out and play, so finally I ended the letter and stuffed its many pages into an envelope.

Aunt Merrie said," Run along, dear. I'll stamp and mail it for you." So I put it down and ran outdoors.

As we played, I began to have a queer sickish feeling which I've had now and again in crises. I was aware throughout, in the pit of my stomach, that something was wrong. I remembered that I had not sealed my letter. But surely Aunt Merrie would not read it. I had been told all my life that people did not read other people's letters.

Finally, through the din of our play, I heard her voice.

"Maudie, will you come in a minute? Not the others, just you."

I ran in quickly, still trying to make myself believe that nothing was wrong.

I saw at once that she had been crying. She went to her rocking chair and took me on her lap.

"Maudie," she began, "I read your letter. I thought it was nice that you had written such a long one, and I wanted to know what you'd said. I wish you wouldn't send it. You know, dear, this

is a big family....."

That was about as far as she got for I broke into tears. I cried and cried, overcome by the awfulness of what I had done. I could only say over and iver that I wanted to go home.

She tried to dissuade me and so did the children who came running in but weren't quite clear as to what had happened. I kept on crying. Aunt Merrie put me to bed, and Mother told me later that I had run a fever and Aunt Merrie was up with me all night. In the morning I was still crying and I still wanted to go home so Aunt Merrie said I might. But, I declared, tears breaking out afresh, I could not go home without buying presents for my family. No Hart did. Daddy had given me money to buy them.

So Aunt Merrie and her awed flock took me, still weeping, downtown on the street car, and weeping I bought presents and, weeping, I was put on the train.

Aunt Merrie had telephoned through my tears, Back in the safety of home, I told the whole horrible story. Mother held me in her arms, overflowing with compassion.

"Poor little Maudie! Aunt Merrie shouldn't have done that. Oh, I shouldn't have let you go!"

Kathleen and Helen tiptoed about in pitying silence. Daddy was sympathetic, too, but before I went to bed that night he told me a story. It was about how precious salt was on the desert and the loyalty that desert chieftains felt for anyone whose salt they had eaten.

"You had eaten Aunt Merrie's salt," he pointed out. "And you shouldn't have written that letter, Maudie. Always remember, after this, that when you accept someone's hospitality you have an obligation to that person."

Aunt Merrie is the heroine of this story. She wrote

to Mother, expressing her grief at what had happened, and said that after I left she had read my letter to her children, and it had impressed them, and they were trying to correct the habits I had mentioned. It had done them all good, she said

Later I went to Minneapolis to attend the University and although I was then eighteen, the thought of seeing that family again still made me sick with shame and self reproach. I thought I could not bring myself to enter their house. But I did.

Wonderful Aunt Merrie! I was received lovingly, and kept to supper,. In no time I was chattering at the table I had so maligned. The girls and I picked up our friendship where we had left it. One of them was at the University with me and we were often companionably together.

My disastrous visit was never mentioned and until now it was never written down. But many Aunt Merrie has been dead for many years and an experience so deep and painful, when it happens to a writer, cannot but get into a book sometime.

So here it is, in this one.

-0- From this point on, very rough.

A summer or two later, I was allowed to make a second visit alone, this time to some farmer friends of my father. Dad had run for countytreasurer and had won easily for, during his years in the shoe store, his genuine liking and sympathy for all kinds of people had earned him a surprisingly wide popularity. He would have an office in the Court house now.

While I was on the farm, I received a 'phone call from Kathleen, telling me excitedly to come home because the family had

to Mother, expressing her grief at what gad happened, and said
[illegible] that after I left she had read my letter to her children
and it had impressed them a great deal and that they were trying to
correct the habits I had mentioned. She said it had helped them
all.

a surprise for me, and when I reached 333 Center Street I ran into mystery.

A folded handkerchief was laid across my eyes and tied tightly in back. I was helped into the surrey and Dad, Mother, Kathleen, Helen and Bick all crowded in We drove up hill and down dale and around corners and more corners and when we stopped somewhere at last I was led up steps and more steps and a door was opened and there was a small of new paint. I discovered myself in a small emoty room from which stairs ascended. (The music room, Kathleen called it, and so did all of us soon.) of a spanking brand new house. Dad had bought it while I was gone,

"Ithas all the modern improvements, " Mother kept repeating joyfully. "A bathroom, a furnace, gas lights and a gas stome."

"An d it's near the High School where you and Kathleen will gbe going. And the Court House," Dhere I have my office," Dad explained.

Everyone was happy and excited except me. I was lonely in advance for Center Street and the hills around as like loving arms and Bick's house over the way. The modern improvements revolted me, for I liked the lamps and stoves.

The new house had a fireplace, though. In a corner of the dining room. And after we had moved and were settled here I loved to watch the fire in that open grate. I wrote a Poem about it and called "The Fire Spirits." I sent it to the Delineator and it was returned by a very kind editor named C

Charles Lwyer. He addressed me as, My dear Youbng Lady, and assured me that if I would cultivate the faculty of expression in veese making and study the works of the best poet,s I would, in time, have my verses accepted by the magazines.

That mitigated the ~~xxxxxx~~ loneliness I felt at first in the house I was to learn to love so much .

This section tells of my adjustment during 8th grade to the Fifth St. house.

Midge gone to Milwaukee.

I call on Aunt Flore Benham in the hospital.

Dad takes us all to Canada.

K and I join the Episcopal Church.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

I get a little better acquainted with my younger dister Helen and start my habit of telling her serial stories.

K and I get closer.

Some of the above will figure here, but chiefly the fact that from being chubby and pheerful I become thin and wistful. Thoroughly adolescent. And partly because I am lohely do more writing and that leads into the novel called "Poppy Kent."

That section has been done and follows this.

the family usually sang. Kathleen and I cuddled in the back seat Helen up front with mother and father. We all had good voices except out father but he loved to losten. Mother had a rich contralto voice. We took parts.

We sang The Tavern in the Town and Listen to the Mocking Bird and Battle Hymn of the Republic and ....Gilbert and Sullivn,

We sang at home too. Mother playing the piano until Kathleen took over. She sang the current baby to sleep with the lullaby from Ermenie but she not only rocked and sang when she was putting us to sleep.

Perhaps I was getting a little discouraged with editors, but about the time I was twelve I started writing novels in notebooks, not the advertising tablets from my Dad's shoestore, but fatly stoutly bound notebooks, One still survives. I illustrated them with figures cut from magazines. and wrote lines from the story as captions beneath. This wasn't always successful. For example when : "The girl moved rapidly through the crowd," I evidently couldn't find a fashion plate figure in which a girl in an opera cloak was really hurrying but she did have an opera cloak. And When": 'She held daintuly betwenn her thumb and finger a necklace," I had foud a girl holding something vewteen thumb and finger, and I cut it off and drew in a necklace. At first I said diamond necklace but crossed out the 'diamond" and gave it to the next paragralh where eveyry diamind is glittering like a sunbeam.

One of these prodictions survives. Popply "ent fillstwo and the classics I read at the library dont semm to have had much effect yet f a half fat notebooks and/ for it has the migged flavors of Elsie Dinsmrore , Lady Audley's Secret and Little Women,

Poppy is a beautiful orphan with"glosssy black curls"and...I say with startling originlaltiy...."such a face as artists love to paint or pe ts to sing about."I go on to explain that"her sparkling eyes were of an intense but brilliant black, protraying every conceivable emotion from mischief t o sobriety, from keen wit to wistful heart-rending pathos." Her past is shorouded in mystery. And she lives with an ugly cross Amanade Daws, but in one snowy night she runs away.

As soon as she lands in the city she her bag is stolen by a handsome pickpocket, but a sympathetic ploceman proves to be a friend of friends of hers back home and he takes her to his tnement whwre she dropped into a chair where she "quietly fainted away."

Nursed back to healthy by the cop and his wife, and who also loaned her ten dollars, she starts out again to make her fortune. "Gayly she tripped on....pn...on to the future. Behind lay the past. Before lay the future. So Poppy in joyful abandon tripped on, on." (I crossed out the last "on" wjich was wise. I"d gotten my effect.)

seen. To addd oto her trobles she has already depositied her remaining $5 in a bank. A sleepless night yawned ahead of her" ... do when she sees, in frnnt of the auditorium, a "luxurious closed carriage" and opensdthe door nand stepped withihin. It was low, luxurious, pillow lined, softm rich and inviting" and Poppy sinks into a seat anis is soon in the land of dreams

All I can say is that the author must have beeen/reading "In the Bishop's Carriage" by Marion Michelson to whom now all credit is given. No Bishop finds her however but thwhen the audience emerges from the Auditorium.... (statlely men and fair women and debutantes glittering i with jewels) the ta ll slender girl in the Oprera Cloak moves rapidly througg the crow,d as per the illustration abive described, and she is followed by "a stalwart young fellow. hex was evidnally her brother for hex had the same distinguised featurs and almond shaped blue eyes." The girl with the air distinguishe moved rapidly through the crowd which gave way before her.

This distinguishe pair take a fancy to Poppy, and hear about hex fall and themean hotel clerk and her money locked up i n the bank. But she neglects to mention that that was only $5. She also neglects to mention that she is a chocolate dipper at the Arcadia Candy Store.

"Here aas the time to say that she was chocolate dipper at the Arcadia and that her capital in the bank was pnly $5.00. But somehow she could not. S he knew that her nature was as pure and sensitive as Edith's bu but she also knew tha t one so refined ans high bred as Edith Verde could noy realize thxx anyone could be a chocolate dipper in a downtown candy store amd yet be high bred and fine grained."

So Poppy goes to their mansion.and Edith loaned her a red crepe laughter in which she poured tea for Hobart the next morning and theVerdi d drawing room is large and rich and nice. Poppy "bites her well groomed nails" in perplexity for "her finer nature shrank from deception and received hospitality under flalse pretenses.. "I cam't fedo it. I must tell," she said to herself but as the happy minutes flew by it was harder and harder.... Oh what a weak girl is this I have chosen for my heroine (authot speaking). Yss, weak indeed, but is she much more weak than many of you? Poppy had never had any mother to teach her -

but I am not excusing her. It was bad deceitful conduct. Unworthy of her finer self."

Soon her finer self triumphs and she steals t o her own boud oir. "She was I6 today. The 22nd of February. Aunt Amanada had told her on her I6th birthday she would get some valuable jewels. The notice had read "For urgent legal reasons." She was I6 today. Twelve Poppy; pieced 2 and 2 together. They wanted her back to give her money. Jewels. Fornurgent legal reasons.

"Oh," moaned Poppy. "I can't go back." The new found liberty and independence were too sweeet to be relinquished."

However, "after holding serious communion with her conscience, she began removing the airy crepe, the pretty jewlels, Edith had loaned her/ Wearing her own clothes again (they had been cleaned and pressed) she leaves a mysterious note "YOu wpu;dnt want me if you knew all" and flies bacl to her chocolate dipping. She ladles hot chocolate and froth y cream until her arms ache." And gets the next morning off to go roam hunti ing.

"I wpuld have been an heiresss. I am an outcast....But ehere i am free."

She runs into some pretty sordid experiences while room hunti but at last she finds the Little Women Family. There five girls inspead of four... are/Pauline, Katherine, Lydia, Fallie and the Waldemar, Ghetsser. with a handsome brother addeed, " as manly a boy as Poppy had ever seen" and a mother called, not Marmee but Mopsie.

Poppy spemds the winter with them and there is no further reference (that I can find) t o chocolate dipping. only one reference I can find to chocolate dipping.

"Winter melted into spring like the snows melted into grass and the frost on the tress melted into buds and the little brown house could not contain its owners for the joy of it."

So Waldo and Poppy are moved one spring evening to go to church. together. She puts on her prettiest gwwn, a soft muslin with pink ribbons her light hshawl and whiye picture hat (a whietechiffon hat wtth roses."

S-2x S41

She registers at a smart hotel where she xxxx is promised a room and room for a dollar and three meals for $.95. She hadbxxxxxx ridden on a streetcar and bought an paper in which the Arcandia Candy Store was adver tising for a chocolate dipper. Alas, when she registered as Poppy Kent, the clerk whistled and showed her an advertisement, Wanted Poppy Kentm a slender girl of about I7. Black curls. Black eyes. Altogether lovely....Wanted for urgent legal reasons by the Chief of Police of Snowdon. (Her home town.) But she talks the clerk out o f doing anything about it momentarily , then he decides that he wi ll but when he reaches her room he hears her singing.

"Had I wings as a dove has
far from the world would I flee
wifter, swifter than winds could follow
Lord, lord adnd rest there with thee."

Ythis is coincidental for Poppy Kent is practally an ahthiest until the end of the book but it touches the clerks heart and Poppy starts out for the Arcadia Candy Shop where she is hired as a chocolate dipper.

She Wa sn't a chocolate dipper in the sense woyou may think. She sat at a marbsit-topped table with a cu t glass punch bowl , pots for chocolate and chocolate cups.

"You justv sit on this stool and pour chocolate, dip punch and dish icre crea m," explained a nattily gowned little woman.

And when Poppy went to work, she said, "If the young men jear of the pretty clerk we have they'll flock here in dozens."

"Poppy looked at her with dilated eyes " (That xxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxx line was used for one of the pictures and I helped xx the eyes to dilate with black ink.)

"Oh Miss Sadie! Such noteriety? I hope not."

Miss Sadie shrugged her shoulders and opined that most girls would like it but Poppy felt a desire to burst into an alarmed tears .

They would have been suitable for the poster advertisin for Poppy Kent is posted in the shop.

Leaving that night, she falls in a puddle and gets so me messed up that the fashionabke Berkeley will not let her come in. They do not believe she has paid for her room, and the kind clerk is nowhere to be

They choose a very remote church, for sentimental reasons, Poppy is wearing a thun white muslin dress with pink rivbbons, am d a large whte chffon htat with ribbons, and pouring rain., She is drenched and eher dress clove to her figure. The sexton tells them that church is over and they have to hgo out agai n into th e rain./Poppy, a true Victorian, faints by the wayside. There are thunfer and lightning, too. Poor "aldo."

Mopsie is worried because they d o not return. One daughter folds her into her strong young arms and whispers words of comfort. A nother is reading the Bible.....The hall sclock began to strike, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven twelve."

"Midnight," cried Mopsie, wide eyed. Her cry wakes up Fallie (the Bible reader) "Mdidnight, ' repeated Mopsie softly, "amd the children not in yet." She ran to the window and threw it open.wide. The rain was ove and the moon was high in the heaven.s. Two people were coming They were carrying a long dark ibject which proves to the Waldo, his facs as white as chalk, unconscious.

Poppy....the family discovers long afterward.....has fainted so much that Waldo ....never having herd of a hack, i t seems.....ha d deposited Poppy with in a strange house with strangers who happedn to have his exact hame. They too are Chrstr On the way home he has been slugged but when at last he revives and the Chesters rush to the hiuse where they have left her, they find that this family are long lost relatives. Walsdo had been named for tihis long lost uc uncle who had run away from homr. Meanwhile the advertising for Popp y ent has continued, fast and furois./ Aamanda Daws for the sake of a few jelwels. At last Waldo forces a deicision and she fast and furious. It is common talk now that a vast forune is awaiting her. Waldo insists that Mopsie should be told and tells her and Mpsie insists thst Poppie must go back. Poppie is so miffed that she gets mad at Wlaldo and revives her friendship with the debutante's brother. Hobart/ Remember him?

"You are a base coward to tattle on a poor mitherless girl," she says, but Poppy is so miffed hyhat she revives her friendship with the debutantes brother, Hobardt, reemembe e him? And he escorts her

to the depot.

She is wearing a filmy, raditant, red net dress, He took her back to his mansion and they ate salad, fish balls, emerald lettuece and golden egg and the admitation which sparkled in Hobart"s eye's made glad intoxivcatingly hpappy thoughts replace her sad ones.

In June is all nedns happily. Poppy finds heeself and heiresss to $2,000, ooo . (The author made it 3 at first but decided to be madezate.) Poppy decides she believes in God after all.

Her Snowdon best friend marries and Poppy gives he r a diamond necklace. That is the one which is held daintily between thumb and finger in the pasted in picture.)

Waldo is forgiven but the love affair fades into insignicance beside Poppy finding out the identity f her parents.

Alice Dale had run away from her (rich) hom r o go on the stage, "Fair of face and form was Alice Dale." Her parents forbade her name to be spoken in front of them.

She was (she tells Poppy in a letter now delivered) pne of the chorus girls in a poppy ballet. and he in a front box threw her a bouquet of poppies. (A pressed petal was enclosed) He gave up prants friends and a chance to inherit hus father's fortune in order to marry Alice. He was nobrl, nobl but he could not earn a living and died and Alice died, and Poppy was placed with remote relatives, and rependent grandparents willed her this fortune when she shoul d be I6

She find s her mother in a locket, religion and the $2, 000,000 all together, And if both Waldo and Herbert are watiting together in the wingsm all the better.

It could lead to a second book.

I wi;; say this for myself at I2, I led tehe reader from page to page with a Perild of Pauline technique. After I started it I somehow had to read through through to the end. I had to k ow how Poppy got our of chocolate dipping, and how much her fortune was, and wheter she would choose Waldo and Herbert. As a matter of fact both of her were left

At any rate, iI started writing novels in notebooks, not the advertising tablets from the shoestore, but in fat, stoutly bound notebooks. One still survives. I illustrated them with suitable figures cut from magazines and wrote lines from my story as captions beneath. This wasn,t always satisfactory. For example when, according to my caption,"The girl moved rapidly through the crowd", the story demanded an opera cloak, and I couldn,t find a girl in an opera cloak who seemed to be hurrying, but I did find one that had an opera cloak. And when " She held daintily between her thumb and finger, a necklace". I found a girl holding something between her thumb and finger, and ...whatevet it was...I cut it off and drew in a necklace. It was a diamond necklace, too, for the stiry said that "every diamond was glittering like a sunbeam."

This particular novel, "Poppy Kent", fills two and a half notebooks and the classics I had read at the Library don't seem to have had much effect as yet for it has the kixed flavors of"Elsie Dinsmore", "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Little Women."

Popy is a beautiful orphan with "glossy black curls...and such a face as artists love to paint or poets to sings about." I go on to specify that "her sparkling eyes were of an intense but brilliant black, portraying every conceivable emotion from mischief to sobriety, from keen wit to wistful heart-rending pathos.

Her past is shrouded in mystery, but she lives in a town called Snowdon. When the story opens she is with her best friend named Margaret, who is so religious and a sort of private chapel called the Rose Room, in her cotthage. Poppy lives with a cross ugly Miss Amanda Dawd but one winter night she runs away from Snowdon.

She lives ina town called Snowdon, and her past is shrouded in mystery, When he story opens she is with her best friend, Margaret, who is so religious that she has a sor t of private chapel called the Rose Room in her cottage. Poppy lives with an ugly cross Miss Amanade Dawes, but one winter night she runsaway.

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a title
Helen's personality

tell me what happened when I dragged myself misterably into
Again, though, I am al ost sure I was not punished. See below
our yellow house./That never went into a Betsy-Tacy book but it
called Family Treausres which The incident
did go into a short story/I wrote for Jack and Jill,/
was somewhat prettied up. In the story, I think, the doll could
be mended. P robably not even scolded but taken to
my mother's heart and my grandmother's heart. The scar
punished. That wasn't the sort of thing mother spanked for. Probably
I was not even scholded but taken to her heart and my grandmother's
heart. However, that was never put into a Betsy-Tacy book. I
do remember, though, a story I wrote for Jack and Jill called
I mist admit that
Family Treasures. The broken doll went into that but/the accident
was somewhat prettied up. In the story, I think, the doll could be
mended.

There is one more even sadder story of which memory
does not spare me a single detail. It was so awful that I
never forgot it. No one in the family ever mentioned it to me
after it was over. It was never an occasion for joking as so many
childish misadventures are when they are over. I've never written
it down and probably have never told it more than once or twice
in my lifetime. It was as horrible as that.

[illegible]
p26.

[illegible] I used quite to
[illegible] by the time I had the mine,
Mrs Kennedy's head – her
Kennedy's fiddle – the
excitement & old [illegible]
and a baking on. Pigs.

collected each other's
faces. I loved the sweetness
of Mrs Kennedy's [illegible]
head [illegible] cooking and to
warm + being watched.
Mr Kennedy's [illegible] playing
in Dublin and she was
the [illegible] & a lot
[illegible] & [illegible] about.
also a baby sze, pigs. dog
many who worked for the time
down to early hours Ruth,
always called The Baby
And the Cows in [illegible] wife,
The were baking days, pigs

~~At any rate,~~ I started writing novels in notebooks, not the advertising tablets from the shoe store, but in fat, stoutly bound notebooks. One still survives. I ullustrated them with figures cut from magazines and wrote lines f rom my story as captions beneath. This wasn't always satisfactory. Forexam ple when, according to my caption, "The girl moved rapidly through the crowd", the story demanded that she be wearing an opera cloak. I found a girl wearing an oper a cloak but she didn8t seem to be hurrying. And when , later, "She held daintil between her thumb and finger , a necklace, " I found a girl holding something between her thumb and finger an d... whatever it may have been...I cut it off and with my trusty penci l drew in a necklace. It was a diamond necklace too, for the story said that "every diamond was glittering like a sunbeam."

This particylar novel , "Poppy Kent", fills two and a helf note-books and the classics I had read at the Library don8t seem to have had much effect as yet, for it has the mixed flavors of "Elsie Dinsmore", "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Little Wo men."

Poppy is an orphan with "glossy black curls...and such a face as artists love to paint or poets to sing about." I go on to specify that "her sparkling black eye s were of a n intense but brilliant black, portraying every conceivable emotion from mischief to sobriety, from keen wit to wistful heart-rending pathos."

Her past is shrouded in mystery but she dwells in a town called Snowdon, and in the first chapter she is with her best friend, Margaret, who is so religious that she has a sort of private chapel called The Rose Room in her cottage. Poppy, alas, is an athiest, and no wonder for her guardian is an ugly cross MissAmanda Dawes, and one snow night she runs away from home.

As soon as she lands in the city her bag is stolen by a handsome

pickpocket but a sympathetic po liceman proves to be a friend of Margaret's and takes her to his tenement where she drops into a chair and "quietly fainted away"

Nursed bacl to health by the policeman and his wife, who also loan her ten dollars, she starts out again to make her fortune. "Gayly she tripped on...on...on to the future. Behind lay the past. Before lay the future. So Poppy in joyful abandon tripped on, on..."

(The author crossed out the last 'on' which was wise. She had I'd gotten my her effect.) quoya.) Poppy

She registers at The Berkeley, a smart hotel, where she is promised a room for a dollar a day and three meals for ..95. Alas, when she registers as Poppy Kent, the clerk whistles and shows her an advertisement: "Wanted, Poppy Kent, a slender girl of about I7 . Black curls, Black eyes; Altogether lovely...Wanted for urgent legal reasons by the Chief of Police of Snowdon."

She talks the clerk out of doing anything about this.... momentarily. When she has gone up to her room he changes his mind, but he walks past her room and hears her singing:

"Had I wings as a dove has
Far from the world would I flee
Swifter, swifter than winds could follow
Lord, Lord and rest there with thee..."

It was fortunate indeee that Poppy, with her athiestic views, happened to be singing a hymn. It touches the cl erk's heart, he does not betray he , and she starts out for the Arcadia Candy Shop which i s a ve rtising for a chocolate dipper.

She did not dip chocolates in the way you may think. She sat at a marble -topped table with a cut glass punch bowl in front of her along with pots for choclate and chocolate cups.

"You just sit on this stool and pour chocolate, dip

punch and dish ice cream," explained a nattily ~~dressed~~ gowned little woman. And ~~when~~ she added, ~~'When~~ 'If the young men hear of the pretty clerk we have, they'll flock in here in dozens.'

"Poppy looked at her with dilated eyes." (That line was used for one of my illustrations and I helped the eyes to dilate with black ink.)

"'Oh, Miss Sadie! Such noteriety? I hope not."

Miss Sadie shrugged her shoulders and opined that most girls would like it but Poppy felt an impulse to burst into alarmed tears. No wonder she was feeling jittery for the poster advertising for her was posted right in the shop. It was everywhere.

And on her way back to the Berkeley that night, she falls into a puddle and gets so messed up that the night clerk will not let her come in. He does not believe she has paid for her room, and the kind clerk of the morning is nowhere to be seen. To worsen her predicament she has already deposited her remaining $5 in a bank.

"A sleepless night yawned ahead of her."

So when she sees, in front of the Auditorium, a "luxurious, closed carriage" she opens the door and steps within. It was "luxurious, pillow-lined, soft, rich and inviting" and Poppy sank into a seat and was soon in the land of dreams."

All I can say is that the author must have been reading "In the Bishop's Carriage" by Marion Michelson to whom now all credit for this bit is given.

No Bishop, however, comes to the carriage in which Poppy is sleeping and when the audience emerges from the auditorium..."stately men and fair women and debutantes glittering with jewels"... the tall slender girl in the opera cloak moves rapidly through the crowd, as per the illustration abive described, and she is followed by "a

stalwart young fellow. He was evidently her brother fpr he had the same distinguished features and almond-shaped blue eyes."

"The girl with the air distinguishe moved rapidly through the crowd which gave way before her."

Edith 'erde and her brother Hobart take a fancy to Poppy. She tells them about her tumble and the cruel hotel clerk and her money locked up in the bank.

"Here was the time to say that she was chocolate dipper at the Arcadia and that her capital in the bank was only $5.00. But somehow she could not. She kmew that her nature was as pure and senstive as/Edith's but she also kmew that one so refined and high-bred as Edith 'erde could not realize that anyone could be a chocolate-dipper in a downtown candy store and yet be high bred and fine grained."

So Poppy goes to their mansion,/and Edith loans her some jewels and a red crepe wrapper i n which she poured tea for Hobart the next morning and "Poppy bites her well -groomed nails in perplexity for " her finer nature shrank from deception and receiving hospitality under false pretenses....

"' I can't do it. I must tell,' she said to herself but as the happy minutes flew by it was harder and harder....

The Verdi drawing room was large and rich and nice .

The author mourns: "Oh what a weak girl is this I have chosen for my heroine. Yes, weak indeeed, but is she much more weak than many of you? Poppy had never had any mother to teach her - but I am not excusing her. It was bad deceitful conduct. Unworthy of her finer self."

So on her finer self triumphs and she steals to her own boudoir.

"She was sixteen today. The twenty-second of February. Aunt Amanda had told her that on her sixteenth birthday she would get some valuable jewels. The advertising poster had read, 'For urgent legal reasons."

Jewels! For urgent legal reasons! Poppy pieced two and two together. They wanted her back to give her some jewels.

"'Oh,' moaned Poppy. 'I can't go back.' The new-found liberty and independence were too sweet to be relinquiche d."

However, "after holding serious communion with her conscience, she began removing the airy crepe, the pretty jewels, Efith had loaned her." Wearing her own clothes again (they had been cleaned and pressed) she leaves a myserious note, "You wouldn't want me to stay if you knew all" and flies back to her chocolate dipping. She ladles hot chocolate and frothy cream until her arms ache and gets time off to go room hunting.

She thinks, "'I would have been an heiress. I am an outcast. ....But here I am free."

While room hunting she runs into some pretty sordid experiences but at last she finds the Little Women family. The Chesters. There are five girls instead of four...Pauline, Katherine, Lydia, Fallie and Agnes... with a handsome brother thrown in. Waldemar was "as manly a boy as Poppy had ever seen." They called their mother, not Marmee, but Mopsie.

Poppy spends the winter with them and there is little further reference to chocolate dipping. Agnes now becomes her best friend; she is almost as religious as Margaret.

"Winter melted into spring ~~as~~ like the snow melted into grass and the frost on the trees melted into buds and the little brown house could not contain its owners for the joy of it."

So Waldo and Poppy are moved, one spring evening, to go to church together.

For sentimental reasons they choose a very remote church, and unfortunately it begins to rain. Poppy is wearing a thin white muslin dress with pink ribbons, ~~a~~ a light shawl and a large white chiffon hat with roses on it. She is drenched, "her dress clove to her figure," and When they arrive, the sexton tells them ~~j~~that ch urch is over and they have to go out again into the downpour. There are lightning and thunder, too. Poppy, a true Victorian, faints by the wayside. Poor Waldo! But he never seems to have heard of a streetcar or a hack.

Mopsie is worried because they do not return. One daughter "folds her into her strong young arms and whispers words of comfort." Another is reading the Bible....

"The hall clock began to strike. 'One, two, three. four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven twelve!'

"'Midnight!' cried Mopsie, wide-eyed. Her cry wakes up Fallie (the Bible reader.) "Midnight!' repeated Mopsie softly, "and the children not in yet!'

"She ran to the window and threw it open, wide. The rain was over and the moon was high in the heavens. Two people were arriving, carrying a long dark object which proved to be Waldo, his face as white as chalk, unconscious."

Poppy, the family discovers, long afterward, ~~x~~ fainted so often that Waldo had deposited her in a strange house with strangers who also happened to ~~x~~ ~~be Chesters.~~

be named Chester. In fact, the head of the house was named Waldemar Chester. Our Waldemar, on the way home alone, had been slugged but then rescued and when at last he revives and explains about Poppy and our Chesters run to the house of the other where he has left Poppy, they find that these people are long lost relatives. Waldo had been named for this Waldo who had run away from home!

Poppy returns to the Chesters returns to the original Chesters.

Meanwhile, the advertising for the runaway Poppy Kent had continued with undiminished insistence. It is common talk now that a vast fortune is awaiting her in Snowdon. Waldo knows her true identity and insists that she should tell Mopsie. Poppy refuses and he tells her himself and Mopsie insists that Poppy must go back.

"You are a base coward to tattle on a poor motherless girl," Poppy says to Waldo. She is so miffed that she revives her friendship with the debutante's brother, Hobart. Remember him? And Hobart, not Waldo, escorts her to the depot.

She is wearing a filmy, radiant, red net dress.

He takes her first to his mansion. They ate salad, fish balls, emerald lettuce, golden egg and ice cream and "the admiration which sparkled in Hobart's eyes made intoxicatingly happy thoughts replace her sad ones."

She goes back to Snowdon, though. It is June and all ends happily.

Amanda Dawes is dead. Poppy finds herself an heiress to two million dollars. (The author made it three at first but crossed that out, deciding to be moderate.) Margaret, her Snowdon best friend, is about to be married, and Poppy gives her a diamond necklace. (That is the one which is held daintily between thumb and finger

Maud speaking now.

After "PoppyKent" ends, comes the high school section of the book which roughly has been written/but was not good enough to bring.

It inncludes numerous and (I hope) funny samples of the storys I was writing them. To add an 'e' to my name.

Trip to Milwaukee, Kath's adventures, etc are included.

Then comes this VERY ROUGH ending of the Mankato section,

So I was graduated and that night I wrote in my Journal.

"Well, goodby, dear old diary. etc. " I quote that,

~~see rough draft attached.~~

and tell in just a paragrpah or two how I will go away to the University in the fall , and then to California, and the family moves to Minnespolis so I never live in Mankato again.

(Ixxxxxxx The next chapter well deals with California) ~~From~~

Rough:

"So I never lived in Mankato again, ~~after the snowy blowy~~ when on a snowy blowy January night ~~night~~ in 1911, ~~when~~ I boarded the train for San Diego, I no idea of the value of what I was taking with me. I loved Mankato but I never dreamed how ~~many materials~~ round from it I would use in my writing all my life.

"The bend of the river, the little bench to which Bick and I took our suppers, the green bottle from Paris, "The Birdies' Ball". the visiting Aunties, Tinkcomville, Dad;s Sunday night lunches, the smell of picnic fires, the tunes from Aunt Libby's comic opera scores, ~~and Kathleen playing the piano for the crowd to sing.~~

The birds in my verses were still nightingales and Ebglish larks. In my stories high born characters sat beside boudoir fires. while their maids briught them tea, I place one in a high school which seemed much like the Mankato High but Gladys, who was the gay cent r of the Jolly Twelve, proved to be a princess... something like Beverly of Graustark.

Maud again: I give an excerpt from that, and then lead into this.

in the paste d -in illustration.)

Waldo is forgiven but the love affair fades into insignificance beside Poppy finding out the identity of her parents. Alice Dale had run away from her wealthy parents' home to go on the sta ge.

"Fair of face and form was Alice Dale."

"er parents/forbade then her name to be spoken in front of them.

Alice was (she tells Poppy in a letter written before her death and now delivered) one of the chor us girls in a Poppy Ballet. A young man in a front box threw her a bouquet of poppies. (A pressed petal from this bouquet was enclosed in the letter.) "e gave up parents, friends, and a huge fortune in order to marry/her He was noble, noble, Alice/repeats in the letter, but he could not earn a living, and Poppy was born, and he died, and Alice, before she dies, places Poppy with remote relatives.

Repentent grandparents willed her the two million, to be bestowe d along with many jewels, when she reaches the age of sixt een.

Poppy also gets a picture of her mother in a locket and decides she believes i n God after all.

That's the end. And if Waldo and Hobart are waiting together in the wings, all the better/

It could lead to a sequel.

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58

~~Maud speaking.~~
~~Then comes this.~~ ROUGH IDEA

There was one faint inkling that I realized I could find a story in Mankato. It is called Betty and Bick visit a hermit. Readers of my Betsy-Tacy books will recognize the dialogue. It never sold, although I would soon be selling stories now. But I am very thankful/glad I did not sell this one. It wasn't time to write the Betsy-Tacy stories. Merian who inspired them wouldn't be born for twenty years. Their future style was certainly jingling in my head, though,

There follows quote from this story:

And that's the End.

Perhaps I was getting a little discouraged with editors, but about the time I was twelve I started writing novels in notebooks; not the advertising tablets from my Dad's shoestore, but fatty stoutly bound notebooks, illustrated them with scenes or figures cut from mgazines. * One still survives. I and wrote lines from the story as captions beneath. This wasn't always too successful. For example when : "The girl moved rapidly through the crowd," I evidently couldn't find a fashion plate figure in which a girl in an opera cloak was really hurrying but she did have an opera cloak. And When": 'She held daintuly betwenn her thumb and finger a necklace," I had foud a girl holding something vewteen thumb and finger, and I cut it off and drew in a necklace. At first I said diamond necklace but crossed out the 'diamond" and gave it to the next paragralh where eveyry diamind is glittering like a sunbeam.

One of these prodictions survives. Popply went fills two and a half fat notebooks and/ for it has the migged flavors of Elsie Dinsmrore , Lady Audley's Secret and the classics I read at the library dont semm to have had much effect yet Little Women,

Poppy is a beautiful orphan with "glosssy black curls"and...I say with startling originlaltiy...."such a face as artists love to paint or po ts to sing about."I go on to explain that"her sparkling eyes were of an intense but brilliant black, protraying every conceivable emotion from mischief t o sobriety, from keen wit to wistful heart-rending pathos." Her past is shorouded in mystery. And she lives with a n ugly cross Amanade Daws, but in one snowy night she runs away.

As soon as she lands in the city. her bag is stolen by a handsome pickpocket, but a synpathetic plooeman proves to be a friend of friends of hers back home and he takes her to his tnement whwre she dropped into a chair where she "quietly fainted away."

Nursed back to healthy by the cop and his wife, who also loaned her ten dollars, she starts out again to make her fortune. "Gayly she tripped on....pn...on to the future. Behind lay the past. Before lay the future. So Poppy in joyful abandon tripped on, on." (I crossed out the last "on" wjich was wise. I"d gotten my effect.)

S-7x

She registers at a smart hotel where she xxxx is promised a room and room for a dollar and three meals for $.95. She hadbxxxxx ridden on a streetcar and bought an paper in which the Srcandia Candy Store was adver tising for a chocolate dipper. Alas, when she registered as Poppy Kent. the clerk whistled and showed her an advertisement, Wanted Poppy Kentm a slender girl of about I7. Black curls. Black eyes. Altogether lovely....Wanted for urgent legal reasons by the Chief of Police of Snowdon. (Her home town.) But she talks the clerk out o f doing anything about it momentarily , then he decides that he wi ll but when he reaches her room he hears her singing. "Had I wings as a dove has
Far from the world would I flee
Swifter, swifter than winds could follow
Lord, lord adnd rest there with thee."

Ythis is coincidental for Poppy Kent is practally an ahthiest until the end of the book but it touches the clerks heart and Poppy starts ou for the Arcadia Candy Shop where she is hired as a chocolate dipper.

She qa sn't a chocolate dipper in the sense woyou may think. She sat at a marbelt topped table with a cu t glass punch bowl , pots for chocolate and chocolate cups.

"You justv sit on this stool and pour chocolate, dip punch and dish icre crea m," explained a nattily gowned little woman.

And when Poppy went to work, she said, "If the young men jear of the pretty clerk we have they'll flock here in dozens."

"Poppy ;looked at her with dilated eyes " (That xxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxx line was used for one of the pictures and I helped xx the eyes to dilate with black ink.)

"Oh Miss Sadie. uch noteriety. I hope not."

Miss Sadie shrugged her shoulders and opined thst most girls would like it but Poppy felt a desire to burst into an alarmed tears .

They would have been suitable for the poster advertisin for Poppy Kent is posted in the shop.

Leaving that night, she falls in a puddle and gets so me messed up that the fashionabke Berkeley will not let her come in. They do not believe she has paid for her room, and the kind clerk is nowhere to

seen. To add oto her trobles she has already depositied her remaining $5 in a bank. "A sleepless night yawned ahead of her" do when she sees, in frant of the auditorium, a "luxurious closed carriage" and openedthe door nand stepped witihin. It was low, luxurious, pillow lined, softm rich and inviting" and Poppy sinks into a seat anis is soon in the land of dreams

All I can say is that the author must have beeen/reading "In the Bishop's Carriage" by Marion Michelson to whom now all credit is given. No Bishop finds her however but thwhen the audience emerges from the Auditorium.... (statlely men and fair women and debutantes glittering i with jewels) the ta ll slender girl in the Oprera Cloak moves rapidly througg the crow,d as per the illustration abive described, and she is followed by "a stalwart young fellow. her was evidanlly her brother for her had the same distinguised featurs and almond shaped blue eyes." The girl with the air distinguishe mobed rapidly through the crowd which gave way before her.

This distinguishe pair take a fancy to Poppy and hear about jee cfall and themean hotel and her money locked up i n the bank. But she neglects to mention that that was only $5. She also neglects to mention that she is a chocolate dipper at the Arcadia Candy Store.

"Here aas the time to say that she was chocolate dipper at the Arcadia and that her capital in the bank was pnly $5.00. But somehow sh could not. S he knew that her nature was as pure and sensitive as Edith's bu but she also knew tha t one so refined ans high bred as Edith Verde could noy trealize that anyone could be a chocolate dipper in a downtown candy store amd yet be high bred and fine grained."

So Poppy goes to their mansion.and Edith loaned her a red crep laughter in which she poured tea for Hibard the next morning and theVerdi d drawing room is large and rich and nice. Poppy "bites her well groomed nails" for "her finer nature shrank from deception and reveived hospitality under flalse pretenses.. "I cam't fodo it. I must tell," she said to herself but as the happy minutes flew by it was harder and harder.....Oh what a weal girl is this I have chosen for my heroine (authot speaking). Yes, weak indeed, but is she mu

but I am not excusing her. It wasx bade deceitful conduct. Unworthy of her finer self."

Soon her finer self triumphs and she steals t o her own boudoir. "She was I6 today. The 22nd of February. Aunt Amanada had told her on h r I6th birthday she would get some valuable jewels. The notive had read "For urgent legal reasons." She was I6 today. Poppy; pieced 2 and 2 together . They wanted her back to give her money. Jewels. Fornurgent legal reasons.

"Oh," moaned Poppy. "I can't go back." The new found liberty and independence where too sweeet to be relinquished."

However, "after holding serious communion with her conscience, she began removing the airy crepe, the pretty jewlels, Edith had loaned her/ Wearing her own clothes again (they had been cleaned and pressed_ she leaves a mysterious note "YOu wpu;dnt want me if you knew all" and flies bacl to her chocolate dipping. She ladles hot chocolate and frothy cream until her arms ache." And gets the next morning off to go roam hunting.

"I wpuld have been an heiresss. I am an outcast....But ehere i am free."

She runs into some pretty sordid experiences while room hunti but at last finds the Little Women Family. There are/ five girls inspead of four.......Pauline, Katherine, Lydia, Fallie and the Chetsser. with a handsome brother addeed, Waldemar, " as manly a boy as Poppy had ever seean" and a mother called, not Marmee but Mopsie.

Poppy spemds the winter with them and there is no further reference (that I can find) t o chocolate dipping. only one reference I can find to chocolate dipping.

"Winter melted into spring like the snows melted into grass an the frost on the tress melted into buds and the little brown house could not contain its owners for the joy of it."

Waldo and Poppy are moved one spring evening to go to church. together. She puts on her prettiest gown, a soft muslin with pink ribb

~~5~~ ~~55~~ 54

They choose a very remote church, for sentimental reasons,

Poppy is wearing a thun white muslin dress with pink rivbbons, am d a
She is drenched
large whte chffon htat with ribbons, and pouring rain., ~~and the sexton~~
and ~~the rain~~ eher dress clove to her figure. The sexton
tells them that church is over and they have to ~~find the way~~ hgo out
There are thunfer and lightning, too.
agai n into th e ~~pouring~~ rain./Poppy, a true Våctorian, faints by the wayside

Poor "aldo."

Mopsie is ~~waiting for them to come in~~ worried because they d o not return. One daughter folds her into her strong young arms and whispers words of comfort. A nother is'reading the Bible.....The hall sclock began to strike, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven twelve."

"Midnight," cried Mopsie, wide eyed. Her cru wakes up Fallie (the Bible reader) "Mdidnight, ' repeated Mopsie softly, "amd the children not in yet." She ran to the window and threw it open.wide. The rain was ove and the moon was high in the heaven.s. They were carrying a long dark ibject which proves to the Waldo, his facs as white as chalk, unconscious.

Poppy....the family discovers long afterward.....has fainted so much that Waldo ~~deposited her in a strange house with stra~~....never having heråd of a hack, i t seems.....ha d deposited Poppy with in a strange house with strangers who happedn to have his exact hame. They too are Chrstr On the way home he has been slugged but when at last he revives and the Chesters rush to the hiuse where they have left her, they find that this family are long lost relatives. Walsdo had been named for tihis long lost uc uncle who had run away from homr.

Meanwhile the advertising for Popp y ^ent has continued, fast and furois./Pöppysicommon tälkShowwohld notvarettimrtuneAamanda Daws for the sake of a few jelwels. At last Waldo forces a deicision and she fast and furious. It is common talk now that a vast forune is awaiting her. Waldo insists that Mopsie should be told and tells her and Mpsie insists thst Poppie must go back. Poppie is so miffed that she gets mad at Wlaldo and revives her friendship with the debutante's brother. Hobart/ Remember h!

"You are a base coward to tattle on a poor mitherless girl," she says, but Poppy is so miffed hyhat she revives her friendship with

escorts her

SS ~~Sept~~

to the depot.

She is wearing a fimy, raditant, red net dress, He took her back to his mansion and they ate salad, fish balls, emerald lettuece and golden egg and the admitation which sparkled in Hobart"s eye's made glad intoxivcatingly hpappy thoughts replace her sad ones.

In June is all nedns happily. Poppy finds heeself and heiresss to $2,000, ooo . (The author made it 3 at first but decided to be madeate.)/ Poppy decides she believes in God after all.

Her Snowdon best friend marries and Poppy gives he r a diamond necklace. That is the one which is held daintily between thumb and finger in the pasted in picture.)

Waldo is forgiven but the love affair fades into insignicance beside Poppy finding out the identity f her parents.

Alice Dale had run away from her (rich) hom r o go on the stage, "Fair of face and form was Alice Dale." Her parents forbade her name to be spoken in front of them.

She was (she tells Poppy in a letter now delivered) pne of the chorus girls in a poppy ballet. and he in a front box threw her a bou quet if poppies. (A pressed petal was enclosed) He gave up prants friends and a chance to inherit hus father's fortune in order to marry Alice. He was nobrl, noblr but he could not earn a living and/ died and Alice died, and Poppy was placed with remote relatives, amd rependent grandparents willed her this fortune when she shoul d be I6

She find s her mother in a locket, religion and the $2, 000,0 all together. And if both Waldo and Herbert are watiting together in the wir all the better.

It could lead to a second book.

I wi;; say this for myself at I2. I led tene reader from page to page with a Perild of Pauling technique. After I started it I someh had to read through through to the end. I had to k ow how Poppy got our of chocolate dipping, and how much her fortune was, and wheter she would choose Waldo and Herbert. As a matter of fact both of her were left