



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Letters written by Kathleen Hart to her family in Mankato, Minnesota, when she went to Europe to study singing in Berlin in 1909. The stay in Berlin was preceded by a guided tour through much of Europe under Dr. Willisford of Mankato.

On board steam-ship Romanic. Boston to Naples.
July 6th, '09.

You Dear Family:

Here it is Tuesday morning and not one scratch have I written since I sent that postal-card by the pilot boat. I never in my life saw such a place as ship-board for making people lazy. Everyone just sits still--they never even read. The first day I tried to crochet but everyone laughed and said "that won't last long," and sure enough, it didn't. The sea, while it is always the same, is ever-changing in motion, and it seems to fascinate one. Everybody sits quietly in their deck-chairs and watches the water. We get up and breakfast at nine, have hot chicken broth served us at eleven, and luncheon at half past one, tea at four, and dinner at seven. If we feel so disposed, the stewardess serves us fruit and coffee before we dress, and we can forage for ourselves before we go to bed. It is a great life to make one fat. You don't

have to move from your deck-chair all day if you don't want to, for the deck-steward, who serves the morning and afternoon lunches on deck, will bring you a menu and serve your meals all out there, if you like. Everything is luxury. The bath-steward prepares your bath at the time you desire and then wraps at your door to tell you it is ready. The whole ship is full of people who are anxious to wait upon you, and the passengers revel in laziness. I am quite astonished at myself. Usually when I am away from home I can hardly wait to write of my experiences, but here I can't bear to move. I haven't even been decently civil to the people I have met. And as for sea-sickness! All day yesterday and last night we were in a storm, a regular sailor's "nor'easter," and it seemed that I was about the only well person on board beside the stewards. You can't imagine how delightful a storm at sea is. The waves dash up so high that the decks have to be shut in with canvas to keep out the spray and the boat rocks so that your life is in danger if you walk across the deck. Yet I wandered all over the boat until I was soaked, and then I took a nap in the sun up on the hurricane deck, wrapped in my rug, lying flat on the deck. I spent much time helping the stewardess take care of the sick, and ran around so much that I am badly tired today. The deck steward, a chipper, good-looking little man with a waxed mustache--Italian, I think from his accent--just served me my chicken broth, and after I finished it I came in here to write. Now that I am settled I will write regularly--

there is so much to tell. I am so well and happy. I just wish every minute that you were here, all of you, to enjoy it too. Only I'm sure you would be deathly sea-sick for a while, for every one is.

Well, I'll begin right where I left off, and with a complete account of every day. We reach the Azores the ninth of July, and can get mail back to you about a week sooner than I expected. Isn't that nice?

Well, to begin back with Saturday: how long ago that seems! I feel, as one poor disgusted sea-sick man said I must be, when he watched me eat a big meal right in the middle of the storm, as if I had been born on ship-board. That is a funny thing--these poor sick people take it as a personal offense because I'm not sea-sick. A Boston man, who eats at our table, glares at me every time he sees me. He comes staggering into the dining-room, always late, and green around the mouth, and I cheerfully suggest that he try a welch rarebit or some nice spaghetti. He informed me yesterday that I had better be careful whom I talked to or I would be thrown over-board. I suppose it is aggravating, especially when I nearly have hysterics laughing at him, every meal. But I was to begin back with Saturday. Dear me, what a bad girl I've been not to keep up to date. I won't get behind again, you bet.

Well, Evelyn came down to the deck with me. The scene there is one I can't describe. I don't believe anyone could. I had read great long descriptions of a ship just starting

but they never conveyed the slightest idea of its bigness to me. You come into the deck from the street through a building, where the elegant turn-outs of wealthy passengers are mingling with the ship's men who are bustling freight and baggage. We pushed our way through the crowd, risking being trampled to death by the magnificent horses driven by coach-men in livery, until we finally reached the gang-plank marked "First Cabin Passengers," then we loosed ourselves from the yelling, struggling mob of carriages, trunk men, storage passengers, all weeping, and went to the steamer.

We just got on to the deck when we met Dr. Willisford. He introduced me to my room-mate, Miss Jerimy, and she took us down to our state-room. It seems that we are unusually fortunate in that, as it really is a lovely state-room. Perhaps I can diagram it for you.

Miss Jerimy is, as we thought, an old maid. Her birthday was on the fourth, and she confided in me that she was forty-nine. She has red hair, is medium height and build, and very good and kind. She is independently wealthy, and expects to travel all the rest of her life as she is absolutely alone in the world and has no occupation. She loves me most to pieces, and worries about my getting sick or catching cold most of the time.

Well, I didn't see much more of her Saturday. Evelyn and I went up on deck after leaving my grip there, and we wandered around to see what we could find. The very first

thing we ran into was a friend of Evelyn's, a Kappa, in fact, Miss Dodge. She is a mathematics teacher in a high-school, and is very nice. Evelyn asked her to keep an eye on me, and she said she would. She also is touring Europe with a party. Then we went on, and ran into an old schoolmate of Evelyn's, Harriet Fiske, and she is a Gamma Phi! She is the most charming of Boston girls, and was so dear to me. She has the little manner of Mary Heritage and looks quite a little like her, in fact, only she is taller, and light-complexioned. I fell in love with her at once.

Then the gong sounded for visitors to leave the ship, and I told Evelyn good-bye, and went up on the hurricane deck, as it wasn't so crowded up there. I watched the windows of the building on the dock through which we had come to get on the ship. All was confusion--people standing there, bidding their friends good-bye, or eagerly scanning the deck for signs of them. I saw a boy in a window who had evidently come down to see his sweet-heart off--she was standing on the deck below, so I couldn't see her, but I could watch his face as he talked to her. Finally she threw him a rose which he put in his buttonhole. I imagine he was a college boy, and he was very painfully in earnest. His face would settle into such sober lines when he wasn't calling something across to her.

Right beside him, in the window, stood a sobbing Italian woman and her husband. She was watching the people in the steerage, who were bound for her native land, so eagerly

that at times she would forget to cry, and would catch her breath, like a child who stops crying to look at a toy, then she would remember, and start to sob again.

Every window was full of such sights. I watched, fascinated, until Evelyn appeared in one of them. She waved to me and I was so glad to see her. I had begun to feel lonely already.

Just then a shout arose from the watchers in the window, and was soon echoed by the passengers on deck. Two stowaways had been discovered in the steerage, and were put out amid the jeers of the on-lookers, poor wretches. After this excitement, the gang-planks were pulled up, the engine began to tug and pull, and we pulled out. I stood on the deck waving to Evelyn until she was out of sight, and then I went below to write you your card. The pilot boat left us in about fifteen minutes, so I didn't have much time to write.

I went into the dining-room which serves as a salon, too, you know, and got my mail. I found a nice package of letters from Hanford, one for each day, and the letter from you dear people. It almost did me up, that letter, but I was brave, and didn't cry at all. Instead of breaking down, I swallowed the lump in my throat and went up on deck. There I met Doctor again, and he introduced me to the other members of the party. Miss Colter, from Canada, is a very sweet, white-haired school teacher, a typical Canadian; Miss Crowder, from California, is the cross of all our lives. She is old

and ugly, and limps with a cane; she is fussy, and was sure she would be deathly sea-sick, so she went right to her state-room, and hasn't appeared since, although she can't work up a case of sea-sickness to save her life, the stewardess tells us. Mrs. Cobb, a very sweet woman, very well educated and refined, was charmed to see me, and gave me the Gamma Phi grip! I was astonished until I saw her pin. Yes, she really is a Gamma Phi, from Evanston. I don't know why Hanford didn't know it. She was very nice to me, and has been all the way through.

Wednesday Morning

Dearest People:

Yesterday I had to stop to go to lunch and I didn't get around to write more. We got to talking to a little Russian Jew, who just graduated from Harvard and is on his way back to his mother. He can't go into Russia without being imprisoned, for leaving, so his mother will meet him in London. He is a perfectly wonderful little fellow, twenty-two years old, who made his way up from the grammar school through college in five years; when he first came here he couldn't speak a word of English, now he reads and writes in twelve languages, and speaks eight. He has made a specialty of Bible history Semetic languages, and is ^{a dear.} ~~an ardent Jew, but a dear.~~ He has worked his way all through his life, and earned all his own education, so he is very interesting. He has written a

learned treatise on Philosophy, and a play in the Hebrew which is to be presented in New York in the Fall. I think we'll all hear from him again. Abraham Simon is his name. Well, I talked to him until late in the night, or rather, he talked to me. I never met such an interesting person. He is like a child, so simple and unspoiled and modest, and he thinks Americans the most wonderful race that ever lived.

But here I've written a whole paragraph about him and I suppose you won't be in the least interested in him, at least, not as compared to the story of what I have been doing. I was way back at the first day.

Well, I went into lunch with Mrs. Cobb--we didn't have our places at table assigned until evening--and it was all so new to us that we didn't enjoy it much. We spent most of the afternoon getting settled; you see, we had to get our steamer chairs and get acquainted with the ship. Dr. Willisford said he sent you a diagram of it, so you will know just about how hard it was to get used to it so we didn't get lost.

At dinner, we were given our places at table. Mrs. Cobb and I were seated together at table right opposite to the captain (who, by the way, is a terrific flirt, but a dear). We had little silver napkin rings with numbers on them at our places--I am No. 69. Mrs. Crowder, Miss Colter, and Miss Jerimy are at the same table with us; a lady from New York and her friend--I don't know their names yet, but they are very nice--two gentlemen from Boston, who may be respectable

when they get over being sea-sick; that is all.

We are served by the table steward, a pert, light-haired Englishman, with light waxed mustache, and who calls me "mum." He certainly knows how to treat us right if he is tipped enough. He expects a tip from some one about every other day. So far I haven't done it, but it's my turn tonight, so I guess I'll be a sport.

If you think having to tip porters is bad in the United States, you should get on a vessel. The help absolutely refuse to do a thing unless they are sure you are generous. There is the deck steward, bath steward, bed-room steward and stewardess and table steward beside any other sailors from whom you may be obliged to accept favors. Being with a party helps, though, for just one member at a time tips, so each individual is saved. So far I have had to spend only a quarter. Of course, when you leave the boat, they all expect something. I don't know yet how the party will manage that.

Our table steward thinks I am about right and waits on me in the most approved manner. "Yes, mum," "if you desire it, mum," "certainly mum," and he remembers my particular tastes for each meal very exactly. Yesterday morning I was late to breakfast because I slept and he feared I was ill so he came trotting down to my state-room with the menu card, and asked the stewardess what I would like.

All of the servants are the typical English type who realize the humbleness of their position and are governed

accordingly. It's great fun to be a high and mighty lady and still more fun to shock their ideas of propriety by joking with them but I always get squelched when I try the latter. The table steward, when I tell him he is a perfect gentleman, never changes expression, but says "Thank you, mum," with the same pained dignity.

Well, to continue on my first day. The orchestra played during dinner, most beautifully. They have a piano in the dining-room and the orchestra is composed of about six pieces. After dinner we noticed a bulletin: "All Americans interested in the celebration of the glorious Fourth, meet in the salon at 8:45 P.M." I was too perfectly contented in my deck-chair to move so I didn't go down, but Dr. Willisford did, and all the American men, nearly. At about eight o'clock the orchestra stationed themselves at the head of the stairs and struck up "Stars and Stripes Forever." It sounded fine, you bet. They play every evening for about two hours, besides playing at dinner and after lunch. We didn't hear much of the celebration that night. Mrs. Cobb and I sat out on deck very late, and then we went below.

Miss Jerimy was already in bed, but before I got undressed she woke up. When I read out of the Bible she asked me to read to her, so I did, and have every night since. Then I hopped up into my little birth. It is very comfortable, though very narrow, and I expected a lovely night's sleep, when lo! I saw a rat at the foot of the bed up on the railing

that goes around next to the ceiling. I screamed, and I rang for the steward, a Welch man who was highly amused at my fright. He said it was a good luck sign to have rats on board, but that they seldom happened in the state-rooms. He hunted around for it, but it had disappeared, so all he could do was to leave us, without much consolation. You can imagine how much sleep I got that night. I made up my bed on the couch, that seemed safer some way and dreamed of rats all night. Next day, the people who have the other state-rooms near ours, said they had seen it too so I guess they set traps for it. It was a good, big rat, now I tell you, and I tremble every night when I go to bed, even though I haven't seen it since.

Next morning, Sunday, lots of people were sea-sick, but I felt fine, and I went right down through the menu eating everything I could hold. The steward stood around and stared at me and the poor sea-sick men at my table warned me that I had a spell on. I regarded nothing but the bill-of-fare. Breakfast over, we sat on the deck until church time, then we went in and sat down in the salon. There was an Episcopalian clergyman on board and he, with the purser of the ship as lay-reader, conducted the service. The orchestra played Handel's "Largo" for a voluntary and then the purser announced the hymns and then the regular Episcopal service began. When they came to the prayer for the President of the United States, they prayed for King Edward, Queen Alexandria of England, Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and the President of the United

States. Otherwise, with the addition of prayers for the ones at home, and prayers for a safe sea-voyage, the services were the same. There was no sermon.

This letter will be full of long spells of "I sat on deck until dinner time" for that is, positively, the way I have spent my time. After church I sat out in my chair until luncheon, walked once or twice around the deck, and ate a lunch, which if possible, rivaled the breakfast I had eaten. Then I sat some more. Three o'clock was the hour set for my salt bath, so at about a quarter of I went down stairs and undressed, put on my Kimona, and waited until the steward knocked at my door and said "Your bath is ready, mum." So I went and took it. I had ordered a tepid bath, and oh, it was just delicious. When it was over I rubbed myself into a glow and took a delicious nap. Then when I woke up and dressed, I took a walk out clear to the bow of the boat, all alone, and watched the water. It was growing rougher, and splashed me all up. My hair has curled up tight ever since I came on board and just hangs around my face in ringlets. Well, then I walked back for dinner. Just at the end of the meal, when we were eating nuts, the orchestra played "Star Spangled Banner" and everyone stood up and sang. That night out on deck someone started singing hymns and American airs, and it spread around the ship until we were all singing. I got a most miserable case of home-sickness, and I was so afraid I would break down and cry that I didn't know how to stop myself. I

seem to be always holding in. I wish I were the kind of a woman who can cry easily because it is much simpler. I always fight it some other way. So I walked around alone until it was most all gone and I want to sleep.

The sea grew rougher through the night, and by morning, it was a gale. The decks were protected by canvas around the rail, but few people felt well enough to sit up on deck, and those who did got drenched by a big wave once in a while. I felt better than I had at all and got up early. There were very few at the table, in fact, the ship seemed deserted. Down below in the passage a most distressing odor prevailed; it was hot and close because the port-holes were closed and the poor stewards and stewardesses were running answering bells until they were most distracted. Miss Colter and Miss Crowder were unable to get up. I dressed up and got Miss Jerimy up and went to look for Mrs. Cobb. She rooms with Miss Colter on the end of the vessel. Before I got there I met her coming up half-dressed. She did not feel well but could not stay down in the little close state-room where Miss Colter was so sick. I got her up on deck and finished getting her clothes on and went up on the hurricane deck for a walk. It was awfully windy and I had to walk just so or my clothes would go up around my head; but I had a fine time, and felt good and hungry for breakfast. Afterwards, I went up above for awhile, and then I came down to see about my friends. I saw a lady doctor in the party with Miss Fiske lying back in her deck-

chair with eyes closed, as though she were nearly dead, and stopped to ask her about Harriet Fiske. She said they were in a terrible state; all sick, and she unable to take care of them. There was plenty to do; in fact, I was kept busy the rest of the day. Three of them were sick in a little close state-room which smelled frightfully. It was no fun to go in there. Two of her aunts and Harriet herself were the afflicted ones. One of the aunts felt able to dress so I helped her. She was a dear little old lady, Aunt Lucy, and quite pitiably dependent on me. She had to stop and vomit every few minutes, but I got her up on deck, where some of the party, who were a little better could look after her. The other auntie just wanted to be left still so I left her. Harriet had a terrible headache, besides the sea-sickness so I got a bottle of alcohol from the ship's doctor, who was sick himself, and rubbed her head all morning. When it was all gone, I begged a little ice from the stewardess, with whom I had a stand-in. Ice is very hard to get on ship-board, and rubbed her head with ice water; then I got them a little lunch, and left them to take a little nap. I didn't get any bath that afternoon or nap either; I was too busy. Aunt Lucy, who was up on deck, had to be taken to her state-room every time a bad spell would come on, and as the boat rocked almost over on its side with every wave, walking was dangerous. I found people who needed help on every side. The exuberance of spirits which I had felt in the morning was somewhat quenched at night, but I felt well, only a

little tired. All thoughts of the celebration had to be given up, of course, but the concert which they had planned to be given in a day or two--I am to sing at it, and Mrs. Cobb will play for me. Yesterday I was quite a little tired from the strain of the day before, and I rested up and read a while. We had such a lovely talk with our little Russian Jew this morning. I played shuffle-board up on the hurricane deck with Mrs. Cobb and Dr. Willisford. It is a great deal of fun; and I have been writing ever since. I was called away once to lunch, and another time to discuss the trip to the Azores, Gibraltar and Naples, with the party. Our lunch today was poorly served. The poor waiter is so busy that he can't tend to anyone well unless he tips him, so I'll have to give him a quarter at dinner.

Well, I'm about up-to-date, now, I guess. Our mail for the Azores must be in by tomorrow so I'll fix a big envelope of stuff and send it home. I want to write Hanford a letter to mail here too. He was such a dear to give me all those steamer letters. From now on you'll hear regularly dears, so good-bye. Lots and lots of love to you, and oh, how I wish I could see you all.

Kathleen

On board ship Romanic, White Star Line, July 11th,
enroute Boston to Naples.

You Dearest Mother:

So much has happened! I am just beginning to realize the joys of a trip to foreign parts. Our little visit at the Azores was simply ideal--I was so delighted that I acted like a child. I know you will enjoy the kodak pictures from there--we took six.

Well, I finished your letter that morning, Friday, the ninth, and did up the little package of letters and menu cards, finished a letter to Hanford, and postal cards to Mike and to Tess Kenney, and then took them down to the salon steward to have them weighed. I'll never tell how much postage I paid for them. If you'll only get them all right, it will be worth it.

Well, then I went out on deck and watched the approach to the island. When we first saw land, right after breakfast, in the morning, we had to strain our eyes to see just a little gray colored cloud on the horizon that took the shape of a mountain. The sky was clear, the sea, rough and sparkly, and it was a beautiful sight as it grew plainer and plainer, and finally the little touches of green on the hill-sides began to show up, and then, as we got still nearer, we could distinguish houses. Everyone was excited and happy. One woman, who had been sea-sick most of the time, stood out on deck, rapturously throwing kisses at the dear land. It did look beautiful, I'll

admit, though I love the water. Mrs. Cobb and I went out to the bow of the boat and took a kodak picture of it.

The island we visited was the most south-eastern of them all--St. Michaels. It seems to be nothing but a range of volcanic mountains which are cultivated clear up to their cloud-capped tops. There are several little cities on the island, but the one we visited was Ponta Delgada, the largest and most important. It has quite a little harbor so we sailed around the outside for quite a ways before we got to it. During the most enchanting part of the trip around it, we were called to lunch, so we had to tear ourselves away and to to eat. During the meal I was getting terrifically excited, and I would stretch my neck almost out of joint to look out of the little windows and catch enchanting glances of the dear little town on the hillside.

After lunch the engine of the boat had stopped and we were in the harbor. I went downstairs and got on my hat, fixed my little bag full of what I should need on the island, and went up again. Such a view as I looked at! The rough, rough water of the bay, breaking upon a shore of lava and volcanic rock about fifty feet high; little boats, rowed by bare-footed natives, coming toward the boat, babbling in the water, like so many egg-shells; to the left, a long "break-water" built out to protect the harbor, with war vessels within it; to the right, more volcanic rocks, against which the water was pounding away for dear life; and above it all, perched upon the

mountain, the quaintest little town you ever saw. It must have been the original "Spotless Town" of Sapolio fame, for all the houses were white, pink or brown cement, the streets were white or gray, and the land adjoining the city was all cultivated and green. I clapped my hands and jumped up and down for sheer pleasure--it was so cunning.

The ship's crew had let down a stair-way from the lower deck and the passengers descended and climbed into the little rowboats waiting to take us ashore. We got down in about the third boat, and climbed in, amid jabberings in Portugese which most drove us mad. The boat tipped and joggled excitedly, and the bare-footed, black-looking men who rowed, cussed away in Portugese as they pulled for the shore.

As we got nearer the shore, we could see, seated around the top of the bank, just a multitude of the natives, watching us with interest and curiosity on their faces. We landed on a little platform of rock and climbed upstairs to the street, where the women and children were jabbering to us in their native tongue. As soon as we reached the street, we were surrounded by natives who thought they spoke English, asking us if we wanted a carriage to show us around the city.

Everybody was bare-foot. The women were dressed with shawls around them, most all of them carrying cunning little black-eyed babies. There were a few dudes, who had tried to imitate the English dress, with very grotesque effects. Vendors offered us hand-bills, and carriage drivers urged us to

ride. I flatly refused to get in a carriage--I wanted to walk around the funny little white streets and see the life of the people. We had only two hours there and I didn't want to see sights--I wanted to see how they lived. Anyway, all the sights were right in the middle of the city--it wasn't hard to walk it. The three girls from Boston who sit next to me on deck, were with us, as they felt like I did about riding; so did Mrs. Cobb and Dr. Willisford, but Miss Jerimy, Mrs. Colter and Mrs. Crowder wanted to ride. So Doctor got them a carriage and we started off.

Every place you went was naturally uphill. The streets were very narrow, of volcanic cement--hard and white or gray; and the side-walks were about two feet wide--two people couldn't pass each other without one going in the road. The first thing we struck was a cunning little bit of a youngster with a well-loaded donkey. We stopped him and I went over to him. The whole party took snap-shots of us. I'll send you one when we get ours finished, in Paris. You hardly ever see a horse, except in the carriages for foreigners to ride in. Loaded donkeys, led or ridden by bare-footed men, women, or boys, and donkey carts--two-wheeled--these are the ways of conveyance most commonly seen.

Well, we walked on up the street, peeking into houses where we could, and into the windows. The buildings all are made of the lava, covered with plastering. In many of the houses the plastering is covered to look like tiling, with

fancy paints. In the second stories there are low French windows with tiny balconies reaching out across the narrow street. Pretty native women sat in them with embroidery, and nodded and smiled at us. Little beggar children filled the streets. "I 'peak English, give me money," they would say, but really, that sentence was all the English they could speak. Or some of them would just say "Money, money." Their coin is so worthless that a very small fraction of our pennies makes them happy. If you give them a nickel, they think you must be a millionaire. It seems to be the business of the children of the city to beg, for they followed us in a great mass, all holding out their little hands and saying, "Money, money!" They are so pretty and cunning that I could hardly resist them. Dr. Willisford was carrying my bag, so I didn't have any money, or I would have been "broke" before I left the island. As it was, I would hold out my empty hands, shrug my shoulders and shake my head, which would amuse them greatly, and they would discuss me very impolitely in their own tongue. They liked me, at any rate, and I had a train of them behind me all the time.

We went into the Public Gardens, much like those of California, over-grown with rich growth of flowers and fruits. The thing most interesting about them was the queer shapes the lava bed had formed--little grottos, and hills, were hidden all over, and were very pretty--some of them. We visited these gardens and several of the old churches. They were all

Catholic churches, full of richly colored wood and painted lava which looked almost like marble.

Every place we were bled unmercifully. It was amusing to see how quickly the vendors would come down in their wares if you insisted--from ten dollars to five, from five to two, from two to one-fifty, etc. A man wanted to charge me twenty-five cents for a pine-apple, but finally let me have it for twelve cents. Many of the passengers bought fruit from the island and took it on board with them. And such fruit! As I said I got a pine-apple, because I am so fond of them in the States, but when I ate it, I never should have known it was the same fruit. It was simply luscious! Soft and tart and juicy--one did not satisfy me, I wished that I had bought a dozen.

Well, we stopped in a little store and bought some postal-cards, and then came back to the boat. It left at 9:30 P.M. and we watched the dear little island until it had faded completely from sight. I was so tired that I sat on the deck and rested just as hard as I could rest. It had been so hot all day that most people's faces were one big blister, but, thanks to Kosmeo, I didn't have anything but blistered feet to bother me. We all went to bed early and slept like logs.

Next morning, Saturday, the tenth, it was getting pretty rough again. I practiced on the piano down in the salon all morning, and at noon I discovered they were selling programs for a grand concert in the evening, in which I was down for a solo. So I hunted up Mr. MacGilaray, the sea-sick

Bostonian who eats at our table, who is a teacher in a high school and a very fine pianist--a Harvard graduate--and asked him to play for me. So we practiced a good share of the afternoon. My voice was fine--better than it has ever been before, I think--and we did a lot of things. He is a first class accompanist, and knows a lot about music. I got into my trunk and got out my little black silk dress, bribed the stewardess to press it out for me, and made a hit! (A la monde.) I sang Nevin's "Nightingale Song" and then the audience applauded so I couldn't refuse them another, and I sang "The Year's at the Spring"--I was the only one on the program who had an encore. I felt very happy when it was over--it seemed so good to really be somebody. You know how funny I am about making new acquaintances--I hadn't made any attempt to get acquainted or push myself forward a bit. I didn't even tell people that I sang, so I felt good to have people who hadn't noticed me before, come up and introduce themselves and want to be friends. By my next letter I'll know a lot of nice people to write about. When the concert was over, we walked the deck a while, and then went to bed.

Monday, July the 12

It got so very rough yesterday that I had to stop writing. You never dreamed of such weather. They say the wind went sixteen miles an hour yesterday afternoon, and I well believe it. Everybody got sea-sick again, it was worse

than last Monday, and kept getting worse all the time. The sailors said it was regular February weather, and they couldn't account for it. Some think that the earthquake at Messina had something to do with it. At any rate, it was very bad, and I got almost sick, myself, sitting in here writing; so I went out on the deck until lunch time.

I had gone to church in the morning. It was just like the last Sunday's service. After lunch I took my rug and Mrs. Cobb's pillow and went clear out to the bow of the boat for a nap. I went clear to the very tip end, where every lift of the boat was clearly felt, rolled up in my blanket and went to sleep, never dreaming of danger. A lady doctor and a man, some relation to her, I fancy, were sitting in the bow, back a ways, on an anchor. I was peacefully sleeping, when lo! the boat ran plunk into a wave about the size of a house, and it splashed up over the boat, of course, treating me very inconsiderately. As there is a high railing all around the edge, I couldn't be washed off, but I was thoroughly drenched, and rudely wrenched from the throes of Morpheus. I jumped like anything, grabbed my pillow and blanket, and ran over to where the people sat, laughing until the tears ran down their cheeks. You know there is no danger of taking cold from salt-water drenchings, people are wet most of the time, especially in rough weather--so I sat down by them in the sun, to dry off.

It kept getting rougher all the time--the boat would ride gallantly on top of the wave, clear up, up in the air,

and sink into a trough, giving me that peculiar sensation in one's stomach that the rapid descent of an elevator does--it was great fun, until another big wave came washing up on us, and I swallowed so much of it that I feel like a fish. About that time, the Captain sent a man out to call us in, and wisely, for it was fast growing worse, and the sailors soon closed up all the doors, shutting us in on the main deck, which was enclosed by canvas walls. The wind howled so that you could hardly hear yourself think, and yet the sky was blue and clear--an unusual kind of a storm.

I went below, took off my wet clothes, and ordered a bath. I reveled in a delicious salt-water bath as long as I dared, for the boat pitched so that I nearly went out of the bath-tub with each roll. Then, as my warm clothes were all soaked through, I put on my little blue dimity and went up for dinner. Of course, I couldn't go out on deck that way, so I sat in the library until about nine. Dr. Willisford was to hold a little service and prayer that evening, so in spite of the rough weather, I went below, for I had promised to sing. There were a surprising number of people out, it seems many of the sick ones are used to the sea now and are better, and it was a nice little service. I sang Gounand's "Divine Redeemer," and Mr. MacGilaray played for me. Then to bed.

Now I'm all up to date again. I'm just having the very, very best time on earth. I did enjoy the little Azores island so much, and I love every nook and corner of the boat.

The sailors all look at me with wondering, to think I act so much like a sailor as I have never been on before, for no sea is too rough to keep me indoors, and I can walk the deck without stumbling, just like a sailor. Last night Dr. Willisford and I were talking to an old Irish sailor, and he told me I would make a good sailor myself--heartily, he said it too.

I am forever getting into places I have no business to be, and the Captain invariably sends somebody to send me off. So I'm mad at him and I sit across the dining room from him and stick up my nose, while he looks amused--the pig.

Just think, I'm five hours later than you are! It is now twelve-twenty-five, and at home it's eleven minutes to seven! Each night we set our watches ahead thirty-one minutes. On account of the rough weather we won't reach Gibraltar on the stated time, but will get there about five this afternoon.

I am feeling so well. I have everything I need for my trip, and more too. I never wear a hat, but just tie a white ribbon, like the one I sent Maude, around my head, and let the wind blow it. It curls like everything. It's getting lots warmer here now, and I hardly need even my little jacket on deck, and I took off my flannels at the Azores.

It's all so lovely and I'm so happy! If you could just be here my cup would be clear full. Just lots of love to you, dears, and I do hope you're well, and not too lonesome. I suppose Grandma will be there before long. Kisses to everybody and more mail from Naples. I can hardly wait to get my

mail there. Sometimes I get to worrying about you and I most get sick thinking how long it will be before I get any letters. I expect you to get my Azores mail about a week from Saturday. I do hope it will reach you safely. Give everybody my love-- Dode, and Mike, and all the girls. Well, now I must stop and mail this, or you won't get it. I just saw the steamer, on the horizon that will gather up the mail for the States from the Azores. It is bound for New York. I send lots of wireless messages of love to you by it. Speaking of wireless, we have a wireless station on board and we have little dispatches posted up on the bulletin every morning. I wonder if you are worried about the earthquake at Messina. Poor Miss Jerimy can't sleep nights; she is so worried; but after all, there are dangers everywhere, so I feel perfectly about it. But don't you dare to get nervous or worried or sick. I'll be back again before you know it, a full fledged prima-donna. Lots and lots of love and kisses to my dear family. How I wish I could see you; I'll just enjoy this trip for every one of you. Thus: five times as much as the average mortal, you see. I shall hate to leave the boat at Naples, it's such a fine place to be.

Good-bye for today.

Kathleen

On board steamer Romanic enroute Boston to Naples.

Tuesday July 13, 1909

Dearest Mother:

There is to be a grand ball on deck tonight--I do hope I know enough men so that I will dance a lot. I haven't been properly introduced to any but there are a score or more that I speak to. I'm quite worried about my good time. I shall wear my little black silk again. The deck is not ^a place for low neck or trains and I don't believe anybody will wear them. It is dirty and wet and windy out there; so I'll comb my hair nice and wear my black.

I wrote to Fraulein today and wrote some postal-cards. I made out a list of the people I must send cards to and then checked off the ones I had written.

I haven't felt well today because I overdid yesterday and got all tired out; so I went to bed early last night and this morning I had the stewardess serve my breakfast to me in bed. She is such a dear, pretty little woman--Mrs. Fox--and she speaks the prettiest English, with a dainty accent. All the servants are ideal--so very obliging, and they know their place so well. England could surely teach America a lesson in that respect. After breakfast I slept until most one o'clock, and I got dressed, just in time for lunch. Then I wrote my postal-cards and Fraulein's letter.

They had a field meet down on the lower deck today. All kinds of sports: twenty-five yard dash, three legged race,

and such things. After I had finished writing I went down and got there just in time to see a pretty sight. They had let a little girl out of the steerage, and her father, who played a guitar, and there they were--he playing for her while she danced. They were Italian. He, the typical type, rather mild looking for an Italian, a weak, musical face, the little girl, about five years old was as snappy as ever a ferocious Italian was--brilliant black eyes that sparkled as she danced, soft brown hair braided into two tight little pig-tails, and gleaming white teeth. People showered pennies and candy upon her, and she sparkled all over as she said "Thanks." Miss Mary Smith (the Wellesly girl, who roomed with Mrs. Arthur Jones) asked her "name" and she said "Maria," as she slyly wriggled up to her father. Just then the steerage man said they must go back. The father said "Justa one minute," but the man grew angry and pulled his arm. The Italian didn't get mad a bit, but the little girl flew at the man like a little wild-cat, and when he pulled away from her she lay down on the deck and cried. The father picked her up, petted her, and they went back. Afterwards we walked around and played with her a while. She was very shy, and couldn't talk much, but she smiled at us in her most engaging way. We had to ask the questions in Italian as she didn't know much English.

And I haven't told you much about Gibraltar. I think of all unique sights in the world, I have seen two--Ponta

Delgado and Gibraltar. They were absolutely different from anything I ever saw, and yet different from each other. (The bugle just sounded warning us to dress for dinner, so I'll go below and dress for the ball. More tomorrow.)

Wednesday morning, 10:40

Dearest people:

Again I'm back at the old stand. People say I spend most of my time writing. I feel fine this morning; have on a clean shirt-waist and the little hem stitched tie that Eleanor gave me, and feel quite the sport. It is getting warmer all the time. I dread Naples; it will be so hot, for if it is hot on sea, just think what it will be on land. Our party just met in the salon and talked over plans for the Naples sight-seeing. We reach there sometime Thursday afternoon (the 15th). Friday we start on the famous Amalfi drive; first to Pompeii, then on clear around the southern coast of Italy. It is said to be the most beautiful drive in the world. We will spend the night at Sorrento and return some time Saturday. I think it will be just delightful, and I'm so excited and happy about it. Oh, I'm having the most delightful trip. I can't really believe it is I, Kathleen Hart, who is travelling in Europe, having all her cherished dreams fulfilled.

I will not have any trouble about my suit-case being too full, I don't think. I shall discard my flannels and heavy night-gown, and lots of the little things I imagined to be

necessary but which really weren't. I shall really know how to travel when I get through. Oh, dear, how I wish I could see you! I keep looking at everything through your eyes--I see what each one of you all would like especially well, and look at it just five times as hard. My last view of Gibraltar, how I drank it all in! I think I shall never, never forget it. I can close my eyes now and see it all over.

But I'll tell you about it all. It was most six o'clock by our time when we got into the harbor, and viewed the town. It was built on the side of the rock, almost straight up and down and the houses were much like those of Ponta Delgado, all white and shining in the sun. Understand, it is in the East and the setting sun sent a perfect glory of light over the city.

I got fearfully tired standing in line waiting to get down the stairs and by the time we got into launch, I was just faint from the crowd and the heat. We did not land in row boats this time; we all piled into an immense launch--a regular ferry--and were taken in to shore. The water was very smooth and it didn't take more than fifteen minutes for us to be landed. On the launch we had a chance to see the different nations represented on the rock, for there were vendors there of every nationality. In the middle of the boat, a regular fancy-work shop was laid out--handmade lace, drawn work, and shimmery shawls woven by the natives, there were being sold at ridiculously cheap prices.

When we landed, just at the foot of the street shown in the picture of the Market, a perfect babble ensued. Mercy, such howlings, jabberings, foreign curses, broken English; such mobs of carriage men, fruit vendors, postal-card sellers, all fairly holding you by force, shouting at you, each in a different tongue! Then we saw Spaniards, Egyptians, Moors, Englishmen, Portugese, Japanese, Chinamen, Jews of all nations, and then some. Dr. Willisford, who was used to it, bullied his way through the crowd to a carriage and we piled in. I was absolutely stunned, paralyzed by the clatter, and settled into a carriage with a sigh. The two Smith girls and their friend, Miss Presott, were with us, and the nine of us got two carriages, such funny little one-horse affairs as they were! and we rattled away under the very arch shown in the picture, up the narrow business streets to the gardens of Alameda.

The whole town shows the inharmonious effect of an attempt to turn a dear, quaint, old Spanish fortress town into an English city, and every minute you rebel at the injustice of England owning a slice of Spanish territory. English sentry boxes are on nearly every corner with the sunny-faced sentry pacing up and down in front of it. The town is over-run with barracks, the stores that look the ideal Spanish shops, are spoiled by horrid English advertisements on the outside. How it must hurt the Spaniards to have them there! I hated the sight of British soldiers before I had gone two blocks, for they seemed so entirely out of place. Going through the

streets we saw many Moors, in the native costumes--one man looked exactly as I imagined Othello must have looked.

We saw the gardens, drove up to the barracks and got a good look at the city, and then drove back through the town, to the end of the English territory. The whole inside of the rock is hollow and openings facing on the sea are filled with cannons. The bay is full of battle-ships. Facing the neutral ground on the Spanish side are white Spanish sentry-boxes, and on the English side, are green green English sentry-boxes. Each country is continually watching the other and it looks as though war was expected to break out any minute.

Well, from here we went back to the ships, where the ladies bought some Malta lace collars, great big ones, for two or three dollars apiece--just imagine! I thought I wouldn't buy anything that early in the trip, so when they were through we went back, through the same babble of tongues, on to the launch, and back to the ship. Just as we pulled out from the shore, the lights were lighted in the city and it was one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw. I can't describe it. Perhaps you can imagine how it would look.

Wednesday evening

Tonight was the Captain's dinner at which toasts were given, etc. I packed up my trunk and had it sent to the hotel at Naples, whence I will send it to Berlin. I had it sent to the hotel because I think I shall want the yellow satin gown

for tomorrow evening. Fancy, I am going to the naval grand ball! A wireless message was received today from Naples, inviting the passengers and officers of the Romanic, to wire back an acceptance to the grand ball, given to the naval officers by the Italians. We put in our names for acceptance, but we are not real sure to go. Probably no one but the naval officers will dance, but we can go in the gallery, and see the aristocracy of Naples on parade. Of course, even to sit in the gallery, we must go in full dress, so if we go, I'll need my dress. Dr. Willisford (don't you tell!) says that he will go look on! If it really is as much as I think it is, we will undoubtedly go and look on, at least.

I cannot say, exactly, that I was the belle of the ball at the dance last night--out of seven dances I danced two! You see, we have had so much bad weather that people have not gotten acquainted much, and the only ones who danced much were those who were with large parties and danced among themselves. I didn't feel badly about it for I didn't feel very able to dance, anyway. I didn't hang around and wait to be asked, but when my two were over, I came in the library with Dr. Willisford and talked and read. He is being very good to me, and we are getting to be great chums. This afternoon, Mrs. Cable, Miss Pressatt, the Smith girls and I took pictures all about the ship--we got some of the little girl who danced for us in the steerage, one of Mr. MacGilaray, who plays so nicely, and lots of the group. Oh yes, and one of we three Gamma Phis--Mrs.

Cobb, Harriet Fiske, and I. Now, I have twelve pictures taken.

I really don't know many people on the ship. Lots of them I speak to, but as I said, I should be, I admit, and grant that I have been a snob. I didn't care to know anyone-- I was so happy just to wander around the ship, and rest, and eat and sleep. I made loyal friends of the people I took care of when they were sea-sick. Harriet Fiske's Aunt Lucy, and such a dear little woman, for one. But there are no very interesting people on board, except the Jew, who is something of a bore at times--he knows too much. The Smith girls I know because their deck-chairs are next to mine, and Mr. Mac Gilaray, because he sits at our table--he is very nice, but old and bald-headed. So I have disappointed you in not having people to talk about. I have snubbed every one who tried to get very intimate. I haven't seen very much of Harriet Fiske, and she is a perfect dear. Her Uncle, who is in the party with us, is Dr. Fiske, of Evanston University, very well known as a scholar throughout the States.*

Here ends my epistle for this boat. Tomorrow night, when I write, I will be in my hotel at Naples. Oh! how I hope I will get a nice long letter from you--but oh, what an old one it will be! I wish I could get a telephone call and hear about what you are doing. Won't you be glad to get my mail from Paris,

*He was Uncle Steve Hart's teacher in college.

though, when I send the kodak pictures? You dears, I'm having such a good time. You wouldn't know me if you could see the way I eat. It's such fun. Until tomorrow then.

Your little girl,

Kathleen

Sunday July 18th, 1909

You dearest people:

Here it is Sunday and this is the first breathing space I have had since we landed. This morning I am missing the Museum, San Martino and Saint Elmo monastaries to stay home and write, but I had to do it, for I don't see a thing ahead of me for a week, but just rush. For all it has been so delightful to see what I have seen, the past few days have been almost a nightmare, for with fleas making me sleepless, food that I can't eat, and being sick, life has looked pretty black. But today I feel well, and can throw off such small difficulties as fleas and sour bread. I told you that on the boat we didn't get butter--well, we don't get it here either, nor ice water. They serve in about a million courses--a course for each food, nothing is served together--and really, as I am getting used to it, I like it; but the food is very different from ours, and none of us have been able to like it very well. The party would laugh if they could hear me say that, for my appetite is a common theme of conversation with them. Mrs. Cobb says it is nervous indigestion, she is sure,

with a worried expression of countenance, and our Italian guide, yesterday, watched me eat and turned to Dr. Willisford and said: "Yes, de tapa-worms, oh, yes, I see, de tapa-worms," while the party were all pointing the finger of scorn at me. Well, yesterday I did eat a lot--but there, I'll tell you all about it.

I left off with Thursday, when we landed. After I had finished your letter and watched the approach to some little islands, which were very picturesque, out on deck, Mr. MacGilaray came up and I suggested that we go down into the salon and sing, as it would probably be my last chance for some time. We got out a book of old songs and I sang everything from "Bohemian Girl" to Gunoud's "Ave Maria." Just as we were working on that last, a German, much mustached and goateed, who rooms in the same state-room with Mr. MacGilaray, had strolled into the salon, and became much excited. He rushed up to the piano, directed the rest of the song with much gusto, and explained to me, in broken English, what I should do in certain places. So I worked over it a great deal, and he helped me. Well, from this we naturally fell to discussion of voice culture. Both men knew a great deal about it--not just superficially, as so many pretended musicians do, but they really knew what the thing was that distinguished the artist from the average "good singer"--knew what placement of the voice means. Both of them said that they could see I had had an exceptionally fine teacher, for she taught just as the teachers

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FOOT STAR BOND

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of the artists, Melba, Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, had taught them. You see, they recognized that quality that I have so often tried to explain to you. We discussed technical points for a long time, and in everything, the views that they expressed were Fraulein's, right over again. After that we went up on deck, and Mr. MacGilaray and I talked about it some more. He said that I really had everything but physical power and strength; if I had that, nothing would be impossible. He said that I was too nervous, too exuberant, and I wasted energy which should be stored up for singing in getting excited over things, that I must calm down, get strong, and then "do things." Both he and the German took down Fraulein's name, as they were sure, from hearing me sing, that she was a great teacher. (Please read all of this to Dode.) Mr. MacGilaray is a pipe-organist, directs the best choir in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he teaches in the high school and directs the Glee Club, and used to be a teacher of piano--a very thorough musician.

Well, of course, during our little songfest in the salon, we had missed part of the beautiful entrance into Naples Bay, so we looked doubly hard after we got up on deck. I can't describe it, that's all. I began using superlatives too early in the trip, and now I am left without a vocabulary. (Wait while I kill that flea, will you. There now.) To continue: I don't understand the geography of this place anyway--all the maps in the country can't straighten it out, so I can't

explain how we entered the bay. At first there were islands--lots of pretty little ones, with towns on them that looked to be about like Ponta Delgado. Understand that all this region is volcanic and the islands are really nothing but mountains, with peaks, one over the other until it all faded into the horizon. We sailed through bay after bay, each turn showing us new peaks. "Purple Peaks Remote"--I can see why Dr. Driver named his novel that now. And over all the mountains over the country wherever you might look, hung the much-famed Italian haze--a purple haze that made the country look like fairy-land, and imparts a languor to your bones that makes you never want to move from the spot.

Soon we turned into a cove and saw Vesuvius, the beautiful old purple mountain, almost perfect cone shaped, except for a ridge part way down on one side, with a thin column of smoke ascending from the top, hardly visible at times, and yet very plain as we first saw the mountain. Spots of white down near the sea showed where towns were on all the mountains. I couldn't figure out which town was Naples, but the first thing I knew we were in quite near to land, and the engine stopped. And maybe Old Glory didn't look good to us as we drew near enough to see her! And then the band played "Star Spangled Banner," bless their hearts, even if they are English they have some patriotism in their souls!

Just then our attention was attracted by three little row boats, coming toward the ship, with little naked boys in

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SIX PLY

them. They were youngsters about nine years old, or even younger, absolutely naked except for a diminutive pair of bathing trunks about their waists. They were rowing the boats with all their little might until they were near ours, then they stopped and yelled, "Money in de water! Money in de water!"

As soon as they understood, people on the boat began to throw coins at them, and then--splash! they were all in the water, diving for the coins. They were just like little frogs--it was no effort at all for them to get around--they would stay up on top just as though they were sitting there, without any motion of swimming except just wiggling their legs around. Each time they would dive after a coin, they would come up, shake the water from their heads, and take the money often from between their toes, or from their hands, and put it in their mouths. One poor child got his mouth so full of coins that we all trembled for him, but he kept putting more and more coppers in, until we thought he must have a pouch in there some place. At last he went over to the boat and disgorged a big handful of them out of his mouth. I haven't figured out yet where he had them all. When they had gotten all the coins they could from the passengers, they climbed back into the boats and rowed away, kissing their hands to us.

It was then about five-thirty, and we received word that there was no room for our boat at the dock until seven, when another boat left, so there was nothing to do, but to go

back into the library and rest and wait until then. I was so tired that I lay down on the couch and slept until they called us to dinner. Then the boat was tugged into the dock, and we landed and went into the custom house. An Italian, Mr. Nesti, who speaks pretty fair English, met us, and took us, after the mere formal passing by the custom dock to the carriage for the hotel. I was dead tired, and my head ached, but I bravely dressed in my blue dimity--I couldn't get my trunk that night--and got ready for the ball. I just intended to look on, with Dr. and Mrs. Cobb, but when I got there the ships doctor came and made me dance one dance with him, and the mate made Mrs. Cobb dance with him, so we went down and ate an ice and pretended we were in evening dress. It wasn't a very grand affair after all, and I didn't feel out of place. I was too tired to enjoy it and Mrs. Cobb was disgusted because the aristocracy of Italy weren't there, so we went home right after that one dance. There were just a few people there, over half being of the ship we came on. We got back to the hotel at about twelve, completely all in. Next morning I was sick, and couldn't get out of bed. I slept until lunch and then dressed. The rest of the party went to the Palais Royal in the morning, and did quite a little shopping. I didn't feel at all well, but I wasn't going to miss Pompeii if I died for it, so by sheer force of will I got dressed and down for lunch. We had changed our plan about the Amalfi trip, and had decided to give the whole afternoon to Pompeii and take the Amalfi the

next day. We took a tram car down to the station, and got into a funny little electric train, which took us out, through villages on the mountain side, around the bay, over to Vesuvius, and then around that to the little station of Pompeii. We paid our admission, went in through the gate and--there we were, back in 76 A.D., wandering through ancient Pompeii.

I have written explanations on the postal cards of the places. They were all much alike. We walked down the street, getting glimpses inside as we passed. Finally the guide let us in to a very well preserved house, and we walked all through it. There was the fountain first, in the hall, made of marble and inlaid stone, and the bedrooms all opening onto a big court yard, full of statues and fountains. The walls were painted with all sorts of decorations, in some parts so well preserved that you could see the figures very plainly. There were stairs leading up to other apartments and down into kitchens and bake-shops, where the ovens and flour-grinders remained just as they had been left. The ovens, you know, were built back into the wall, enormous things. They evidently had a good system of city water, for the whole city is piped with metal pipes, and all the houses are too. One most interesting thing was the public bath house. Here they had men's and women's apartments, both fitted up with big swimming baths, shower baths, and vapor baths. The marble in these baths has been preserved so that you can hardly believe it--there is not a single blemish or scratch, and not a corner is chipped. It is all as though it were finished yesterday.

We walked around until very late, just dreaming over it all, and ended up in the museum, which has been newly built out there for keeping the things found in the city. It is here that the bodies are kept, and all the household utensils you can imagine, all so carefully preserved by the lava. Then we went back to the station, caught a train and rode back to Naples, nearly dead. Mrs. Cobb and I were both sick, and we were hardly able to sit up for dinner.

You know the fleas here are like in California, only ten times worse, and they kept us awake all night, nearly. They bother Mrs. Cobb even worse than they do me, and she is just sick from the little pests. Haven't told you about our hotel. It is very nice, clean and comfortable and obliging people to wait upon us. Two men in it can speak English, the chamber-maid and waiters have to be spoken to in Italian or French. Mrs. Cobb and I room together, with single beds, of course, and we have such fun trying to explain to the chamber-maid what we want. We are the only members of the party who can talk much of anything but English, and we both have a fair knowledge of German and a little French. So far not many people can speak German, but most Italians speak French. You'd laugh to hear me try to make a French sentence. But it's not laughable, it's hard work. I get along pretty well, however. That day we went to Pompeii there was a German and his son on the train, and German sounded most as good as English to me, so I made friends and talked with them during most of the

journey. I don't think I will have much trouble with my German this winter. I seem to pronounce it pretty well.

Well, along towards morning I fell asleep and slept too soundly, for I awoke with a headache. We were to leave for Amalfi at nine, so I got up, bathed my poor flea bites and dressed and went down to breakfast. You can't get decent coffee here, but fairly good tea, though you have to pay extra for dishes of all sorts, twenty cents a cup for tea! We walked over to the wharf, with our guide, the Mr. Nesti who met us at the station, and took a boat across to Sorrento (you can follow the trip on the map I send you). There were musicians on the boat, who played and sang. They had guitars, mandolins and violins, and one of the men had a regular Caruso tenor voice. They sang Santa Lucia (Helen knows what that is) and several other things and then passed the hat, of course. This country is simply over run with beggars, you never saw such a place. Every time you move someone begs a copper. The children are so cunning, and it is so hard to refuse them, but you have to, you can't even pay any attention at all to them, or you will have a swarm around you, pulling at your clothes, bothering the very life out of you.

Sorrento is simply ideal. I don't wonder that Marion Crawford lived there--some day, when I can afford it, I want a villa up on the mountain side, myself. I thought Ponta Delgado was steep, but that was when I hadn't seen Sorrento; I thought Sorrento was steep but then I hadn't seen Amalfi.

I used, as I said, all my superlatives too soon. The old houses and castles, and monasteries, built on a sheer wall of rock--away up in the air! You wonder how they can stay there, and it fairly makes you dizzy to look at it. We landed at Sorrento, got carriages and started our drive to Amalfi. I rode in a single carriage with Dr. Willisford, and the rest rode ahead with the guide in a four-seated carriage. We rode up through the city of Sorrento, out into the country. The roads here are actually built--raised up from the rest of the country, and walled in. We passed by the gates to large estates, and so many looked like the Villa Arcadia of Pam, that I could just look for the little girl with her monkey. The villas are all carefully walled in, but the glimpses I got through the gates made me long to go inside and see more. It was so steep, the road up, that I trembled for fear we should slide back at every step. The driver was so good to his horse, that we couldn't help but notice it. The pony was a sturdy, fat little fellow, and the heat of the sun, and the steepness of the road made him pretty uncomfortable. The driver walked a great deal of the way, and kept wiping the sweat off from the pony, first with his big knife, and then with a cloth. When we reached the top of the mountain, we stopped and the inn-keeper brought us out fruit and wine for the people who wanted it. The driver took a glass full, drank a few swallows and poured the rest over the pony's back. From here we started our descent, where we rode on that wonderful journey around

the steep side of the mountains, getting the most wonderful view of the sea all the while.

We drove until nearly three o'clock, when we had lunch at Hotel Serva, rested a while, and drove on. We drove to Cava, where we let our carriages go, had dinner, and took the train home. One of the funniest things happened on the train. When we got in we had a compartment (like the English trains are built) and the only other person in the compartment was a young man, very dark and foreign looking, with a neat mustache. He looked a little like Hanford, and I was thinking how queer it was, as we sat down. Our guide, a very loquacious Italian, started to talk with him in Italian. Then he turned, and said to me in English: "This man says you have a very fine diamond on. He is a dealer in them, and says that it is worth one hundred dollars, at least, at wholesale, and is of a very clear water." I said I was glad to hear it, and smiled at him. They talked a while longer, and then Mr. Nesti said again: "Miss Hart, he says that you look exactly like his sweetheart. He says that you came into the compartment and he was asleep, and as he woke he looked at you and thought he must be dreaming you looked so much like her. He is a Greek, traveling to Rome to sell diamonds." I laughed, and told Mr. Nesti, that he looked like mine, if it weren't for his mustache. Mr. Nesti repeated what I had said, and the Greek smiled and said something rapidly, with many gestures. Mr. Nesti interpreted and told me that he had said he could always cut that off! Then

we had lots of fun back and forth. The Greek gesticulated and made ardent love, through Mr. Nesti; I remained obdurate, and told Mr. Nesti he would have to learn English, besides cutting his mustache. He said, "Give me four or five months, and it shall be done." I said, "Well, when he has learned English and cut his mustache, and ditched his sweetheart, he may come to Berlin and I'll consider him." So Mr. Nesti translated, and we both laughed and had lots of fun. At last he told Mr. Nesti that I must learn Italian too. So I said, "No, I sing in Italian, and that's enough." He wanted to know what, and I said "opera," and he asked for Carmen, Cavalliera and Pagliacci, and I sang three arias I knew for him. He told Mr. Nesti that it had been love at first sight--"L'amour de primo" and gesticulated wildly. We got off at Naples, and lost sight of him. It was great fun.

I was tired and sleepy when I got home but not sick at all, and I slept like a top, fleas and all. I spent most of this morning writing to you, and then just before lunch I took a nap. I ate lunch and came back. I am sitting down in the parlor, right behind the office, while the awfulest jargon of Italian goes on around me. The party isn't home yet. When they come, we are to take a carriage and ride until dinner time. I have missed many sights, I suppose, but I plainly see that I can't keep up sight-seeing all the time, so I'm going to just stay home every little while for a day or two. I feel better today, quite like myself again, and will be fine for Rome. We leave tomorrow at ten o'clock for there.

Isn't it just too wonderful that I am in my land of opportunity at last? I can hardly wait to get to work in Berlin, and yet this sight-seeing is so delightful. I got your letter and one from Hanford the first night, and my but I was glad to get them. I must manage to get him a letter from here some way, but heaven only knows how I'll do it. I wonder what you are doing now, and if grandma is there yet. It is five o'clock now--just noon at home, I suppose. Home! dear, dear how I wish I were there this minute. I can see so plainly just what each one of you would like about all the sights I have been seeing. The little cathedral to St. Andrew in Amalfi, where he is supposed to be buried, how Maud would have enjoyed that. There are details that I could write by the hour, if I just didn't get so tired. About two cunning little beggar youngsters who followed us yesterday--how Helen would enjoy them! But I can't do it--I would spend all my time writing. The people just got here, so I must stop and go. I'll look at it all for you, and write more the minute I can get away. I do hope I'll have lots of letters at Rome. Love to all of you, and I'm having a simply grand time--Good-bye for now.

Kathleen

Rome Le, July 22, 1909

You Dearests:

However can I make up all the time I have to tell about! But I haven't had one solitary minute to write since I got into Rome. It has been just go, go go, every minute, from 6:30 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. I'll begin quickly and tell everything in order, though I can't imagine how I'll ever finish at all.

I finished up at Naples, Sunday morning, didn't I? And we left for Rome at 8:45 A.M. I just hate these European carriages. You are locked into a little close compartment and not given any room to stretch your legs at all, and there you sit until your destination is reached. It was a pretty journey though, up through a valley with the mountains on either side, Apennines, and picturesque old ruins. I took a nap for part of the way, and would have written letters but the train bumped so I had to give it up. At about noon, we began to see ruins of old Rome, the old aqueduct, and later, the old wall. They were very well preserved and looked so imposing that they made cold chills run up and down my spine.

Rome is back from the sea and hot--my stars, but it is hot! and we landed at twelve-thirty, just about the worst time. We were met at the station with the carriage and had a good long ride through Rome before we reached the hotel. It is modern in this part and much more cosmopolitan than any city I have seen so far. It really has side-walks on both sides of

the road and they are wide enough for two people to walk abreast if they are very close together. We saw people of all sorts. They dress much like we do; on the whole, modern Rome is a good deal like a California city, except for a few peculiarities in conveyances, streets, etc.

When we got here at the hotel, we got mail; oh, joy! How good it did seem. I was given a room by myself, and got settled up before I came down; then I came down, got my mail, and went into the parlor to read it. The first thing I opened was the letter with the picture of home in it. I'll confess, I shed some salt tears on that. It looked so good, I kissed each face on it, and studied them all over and over. Then I read both of your letters through twice without stopping, and went in to lunch. During lunch-time I tried to read Hanford's letter and eat, too, with disastrous results to the lunch.

People take a mid-day siesta, here; all the shops are closed and no one dares show his face on the street, for fear of sunstroke, from twelve until four. So as soon as we had lunched, we went to bed. I was completely done up from the journey but I settled my room, washed off the dust and hunted for fleas a while before I went to bed; then I put on my nightgown and crawled in. I slept until about three-thirty, when Doctor called me, and then I got dressed and we started off on our first "sight-see." That afternoon we accomplished three things, namely: the Church of Minerva, the Pantheon, and the Church of Jesu. I'll tell about them more fully on the postal

cards. We were bitterly disappointed in Rome that day. The Pantheon we found in a vest of train cars, stores of all kinds, vendors, men selling "beautiful mosaics, ver' fine, signora, ver' cheap." Inside it had been modernized and repaired until just a farce of its old beauty remained. One thing we did enjoy in there. We wandered around, Mrs. Cobb and I, almost in tears over the ruins of the beautiful old building by vulgar innovators, when we found an old, old painting in an altar near the back of the building; we liked it immensely and asked an old guid, in our very best French, who the artist was. Fancy, it is an old Michael Angelo, "Doubting Thomas." It shows Thomas just about to put his finger in the sword wound in Christ's side, while the other disciples watch with eager faces. It is truly a wonderful painting, about the only one we saw that day which was not retouched with gaudy colors by sacrilegious hands. We sat in front of it quite a while while the rest of the party haggled with men for postal-cards outside the door, or wandered at leisure through the building. An old monk took us upstairs into the old part and showed us the narrow studies where philosophers were wont to study.

Now here, let me make a suggestion that I have been thinking of for some time. I can't write down all the old historical facts about these places I see. I don't know them all, and if I did, I haven't room. Look up about them. Can't you get books of travel, Baedeker's Guide Books, or the like, in the library, and read about these places? Then, with my

letters and the postal-cards, you could just live the trip over with me.

Now, take the Pantheon, for instance. It has a buried history, part of which was told me as I went through it but not much of which I remember. You must read history about it or get Maud to give lectures on it to the family.

Well, to continue. From here we plodded through the awful heat to the Church of Minerva, so called because it is built on the site of the ancient temple to Minerva. This contains the beautiful statue of the "Risen Christ" by Raphael, I think, either him or Michael Angelo. But, oh people, imagine, it was made absolutely ludicrous by a brass scarf draped around it because it was nude, and a brass shoe on one marble foot to protect the marble from the kisses of the devout! It was enough to make one weep. Every good looking statue of the Virgin or of Christ was desecrated by these ridiculous things, or by hideous halos of gold stuck on their heads.

After this church we went to the Jesuit church. It was not especially remarkable in any respect except that it was over decorated with rich marble, alabaster, gold, brass and precious stones. It is easy to see why the people of Italy are so poor--the church keeps them so. From here we went to a farce of a Forum. Mrs. Cobb, in her excess of feeling, described it as "a hole, with a fence around it, and a few marble pillars thrown in." Mind, this is not the real big Forum; it is known as Trajan's Forum, and is right in the heart of modern

Rome, which of course makes it look a little ridiculous. Mrs. Cobb and I were both almost sick with disappointment, but Doctor told us to cheer up, that real old Rome was coming. And he was right. We had an awakening that very evening.

Dinner is served here at seven-thirty. It was almost that when we got home--we just had time to wash and dress when it was called and we sat at the table until almost nine. Just as we had finished and were about to go into the parlor, whom should we see but Mr. Abraham Simon, our Jew friend of the boat! He had been in Rome since Sunday, and having had our address, had come to call. He wanted us to go for a drive, imagine! I said I would be glad to go if my official chaperon could come too but they thought it would be too late, etc., and demurred. Finally, they decided to go and at about ten-thirty o'clock we got started. We drove over to real ancient Rome, the Coliseum and the Forum, and then around the Paletine Hill, viewing the ruins of the Palace of Domitian and the Caesars from below. Then our bitter disappointment and resentment against Rome was appeased and we were happy again. It was all beautiful. I fairly held my breath at the magnificent Coliseum. At an unearthly hour we returned, and went to bed, completely tired out, but happy. Now, that's a fair sample of all the days. They are crowded full, and to over-flowing--we wish there were more hours to the day, and grudge every moment wasted.

The next morning we were through breakfast and ready to start at eight o'clock. Our carriage was here at the door,

and for that morning's trip we took in the Appian Way, and the Catacombs. We rode out to the end of the modern city, even to the old wall; we passed out of the gate of the old Roman wall into the Appian Way--but oh, first we stopped at the Coliseum. We went inside and viewed the immense structure from all sides. I've told about that on the cards. The Appian Way, instead of being as we imagined it, is a narrow, gritty up-hill road, with high walls on either side, beyond which are the tombs of the old Romans. We passed Saipio's tomb just after we passed the gate. The tombs are nothing but the ruins of a massive tower, set right on the edge of the wall which makes the road.

After about an hour of this ride we reached the gate that admitted us to the building from whence we descended into the catacombs. Our cabby waited for us outside and we walked in. On the porch of an old house stood a monk, behind a counter laden with rosaries, crosses, postal-cards, albums, etc. He was an old monk, with a brown cossack and a long, gray beard, who asked an entrance fee of one franc (\$.20) and gave us tiny wax candles (the remains of mine I will send home in the box of things). Then our guide, another monk, the counter-part of the first, came and beckoned us. He carried a large wax candle on a long stick which he used as a staff. We walked over to another small frame house, entered, and descended a long flight of stairs and then found ourselves in a long narrow passage, dark as the grave. On either side were graves cut in the wall, one above the other. Most of them had

been robbed by barbarians, the marble fronts had been broken and the bones removed, but there they were, yawning witnesses of the martyrdom of the early Christians. Three or four had been buried in one place, after, for the poor grave-diggers had been busy in the great days at the Coliseum, when three or four hundred Christians had been killed by beasts in one day.

July 23, 1909

Dearest People:

In spite of the jiggly train, I am going to try and finish my letter. We are between Pisa and Florence, and the train wiggles like everything. I just read my letter out loud to Mrs. Cobb, and I'm so anxious to get it finished. I sat up writing until so late last night that I have napped most all day on the train. Sitting in our compartment are two American women, an Italian governess and such a dear little girl about Helen's age. She was born in Holland, she says; has lived there a great part of her life, and now lives in Florence. She is of American parents, one of the women is her mother and the other her aunt, and she speaks English, Dutch, Italian and French. She reminds me of my sweet little Helen so much that I can't keep the tears out of my eyes when I look at her. She is so quaint and unaffected.

July 24, 1909

Dears:

Here I am at it again. The train jiggled so I couldn't get much written yesterday. Last night, after we got here, I came into the writing room to finish, and Doctor and Mrs. Cobb came after me and put me to bed. I'm not feeling very well. The intense heat and the water together have about finished me up--my bowels have been bad for about the last day or two and today I am sort of all-in. I went out sight-seeing, this morning, but gave up and came home about noon, took some brandy and went to bed. All I ate for lunch was a little macaroni and some bread and cheese. I thought I'd try and go out this afternoon but decided it was wiser to stay at home. So I napped until almost four, and here I am. This hotel, Florence, is a dear place. All the hotels have been nice, but this is different--it is an old palace, full of old paintings, tapestries, and such quaint furniture. It is a rambling old place--one could easily get lost in it. It has an immense court-yard inside and all sorts of little vine covered balconies.

You dear little mother at home there, watching for a letter, you ought to get some mail either today, Saturday, or tomorrow, and then it will come oftener after that. Only, dear, dear, I just can't find time to write as often as I want to. I can't have a room alone very often, so I can't write at night, and if I could, I am so completely dead every night

that I'm positively no good. I keep thinking, as I see everything, what a pleasure it will be to write home about it, but I never seem to have the opportunity to write as much as I want to. I am the only one in the party who attempts to write letters; Doctor and Mrs. Cobb try to write every day, but just postal-cards. Fancy, how unsatisfactory! You couldn't tell about anything on a postal-card, to your blessed family who are so eagerly living over every minute of the trip with you. And I want you to know all about where I am, and understand the places as well as I do.

I am having a terrible time not to buy all the pretty things I see, to send home. There is so much beautiful lace and cameos and silk. The Roman silk is simply wonderful, and the scarfs made of it are of beautiful tints, people make waists of them. I decided yesterday that I must spend less money, so that I would have more for those little things; so I decided to keep an account and I bought a little book, and began. I don't know how long it will last but all the other members of the party keep them, so that will help us to remember. Of course, I didn't get my mail here, but, oh, dear, I do wish it had been here. If I could just hear from you oftener! I do wish some of you had come so that I wouldn't seem so selfish; enjoying it all by myself. It is so lovely--oh, it is too wonderful to believe that I am really here. I keep thinking about it and trying to convince myself that it is really I, here in my land of opportunity at last. Oh mother dear, if you love to have

me happy, you must be glad I am here, for I never was so happy in my life. My dreams are all coming true, and I always feel that at the end of this beautiful summer of travel, there awaits my definite chance, my opportunity to really test myself and do things.

And I left you right in the middle of the catacombs. The most important things to see in these were the "Crypt of the Popes" where many early popes were buried, the tombs of the Saints, most particularly of St. Cecelia, and the family vaults where whole families of nobility, who had been converted to Christianity, had been buried. Scraps of ancient frescoes were everywhere; in the family vaults, some of the wall paintings still showed, though the work of the barbarians had been almost completely destructive. One most interesting thing, was a large marble coffin which had been put underground, and hence had not been discovered by the barbarians, containing the dust of the bones of a woman, plainly showing the outlines of a skeleton, and with scraps of hair on her head. It had a glass cover on it, and there was kept, through the centuries. There were two such, the other of a bald-headed man, showing with remarkable clearness the outlines of his figure. The tomb of St. Cecelia was more modern than the rest, and was used, as many of the Saints' tombs were, as altars for services. It was in a little chapel, with a marble slab on top, showing the position of her body as she died. You know the story. It is said that she was killed secretly in the bath-room, by

three gashes in the back of her neck. She did not die at once, but lay there for three days, and when she died, she made the sign of the Trinity by holding two fingers on one hand, and one on the other. After seven hundred years her body was discovered, entirely uncorrupted, and buried in the catacombs. We wandered on and on, through chapel after chapel, living over the lives of our early Christian brothers, deep in the wonder of it all. At last we ascended some stairs and found ourselves in another house and were let out. It really is wonderful how these people carved out of the solid marble these passages. They say there are over twelve square miles of just this one, and there are others in Rome. I bought a couple of little crosses made from marble in the catacombs. I thought Maud would like one, and the Kenney's the other, for they are from St. Cecelia's tomb. They only cost ten cents and are sort of a novelty.

Well, from here we went back to our carriages and rode into town. We visited one or two churches which were like all the others I have seen, much over-decorated and very rich. There are so many beggars in Italy, I wonder if the Lord wouldn't rather have his children cared for than to have so many, many churches into which thousands of dollars are put. It doesn't seem right, does it? At the door of each church there are beggars, hideous sights, many of them lame, blind or crippled terribly. Let's see, some of the particular things there were: the little church of Quo Vadis, where Christ had

walked; the stairs from the hall of Pontius Pilate which Christ walked down. These are encased in wood and if you would ascend them, you must do so on your knees. There are pillars from the house of Pontius Pilate too, and the prison wherein Peter and Paul were imprisoned, and here the spring is still running which Peter caused to flow so that he could baptize his followers. Every place you turn there are relics of this sort in Rome; many of them fakes.

After this, we went home and slept until three, when we started on another expedition, this time to the Forum. Of course, it has been excavated so it is below the street level, and we stood up above and viewed it. The postal-cards tell more about them than I can tell. From here we went up into the Paletine Hill. This place has had five epochs in Roman history built upon it--one above the other. You see, after each change, the Paletine Hill would be deserted and gradually the buildings would be covered up by debris and time, until finally, when another race of kings would come back, they would build right on top of the old buildings. There we saw a well, where Romulus and Remus had lived; next the palace of Septimus Servius, one of the seven legendary kings; then the palace of the Caesars, and above it the palace of Domitian. Of course, all of these were in ruins, but we climbed down through Domitian below, and stood in the house where Augustus Caesar had lived, saw the underground passage connecting his house with that of Livia, who afterwards became his wife. Her house is wonderfully

well preserved. Oh, yes, you must read about these places. I can't begin to tell you half. As we left the hill we saw the altar which the superstitious Romans put up to the "unknown god" after Christ's death (The Acts). After this we went home. Of course, you will realize that we were almost all in from the terrible heat and the emotions of such a place. That evening Mr. Simon came again and took us for a drive through the Jewish Ghetto. It was an interesting sight, but much like the slums of any city.

Next day we went to the Vatican. No one would think it to be the residence of a pope, for only the huge galleries are open to the public, and none of the Pope's private apartments can be seen. We entered a long hall filled with statues and began our tour. We met the Smith girls and got a guide with them to go through. We saw many original paintings and statues--Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon (a group of three men in the grasp of snakes, very common), the discus-thrower, Ariadne, and several busts that are well known. We went then to the art gallery where I revelled in beautiful paintings--Raphael's "Transfiguration of Christ" (very well known), and numbers of Madonnas, one, by Titian, the one I like best of any I have ever seen. I think I will enjoy the paintings I see, even more than any other sight. I can't begin to describe the Vatican. It was very vast, all through, full of beautiful things. We got back late for lunch, and I gave up, didn't go out that afternoon, but stayed home and slept. I am so

emotional that I get quite worn out in picture galleries. I slept until twenty minutes past six, had dinner, wrote some postal-cards, and went to bed and slept soundly again. Next day we took in St. Paul's without the gates, and St. Peter's. of the two, I preferred St. Paul's for it was in such good taste--in massive lines, and not so terribly decorated as most Italian churches. St. Peter's was lovely, though, almost too big for the human mind to grasp. St. Peter's tomb I saw, or what is claimed to be his tomb. It is very well decorated with beautiful alabaster, right in the center of the church.

We were so anxious to get prints of some of the good paintings that we went down town that afternoon and spent the whole day moving around old shops of antiques and prints, but without any profitable results. It was interesting though, and Doctor and Mrs. Cobb got quite a few. That night I began my letter home. Just think of waiting so long--it seems too bad. But it is better to write well when I am feeling good than to try to describe such wonders when I am half dead.

It is now evening--the 24th of July, Saturday. I have felt much better since my nap today. I guess that brandy fixed me all right. It cured me on the boat when I had a little trouble that way. We left Rome yesterday morning early, and got to Pisa at two. Oh, we had dinner on the train, and it was most like our dining-cars. But so far, I hate and despise foreign trains. You should see the toilet rooms--men and women use the same; they do that at the hotels, too, and

it's all your life is worth to stand in one of the places for a minute. They really aren't much better than animals, anyway, those people; it makes you thankful you are an American. There is something about this country I can't write--it's too awful, but I just wish I could tell you about it. Never mind, I'll tell you when I see you. We are very well provided for--good hotels, and the travelling accommodations are the best possible. 1st Class are not any different except for the decorations.

Pisa was a quaint little town with not much to see. The leaning tower, the cathedral and baptistry were all, and they were not at all remarkable, but very enjoyable. Mrs. Cobb and I have been wanting some ice-cream so badly ever since we landed, and they don't seem to know what it is here, so we decided to try and get some. We stopped at a little garden, and sat down, asking the waiter for "glaci," French for "ice." What do you think he brought us? A little glassful of shaved ice with some nasty cherry phosphate poured over it. It cost us only ten centenies (two cents), but oh, it was awful tasting stuff.

We landed in Florence in time for a late dinner last night. Mrs. Cobb and I are together. She is such a dear and so good to me. We agree so perfectly about art and get along so capitally, much the way mother and I do. She is so fond of me. She's a great comfort, because we both see the humorous side of things together, and really the other members of the

party, while very nice, are queer, to say the least, and they will insist upon looking at things that don't interest us at all, and passing by the famous things with sentiment and beauty connected with them. This morning we divided. Mrs. Crowder, who is lame, took a carriage ride around the city, Miss Coulter and Miss Jeremy went heaven knows where--to a graveyard, I believe--and we went together to a church and to two picture galleries. We are going back to the galleries tomorrow for they are perfectly wonderful things there--the Venus de Medici, for instance, and the Wrestlers, besides paintings by Raphael, Michael Angelo, and some others I can't remember. I was too sick to half see things, but we are going again tomorrow, for if we do the Ufizi gallery in two days we are doing well.

This afternoon I wrote until Mrs. Cobb and Doctor came in after me, and then we went down shopping. There is one little bridge here all covered with shops--it is the quaintest sight. We visited another "Rag Fair," like the one we saw in Rome--a market place, you know, with all sorts of things to buy, from underwear to fish, and postal cards to old brass. I am getting enough stuff for you folks to fill two grips. Mrs. Cobb will take some in her trunk for me. Things are simply dirt cheap and so pretty. Bad big sister didn't write Helen a letter, but she has been getting such pretty things for her--dear, dear, it will be as good as ten birthdays and Christmases together when that box comes home. We leave Monday morning for

Venice--dear, beautiful Venice--I can hardly wait to get there and get the letters from home.

Now, I'll go down into the office and mail this, and then go to bed. Good night, you Dearests--how I wish I could see you.

Kathleen

Hotel et Pension Beau Rivage, Venice

July 27th, Tuesday

You Dearests:

And your small child is in Venice! The city most worth seeing in all the world, it seems to me. It is perfectly satisfying from the very first view from the train as you enter, right straight through. How I wish you could all see it.

I never quite understood the plan of it before, so I'll tell you how it is built. There were, originally, numbers of small islands, with shallow water between them. The people wished to travel from one to another, so they deepened the passages between, making the canals. People built on these islands, clear to the water's edge, and they were so small that each island formed a block or less. The land has sunken some, so altogether, the city has, virtually, streets of water. The houses are built right up to the water's edge, and instead of hitching posts for horses, they have long poles for gondolas, out in front. It is a common joke here, that there are

just four horses in Venice: the bronze ones over on the front of St. Mark's Cathedral. It is true, so far as I have seen. By means of bridges, and some narrow side-walks inside the squares, they say it is impossible to walk through Venice, but no traffic is carried on anywhere except just in the canals. There is the Grand Canal, a part of the sea next to the shore, and 146 smaller canals through Venice.

It is, altogether, the most charming, fascinating place I have ever, ever seen. I just love it all. It is so quiet--no noise but just the whistles of the trains (not street-cars but steam-boats, called trains because they stop at stations about a block apart and let off passengers) and the paddles of the gondoliers. The gondolas look just as they are pictured--all black with four small seats in the middle, and the lucky thing for us is this--we are here in moon-light--not a full moon, but a dear, silver half-moon, that shines its very brightest for us.

There really isn't very much to see here, aside from the unique life of the people. A few good paintings in the ducal palace--a wonderful picture of the Paradise, the largest painting in the world is there, and St. Mark's Cathedral, with its big square around which are all the little shops. But I'll tell away back from the beginning.

I left off in Florence. The heat in Italy is simply terrific. They claim, and Doctor says, it isn't any hotter than our summers, but I never felt so badly from the heat in

my life as I have since we landed. It is a more stunning heat, some way, and makes your head just buzz, and your heart almost stop beating. Mrs. Cobb feels it as bad as I do, and we both thought the day rides we had had on the train were unbearable. It was quite a long way from Florence to Venice, an eight or nine hour ride, and the schedule planned for it in the middle of the day. Well we two thought we simply could not endure it, so we inquired about other trains. The concierge at the hotel told us there was one that left at eleven at night and reached Venice at eight in the morning. So we decided that loss of sleep would be better than that awful heat and dust on a day trip. We discovered afterward that Italians have discovered this too, and always travel at night; it is the poor tourists who suffer. The cost would be nothing additional except just a lunch, for our tickets were good, so we decided to do it. We took naps in the afternoon and evening, and at eleven we left the party and went to the depot. We got into a compartment with a woman and two men, and settled down. It was very nice and cool and we were quite comfortable. We discussed the other people in the compartment in English quite freely, and finally, when we wished to ask a question, asked the woman something in very laborious French--what was our surprise, when she answered us in English! When we told her we were surprised, she told us she was an American who lived in Rome, who was travelling to Switzerland. She was very nice, and we enjoyed our visit with her very much. At three o'clock

we were to change cars at Bologna. We hadn't been able to find out at just what time the train for Venice left there, because these Italians never know a thing. They take life so easy that a mere matter of missing trains is nothing and even the railroad officials can't tell you things exactly. So we got off the train in the dim light of a sunrise and sat down in the station. We addressed numbers of Italians in French, German, and Italian, in turn, but none of them seemed to know anything, so we sat down to wait. There was a track marked "Per Venezia," and we surmised that when a train came in on that track it would be the one. Finally it came, and we went up and asked the man in French if it was the right train. He said, "Si, si," and so we began to hunt for a compartment. Just as we had found one a man stopped us and asked us in English if we wanted any help. We told him what we were trying to do and he said that they had stung us most foully. This train went to Venice, all right, but it was a slow train that didn't reach there until ten-thirty. The fast train left Bologna at about six o'clock and reached Venice at eight. He spoke Italian well and asked about it for us.

July 31, 1909 Interlaken

Dearests:

Oh, how good your letters seemed! It seems at each place I can hardly wait to get the mail. I fairly ran into the office today and snatched my letters out of the man's

hands. I got some, all right, at Venice too. I hadn't got that far yet in my account of my doings so I didn't tell about it. There were an awful lot of them there, and here too. I heard from Eva Wilkinson, and Ethel Cosgrove all of the Gamma Phi news, and lovely letters they were too. I realize now how much better it would have been if I had started in to send a card every day, and then a letter as often as I could. I simply cannot find time to get a letter off oftener than once a week, and then, I miss something and stay home just to write each time. But I can write a card on the train or at any little place I happen to be. So I'll send those every day and keep at one letter until it is finished and then send it along. I have lots to tell now, so I'll just patiently go back to where I left off.

Let's see, we had just met the Englishman. Those pokey old Italians didn't know how to tell about trains ahead, but at last, he found a fairly intelligent one and found that the train left at six-five in the morning. We looked bland at the thought of killing time until then, for it was just a bit after four, and the sun was just rising. So he told us that it was such a pretty town, we had better get a cab and ride around, so we did, and had a fine time. He found a cab for us, told the driver where to take us, and left us. He was very much of a gentleman, and a real nice, stupid Englishman. Well, we watched the sun rise, and giggled over the foolishness of the situation, and had a fine time. Then we drove back to the

station and had a little breakfast at the lunch counter, washed up a bit and then took the train. There was just one vacant compartment and so our Englishman got in with us. The ride to Venice was beautiful, especially the entrance, where we rode across a long bridge into the city.

Well, we landed at the station, met the porter from the Hotel Beau Rivage, who guided us to the landing where we took a steamer (trains, they call them). It was a long ride to the hotel way around the Grand Canal, and we saw the most picturesque scenery. We weren't quite sure of the station where we must get off, and by a mistake, on the part of the officers, Mrs. Cobb got off at the right station, and the gate was shut before I could follow. So I was carried a block further down, and got off there. Just as I landed, a band came by the station and began to play, so I told everybody that I was met by a brass band at Venice. I started to walk over to the hotel, saw Mrs. Cobb standing in the door-way with a handful of letters, and broke into a run until I reached her, then I grabbed them and sat down in the office to read them. I sorted them all out according to dates, and read them right through: yours, then two from Hanford, one from Mike and oh, yes, Russell's and George's. I'll mail those to you when I get where postage isn't so high.

It was hot--oh Himmel, but it was hot--and we were tired, so we both undressed and went right to bed and slept until lunchtime. Then we dressed, ate lunch, and went to bed

again. The rest of the party got there nearly dead from the heat, just as we, all dressed and refreshed from our naps, were starting on a shopping tour. We walked in the shade to St. Mark's square, to a shop of which Mrs. Cobb had the address. We bought all sorts of things, liebes. I came home with an empty purse, but such a lot of nice things.

And then, after dinner, we got a gondola and had the most glorious ride down the canal. And it was lovely moonlight--oh, Venice is the most wonderful place! There were boats full of people called "la Serenata," two of them, gaily decorated with lanterns, that drifted around the canal and sang all sorts of Italian songs. When we got down away from them, I lifted up my voice and warbled all sorts of things. At last I started "Carmen," and the gondolier said "Ah, opera, Carmen!" He knew it and was so glad to hear me sing it. Even the street Italians all know and love opera. We had such a lovely ride past Desdemona and Othello's house--imagine! then back and heard the band play on St. Mark's square, and to bed at about ten-thirty.

Next morning we got up and took in the sights. I just went with them to St. Mark's cathedral, and then came home and began this epistle. The cathedral was fine, but I am honestly sick of churches, and I couldn't really appreciate it. I liked the darling pigeons out in front the best. I would buy a little paper full of corn for five centenies (one cent) and then feed them. They would eat out of my hand, and jump up all around

my arm to eat. I had three or four perched on my fingers or arms at once, and they were pretty and tame. There are just swarms of them there. There is an old tradition in Venice that they must keep them as memorials of the first carrier pigeons bringing good news to Venice, and they are multiplying rapidly. That was a new and interesting experience.

Next door to the cathedral was the Doge's palace, and Mrs. Cobb and I went in there for a while. We had such an interesting experience there. Met a German man from Nuremberg, as we were looking at the pictures by Tintoretto. He seemed to appreciate them and we gradually got to talking with him. He was dressed in the mountain German costume--feather in his green cap, short trousers tucked into high boots, and soft low sandals on his feet. He was a jolly little fellow with a golden mustache, and though he couldn't talk very much English, he could say a few words and he fairly beamed as he said them. Mrs. Cobb speaks German more than I do, and between us we managed to talk with him very nicely. We went down to visit the prisons with him, and it was so amusing. The guide talked to us in French which we could barely understand--we managed to translate the French into English ourselves, and then put it into German for the little man. We grew very merry over it, and laughed until we were quite sick at our blunders. I am very well satisfied with myself as a linguist. I can speak French almost as well as German, and I get along famously with both. In Venice, we began to see more Germans, as we

were coming north, and we struck more hotel people who could speak it.

Well, after this, as I said, I came home and wrote letters until the folks came in. I started yours, and wrote a whole one to Mike, and a lot of postal-cards. Then I took lunch, napped, and went shopping again, but this time I didn't buy, I just looked as hard as I could. We went through the glass shops where the Venetian beads are manufactured, all by hand, each bead different, and saw the girls making lace and decorating leather. In the evening we had another delightful gondola ride. We had to make an early start next morning, so we left dear, fascinating Venice at about seven o'clock and started for Milan. It was a long, hot ride, but not as bad as the other day rides had been, and we reached there in time for lunch. We went to a hotel near the depot--Hotel Nord--and got a good, but hasty lunch. Then we took a carriage and drove to the church where De Venci's "Last Supper" was. It was terribly faded, but still very beautiful. From there we drove to the famous Milan Cathedral--such a beautiful place! In spite of the fact that I have seen beautiful churches ever since I landed, I was enraptured. It is in such perfect taste, and so well carried out, all through, nothing especially remarkable--just a wonderfully harmonious whole. Then we went back to the station and rode on, out of Italy.

The minute we arrived in Switzerland, we felt a different atmosphere. The hot, debilitating Italian air gave place

to bracing coolness, and we rode into a delicious little rain. I was so happy that I started and sang for joy. I didn't like Italy, that's all. The people are dirty and animalish, the air is terribly hot and langorous, and I felt cross and out of sorts and unnatural most of the time. I couldn't have given up the Art Galleries and old ruins, for anything, but the country itself is much like California--too rich in everything, even to the exquisite coloring of the women and the food. But, oh, Switzerland is so beautiful! We rode on, through the afternoon, getting glimpses of beautiful pine covered mountains and pretty green valleys as we ascended. We reached Stresa, the town on Lake Maggiore, in time for a late dinner. I was a changed girl. I felt full of life and I loved those old mountains so I could have hugged them all. The hotel was a dear place, overlooking the loveliest of lakes, and oh, thank Heaven, we were cold, and wore our jackets. We hired a boat and rowed out into the lake after dinner. The moon was shining over the mountain top in all its glory--we were dropped down in the midst of the Italian Alps, on to a lake as smooth as glass, that reflected a moon in a golden sheen. We slept the sleep of the just that night, I'll tell you. I slept better than I had since I left home, and I felt like a new person in the morning. We didn't get up very early and at half-past eleven we took the train to a little mountain town where we got carriages for our ride over the Simplon Pass.

The Alps are not, like the Rockies, entirely barren of

vegetation; we saw thick growths of pine trees all along the way and rhododendrons and lots of flowers clear up to the edge of the snow. We would go around a steep path up the mountain, seeing new peaks appear as we went on, many of them with snow in the crevices. Beautiful cataracts came tumbling down from the summits, crashing along over rocks of glacial deposit with a thunderous noise or dropping over fifty or sixty feet into a stream below.

At last it grew so cold we put on our coats and put the heavy horse-blankets over us. (By the way, read "The Affair at the Inn" again, and you will understand the kind of remarks on the scenery we endured from our Mrs. Mac Gill. Mrs. Crowder is the identical personage, only not so fat.) At about eight o'clock we reached the most darling inn. The landlady, a hospitable Swiss woman, who spoke a little English, hastened out to welcome us as we climbed out, a little stiff from sitting still so long and from the cold. She showed us up to our rooms, which were lighted by candles, and were dear and old-fashioned. And then, such a good dinner as she gave us! We just filled up with good Swiss cooking and warmed up with genuine English tea. Such a lovely night as we spent, with soft, downy feather beds over us, and under, too. The scenery around was just indescribable--the moon came up over the mountain just behind the inn, and we hung out of the windows to watch it. Next morning we started again at seven. We nearly froze until the sun peeped over the mountains and warmed us up a bit. We kept

ascending for about two hours, when we reached the highest point and began to go down. The men put on all sorts of brakes for the ascent was very steep, and before long we could see, way below us, the town of Brigue, where we were to take the train for Montreux. It was all a beautiful drive--sorry when it ended.

There isn't much to tell from here on. I have been writing all my spare time instead of sight-seeing. At Montreux the folks went out to see the prison of Chillon but I thought I would stay home and write. So after lunch I took a nap. I slept until dinner time, and never got a scratch written. I was so provoked when they wakened me. The next morning we took a twenty minute ride to Lake Geneva, as far as Vevay, where we got a train for Berne. The mountains were so beautiful, with soft fleecy clouds hugging their tops, and a lovely hazy mist over everything. We were never out of sight of them for a minute--they are on all sides. We rode through level rolling country, that looked, but for the mountains, like Minnesota. The pretty red-tiled cottages of the farmers dotted the whole land--it was so very pretty and quaint. But oh, yes, we saw goats and herds-men all along the way. Berne is a pretty little city but not at all interesting for sight-seeing. We had a lovely drive through it, and up to the bear-pit. It seems the emblem of Switzerland is the bear, and you see them all around--carved and pictured in every corner. We got a nice lunch in a little tea-room and then came on to Interlaken

by boat. That boat ride, especially the view as we came into Interlaken was the most picturesque thing I have ever seen since I left. Mrs. Cobb and I sat in the bow of the boat and just gasped with delight as each new snow-covered peak came in sight.

August 3rd, Interlaken

Dears:

Altogether, this has been the very most delightful time of my life. I do hate to leave Switzerland and get down back to earth again. But let me tell you about my stay here. In the first place, I got lots of mail, which makes this spot a red-letter one. Oh, people, people, you cannot imagine how good it seems! I weep over my letters, and read them over and over, and talk about them, and think, wherever I am, what I am going to write home about. It will be so long before I get mail again--nearly a week. I wrote letters the rest of the day--or a letter, rather--and napped a part of it. At dinner we were called out to see the after-glow on the Jungfrau. Next morning, Sunday--but, oh, to return to Saturday night.

As I was writing to you in the afternoon, I heard a piano, handled by a master hand. It sounded just delicious--Beethoven and Brahms. I peeked into the parlor to see who it was and saw a big fat German woman, just banging away at the keys, who stared a hole through me until I fled. That night, after dinner, I went in the parlor and shut the door and

timidly pounded a little on my own account. I hadn't seen the musician at dinner, so I supposed she had gone. I had just finished a book of Schubert, and was beginning some MacDowell when the door opened softly, and she came tip-toeing in. I stopped and blushed, and got horribly fussed, for she really is a wonder--no amateur musician. She begged me to go on but I wouldn't. She couldn't talk any English, so I stammered away in my poor German, and made a pretty spectacle of myself. She said that I needed much exercise with my fingers, but I had a wonderfully good touch, and where had I studied? Then I got my senses, and told her I didn't pretend to play, I hadn't studied much, but that I was going to Berlin to study voice. She asked from whom, and I said Fraulein Schoen-Rene; she smiled, and lifted up her hands and said, "Ah, yes, she is a fine teacher." She did not know her but had heard of her, and knew she was very good. Then she played "Hark! Hark! the Lark" for me and I sang it for her, and she said very nice things about my voice--that it was purely American, but very good, and that I was a musician. Then her husband and Mrs. Cobb came in, and she played for us until midnight, many of her own compositions. She was very nice, and really a very fine musician. That was a treat, I can tell you.

Well, to return to Sunday morning! I got up, dressed, had breakfast, and walked way down to the other end of town to an Episcopal church. All the wealthy people here from England and the United States for the summer were there, in

their elegant gowns, and I felt pretty shabby, but I was very well treated, and heard a good sermon, beautiful service, and took communion. Got home late for lunch. Slept afterwards until four, washed my hair, and Mrs. Cobb and I dried it sitting in the sun out on the balcony. After dinner we had quite a treat.

As it happened, the first of August, Sunday, is the Swiss Independence Day, and in the evening, big things were expected. We told the people at the hotel that it wasn't much like an American Fourth, for it was quiet all day. Just flags and bunting up, but no especial noise and small boy escapades. They assured us that that would come in the evening. They have here, as in all Swiss and German cities, their Kursaal or beer gardens, where they charge admission, and give a concert or a little vaudeville inside, and charge extra for the drinks. Well, it seems that the fourth of July celebration was to be given there so Mrs. Cobb and I each paid a franc apiece (\$.20) and went in. First, there was an orchestra number, very good, closing with the overture to William Tell, at which the crowds shouted. Then national songs sung by a chorus of about fifty men, very, very good. Then, fire-works, about fifteen minutes of them. That was all the celebration we heard or saw. After that, more orchestra numbers, and national songs sung by a mixed chorus. The pretty little Swiss girls in their native costumes served the beer or wine and sold flags (tell Helen I haven't forgotten hers). It was a very

pretty scene. Everybody in their very best attire, walking up and down the grounds, or sitting at little tables. And just think! I saw Miss Blaisdell! She passed me once and I wasn't sure it was she, for she didn't recognize me at all, but the second time I spoke to her; I had to tell her who I was, but then she remembered, and asked about my trip. She was leaving the next day, she said. I didn't have much of a visit with her. There was a young lady with her--but she looked mighty good and familiar.

And the next day, Monday, we had the time of our lives.

On the Rhine, August 6th, 1909

Dearests:

I left my letter in my grip, so I'll write while I have time, on this paper. I am having the most glorious trip down the Rhine--you can't imagine! Of all the old castles and ancient land-marks I ever saw--the banks are just covered with them. And we passed right by the song-famed rock of the "Lorelei." Heidelberg, yesterday, was so interesting and the mail was all so nice--but I'll begin right back where I left off, with last Monday morning on the Alps.

We started out at about eight o'clock by train from Interlaken, where we had the funniest little tippy mountain engine on our train, and rode around the mountain side and up into the city of Grindelwald, from where the glacier can be

seen. We got off and walked up the mountain road a little way, and saw the small gwein very clearly, rested a while at a little way-side house, where a Swiss maiden served us with fresh wild strawberries and rich country cream for 50 centenes (\$.10). Then we went back and caught our train for a still steeper ride up the mountain to a little village called Scheidigg, a place away up near the big glacier which doesn't contain much but a couple of hotels and pensions (the polite foreign name for boarding houses). We had had a lunch put up for us at the hotel so we sat at one of the out-side tables of a hotel and ate it, with a cup of delicious hot tea. It tasted good, for the high altitude made us hungry, and cold, and the tea warmed us up finely.

So then, we got ready for our climb up the glacier. I bought a great heavy stick from my Alpine climber, put on my cap, and the others, Mrs. Cobb and Miss Colter--Miss Jerimy was sick--and Mrs. Crowder couldn't walk, being lame, left their hats at the hotel and shouldered their canes, and off we started. It was a very cloudy day, and in just a little walk up the path we were in the midst of fleecy white clouds. The folks were sorry of its being so cloudy because it cut off the view of the snow-covered peaks above, and the valley below, but I thought it made the scenery more magic, and loved it. We climbed around the winding paths, past whole fields of mountain daisies and rhododendrons--the pretty Alpine roses--and came at last to a little way-side station, where they sold picture

postals and drinks and milk chocolate. We rested there a minute and then started on again. We passed two more little refuge houses, and then left the vegetation and struck piles of glacial deposits. There was a path across it and we walked over until we struck snow. Here we saw men with sleds, who gave us the loveliest half toboggan and half sleigh ride, down to the entrance to the grotto. I was so delighted with the ride, and the snow and ice, that I hated to get off the sled; but more entrancing things awaited me. Just imagine, we walked ways and ways down a smooth green cave of ice! Little candles set up here and there lighted us, and we walked down into a little room and then back. It was the most witching place you can imagine. Then we walked out on to the glacier itself, and peered down into fissures that were seemingly bottomless, and would swallow up a man in a moment. Dr. Willisford was terribly nervous about me for fear I'd fall in, so we didn't stay out half long enough. Then we walked back.

Just as we got off the glacier, it began to rain. There was only one umbrella and Mrs. Cobb and Mrs. Colter had that, so Doctor and I plunged on ahead. I had on my blue dress, red sweater and cap, so it didn't hurt to get a drenching, and I enjoyed it. At the highest refuge house I bought a little heart for Helen--she can wear it on the end of a chain--made out of the rocks of the glacial deposit, polished, of course; it is pure navy blue. Well, after getting some postal-cards we went on down, and soon it stopped

raining and the sun came out, so we could get a pretty view of the steep valley below, and the next town in the biggest point on that railway, so from there on the mountain was covered with little villages low down, and we decided to walk to the bottom--a climb of six miles or more.

Such fun it was! We didn't have any bothersome things to carry; I had left my bag at home, even, and had just my stick, which helped me a lot. As far as the first town we had a fairly good road, but after that it was climbing, rather than walking. We walked through high, high groves of pine trees, climbing down by their roots, slipping on the mud that the sun never reached to dry out, down, down, down--sometimes a sheer jump of a few feet or more, sometimes slippery clay--paths that were almost perpendicular, and where we had to stick the points of our canes in deep and hold us back. On down we went, running, slipping, jumping, or picking our way through roots of pine trees. Now we stopped for a little rest at the foot of a "Lonesome Pine" catching most beautiful views of peak after peak with snowy, gleaming tops, or looking at a little town, six miles below, with its quaint, red-tiled roofs and pretty streets, built along the bank of a tumbling mountain stream. And water-falls--oh, such lovely ones--dropping so far below, and rapids of gurgling, happy mountain water. We could see them on the opposite mountain, or pass them in our climbing, on our own side. It was such, such a delightful trip. At Wenga, we stopped and bought some delicious Swiss

milk chocolate to refresh us, and then walked on. We reached Santa Brunner just in time to catch the train down the valley back to Interlaken, and got home for a late dinner, stiff and weary, but happy and satisfied with our day. It was a banner day for this No. 25 of the Ideal Tours, I'll tell you.

But naturally, the sweets never come without a tincture of the bitter. The next morning every nerve of our poor bodies gave us exquisite pain. I was the worst of the bunch, of course--all the servants laughed at us, as we painfully staggered down the stairs or into the dining-room. Our Alpine sticks were of use to us that day, I can tell you. My joints absolutely refused to move; I had to walk all bent up at the knees and thighs like an old woman.

Miss Jerimy was sick that day, quite severely with general nervousness and bowel trouble. The doctor said she must not go on with the trip, so she telegraphed her cousin, in London, who is a trained nurse, to come to her, and as it was a bad rainy day, and she was nervous, Miss Colter, who is her particular pal, and Doctor, wouldn't leave her that day, but stayed until the next morning. Mrs. Cobb wanted to do some shopping in Lucerne, so she wanted to go on. We could do Miss Jerimy no good for the Doctor didn't want us to see her, so we decided to go ahead of the party to Lucerne and left, by boat, at two o'clock.

It rained a good share of the time, but in spite of that, we enjoyed the lake ride, and at last, before we got

through, it cleared up. We got there for a late dinner. After dinner, we sat in the garden and talked to our English woman who was staying for the summer in Switzerland, until a little after ten, and then went straight to bed, pretty tired and beastly lame. Every time I turned over in bed I had to carefully haul my legs around with my two hands, groaning at intervals during the process. Mrs. C. and I laughed at each other so much we nearly cried.

Next morning it was still raining. At breakfast we got to talking with a couple of American girls--school teachers from Arizona--who were travelling alone on "Cook's" tickets, and who had planned on taking a ride to Fluelen on the Lake that day, and were quite disappointed about the rain. They said if it cleared up enough by eleven, they were going to go, anyway. We had heard about the trip a great deal from different tourists, and wanted to go very badly, as it is said to be the most picturesque trip on the lakes, and takes you to Tell's Chapel and his old monument, and historic spots, but of course, we didn't like to go in the rain. It cost just a dollar and six cents, and was an all day trip.

Well, we went down to the shops of which Mrs. Cobb had the addresses, and looked around. Lucerne, in fact all Switzerland, is the best place in the world for embroidery dresses. They were just patterns, with embroidery on the skirt and a lot of trimming for the waist, colored and white, of batiste, silk, and woolen cashmere. Oh, they were lovely! Mrs. Cobb

had been recommended to this shop by several friends, so we knew it was pretty reliable. She bought three of the dresses--one for her sister and two for herself. She has one on the same style that she got in Minneapolis, for which she paid eighteen dollars, and she didn't have enough trimming and had to buy more. I tried to resist temptation--I had already bought nearly all Maud's graduation outfit--but couldn't when she showed me a lovely pale blue batiste for five dollars, just heavy with lovely embroidery--a scalloped edge for the bottom of the skirt, and such a dainty rose pattern, that I bought it. I do hope she'll like it. If she doesn't mother can buy it, and get her another, for it would look great on mother. I did want to buy some for her so badly. Dr. Willisford got one for his wife. I don't believe you have ever seen anything like it--I never have.

Well, those girls each bought them, and by that time, the sky had cleared, and we made for the boat, bought our tickets, and started. It was a dear trip--I enjoyed it all. A good stiff breeze blew down the lake, and we sailed around through narrow channels, where we could see the dear old snow-capped peaks and steep mountains rising from the water. We got lunch--an omelet, a cup of chocolate, bread and butter--up on deck, at a little table set right in front. It began to rain again just as we got to Fluelen, but we didn't care for that. We took a car and rode up to the monument and visited the quaint old town hall, full of pictures of Tell's exploits.

The judge's mace was a stick with an apple on top with an arrow through it. From here, we rode back to the town, and walked along the mountain side for about two or three miles, to Tell's Chapel. This walk was so very beautiful, that if I hadn't had the Alpine walk a couple of days before, I should have called it the most delightful experience I had had. We walked on a steep ledge of the mountain, right above the lake, where the water was as smooth and green as emerald, through little stone grottos and across dear little bridges, until we finally reached the chapel, just about time for the boat to leave for Lucerne. We rode back, arriving at about six o'clock. We were awfully tired--we always are. In fact, we sight-see so hard that at night we are so tired we are almost too tired to eat. We always go right to bed as soon as we get in, and rest until time for a meal or another expedition. We got through dinner late, meeting the rest of the party there. We went down again afterwards--saw the Lion, the beer gardens (from the outside), then went home, and to bed.

Next morning, Thursday, August 5th, we took a seven o'clock train for Heidelberg. I slept a good share of the way, and we had lunch on the train, which took some time, and before we knew it we were at Heidelberg--at two o'clock. Then, joy of joys! I got my mail--three letters from Hanford, wasn't he rash? And I haven't written him a thing but postal-cards and one letter--it's a shame! And a letter from Mike, the dear, and another from that sweet Ethel Cosgrove and from Jay

Flachsenhare. My, but letters seem like manna to a hungry soul in the desert! The party wouldn't wait to let me read them all, so I piled them into my bag, and read them on the way up to the ruined castle. That was a dear old place. Not basely restored, like the Roman ruins. Part of it was restored, to be sure, but a lot of the old ruins were there, and the dear old place was quite overgrown with ivy and moss. I could have dreamed there of feudal grandeur, noble knights and lovely ladies, of terrible battles and mysterious murders, but we had to hurry, we spent over an hour just going from place to place without stopping, and we saw just one-third of the castle.

After we came down from here, we took a carriage and drove through the city, seeing the buildings of Heidelberg University. Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you my first impression of Heidelberg. As the train steamed in to the station, sounds of masculine voices raised in song reached my ears, and we soon saw the producers of the music. A group of students, in queer little red caps, with canes and pipes, were singing a farewell drinking song to one of their number. They stood there in a circle with steins upraised, heads on each others shoulders--typical college men, only much more demonstrative than ours. As we got off the train, he got on, and then leaned out of the window to grasp each friend by the hand, with tears in his eyes. They sang more then and were still singing as we left the station. We saw students all through the town, with queer little caps of red, blue, green, or white,

which, we afterwards learned, were the badges of fraternities.

Well, to return to our drive. We saw the outside of the library and medical buildings, and the drive to the prison, where students are shut up who break college rules, or carouse. It was the most interesting place--men had written their names, painted caricatures, or posted up their photographs all over the building. The rooms, halls, stairways, and even ceilings, were fairly covered with gay pictures and carvings. They showed us where the son of Bismarck had pasted up his picture and written his name. The place was so interesting--you must all see it some day.

From here we drove to the most interesting spot to me, of all the college buildings--across the River Necker, over to the little inn where the students secretly fight their duels. The keeper of the inn was quite proud of it--showed us the room where they fought, and we saw the maids scrubbing up the blood from a fight which had been held there yesterday--just think of that, in a civilized country! He said the practice had been forbidden by law, but was still carried on, and the police winked at it, as they all duelled themselves. A great many of the college men we saw were terribly scarred up from their fights--wasn't that barbarous?

And then it was dinner time, and we ate dinner and went to bed. And this morning, this lovely trip down the Rhine! We are just drawing into Cologne. It is nearly seven o'clock and I'll stop. Thank goodness, this is ready to mail now and

and quite up-to-date! Dears, your letters seem so good, and you are so nice about writing. I am having such a lovely time that you must be happy for me over it. I am sending Fraulein's address in the package of postal-cards. Best, best love to you dear ones, not so very far away after all, and in less than eleven months I'll be with you again. Think! three weeks from today I will leave Liverpool to go to Fraulein! I can hardly wait to get at work. Lots and lots of love and kisses.

Good-Bye for a while,

Kathleen

Brussels Belgium
August 13, 1909

Dearest People:

My, I wouldn't give up the knowledge I've gained on this trip for twice the money, or a whole college course. Knowledge of places, history, monetary, and commercial systems, art, architecture, people--why, it's been wonderful.

Let's see, I wrote last about my trip down the Rhine. I really don't feel well enough today to write a connected account of anything but I'll give you an outline of what I've done and mail it, because I know how anxious you are to hear. At Cologne our good hotel was all full and we were transferred to a place that wasn't good for much. We spent the night there and in the morning visited the famous cathedral and

went to see Mr. Lulsdorf's people. I'm going to write him about it. They were very nice old Germans, lived in the cleanest, spick and spannest house you ever saw, and were so glad to see me, and the two of us managed to talk enough German to get along. She said (Mrs. Lulsdorf) that Dode and I should come and spend Christmas with her if Dode came over.

That noon we went on to Amsterdam. I think Holland is a perfectly delightful place. Sunday morning the rest of the party went to the old Dutch Reform Church, where the Pilgrims used to go, but I was tired, so I stayed at home and loafed. Wrote a couple of Gamma Phi business letters, and to Mary Jones and Helen Fitzsimmons, and wrote to the Hanski's. In the afternoon we went to the art galleries, and I decided who my favorite painter is--Jaref Israel. I wish, if you could find any copies of his paintings you would look them up. "David and Saul" is his best, but they are all simply wonderful. Monday, as you know, we went out to the island of Markem. It was all so delightful. I took just sloughs of kodak pictures--some with myself in--and I know you'll like them. From Markem we went to the dead city of Vollenden, and saw about the same sights--typical Dutch costumes and houses. And from Vollenden we took a house-boat to Edam where we saw the original Edam cheeses being made. They looked so good--like big ripe oranges.

And I suppose when you get this it will be mother's birthday. If I could just be there to celebrate with you.

I'll celebrate it by spending some more of poor Dad's good money on things for you. I've really bought your present but I'll wait and send it home with Dr. W. It won't be but a little later and won't cost anything for duty, I hope. It would cost about twenty-five dollars at home, and cost me three dollars in Venice--guess what it is. I got Dad's birthday present at Amsterdam--it's a dandy, too.

But to go back to my trip. Monday night after we got back from our trip, we were strolling around the shops downtown, but who should we run into but Mr. MacGilaray and his friend Mr. Cregg. We were glad to see them. They came back to the hotel with us and talked quite a while. They took our Paris address, again.

And Tuesday we went to the Hague. That is even nicer than Amsterdam. I just love it. Our trip out to Scheveninger was such fun. We wanted to go in bathing but it was too cold, so we just sat around in Sunbonnet chairs and dreamed. We had a glorious time all afternoon, and left next morning for Antwerp, where I got the mail. We saw a lot of Rueben's paintings there and then hurried on here. I'm getting too tired to write any more so I'll stop now and write cards every day, and letters whenever I can. Send me Anne Parrs' address and Mrs. Clayton's. I want to write them both. And Aunt Rhode's too and Aunt Eva Mather's. I had Elsie Jache's address in my little book, dears, don't you remember? And send any other addresses of people and when I should write. Dear, dear people,

I am having such a good time, and dad is so good to let me come! I hope I can make you all proud of me. How glad, glad I will be to take you all through Europe myself when I get my German and French all perfect, so I can get along anywhere. And how hard I'm going to work. Do write often and answer my letters--tell me how you like them. You never said a word about liking my Gibraltar letter. It's too bad about dear old Dr. Warner. He has lived a hard life and deserves a rest.

Lots and lots of love to you dear things, and oh! how I'd love to see you all. Hanford writes that the whole family has deserted him. He doesn't hear from me, and Maude and Helen don't answer his letters, and he thinks he's terribly abused. Maude, write to him often, I haven't time.

And now I must stop. Don't worry about Fraulein-- I'll do what's best. Nobody ever got ahead of a Hart yet, and I'm not going to be bamboozled by anybody. Be good and don't forget you've got another limb on the family tree--and write lots.

Paris, August 15th, 1909

You Dearest Family:

I'd just like to shake you all, in spite of the endearing beginning. I just got one measly little note from mother, and a newspaper clipping, for my Paris mail! But then, I've enjoyed myself anyway, and hope for more mail before

I leave. I was so disappointed not to get a real answer to my Gibraltar letter at Antwerp, because I had looked forward to it so long, and here I get nothing but a note, either. That's all right, wait till you go to Europe, I'll fix you! Hanford wrote me here that he had received his Azores mail, but of course, you wouldn't let a fellow know, even one who's half crazy worrying about you.

There is a little delay about my getting my mail right on time. You see, the man who owns the Malesherbes Hotel owns many others in Paris, as you see by the little heading, and as Malesherbes was full when we arrived, he put us in this hotel. Our mail had all been transferred here when we arrived, and we 'phone over to the Malesherbes every day, so we are sure of getting it.

Monday Morning

Oh, my dears, the things Mrs. Cobb and I bought Saturday at the Bon Marché came up just now, and I'm so tickled over them. I guess I'll have to tell you what they are. I've got enough secrets behind to surprise you. Well, in the first place, I got a lovely pair of brown kid gloves for mother at thirty-nine cents--just think! And a beautiful white pair for Maude at seventy-eight cents. They say that gloves are that cheap all over Europe. And then I got a pale blue plume for Maude's graduating hat--double, you know, and very well made, but not unusually large, for \$3.55. It would cost six or seven

at home, at the least. If I had seen the plumes earlier in the trip, I would have bought a nicer one, but coming this late, I didn't dare spend very much money. I'll run out and have to take in washing, if I don't stop. But oh, I've got the loveliest things for you all, it just makes me so happy. I'm going to get a hair-ribbon for Helen here, too. And Helen's flags are all complete, too, and packed away in my grip, and (don't tell dad this) I've bought him a beautiful silk umbrella in Amsterdam, with silver inlaid in the handle, and a little cameo for a stick pin--don't tell him. Well, I must stop, or I'll be giving away all my secrets. I've kept back the best of all though, mother's birthday present and some more of Maude's outfit that I've got, and something lovely for Helen. Two things bought in Rome, beside a lot of foolish little things that are extravagant for other people. But oh, when I go to the shops here in Paris, I just have a wild desire to ship everything home to you! I wish then that I were rich, so I could buy and eat. There are so many little useful pretty things that you'd all like, that it makes me mad not to be able to buy them all.

I was extravagant for myself Friday night though, and went to the opera at \$2.00 per. It was a shame, and I'm a little sorry I spent that much when I could have bought more pretty things for you, but I was music hungry, and the fact that I could hear opera all winter for thirty-five cents didn't satisfy me--I wanted it then. We went to William Tell--

didn't hear any special star that I know of, but they were all very good, especially the girl who played Mathilde. But I have stopped knocking New York opera for not being artistic. Just fancy, right in the middle of the tragedy; twice they introduced toe-dancers, who danced, with all sorts of spectacular effects. Of course, the dancing was lovely--they had a whole chorus of toe-dancers, any one of whom was as good as Adeline Genie, in the "Sand Kiss"--but the idea of introducing it just to please the French love of it, and violating all the sacred ideas of what high art grand opera should be! Why it was really laughable. Their costumes were so different from the regular Swiss costumes of the play (what there was of them) that it was tragically evident they had done it just to please the French taste. But the play was lovely and I wish I were going again tonight--they play Faust. But I'll probably get all the opera I want this winter. And I'm feeling fine this morning even if you didn't write to me. I'm being sensible enough to stay at home and keep quiet, for today is a holiday, and the Louvre and all the shops are closed, so I might just as well. Mrs. MacGill is at home too and very anxious to be sociable.

Can you really believe that your small child is over here in Paris, wonderful, beautiful, fascinating, wicked Paris? I must tell you all about how we came here, and what we have done every minute since. We left Brussels Friday, right after dinner--about one o'clock--and got to Paris at about six. I

wasn't feeling well, a single bit, so I didn't look out of the car window, but just allowed myself to be piled into an auto and driven over to this hotel and given a room with "Cobbie" as usual. We washed and cleaned up a bit, and then went down to dinner. Had a good dinner--this is a nice, neat little hotel, and most every one of the help speaks English. As usual, with these beastly European dinners, we ate for about two hours, and then hurried a lot, and it was about eight when we finished. I asked the hotel man if they had opera here, in the summer, and he said, yes indeed, at the big opera house, and they had a regular summer season just like their winter season--every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night. Of course, as that night was Friday, and William Tell was to be played, we immediately decided to go, without changing our dresses even, as we were already late. We got a cab and drove right over there, and got pretty good seats, just by a chance, as the house was full. But maybe we didn't feel foolish. I had on my black silk shirt-waist and voile skirt, and hat, Mrs. Cobb, a green silk shirt-waist suit, and the other two their travelling dresses. All around us sat elaborate coiffures, bare shoulders, painted faces, full dress suits, etc.! But we enjoyed old Tell far more than those poor, tired looking society women, anyway, and I learned a swell new way to fix my hair when I wear my yellow satin again. So far as I could see, the styles were exactly the same as at home--we have studied the styles here religiously, and have concluded the U.S. is hard to beat. The same kind of

dresses are everywhere, only more of them. Here, everyone looks dressy, and at home, only a few of the best of us. But the styles of the well-dressed American tourists are just the same as Paris styles. Only, the Paris women do not wear the bowl-shaped hats turned down all around. Only the tough women wear them, and not many of them, even. The hats are Gainsborough, or flowered--many are sailors with flower crowns, all rather large, and striking shapes, with many plumes and aggrettes. Well, the opera lasted until twelve--I suppose on account of the introduction of such long ballets, and long promenades between acts, when people showed off their gowns. The young girls, like the English girls, let their hair hang until they are eighteen or so, in curls, or caught up with ribbons on the sides or top--rather a pretty style for some girls--I don't think it would be becoming to Maude. I had a bad head-ache when we reached home, and had a hard time getting to sleep.

Next morning Dr. W. hired a carriage for us and we drove to the Pantheon, where Victor Hugo, Rousseau and Voltaire are buried, and Pres. Crnot. It was a beautiful building--some good paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and the statue of her were there. To Notre Dame next--the very loveliest place in all creation--I can't describe it--it is so far ahead of everything else in the line of churches. We saw the monument erected over the old site of the Bastille, and then to Luxembourg Palace, which is now the Senate House. We were allowed

FOUR STAR BOND

to visit only the gardens and the galleries, where we saw lovely art--Rosa Bonheur and other famous painters. Then we drove over to the Louvre, and had lunch near there. After lunch we separated, as we always do at art galleries, and Mrs. Cobb and I went our way together. We were too tired to see much of it that day--we got a good general outline and will go again Wednesday morning to finish. I wouldn't give up the knowledge of art I have gained from this trip for a whole year of my life. It is worth far more than a college education. I quite have my heart set on Maude's coming over here. Aside from the pleasure and the romance, it is such a benefit, you can't imagine how much. Mrs. Cobb says I am getting to be quite an art critic and, you know, I knew nothing of painters and paintings before I came. Constant association with her has done a whole lot for me, too, I can tell you. She is a very brilliant woman--knows a lot about any subject, and is a jolly companion besides. I never realized what a real education in facts and in culture could be gained from a short trip through Europe.

But to continue. We were weary of looking at things before we got half through the Louvre--weak at the knees and head-ache--so we took a cab and drove to the famous shop of Paris--the Bon Marché. It occupies about two blocks of space and is full of everything on earth you could want. And speaking of taking a cab--that is one thing about Paris I don't quite understand. Of course, I suppose there are street-cars--

they say most of them are run underground, but they are not used at all for ordinary travel--just for a great distance. There are omnibuses, pulled by three horses which are "double-deckers," you know, and in them you can ride anywhere in the city, almost, for three cents. On these, the very lowest of the population ride--and American tourists, who do it for the fun of the thing. Then there are these taximeter cabs, driven by men in livery, of which they claim there are over fifteen thousand in the city. They have an arrangement on front which shows how much you must pay according to the distance you ride--usually you pay from fifteen to twenty cents, and of course, when there are two or three riding, the cost is divided, and doesn't amount to much. It's great fun to ride in them--you feel so elegant. And it's just like a story-book, to "Hail a passing cab," jump in, give the address to where you want to go, and ride off in luxury. Well, at the Bon Marché we found the people excruciatingly polite, deferential, etc. People who spoke English were always springing to our aid, and we were treated like queens even while we looked over bargain counters. Just for fun, we took a bus home, and rode up on top, with market-baskets and old women smelling of garlic.

That evening we bathed, and went to bed early, as we were pretty well tired out. Next morning, yesterday, was Sunday. At first I thought I'd stay at home in bed, and then I thought if I could find an Episcopal Church I'd go there. So I asked, and found out there was a church--the Church of

the British Embassy--and decided to go. I got a cab all by myself, and had a lovely ride through the nicest part of Paris for about twenty minutes. The church didn't seem as much like home as Episcopal churches usually do--it was too elegant, and so many very wealthy people were there--all the rich English and Americans in Paris attend, and it's a very swell affair, you bet. But the service was the same, and I even got settled and enjoyed it. Instead of having early church, they have communion at the close of morning prayer, and it was amusing to see how the church emptied itself of the wealthy, showily dressed people as the organ played the Postlude, and how few stayed for communion. I stayed, and enjoyed it very much. Then I walked up to the boulevard, about two blocks, hailed a cab, and came home. In the afternoon Dr. W. got carriages for us again, and we drove for three hours. Such a lovely day as it was! We went first to the tomb of Napoleon, where we looked down and thought of his greatness, even in death, for his tomb is a might building, and the body itself is laid in a marble sarcophagus in the middle of a great crypt under the dome. Then we drove through all the Paris streets--Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysees, and out to the Bois de Boulogne (translated, Woods of Boulogne) which is a tract of woods, hundreds of square acres large, in the midst of Paris, confiscated from the royal property by the Republic, and preserved for the use of the people. It is not a park, though it has well kept roads and fences, but it is just a big woods, where

rich and poor, high and lowly, rejoice together in the beauty of Nature. Here, all the elegant turnouts of Paris may be seen driving, and poor families come and picnic on the grass under the trees, and the river Seine flows through, thick with row boats full of pleasure seekers. It was such fun to drive through it. You never feared you would come to the end--you could drive all day and not cover it all--our little parks are so tiny beside it. Understand, it's no amusement park, or set-flower garden--it's just a huge natural forest set right in the heart of a great city.

Oh dear, I'm afraid you never can read all of this. My thoughts fly so much faster than my pen that the whole letter looks just like a big scrawl. But now I'm through with Paris--so far. It's a wonderful city, if you can forget its wickedness. I can't, so I don't love it. I never want to live here, but I'd like to visit often, for there is so much to see here, and it's like a romance just to be on the streets of Paris. I am full of recollections and dreams--I can see the characters of "The Tale of Two Cities" all through the streets, and at night I look out of my window and imagine poor Sydney Carton, as he walked the streets of Paris comforting himself with "I am the Resurrection and the Life" as he meditated dying for his friend. And the horrible scenes of Hugo's "Ninety three." Oh, how real old Paris makes them seem! It is always the same, and has always been the same city, with its narrow streets, the names of which stir memories of the revolution in

your breast "Rue de Etienne," "Rue de Harltwelle." How I wish that you all could be here!

And now I'll stop. This is a big letter to work in when I have but four days in Paris. I'm so sorry not to hear from you, but never mind, when you get this, I'll probably be on my way to Berlin, happy and rejoicing to get to work. That newspaper clipping made me want to do things a little worse even, than I did before, if possible. Oh, but I can hardly wait! Lots and lots of love to you dear family, who have made all these pleasures possible for me, and write to me often.

London. August 21, 1909

Dearest, dearest little Mother:

And this is her birthday, and she's getting terribly old and grey headed and wrinkled,* and dear me, how very ancient she feels! I've been thinking about it all day and resolved to send you a little letter, even if it was just a short one. And probably you are at the lake today--doubtless it's about three o'clock there, and you are just about taking that old Milwaukee train to Madison Lake. I'll bet you "dry a silent tear" now and then for your big daughter, 'way across the ocean. And my, but she has heaved lots of sighs for you today--she thinks if she can just get to Berlin, she won't be

*Since Stella was still young and had her beautiful red hair and not a wrinkle, this was joking.

homesick, but Lord deliver us from hotels and one night stands any more.

I've had a day and a half of sight-seeing in London--glorious too. London is by far the best yet--oh, I love it. And now I'll write just as long as I feel able, and let this go as a short birthday letter. I leave for Berlin Wednesday night on a boat, from Harwich, sail to the Hook of Holland, where I arrive Thursday morning, and from there ride to Berlin, reaching there Thursday evening. So when you get this I'll be there. I get there at seven o'clock and have written Fraulein to meet me. In case she doesn't, I'll take a carriage out to her house and have "Kata," her old servant, put me up. I'll be perfectly all right, so never worry, and I'll be all settled when you get this. I can't write details about my trip tonight, I'm really too all in. But I'll send just this little bit of a note with a whole pile of love, and a birthday kiss from your lonesome little daughter. I'll say this much of my trip--if I wasn't an American, I should like to be an Englishman, for they are the loveliest, most courteous people, and live in the prettiest country you could imagine. I love London, every inch of it, from old "Big Ben" who chimes out every quarter hour "Oh Lord our God, Be Thou our Guide," etc., to Westminster Abbey. It's all charming; I'll write more next time. Good night, and lots of birthday kisses and love.

Tuesday morning, Aug. 24, 1909

Dearests:

I am just about to take the train for Stratford. Am feeling fine again, but so excited about Berlin. It doesn't seem possible that the dream of my whole life is so soon to be realized. My ticket is all bought--sixteen dollars, it cost--and tomorrow I start. Oh, my dear, isn't it just too good to be true? I haven't time to write of the lovely things I've seen in London, now. When I get settled, I'll write a complete record--for London is the dearest place--except home--that I ever saw, and London people are charming. I'm so busy and happy, dears--but oh, I wish I could see you, and shake you for not writing more letters! I won't get your Chester mail--Dr. W. will forward it. Mrs. Cobb is bringing home the dress for Maude.

Here is the train. Lots and lots of love.

Kathleen

Berlin, Thursday, Aug. 26, 1909

You Dearests:

I really ought not to be writing, it's so late, and Fraulein sent me to bed with strict instructions to go "right to bed" (she says I'm tired out and she's going to take care of me, and oh, it seems so good!). But I'm so happy that I must send just a little note.

I left the party at Stratford and came just as straight as boat and rail could carry me, to Berlin. I've had many very ecstatically happy moments, but honestly, the very happiest moment of my life came as we pulled into the station and I saw the real fulfillment of all my dreams. I stood at the window and drank it all in, my breath coming in gasps, and my face on fire with excitement. I got off, and got a porter to take my suit-case, and ran right into Fraulein's arms--dear old thing, maybe I wasn't glad to see her! She took me to a cab and we drove out here to this lovely place.

Friday morning

Oh, you Dear Things:

I'm so happy. I know I'm going to be so successful, for Fraulein says I shall--the nicest people, the loveliest place, and Fraulein is so good. Really, aside from her being a teacher, I think I admire her more than anyone I ever knew, except of course my nice family--and how good, good they are to let me be here. Oh, mother, you must not feel badly about having me gone, I shall be achieving such great things, that you must want me to stay.

But now I must stop rhapsodizing and tell things. I am sitting here in the most beautiful little ante-room, listening to Fraulein give lessons in the next room. She said she wanted me to meet them; they all have to fill engagements the

first of September--these are her summer pupils, you know. The girl singing now makes five hundred a month in Munich Royal Opera. But I'll begin back with last night, and tell it all.

We got here at about half past seven last night, and Fraulein took me at once to my room, showed me the bath-room, etc, and left me to clean up a little for supper. I just had time to wash up when she came in, and a tall, good-looking woman with her. She introduced her as Mrs. Possart (I afterwards learned she was Mrs. Cornelia Pidu Possart, the famous pianist). The woman had been visiting Fraulein while her apartment was being cleaned and repaired. We had supper in such a beautiful dining-room, and were waited upon by a pretty little German maid, in a white cap and apron. The two ladies had beer, but Fraulein never offered to give me any. She asked me if I would prefer tea or coffee, and I said tea, so that settles that proposition.

To tell the truth, I am pretty well worn out. Since I was in Paris I haven't been much good, and Fraulein saw it at once, and said she was going to put me through a course of sprouts. She left us right after dinner, giving me instructions to go at once to bed. So Mrs. Possart and I sat at the table and talked, talked, talked. She said it is perfectly marvelous the success her pupils have. Mrs. Possart thinks just as I do, that there really is no teacher anywhere of the promise Fraulein has. Nearly all the old famous ones have stopped

teaching and new fakes keep coming up. There are some good men teachers but none that have the success Fraulein has. George Meader makes his debut the 7th of September in Leipsig, in the Meistersinger, as David. People here are wild over his voice, and he is going to try to overcome his physique and have a career on the opera stage. Mrs. Possart told me of several good boarding houses where I could get board and room for thirty a month. Fraulein Lentz has written Fraulein Schoen that I could have a room with another young lady if we each paid twenty-five dollars a month, but that is without meals, and she said meals would cost me almost that much alone. She said Fraulein Lentz was a lovely woman and was coming to see her (Fraulein) to talk about me. Fraulein said she would try to get her to come down on her price. Fraulein said she would insist that I have good food three times a day, for she said she was going to build up my health, first of all. I'll look around for a few days, and stay here as long as Fraulein will have me, for this is the very loveliest place. I had such a nice bath after she left, and went to bed. And that is all. I'm so happy and busy.

I did spend a lot this summer, didn't I? But it was all for you people that came outside of regular expenses. Graham prevaricated when he said it would cost five dollars a week extra, for it was impossible to make it for that, unless you starved to death and walked everywhere, and then I doubt if we could have done it for that. But it was a lovely, lovely

trip, dears, I can't begin to tell you how I enjoyed it, and how guilty I feel for taking it when every one of you would have enjoyed it so much. But never mind, when I get rich, I'll treat you to a trip over here that is a trip, now I know how it's done. Europe is a wonderful place, and I love it. And oh, oh, I'll work so hard. This morning Fraulein asked me what I wanted to do. She said I could do anything I liked with my voice. Just imagine her saying that! She said my physique and general health would be a hindrance, but I must work hard at keeping well along with my singing and languages. So trust me dears, I'll do something worth while yet. I'm so tired out now that I'm going to take a week to rest up and settle, and then to work! So now I'll stop, I'm getting tired again, and I'll write more tonight. Lots of love, you dear things, and don't I thank you for the glorious opportunity I have!

Goodby till night.

August 27, 1909 Saturday

Dearests:

This morning at breakfast I got the letters you wrote me at Chester, which Dr. W. had forwarded. Also, I got a letter from Mike, Ethel Hanke, Marie Morris, and Hanford. Poor old thing, he was getting cross with me for not writing oftener to him. It's too bad, but I really haven't time to write anyone but you very often.

I wrote a letter yesterday morning just before Fraulein Lentz came to see me. She came, and Fraulein Schoen talked with her a little and then called me into the studio. I can't understand what Mrs. P. meant by saying that Fraulein Schoen objected to Fraulein Lentz, for they are very good friends. There are heaps of good places to stay in Berlin. Fraulein Lentz says so herself. Motz street, where she lives, is the very most expensive part, as I have talked to all of Fraulein's other pupils about it.

However, I'll continue with my story. Fraulein Lentz was very nice to me--seemed anxious to have me come. I told her I was anxious to come to her house, but that I couldn't pay her prices, and asked her what was her cheapest price for everything--room, service, light, heat, baths, meals, etc. (they charge extra for all of these in the large cities), and she said, one hundred and fifty marks. I stopped, figured it out to be thirty-six dollars, and told her I'd think it over. She invited me to come and have tea with her at four and tell her what I had decided. So I said I would. She is a very charming woman. At lunch I talked it over with Fraulein Schoen. She said that as long as you were so worried and had set your heart on my going there, I had better go and pay her price until Dode comes, which will be a little over a month, you see. Then I will be certain of hearing good German, having the best of care and food, and being with such a motherly woman. She (Fraulein Lentz) promises great things when Dode comes, as very

likely we can arrange our prices with her more reasonably. I hate to pay that much, but of course, I get my money's worth.

You are so positive about my going there that I don't know which is best, to economize or do as you say. At any rate, I'll stay there until I hear from you, and Fraulein Lentz is a dear, and will be so nice to me and to Dode. Fraulein Schoen wants me to visit her until Monday. This P.M. she takes me down to see the reception given by the Kaiser to the man who comes here in a balloon--I can't think of his name. Charlotte Partridge, the wealthy girl from Minneapolis--her father is of Myman, Partridge & Co.--is going with us, she and her mother. They love Berlin. She and her mother have been here all summer and they haven't seen a single thing wrong. Miss Lemon has lived here nearly four years, and says a girl is safer here than in Minneapolis, alone. All of Fraulein's pupils are in boarding houses--pensions, they call them. They say it is expensive, because everything comes extra--the maids must be tipped, or they won't make your beds; the baths cost a mark apiece; light and heating come extra, and what not. So you see, really, I drove a good bargain with Fraulein Lentz, when I got everything included except just baths and tipping the maid who cares for my room. But it costs like everything, so far as I can see, to live on Motz street. But when Dode comes over we'll try something different. I have satisfied you, at least, and when you get this, I will be nicely installed in a little blue and white bed-room at Fraulein Lentz's--#39 Motz St.,

W. Berlin. It is in Wilmersdorf, not far from Fraulein Schoen's. I have run around all the main streets by myself, and haven't been accosted or even looked at, half as much as in Paris. Of course, there is a custom here, that it is wrong for a woman in passing a man on the street to meet his eyes. If she does it, he immediately thinks she wants him to follow her. That is true all over Germany. Women must be nice, modest, shrinking young things.

In the afternoon I went to see Fraulein Lentz. She lives in a very nice apartment, and has things fixed up very cosily. She gives piano lessons and German (however, I think I can get along without taking any German lessons at all), and keeps young ladies for finishing before they "come out" in society. She really gave me a big reduction, for some reason or other, because her printed pamphlets say from six to eight marks a day. I really think she liked me, for she was so sweet right away. And then my being one of Fraulein Schoen's pupils helps a lot, too. They were at the Royal Academy of Music together. Fraulein is just anxious to get me a place for thirty dollars, as she told dad she thought she could. She said I can't get a nicer place than Lentz's but I must pay for its being so nice and elegant. How I wish I could stay with Fraulein Schoen! It is such an education to be here all the time, for the most interesting people come here for tea. Manager critics, opera singers, and a newspaper man, whenever he can sneak in, and I am surprised at them being so refined.

The ladies sit around and drink tea and the men smoke cigars, and they discuss people and things in such an interesting way. I quite feel as though I knew "Walt. Damrosch," the great New York musician, and his brother Moses, just from hearing them spoken of so familiarly. But Fraulein Schoen has only the one guest chamber, and can't spare it, I imagine. At any rate, she has turned a deaf ear to all my hints, and so I must leave her on Monday. When I got back from Fraulein Lentz's yesterday, Fraulein was having tea, and I went in and sat down like a little mouse, after hearing all their names, and listened. When they had gone, Fraulein had to go out on business, and she said I should not wait supper for her. So I came into this cozy little room, lighted my little table lamp, lay down on the couch, and read, until the maid called me to supper. I had it served in the little salon, and it was such fun. Then I read some more, and went to bed before Fraulein returned.

This morning at breakfast, I got my letters, which of course, spoiled my appetite. I read until the first pupil had come and gone, and then I put on my things and went to see about things at the bank. It took an infernally long time to get anything done, but at last I got my mail, opened it and found the draft, and gave it to the man to cash and deposit for me with checks for the little branch bank that is in Wilmersdorf. He said it would take some time, so I waited and read my letters, only to find that our Mankato bank hadn't advised them of the draft yet, so he said I must come in Monday. Then I

went to see about my trunk. The trunk agency is at Hamberg-American line office, just a short walk from the bank. After bothering with a slow, stupid, thick-headed Dutchman I extracted a promise from him to get the trunk out here tonight. Fraulein is to have so many swell friends here tomorrow, and yet here I am, with all my dirty rags and tatters, and it is after seven, and no trunk. I could swear, rage, weep or buy a Paris gown, if I could, but it is hopeless. All the shops are closed. I must either hide, or appear in my rags, unless it comes still.

Then, after seeing about that, I came home, had lunch, and prepared to go out with Fraulein. She is so indefinite, I couldn't quite figure out what we were going to see, but I trusted in luck, climbed in the auto after her, and rode away. We stopped at a pension for Mrs. Partridge and Charlotte, her daughter, who were very gaily and elegantly attired, and rode on. We went clear out to the end of the city, to a lane into which the gate-keeper admitted us, down a long aisle of beautiful trees, to the house for which all this monkey work was arranged. And we ascended the most beautiful terrace, up marble steps, going down the line of bowing servants, until we reached the master of the house, Major somebody, an elegant old officer, very pompous, but cordial. He could not speak English, so we practiced our best German, and smiled our most elegant smiles (they don't need translation). We wandered around the garden, meeting ladies and children without number, the

children giving such odd little curtseys as they were introduced. Over one side of the garden wall we were shown the field where the emperor was to greet the balloonist. There were hundreds of troops at attention, and people without number over the whole field, and we had regular box seats to it all. I can't make out who the people all were. I didn't like to ask questions, and I didn't understand.

One pretty, refined looking, dark-eyed lady was Fraulein Schoen's sister, and two children--girls, about fourteen and twenty--were her nieces, daughters of Count somebody, and a son, brother to the sisters, I guessed. At any rate, they were very grand, and very tacky looking personages, with nice, refined faces, and beautiful cordial manners. The mother of the two nieces, Fraulein's sister, I gathered, was at the royal palace with the Emperor's ladies, in the party who were to greet the balloonist. Oh, it was a swell affair, I'll tell you. Though, judging by their costumes, one would have fancied it to be the reception of a lot of dairy-maids. They are nothing on dress, but such lovely people--you can't imagine. For one in my self-possessed little life, I'll admit I was fussed. In the first place, I wasn't dressed for it--I had no notion of how I should dress, except by Fraulein, and of course, she wore her same old suit and shirt-waist, and if I had known, I had nothing better to put on. I had no gloves, either, and the Partridges both had on white ones, and fancy hats; but worse than clothes, how could I keep up my easy repose of manner

and brilliant conversation, when my vocabulary was limited to "Ach, ja, sehr schoen," and a few words that travellers use? I was at a loss, so I sat and cussed, and then, as my sense of humor came to the rescue, laughed and grinned at the children, who got fussed at my odd German, and ran away. Ach, Himmel, how my pride fell! Charlotte, being a society belle--very pretty and good natured, and knowing German because she has lived abroad all her life, chatted away with the old Major, until I gritted my teeth to think of her making such a hit with him, while my beauty was "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." Aha! wretch, I muttered, but wait, until I can express myself gracefully in German, and I'll cut out the Empress herself! Of course, it was all in my own mind. I looked all right, and made a very interesting dummy, no doubt--it was taking a back-seat, not being able to say a single grammatical sentence that galled me. Never mind, I'll show 'em yet!

The balloonist rewarded our efforts by breaking his propeller or some such thing, about fifty miles away, so the company dispersed, after coffee, and we came home. Miss Part-ridge is a very nice, sweet, unspoiled girl. They will be here for dinner tomorrow--oh, wait 'til I nab that wretch who promised my trunk and basely neglected it! Ach, Himmel, was soll ich tum?

And we are back again, Fraulein and I, waiting for supper. I am very tired, and shall go at once to bed, and try to look so lovely in my simple blue gown, with a touch of

crimson, you know, entrancing her rich beauty (get Maude to finish it) that I can make a good impression with my mouth shut, tomorrow, when the crowd comes.

I am so happy, I thank God every minute that I am really here, at last--oh, how much I mean to do to make myself worthy of it all. Fraulein is so good. I told her today that I feared I could afford just one year, and we have been planning my work out for next Summer, so I can make some money. She said not to worry about it until the time came, and she was sure I could get along when I was once started. You see, a year from this Fall, she may come to Minneapolis for a few months, so if I come home next Summer, I wouldn't need to come back until she does, perhaps not until Spring. She said, undoubtedly, she could recommend me as a teacher by then, if I do good work and I could give concerts, she was sure. Now that I am here, and at work, I am perfectly content. I should accomplish great things in a year of this atmosphere. I am charmed with it, and know I shall love it more, every minute. Now, one thing I want to make you promise. Father has paid for my last year's work, for this lovely Summer's trip and for this Winter. After he has paid for my passage home, I want him to consider me quite off his mind as far as money is concerned. Maude and Helen have their rights, and we are not rich people, and I shall not expect any more. I am confident that after this Winter's work I can earn what more education I need. At any rate, I will do my very, very best.

I learn, you know, with each day, something of how to manage, and I am sure that I will get along nicely this Winter, and cheaper than her other pupils do, whose expenses appall me.

Oh, it's glorious, and I'm the very happiest girl alive! Dear, dear people, you must know how very glad I am. This is such a lovely city, and every one wishes me so well, and dear Fraulein gets nicer every minute. Of course, she is odd--the very oddest woman I ever knew, and it seems as though she doesn't do all the things she ought--writing to you, for instance, and the other little courtesies she misses. I excuse her because she is so very, very busy--the busiest woman I ever knew, and she has so many other sterling qualities. She is gruff, and not motherly, especially, but good as gold, and not a grafter, which means a lot in Berlin. Well, I must go to bed now. More, of course, tomorrow night, and lots of love every single minute, dears.

Good-night

P.S.

Dears: Just as I was folding this up, Fraulein came in in her night-gown, after having been at the telephone, and --the biggest joke! I made a hit today after all, that will save some money for me. One of the young ladies I met--I can't remember her--is going to England in two weeks, and wants to perfect her English, and her mother 'phoned Fraulein to see if I could come and stay there, having the use of the piano and all my meals and board in a lovely home, just to

exchange English and German until the girl goes. Fraulein said it would not only give me a chance to save some money, but would give me a chance to meet one of the first families in Berlin on intimate terms, and learn German! It looks like a snap. Fraulein Lentz expects no one until the middle of September, anyway, and Fraulein Schoen says she will surely hold the place for me, as there is no demand for her rooms until October, practically. However, I shall see her tomorrow about it. If it turns out all right, I shall surely jump at the chance. Doesn't fate help us, though?

And now, good-night, again.

August 30, 1909

You Dearest People:

In the swim! Did you say anything about being in an establishment where they have eight or ten meals a day, each in a different room, and governesses, and servants, and private libraries for each member of the family, and Rhein wine, and Ach, Himmel, so viel Freuden! Well, here is where your eigen Tochter is just at present, and hopes to remain all the rest of her natural life. My dear, I never want to move from out of this family. I try to act to the manor born, and you'd think I had been educated by the most educated governesses, in the most elaborate of nurseries, to see me lay it on. But I'll begin and tell you all about it. You remember when I added the post-script to my letter Saturday night,

saying that this family wanted me to live with them a couple of weeks? Well, next morning Fraulein Schoen went out to see about it, and came back saying that they would call for me at eleven o'clock Monday. That night she had Mrs. and Miss Partridge in for dinner, and a Mr. Wright, who is general manager for the Mason & Hamlin pianos in Europe--lives in Boston, and is considerable of a big gun. We had a very swell little dinner, mostly prepared by Fraulein's own hands. Afterwards I went to bed.

Then this morning, sharp at eleven, a very neatly dressed, prosperous looking woman came and gave the maid her card. Fraulein came in, and introduced her to me as Frau Hilger, and told me to get on my things and be ready to leave. My suitcase was packed, and I got my hat and coat on, and went down to the carriage with her. We got in, and she began to talk to me in English, very broken, but still fairly good. I was scared to a stiff peak, but I had on my company manners and smile, despite the elegance of the turn-out, and kept my eyes open. The trouble here is, they have so many rules of etiquette, and you're always treading on someone's toes, when you least expect it. But Fraulein Schoen had coached me pretty well, and I minded my manners until we got here--Goethe Strasse No. 1, Charlottenburg. We entered, down a row of smiling servants, and stepped into the elevator and were whirled upstairs.

Oh, heavens, such a house! You could get lost

wandering around through it. Every member of the family has her own suite of rooms; there is a breakfast room, dinner room, coffee-room, and balcony dining room, overlooking the court. I was led into such a palace of a chamber, and share this writing and reading room with Elly, the daughter of eighteen, who is my special charge, and have a lavatory all my own, and everything just perfect. She (Fraulein Hilger) led me out on the balcony dining room and fed me fruit, the first thing.

Then I met the children--such dear girls, so unaffected and lovable, but so different from America, that you hardly know how to treat them. They were very shy at first, but we soon got acquainted. There is Elly, eighteen years old, who has a twin brother, who is away at school--a mammoth tall girl who has been at boarding school down at Baden for a year, and goes to England to an English boarding school, the fourteenth of September. She speaks good English and shames me with her education. She speaks French perfectly, has read our English and American writers in the original, and the famous writers, too. She knows all about art, and is generally a dear, sweet thing. She helps me with German, and I help her with English. I speak German to her, and she answers me in English. We have started to read "Old Curiosity Shop" aloud, to perfect her pronunciation. Then next comes a peculiar little miss, who plays the violin--sixteen years old--very correct, and a quaint little girl, Eugenia, but not so easy to get acquainted with

as the other two. She is also very large. And then the youngest, Erna, only fourteen, but much taller than I am, but a very sweet little unaffected girl, whose manners are perfection.

I had just gotten settled in my room, when dinner was called. We ate in a breakfast-dining room, all the children preserving the most elaborate silence meanwhile. The governess sat at the foot, the mother at the head, and I at her right. The father is away at the springs for his vacation. The youngest girl said the blessing. After we were through we all stood up and took hold of hands, saying "Malzeit," bowed to the mother, and left.

Elly and I began to print some of my pictures--she has a kodak and frames and I had lots of cute negatives from Venice, Holland, and all around. Then Erna and Elly took me for a walk, and made me talk German all the time--they wouldn't let me say one word of English the whole afternoon. We just got back as the bell rang for "coffee" and we went out and ate some more. And so we spent the day fooling around and getting acquainted. When my trunk came Elly and Erna helped me unpack, with the most skill I ever saw. Elly laid out all the things that needed pressing, and rang for the maid, who took them.

Morning

Have just had my breakfast. Imagine eating breakfast at seven-fifteen, and still more wonderful, I was there! But they go to bed early here, so I had plenty of sleep. At nine,

last night, the kids came and shook hands with me, and bobbed such funny little curtseys, and said "Gute Nacht"--and soon after, Elly and I turned in. I mended some stockings, laid out a clean waist for this morning, and crept into the most dee-licious bed you ever felt of, with a nice puffy feather-bed on top. Oh, it is so lovely here! Just like living in a novel. It makes me just sick to think of their leaving, Mrs. Hilger and Elly, so I can't stay after the fourteenth. I wrote a nice little note to Fraulein Lentz telling her I should visit friends for a couple of weeks before coming to her house, and she wrote back the sweetest note. Said it was lovely for me to have a rest before I went to work, and that I would be welcome any time I came. She asked me if I wouldn't like to have my trunk at her house and take out such things as I needed here--that of course, I shouldn't pay any board or room until I came to live, but I was welcome to the use of the room while I was away. And she said she would very gladly make room for Dode when she comes. She really is a dear, and is so good to me.

I thought, and Fraulein Schoen suggested it, that I would make a better impression if I came here with a trunk, and anyway, I needed so many things, as I can't tell when I will have to put on my glad rags here, so I had it sent here yesterday. Elly hung up all my pictures. Dad, right over my table, and all of them hung in such nice places. So here I'm settled, the happiest child you can imagine. I have a lesson

at ten this morning, and I can hardly wait. More tonight--
lots and lots of love to my dears.

Kathleen

Berlin, September 4, 1909

Dearest Family:

Oh, if you could just see your little darling now!
But honestly, I am so glad that we were good to Jennie Smith
even if she did go back on us, for truly it is such a noble
thing to be good to a girl away from home. You are getting
your pay now, dears, for being good to so many homesick girls,
for I am being treated like a princess, loved and petted, and
indulged until I'm nearly spoiled, and that by a family who,
a week ago, had never heard of me!

They never call me Miss Hart, or Kathleen, it's always
"Kleines Madchen," in German, and "little miss" in English.
"Oh, little miss, please play Yankee Doodle for me!" is
Erna's constant plea. I can't see why the child is so wild
about Yankee Doodle, but she sings it all day long. And then,
"Oh, little miss, please would you be so kind, I've a composi-
tion here, in English, would you correct it?" from Eugenia.
And from Elly, "Mein Kleines Madchen, you must go to sleep
now, you are too little to sit up all afternoon."

I gave them some soiled clothes to be washed when I
first came, and yesterday, when I walked into the living room,
there sat Elly and the governess, mending and sewing buttons

on everything, darning stockings, etc.! Elly said, "When I pressed out your waists yesterday I saw some holes that must be darned; go and get them for me, Kleines Madchen." And in spite of all my protests, she and the governess overhauled my wardrobe completely, and mended up everything. So of course I sat down before a pile of things, and began mending too. I sat down and mended oceans of their stockings, and patched up some of my own clothes, oh, wonder of wonders! But, I defy you to find a button off, or a hole in anything, now. And if I so much as breathe a hint of wanting something they buy it for me on the spot, and won't listen to a single protest. I haven't paid a carfare since I've been here--they won't let me go about alone, I'm so little they say--and they won't let me spend a penny. I asked Mrs. Hilger if she and Elly would go to the opera this afternoon as my guests--I was determined to get even some way. She asked me if I wanted to go very much, and I said yes, so she said, "Well, I'll see if it is a good play for young girls to see, and if it is I'll take you and Elly, but of course you shan't get the tickets." I begged and pleaded but all in vain, and this morning she has phoned down and ordered them, and there you are. Whatever can I do? Yesterday, Mrs. Hilger took me to the art exhibition and I said it would be nice to have one of the lottery tickets, for you get a chance on one of the fine pictures. Whereupon she bought me one. And I don't know, but I'm sure they are making great plans for my birthday--I expect anything from a diamond tiara to an airship.

And speaking of birthdays, you dear things! Yesterday when I went to Fraulein's to have my lesson, she gave me two letters and a big envelope with blue paper sticking out of it. I couldn't resist the temptation but opened it right there, and Fraulein rejoiced with me over the things. Of course the very, very nicest, and the one I wept over, was Helen's dear little work. Bless her heart, that didn't cheer me up much, it made me weep because I wanted to see her dear little self so badly, but I shall have it framed, and it will make me Cheer Up often when I begin to get discouraged. And as for the rest of the things, it seems as if divine intention had told you just what I needed. I was using the same old handkerchiefs I had carried since London, and didn't those from Dad look good, though dear knows Dad is doing enough for me so just a letter would be enough of a birthday present. And with Maude's pins I immediately made the back of my collar and my jabot look presentable enough to suit even tidy Elly. They came just as I needed them, you dear child--why don't you write me a letter? I consider that I should hear from you at least twice a week--now please. Give up Helmus, or some of the duffers, and write your poor homesick sis. And dear mother knows how I love and need nice stockings. I am pining for a chance to wear them, though in this quiet home I see little chance.

Poor little lonesome mother, if I can be half as good a mother even, my youngsters can well be thankful. So there

now, dearest mother, stop worrying about your bad daughter. It would be so easy, all the time, for me to break down and cry. I don't dare stop to think of the way you all look when you get my letter for fear I'll just give up and come home. I know mother weeps quarts each time the mail comes now, but she mustn't, mustn't, so there, or I won't write any more letters.

It is all so perfectly wonderful, for me, Kathleen-- how can I realize it? I pinch myself to see if I'm awake. I am here with Fraulein to teach me--and really, dears, you don't half understand how great she is. Her pupils here are simply wild over her. People are staying with her here at the greatest sacrifice, or pegging away at her method. Viardot, Manuel Garcia, Lilli Lehman--all look to her to elevate art and to strengthen this method which has made every great singer who has ever sung; you people don't half appreciate her greatness. One woman, who has been studying with Gadski, has come here and is sacrificing everything to remain with Fraulein Schoen. The greatest opera singers in German opera are at her house, like children. They are such simple, unassuming creatures, so different from the opera singers I had imagined. People who live only for art, who can talk of nothing else. They do not even dress well--you would scorn the little fat woman you see in the morning, who at night is the most graceful, willowy Brunhilda or Sieglinda. Every one fairly idolizes her (Fraulein), and I am so fascinated by the

interesting people I meet there that I can hardly tear myself away. Another woman, who is a teacher of singing in Des Moines, has come to stay with Fraulein and assist her in handling the enormous classes this year. She is a lovely woman, with a grand big voice. Sang in a New York church all last winter. And scores of others--all earnest, hard-working people, many poor, and all very simply dressed--but such cultured, lovely friends to have. They are all very kind to me, and encourage me all the time with stories of their struggles and triumphs. They are all absolutely confident that Fraulein Schoen will become a world celebrity in a few years.

Oh, if you could just be here for a little while, to see what I am seeing! I am having the loveliest, simple home life--up at seven, eat lots all day, nap every afternoon, and to bed at nine. And the funny part is I can't sit up late anymore. I get so terribly sleepy by nine-thirty that I can't sit up. And then the interesting experience of seeing these singers at work, and discovering what kind of people they really are. If you could just be here, and see. Oh, how I wish you could come over here, and we could go up into Switzerland for a part of next summer instead of going home! But of course it would never do unless all of you could come, and I suppose that is impossible.

Fraulein is just as like a mother to me as she can be--rejoices in my happiness in being at Hilgers. She says she was so relieved when they telephoned her that night, for she

knew I couldn't be lonely there. They really are very great, if money or position is anything. People call Mr. Hilger the "Grosser Hilger"--Great Hilger. His business is that he has charge of all the mines in Germany. I don't quite understand what that is, but he wears a military uniform, and Fraulein Schoen says he is like our Minister of the Interior. Anyway he is very great, and very rich, and has a perfectly lovely family. And they are so good to me--my dears, I am just petted to death.

Day before yesterday, I got my affairs at the bank settled, and got a funny little check-book. I'll put each draft that comes into the branch of the Dresden Bank; that is within a few blocks of Fraulein Lentz's house, and write out checks for my bills. Don't you think that is a good idea? And I shan't buy a new rag this winter, and will try to keep my expenses down to just Fraulein Lentz, Fraulein Schoen's and my German bill. Fraulein Lentz will give me German lessons later, if I decide I must have them. I fear I must, for I don't speak only just enough to get along, and I must learn a little more. But I won't have to take many, I think.

Oh, my dears, there is so much to tell that I can't express myself--I have just loads and loads of hope and self-confidence. I am getting well and strong, have fine influences, the best family on earth, and a lovely, beautiful, courteous city to live in. Nothing is needed now but work and patience. And I hope for great things, dears, you shall see.

And here I'll stop, for here seems to be as good a place as any, and I am very tired. Dear, dear people, if you could just talk with me a little instead of me scribbling such a poor epistle. But June comes soon, and then we can be together again, and one of dad's burdens will be settled, for I refuse to get any more education that I don't pay for myself. So now goodbye.

September 6, 1909

Dearests:

Such a birthday as I have had! This morning when I was dressed, Elly came and said I must wait a minute before coming into the dining-room for breakfast. So I waited until the family was assembled and then opened the door--lo, and behold! Here was the table, loaded with things. A huge bouquet of flowers--lovely ones--twenty lighted candles in a bed of sand, covered by a wreath of flowers and smilax, and a big white candle in the middle, which stood for Life. A huge birthday cake surrounded by another wreath of flowers, and then the details. The blessed souls had thought of everything I needed: a new pretty white night-gown, with pink ribbon in it; a pair of street gloves; two very pretty lace jabots and a little fluffy chiffon tie; a box containing a dozen plain linen handkerchiefs; a gold braid belt, with a beautiful buckle of gold; a box of chocolates; prints of two statues I liked best at the Art Exhibition; a big frame sort of thing to

hold all my photographs--can you imagine just a week ago today I had never seen these people that I remembered? I was so overcome that I nearly broke down and cried like a baby, but I didn't. I braced up and kissed them, all round. That dear little governess had heard I needed new street gloves and bought them for me herself. I never in my life heard of such overwhelming kindness. Dears, what can we ever do for them to pay for it all? They are not only good to me--they love me, and by Mrs. Hilger I am treated like one of her daughters. Of course, they are very wealthy and can afford to give things--all but the dear little governess--but it is the love and care, and thoughtfulness that goes with it that makes me so grateful.

Honestly, I never, never knew such lovely people. I just love Elly to death. She would be so handsome if she had a little style, and combed her hair nice, and wore corsets, that I long to get her to the U.S. to fix her up--women here haven't the faintest conception of how to dress. She is a girl of aristocracy--the real genuine kind--and such a dear, quaint soul. Of course, the whole family is very precise and proper. I have to be a little careful not to have my Young American exuberance of spirits shock them once in a while. Elly has written a letter to Maude which I enclose. You see what dear quaint English she uses. Maude must write her very nicest letter to England, and be careful to write plainly for English script is hard for her to read--and for Heaven's sake,

don't shock her dear prim ideas. The poor soul has never seen a man, unless chaperoned to death. She listens to my accounts of dances with wonder and awe. She has completely fallen in love with Frank Bibb's and Anne Parr's pictures, and raves about them--Ach, Gott, wie niedlich!--all the time.

But to continue the account of my birthday doings. After breakfast Elly looked over my wardrobe, discovered a place in my opera coat that needed mending and hauled it into the living room. At nine-thirty I went to Fraulein's for my lesson--Elly, as usual, taking me. They think I am too little to go about alone, so the girls, or one of the servants go with me whenever I stir. When I got there I found the letter Maude wrote you from Madison Lake and laughed over it until I cried. And a letter from Hanford, with a little package containing a love of a new Delta U. pin, with pearls and diamonds, which hurt my conscience, for I have neglected him shamefully; and a dear picture of Ethel Hanke, the sweet thing, and a letter from Miss Colter--such a sweet letter, she is a dear woman. Fraulein was so happy because the Hilgers are so good to me that she fairly beamed all over. She will entertain them and the Lumax girls (the place where I went that first Saturday) for me, at coffee some afternoon soon, she says. Isn't she dear? And the very nicest, and best of all, she asked me to go with her Sunday to Leipsig, and hear G. Meader make his debut in the Meistersinger, as David! In the Royal Opera House! Leipsig is only two hour's ride from here, and

we leave at four in the afternoon, hear the performance, and come home the same night, and I will sleep with Fraulein when we get home, as it will be too late. I think it will be such fun.

But if I must care for my voice, I must go to bed now. I have exceeded my nine o'clock limit by one hour. I'll write more in the morning on this letter, for I'm not half through. I have been so beastly, beastly homesick for two days. If you old things would just write oftener and more. There are five of you and only one little me, and yet it seems as though I write more than you all together. You haven't told me if you got my Azores mail. Did you? And now, good-night, sweet things. How I love you all, and wonder what you are doing.

Good-night,

Kathleen

Morning

I just let Hansl, the tame canary, out of his cage, and he has been scratching all over my arm and shoulder trying to make me notice him. When I first came he would have nothing to do with me but now he likes me almost as well as he does Erna, and comes and perches on my finger and gives me a peck at my lips for a good-morning kiss every day. He sings a lively duet with me every time I practice at the piano and likes nothing better than to sit perched on my shoulder or on

the brass candlestick at the side of the piano and sing to my accompaniment. He is the most beautiful singer I have ever heard. Now he is sitting in the door of his cage with his head on one side wondering why I'm not paying more attention to him; now he is on my shoulder again. How I wish Helen could see him! He is so cute and pretty--just as yellow as he can be without a spot of color on him.

FOUR STAR BOND

SOUTHWORTH, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

25% COTTON FIBER

Mankato, Minnesota
January 21, 1910

Dear Folks:

I have not been sending any of Kathleen's letters lately because we have been so busy that we simply could not find time until this big one came the other day, and as it is newsy and somewhat descriptive of the country, people, and things in general, I thought I would take time to have it typewritten. This little note in explanation.

Shortly after Kathleen arrived in Berlin, in August, her teacher, Fraulein Schoen Rene invited Kathleen to accompany her to a reception which the Emperor tendered to the Wright brothers of America. The reception was held in some kind of an athletic park where Kathleen met and was introduced to a great many wealthy society people, and among them a Mrs. Hilger and her daughters, who afterwards invited Kathleen to visit them for two or three weeks, which she did, and lived in their family. When the three weeks had expired, she went to her regular boarding place that we had engaged for her before she had arrived in Berlin, where she only remained a short time when Mrs. Hilger invited her to be their guest during the remainder of the time she was to be in Berlin. She accepted her invitation and has been living with them since. Mr. Hilger seems to be a very wealthy gentleman occupying a government position similar to that of Secretary of the Interior in our country. They seem to have fallen completely

in love with Kathleen and like to have her with them as she helps their girls a short time every day with their English. Their home, judging from a picture we have, is four or five stories high, and Kathleen says that they have a whole row of servants, including Peter, the butler, and Miss Erna, the governess, which Kathleen refers to in her letter.

Dode, which she also refers to is a Mankato girl who went over to Berlin in November, has a lovely voice, and is an old chum of Kathleen's. Dode's old Aunty, who lives in Cologne, invited the girls to spend the holidays with them, which they did. Dr. Lulsdorff, referred to in the letter, is Dode's cousin and Miss Jache is a Mankato girl who is studying piano in Berlin; Mrs. Timmons is one of Schoen Rene's pupils who is also an American. Her home is in San Francisco. Cologne is probably a couple of hundred miles from Berlin, and while Kathleen was in Cologne for the holidays, the Hilger family went up in the mountains to some place with an unpronounceable name that is a winter resort for the nabobs, which Kathleen describes in her letter. You will notice that Kathleen also speaks of a picture book that we sent her in her Christmas box. That was just a little homemade album filled with pictures of the house at home showing the various rooms and members of the family.

Now I will forward this letter and suggest that each of you send it along in about the following manner as I will send it first to

Minnie

Rhoda

Flora

Father

Emma

Dr. Kennedy

Steven, St. Louis, c/o Shoe & Leather Gazette.

All the Hart's in Mankato as well as the Vance's are enjoying good health and hope this finds you all the same.

Tom

FOUR STAR BOND

SOUTHWORTH CO. U.S.A.

December 22, 1909
Wednesday

Dearests:

I just got up and found Dad's letter of the ninth and Mother's of the third, and I'll answer them at once while I feel in the mood.

The Americans over here, most of those I have met, are decidedly funny. They are either the rich class who try to dress Frenchy and look like the devil, or the "artist" type who go around with low-necked princess gowns and picture hats on the street all winter. There is, between these two, a big class of music students like Dode, Else, Timmons and I, but they are not the class who frequent the club. They are, most of them, too poor to do anything but work and go to opera and concerts. One of the girls who was in the flats with Olive Timmons before--one of the sweetest, prettiest little girls I ever knew--has been here two years studying piano, on fifty-five dollars per month! She lives in an attic, builds her own fires, gets her own meals, makes her own clothes and has a big grand piano up there on which she practices all day. And she looks as frail and tiny, like such a little lady, and always is so well dressed. That kind of girl can't pay membership in the club. They go there occasionally, but are not the heavy hangers on. And besides, I haven't time to make any new acquaintances. I am nice to Else, she is a dear girl, but is just as busy as I am, but, of course, we don't see much

of each other. As soon as Dode is settled I don't expect to see very much of her. I tell you, I've got a lot to do. I never knew before what hard work meant. I must have company to go to the opera and Olive Timmons and Dode are always ready to go. If I learn my three operas as soon as I expect to, I must dig like fun. I practiced so much yesterday. I just love Susanna's part--it is so bright and so full of life that it comes natural for me to sing it--but it's a hard part and a long one. Mozart is so hard to sing. I feel absolutely dependent on Schoen, and she, bless her heart, hopes that I can fill that long felt want to be a Mozart singer. Well, my voice was surely made for Mozart--if only my brains were! For one must sing Mozart with the head as well as the voice. It is that which Schoen is trying to make me do. I can't tell you, because it sounds like a hackneyed old expression, how little I feel that I know, or how little it seems to me that the musicians I have known before, have known. Music is a field so vast that one must be educated even to see the field, much less to grasp it. That is where I am, just seeing possibilities of what I may in time, if I am humble and hard-working enough, accomplish. Schoen keeps such high ideals before me--oh, she is such a wonderful woman! I think, I am sure, that before many years her name will be a pass-word in musical circles all over the world--it is astonishing to see the hold she has already over the musicians in Berlin. And however much I may accomplish over here, some people will

criticize me when I get back home. That is why I dread to come home next summer. I will have done no finishing work, I will have only begun to develop, and I will be so afraid to try to sing before an audience. I do want to wait until I have finished. You see, I am a European singer now. What they would expect from a mere town girl they will not stand for in a European singer. I want to be truly a finished artist--a sincere, real artist, not one of that great army of fakes who cover the country.

Well, the maid just came in with another letter, one from Mother mailed the 9th. Yes, indeed, I think I get all the mail. It is horribly delayed sometimes, but it comes, about twice a week, and oh, how glad I am to get it! I know you write often, dears, oftener than I do, I'm afraid, but it seems that I write just reams--and that about nothing in particular.

Dad's letter was so nice--he is such a dear about writing. Schoen is interested now in having Maude come over and go into another family like Hilgers. This talk is visionary now, I know, but perhaps in a year or two it won't be, and for Maude's writing, foreign experiences are the finest broadener you could imagine. Poor Mother, though, what would she do? Well we'll see. It may be another full year before I get a position, and if we just trust, something will happen. I can imagine no greater joy than having Maude here to help me--wouldn't it be fine? But in the meanwhile,

Maude can go to the "U", that ought not to cost her much. If she takes regular work she won't have time for the music course, and that will be a saving. Oh dear, I'd just give anything for a good old bedroom chat with you all. I have so many plans and ideas in my little head. I never was so happy in all my life. Oh, it's so lovely! This work, so elevating and beautiful, I just begrudge every moment I spend away from it. Well, I must get at it now. I'll write more later. So much love to you all, dears.

Kathleen

P.S. (I got the picture you sent all right, and all the papers.)

Thursday, December 23, 1909

Dear People:

Well, we leave for Cologne Saturday morning at eight and get there at about five. I will stay here Christmas Eve until the doings are over, and then I will go to Dode, and we'll open our box, if it has come by then, and then next morning we go to Cologne. I have been having so much fun helping with the Christmas tree. It is locked up in the salon, a great big room which it almost fills. The children peep through the key-hole, and can see fascinating glimpses of green and tinsel, golden balls and candles, but are not permitted into the room. Peter, the butler, Mrs. H. and I have decorated it, and I'll bet you there is enough on it to make

the tree worth fifty dollars--it alone cost over six dollars. They have the prettiest custom here. The men who sell the trees have the right to use the big "plaz" or city squares; these places are fixed like public gardens in summer, all laid out so pretty. Well, about two weeks before Christmas, the tree merchants bring their trees to these places, and just line the walks with them on either side, so when you walk across a plaz, you must go through a pretty avenue of Christmas trees, decorated by the snow. Isn't that a pretty idea?

The weather doesn't seem cold enough for Christmas yet, really. They have cold, raw, rainy fall weather, that annoyed me terribly but instead of winter weather, that just seems to continue. I haven't seen the sun more than twice in the last month. It just dribbles rain or snow all the time. But you know, I like rain, so I haven't minded at all. Don't worry about me. I'm feeling splendid.

I had the grandest lesson this morning. I slept so late that I thought I couldn't sing at all, but I vocalized a while with Schoen, and soon my voice got better. When I finished an aria and went up into the other room where lots of the pupils were waiting, Olive and Mollie Gleason would hardly believe it was me; Olive said, "Why Kath, it sounded about twice as big." Then when Olive went in for her lesson, Schoen called me back and we sang "Martha" together. I wish you could have heard me sing high C and D above it. I was so excited about it that I was just weak.

Oh dear, I dread Christmas day--both for you and for me. I do hope you are used enough to my being away so that it won't make you miserable. I do hope the things reached you all safely and in good condition. I shall worry about you Christmas day. I shall worry so much that I won't have time to be homesick. The Germans make so much of Christmas, even more than we do. It is almost funny to me, the way even old, settled folks get excited over their Christmas tree. Oh, I didn't tell you of the Christmas treat we girls gave ourselves the other night. I wanted Dode to see Tiefland so badly, and I was so crazy about it, that when Mrs. Timmons said "Where shall we go for our Christmas opera?" I said, "Komishen opera, to see Tiefland." The seats were very cheap there, and we got good downstairs seats where we had to go in full dress; then we packed our good clothes in suitcases and went over to Olive's room and got supper on her little alcohol lamp. Clara Windnagel (the little girl who lives on 55 per), Carmon Jossey, Olive, Dode, and I. Then we went in state to the opera, and to a cafe for a lunch afterwards. It was so nice and I enjoyed it so much. Olive looked so beautiful in her evening gown. I think I can send a good post-card picture of her as soon as they are finished.

Afternoon

Just got back from a visit of mercy with Mrs. H. and Erna visiting a poor family.

Wednesday, December 29

Dearests:

Well, well, I thought I had mailed this letter long ago. I feel pretty cheap that you won't get a letter for so long, but I have been living up in such a rush of pleasure that it's no wonder I forgot to send this. I'll make a complete letter of it now and send it off today.

I left off with our errand of mercy. Mrs. H. has a poor family that she cares for every Christmas, so we had packed up a grand lot of things, decorated a Christmas tree, and had just fixed up a happy Christmas for a poor mother with five children between five and one years, when I began to tell you about it. I was so busy all through Christmas week--had a headache into the bargain--and, as usual, had left everything to do at the last minute. Friday, the day before Christmas, I was out all day buying things for the family and servants.

Well, at five o'clock, the day before, we all put on our very best clothes--Erna and Eugenie in white mohair, Miss Erne and Mrs. H. in white silk waists, and me in my graduating dress. The kids were so excited they could hardly see, when a bell (supposed to be rung by the "Christ Kind" (Christ Child, their Santa Claus), was heard, and we trooped into the room with the grand piano in it. Mrs. H., all of a flutter, came bustling up to me, and asked me to play the Christmas

folk songs. Then Eugenie and Erna had prepared a surprise for their mother--they played a nice little duet of Christmas melodies for violin and piano, much to everyone's delight. Then we sang folk songs, the Christ Child becoming more and more imperative with his bell from the next room. At last, as we finished, the curtains were drawn back, and the most beautiful tree you can imagine, filled the huge salon. We held our breaths for a moment, and then joined hands and marched about the tree singing, "Oh Hemlock tree, how beautiful are thy branches." All around the room were tables covered with sheets; after this, Peter took the sheets off and we all went to our places.

Oh, my dears, if you could have seen my table! An umbrella, a pair of ice-skates, two pairs of gloves, a purse, stationery with envelopes, a leather brush and comb case, two dozen handkerchiefs with K.H. in the corner, three little fancy handkerchiefs, two German books from Mrs. H., two boxes of candy, a big box of Christmas cookies, a new dress--partly finished--you know the kind of silk (banzi), white, with lace flowers, two pairs of stockings, a new blue woolen blouse, with collar and jabot, another jabot, a beautiful silver collar and belt buckle, a couple of dear little old-fashioned porcelain children from Eugenie. Well, I guess that is all, but I'm not sure--no, a new nightgown besides. Dear me, did you ever hear of so much? Then the servants all came in, with their best white aprons on, and curtsied to Mr. H. and he gave

them each money as he shook hands with them. They looked at their tables, all wept a little and curtsied out again. Peter, poor old fellow, was quite overcome. Last May his oldest daughter died, and Mrs. H. had had a picture of her, a large one, finished for Peter's Christmas. The poor fellow was all broken up over it. Then his children came in and had toys given them and they curtsied around like little babbling corks. Then we had supper, and such a supper as it was!

Berlin, December 31, 1909

Dear, oh dear, my heart just aches when I think of how long this letter has been being written. Even now you are beginning to look for it, and it isn't even started on the way. But there was the box, and several cards, so I hope you won't be long waiting. I'll put all the stamps on it I can find and hope it will make record time.

And last night we got back and found the box! It didn't come Christmas Eve--but then I must go back and tell you about it all, only I must stop and look at the Book of Home every minute. Oh dear, I have such a lot of accumulated sensations to let out! But I'll go on with Christmas Eve. We had a grand supper, drank all your healths, each others, Germany's, the Kaiser's, and then some. Then we sang some more, ate "Kuchen" until we were about sick, and then Miss Erne and the girls, with many sighs and groans over my

departure, helped me get packed and ready, while Peter called an auto to take me over to Dode's. They loaded me down with "Kuchen" for the journey and sent me off with many good wishes.

I found Dode cursing because the box didn't come, and so I helped her curse a little to keep it going. We ate some candy, opened the presents from Olive and Carmen--little pictures that we had wanted--and then tried to pretend it wasn't Christmas Eve. Took baths, and went to bed. We had Anna, the maid, call us at six, and we got breakfasted, packed and off in time to just catch the train nicely, that left at about nine.

We rode third class, but had lots of fun talking and reading our magazines until dinner time, when we again got the blues because our Christmas dinner consisted of ham sandwiches and coffee, eaten in a nasty little diner. But we enjoyed talking so much--we hadn't had a real good chance to gossip for a long time--that it didn't seem long to Cologne, though it was dark when we got there at 5:15. Dode's aunt and cousin met us--the aunt an old lady, and the cousin, a real nice little man, a lawyer, evidently very well off, and very sociable.

The time at Cologne isn't very important to you. We went to opera with Dr. Lulsdorff and the lawyer, slept all next morning, and saw old family sights all afternoon. Dode

comes of a very fine old family, and discovered a family crest and some old silver which was awfully interesting. And we went one afternoon to Bonn, the home of Beethoven, with Dr. Anton, as we called him, and saw his old college, and went into his frat house there. Ate supper at a swell cafe. I was so tired from the few days we were there that I could hardly see. I acted as interpreter for Dode to the family and tried to be as agreeable as I could. Dr. spoke a little English, but very poorly, and he and I spoke German a heap, together. They gave us such nice Christmas things-- a beautiful solid silver strong-box to me with a picture of the cathedral done by hand in the top of the box. The box is about 6 by 12 inches large, three bottles of Eau de Cologne to each of us, and four or five boxes of candy. There are a lot of them there--such nice people.

January 2, 1910
Schreiberhan, on the mountain
Reisengeberge

Dearests:

Well, this is positively the end, and I'll never, never do this again. Poor dears, I've half a mind to cable you that a letter is coming, it's just a shame. But here I am, and I left us at Cologne, didn't I? And now I am in a little inn at the very top of a German mountain, just in from a coast of two hours, down the mountain-side. But first, I'll bring me here.

Well, Wednesday night, at Cologne, I rolled over in bed and said, "Dode!" She answered and I said, "Let's go home tomorrow." She had been thinking the same thing, it seems. We were lonesome for our box, and I had just had a card from Mrs. Hilger who was up here, asking me to come up for a week with them. So the next day we packed up and departed. Got into Berlin at about 9:30, and telephoned out to Schoen's. She wasn't at home, but the maid said there were many letters there for Dode, so we went right out.

I wish you could have seen the sight Schoen saw when she came in about an hour later! Two half-crazy, bedraggled girls, sitting on the floor in the middle of the room, with papers, envelopes, parcels of all sorts and sizes scattered around, and the whole scene intermixed with sighs, groans, laughter and tears. Those brutes at the customs had torn the nice papers all off from everything so we had to guess whom everything was from and for, but I think we guessed right. I'm glad I told about all the things I sent, if they will do the same to your box. Of course, the pictures of home were the best. I haven't left them alone a minute. Dode and I sat up in bed half the night, looking at each picture, recalling to mind every crack and scratch in the furniture, on the walls, and then noticed every detail of the furniture, pictures on the wall, and wrinkles in the carpet. Oh, I couldn't have had a nicer Christmas present. I will always keep it, and I can foresee that it will help many lonely hours

in the future. I haven't had it out of sight a minute. And the pictures of Helen. How I rejoiced and mourned over them! I don't think the front view is a bit good--it makes her look so strong and different from my baby sister, but the side view is so sweet and natural. I immediately put the waist on for inspection, and Dode and Schoen admired it immensely; it fits like the paper on the wall, and will look so well with my gray skirt. It is such a pretty pattern, and the color is very becoming. I don't see how you got it to fit so well. I imagine that the handkerchief was from Maude, though there were so many other things not marked. The cards were all in the box but not attached to the gifts, so I was quite at sea. Dode and I quarreled over everything we found loose. I needed the calling cards so much. Isn't it funny, I had just said that day how much I needed cards--I had only three left. We made ourselves almost sick with candy. It tasted so good and homey. I had a nice box of candy from Mrs. Cobb, too.

Well, Schoen said we should sleep there, as it was so late, and the maid began to get our room ready. We went into the little coffee room and told Schoen our adventures. Just then the door-bell rang, and who should come in but George Meader from Leipsig! He had come suddenly on business, and found his boarding house closed, and came over to Schoen's to beg room for the night. He left in the morning to go back to work. Well, she wasn't staggered a bit for room--just fixed up a sofa for him and we all went to bed.

Next day I went over to Hilger's and got my mail. Such a stack there was of it and all the letters you had intended me to get for Christmas. I feel so relieved and so unutterably gratified to you all. The feeling that I may do as I like just makes my way seem so straight and easy. My work will just stride along now, I know, and I can accomplish so much more. And about coming home. I would come cheaper after the summer rates are over, so I have concocted the plan of coming home next year for Christmas. I could stay a couple of months, and not lose as much as I would in June, for my work will be so much farther advanced. Then, too, I am just at a point now, or will be by June, when leaving will be detrimental to my work. I will have begun French, Italian, and dramatic lessons with the class, which is much cheaper than if I wait until the next fall, and have to take alone. We all begin together this spring, about ten of Schoen's pupils in a class, with a fine teacher in both languages.

I want to say something to the girls, if there is any possibility of their studying German or French, or both, in the next two or three years, they really should do it. I think every educated person should speak at least three languages. It is absolutely necessary for artistic work in any line of writing, singing, professional work, and for business or traveling it is indispensable. I would give a great deal if I had learned French or German, or both, as a child. In high society in Europe, the people all converse in

French or English or German as easily as breathing--business men here must do it, and it makes one so infinitely broader to be able to read the masters of all literature in the original. I suppose Maude can't this year, but she can next, and at the Normal Helen can surely get languages soon. It really is very important, believe me, and consider it seriously. A cultured person must be, in these days of easy transport, cosmopolitan.

But to return to my home-coming. Heaven knows I am lonesome enough for you. You have only me to be lonesome for but I have each separate one of you to think about, and long for, and be sorry I was ever bad to. But I can't come home and sing, I fear. I will see, perhaps I will advance more than I expect to, but I hate so to sing again at home before I am finished. Of course, I'll sing for you at home, but it's that awful weight of public singing that worries me so whenever I think of it. If I could just spend a couple of months at home, doing housework, talking with the family, going to the lake, or theatre with you all, and tell about all the experiences I have had--writing is so beastly unsatisfactory. I think, very probably, I won't be able to come until next winter--in November, perhaps--that is, if you leave it in my hands; but I will see when I am nearer spring.

New Year's Eve is a great festival with the Germans, almost like our Fourth of July. I had started to write to you, when at about ten o'clock, Olive and Dode called, and

said I shouldn't miss the fun downstairs. Accordingly, I went and I never saw so many funny things in my life. We got one of these taxicab autos, and rode through the crowded streets. At midnight the whole city sent up the most ungodly yell: "Prosit Neu Jahre!" Bells tolled, people yelled like wild, and the police endeavored in vain to keep order. We saw one man who had had altogether too much for comfort, walking, going down Friedrich Strasse with his lady. Just as we got opposite, the lady became disgusted, and left him. He was a good looking fellow, and stood there with his hands in his armholes, swaying back and forth as he watched her depart. He smiled the most amiable smile at us, and came over to the auto, and taking off his hat as gallantly as if he weren't in danger of losing his equilibrium, greeted us with a "Prosit Neu Jahre!" We told him "Danke Schoen" and moved on. I can't begin to describe the fireworks and excitement in the street, so I won't try. But it was so amusing.

Then next day, Saturday, I came up here. Mrs. H. had left money for the journey with the cook, and I rode on the train in style, instead of third class. The trip took from 9:30 until 5:30 and the last hour of the trip was simply gorgeous. I had left dirty, rainy weather behind me in Berlin, and ascended up into many mountains, all glistening in the moonlight. The children met me, and until eight o'clock we coasted down the mountain-side on a big bob, being

hailed up by a huge mountain horse after each trip. Then we had a delicious hot supper, in this little inn, where we are living in apartments of our own, in our little private dining room. Such eggs! Such butter and cream you never tasted! I ate like a regular pig, and then crawled to bed under a nice feather bed, in a cold room full of fresh country air. I slept so soundly that for ten hours I never turned over, and when Mrs. H. called me I couldn't believe it was morning. And oh, this morning! My poor pen can't half describe its splendour! Imagine, if you can, a snow-covered mountain-side with pleasure seekers in sweaters and caps, climbing up a path through glistening snowy pine trees. Imagine climbing for two hours up this winding path, while the sun makes the whole scene glisten like fairyland, and the hoary forest, like a forest of gauze; and imagine the view from the top, where we could look across the deep valley, over the plunging mountain stream with its icy banks, and see the sun playing upon a whole range of snow covered mountains and heavy pine forests! I never saw a scene to equal it. And then imagine sitting cosily on a sled behind Eugenia, hugging her fast, while the sled whizzes down, down, down, making the people who are climbing up look like a blurred panorama, with the snow flying, the air cold and sharp, and the road turning, bumping, swaying, ever down, down, down into the valley! Then whizzing across a bridge through a village and coming, at last, to a reluctant halt before a wayside house! I never knew such

FOUR STAR BOND

exhilaration. Oh, if you could only see it!

But I'm tired, and must finish this. So I'll stop here and just thank you all so many, many times for the box. If Maude made that handkerchief, which I'm sure she did, kiss her for me, and kiss each one of you for your share in making me happy. Thank you, thank you all, my dears, and thank Dad for his dear letter. I do so appreciate you all now, and mother, for hers.

Good-night, Kathleen

February 6, 1910

My Dearest Family:

Like the wicked daughter I am, I haven't written in the two days we have been here at the castle. To tell the truth there is so much to write about that I dreaded beginning. I hope you got the silk waists all right, and don't think I was foolish to buy them. They were so cheap, and looked just like you and Maude.

Well, I'll tell my tale. In the first place, this castle isn't really in Russia, but in German Poland. The border of Russia is near enough so that it's dangerous to cuss the Czar, etc., and we see the same kind of people here as in Russia. The borderland is just a stone's throw away. Mr. Hilger has promised to take me there this afternoon, as I'm crazy to see the Russian soldiers and the frontier.

Early Friday morning Mrs. Hilger and I started, accompanied by the usual excitement ensuing when I have to catch a train. But we finally got started and had really a very enjoyable journey. We had a good dinner on the train, and at Breslan, we got off and drank coffee.

After Breslan (the beginning of Poland) the whole character of the country was changed--from tall pine trees and pretty rolling country, we rode into the most absolutely miserable, dirty, barren land, covered with snow. The stations were simply filthy; queer looking women, with packs on their backs and shawls over their heads; and miserable looking little children hung around the station selling papers and dirty looking "Snittchen" (Sandwiches). The men were all at work in the mines. Mrs. Hilger couldn't keep me from the window as it began to get dark. I was simply fascinated by the glimpses of fire coming from mines and the tall spouting chimneys of the smelting works.

We arrived at Kattowitz, our destination, at about seven, and got off onto the filthy platform. The queer looking people eyed us curiously, many raising their caps and curtsying to Mrs. Hilger. To our great surprise, the carriage from the castle wasn't there for us--some mistake had been made as to the train--and there we were, stranded with four trunks and a couple of bags and suitcases. We asked the porter to get us a carriage and we went outside to a rattle-trap of an affair, driven by a Pole with a face which I defy

even a preacher to find any soul in, surmounted by an enormous pointed fur cap. They piled our trunks up on top of the bus, the suitcases sort of between the driver's legs, and a few bags inside, to keep us in misery for fear they would fall over on us. Then we climbed inside, the door banged to with a rattle, and off we started into the night.

The frozen stuff on the side of the roads would be too much elevated by the name of snow, it was simply an imitation of a very watery mud pie, frozen. The road bumped, the carriage wobbled, and the trunks on top slid and banged around at a great rate, and on we went. I gazed, fascinated, out of the window watching the red fire spurt out of the chimneys of the mines and smelting works. I can't half describe to you the dirt, the absolutely homeless look of the tumble-down cottages, the town is made up of. The people peered into the carriage with curious faces and bowed as soon as they recognized us.

Well, we finally reached the castle, after a drive of about three-quarters of an hour through the villages of Kattowitz, Laurahutte, Siamainawitz, all of which beside Konigshutte and Bismarshutte are under the dominion of Herr Gemeinrat Begrat Hilger. We drove around the walls of the castle until we came to the main gate, when the caretaker came out of his house, opened the gate, and stood at attention until we were out of sight. We drove down through the great park, past the cottages of the servants, up to the entrance, which

is formed by a great clock tower, with a gate below through which we drove into the inner courtyard which is lighted by a beautiful light in the center of a little garden. Then around the court to the big door, where the carriage halted and the door was flung open. As soon as they realized who we were, Peter, the butler, and the housekeeper came bustling out and helped us get unwrapped and out of the carriage, while the servants unlocked the trunks and took them in. We went into a large entrance hall, from which stairs ascended on two sides of a big door. Up the left hand flight of stairs to the landing we looked up at an entrance that was too gorgeous for words--great statues, and wild boar heads looked down upon us, as we stood on the landing, in a regular bower of plants. The whole entrance smelled so sweet. At the top of the stairs double doors opened into the large salon (in old rose and gold) and from a side hall we were led to our rooms. They open on to each other. We have our own private bath and hall.

Monday morning, February 7

I didn't seem to have any time to write at all. I'll hurry and get caught up, as so much happens that I want to tell about every hour. I left off at our arrival here, didn't I? Well, you know we were not expected, so Mr. Hilger wasn't at home. We were frightfully hungry so we told the cook to

serve up dinner at once and not wait for Mr. Hilger to come back from Konighutte. We were almost through eating when we heard the rattle of wheels below and we rushed down to greet Mr. Hilger. He was awfully surprised and so glad to see us. He came bolting into the hall looking twice as big in his big furs. He says it is horribly lonely here. I can imagine it would be. Of course, this is really their home, and its mighty hard to have to let the family stay in Berlin so the children can go to school. Well, he patted me and laughed at me as though I were some new toy, and was so glad to see us that he wouldn't let us out of his sight all evening. We sat around the table while he smoked and drank his bottle of wine, and Mrs. Hilger and I had cider.

Next morning, Saturday, Mrs. Hilger ordered the carriage for 10:30 as she had some calls to make, and until then she showed me the castle, or a very small part of it. I'll draw a little plan of it for you if I can. That's a pretty plan, but it's so big I can't get it all in. The park is much larger in proportion, and the castle is not simply round, but has towers and wings all over. But it's built this way around the court. One must drive under the clock tower, right through one wall of the castle, to get inside. There are only about one hundred rooms--the rest of the castle is old and locked up. As it is, Mrs. Hilger says they haven't half enough servants. It's really a terrible undertaking to keep it up.

Well, at eleven the coupé came around and we got in. Talk about your beautiful carriages--you should see that coupé--it is all lined with dark red, dear dark red silk curtains to the windows and a little electric light on the ceiling. It's terribly cold here and the "Cocher" has to bundle up until he looks like a big grizzly bear, and beside him sits the brown-liveried footman. Peter helped us get in. I was put into a big fur sack which buttoned around my waist, much to my amusement, and then Peter fastened a big cape around my shoulders. Mrs. Hilger was fixed up the same way, and off we started, with all the servants and laborers in the park standing at attention as we passed. We rode for a couple of hours. I didn't get out but just sat in the carriage and waited for Mrs. Hilger, feeling like a very little bug in a great big rug. Every one saluted the carriage as we passed, although we didn't even look out to respond.

I won't tell any more of the filth of the place--the mines are everywhere, everyone works in them, and the street and people are simply rotten with dirt. The sun is so ashamed of it that it never shines. Mrs. Hilger says it is hopeless to try to raise the people out of it, and she is very strong on charity work. There is hardly any sex distinguishable--the women work at digging in the streets and carrying ore just like the men, and their faces are absolutely void of expression. The men's faces are overgrown with hair, little eyes peering out sullenly, bare-footed even in this awful winter

weather--it fairly makes me shudder. Mrs. Hilger says Mr. Hilger is their idol. It's lovely for him that they like him; he can do so much with them. Just think! he has 25,000 men in his power!

Well, we finished our drive with a call at an orphan asylum which Mr. Hilger has donated to the natives here. Of course, I went into my usual rhapsodies over the babies, and had my arms full of dirty little Poles the whole time. The Sisters were awfully nice to us (Lutheran Nuns) and were so glad to see Mrs. Hilger who just keeps the youngsters in clothes and toys. One Kindergarten class was the cutest thing you ever saw--the youngsters all gave us a salute as we came in, and then they did the usual Kindergarten stunts, while I cried and laughed by turns at the darlings. I made a big mistake in going in for a career when I might have been a children's nurse, don't you think?

In the afternoon we slept and after coffee I wrote, played the piano, etc., until Mrs. Hilger came in. I brought the "Regiments' Tochter" with me to learn, and I'm making good progress, and it just suits my voice. I only wish I could learn Mozart as easily. I must admit Mozart is an acquired taste, and learning Figaro and Don Juan are the nearest to the much-told-of drudgery that I have had so far.

Dearests:

My, how fast the time flies! I got Mother's letter this morning, written the 26th and it seems just like

yesterday that I wrote those letters you had just received. Before I know it a year will have flown by, and my, how fast I am getting old.

Well, I can't seem to get caught up with my story, no matter how I try. I wanted to write last evening, but my eyes hurt and I couldn't, though they are almost better. But now I'll just write briefly what I have done; there is so much in Mother's letter I want to answer. Let's see, I left off with Saturday, didn't I? Well, Saturday morning Mrs. Hilger and I went to church which wasn't at all exciting-- just a plain Lutheran service in German with a very poor preacher. (Which reminds me, Mother asked me where I go to church. I go to St. George's the Church of England here, quite often, and sometimes to the American church. Hilgers don't go, and they have dinner so early that if I go to church I am always late, so I don't go as often as I should.)

Sunday afternoon we slept, bathed, and got dressed for the party in the evening. Forty-two people were here and it was a fine dinner. An orchestra of twenty pieces played perfectly heavenly music, and I had a man who looked just like the pictures in "The Fighting Chance"--a typical society man, brown eyes, dark hair, and awfully big. He wasn't particularly clever, but was good looking enough so he didn't have to be. He spoke a little English.

Monday we slept a great deal, went through the stables and fed the bears and horses sugar. All the stable boys, and

the male servants on the place are smitten on me--oh, joy! In the evening (that was last night) Mr. and Mrs. Hilger were out and I was alone all evening. I dined in solemn state, with as many servants as if there were a whole company of people. I had planned to write home in the evening, but my eyes hurt as soon as the lights were lit, so I just sat around and hated myself all evening.

This morning I want to show you a sight for gods and men. Come with me to the great window of the riding stable at the Schloss Siemanowitz at eleven o'clock. See, here is a large window, and if we are careful we can look without being seen by the groom. Here comes a lady, attended by a groom in brown livery. She is dressed in black, rides a little fearfully, I think. Yes, she does, for the groom has her horse by a strap. They ride by very cautiously, the lady on her beautiful red-brown horse, and the groom beside her, reassuring her and giving instructions as they trot by. But who is this wild creature, sitting astride of that big black horse, looking so small and ferocious? See her tight-fitting blue riding tights, leather gaiters, and jaunty feathered hat! There, she has gone by. Wait until she comes again, and we can look more carefully. How easily she sits in the saddle, holding the great horse between her knees--see, the lady in black is telling her to be more careful. "Englander is rather a wild horse, my dear, be careful!" And the groom, "Hold a little tighter rein, and strike him on the right shoulder for

a gallop"--but she heeds them not the least--with a wave of her silver-handled whip she passes them. But for her hair, and small hands and feet, we could imagine her a boy. There now, she is giving her horse a rest--see how she leans over to pat him as she speaks to him in a reassuring way, "There, the groom has seen us, we must go away."

Yes, my dears, that is your cherished member. Garbed in a cast-off riding suit of Erna's and on a big man's horse she is showing how they do it in America. But the picture at one o'clock may suit your fastidious taste better--she is curled up in a reclining chair, with pillows at her back, a red rug over her, drinking a cup of bouillon which Peter solicitously has poured out for her. She reaches out a trembling little hand for a biscuit, which she eats ravenously as she gives Peter rather a wan little smile. Mrs. Hilger comes bustling in. "The Groom says you ride beautifully, my dear," she says as she takes a cup of bouillon herself. "He says you take the corners just like a jockey." "Well," replies the 'jockey' in a veryunjockey-like voice, "we'll try it tomorrow, if I can ever get out of this chair again." And now, at 3:30, she is rested enough to hold a pen, though her hand trembles a little. The maid will massage her tonight and try to do away with the lameness a little. It was glorious, but when one rides astride a monstrous big horse, when it is the first time she has mounted for at least five years, one's limbs sort of refuse to go back together

again when one demands--try it yourself and see. But it's splendid exercise, and the horse is a dear, and if I just can get my legs close enough together to look like a perfect lady at the dinner tomorrow night, I shan't mind it a bit. For tomorrow Mr. Hilger has promised to open the big ballroom door off the conservatory and we will dance, and the only dance suitable to my feelings at present is one of those Indian war dances where we can bend clear over double and walk bow-legged.

It's time for coffee now--I must stop for a little. More later.

Wednesday, February 9

Good-morning, dearest family:

It is almost 1:30 and I just crawled stiffly out of my feather bed, and it's a union-suit, shirt-waist and skirt--a corset was completely beyond my possibilities, stockings were all I could manage. Mrs. Hilger rode again this morning, but she let me sleep because I spent such a wretched night last night. I had a good massage and a shampoo, and went to bed feeling fine, but I simply could not sleep. When I did, I had miserable dreams that awakened me, sobbing. But I slept fine at about three or four o'clock this morning, and didn't awaken until she came in from riding. The massage helped me some, for I'm not half as lame as I expected, but

it's all my life is worth to attempt any exertion. This morning, my hair is so nice--all fluffy and curly around my face.

Well, I'll try to make this the last installment of my letter. By the way I'm just awfully interested in "Success." The political articles are so snappy and full of life that it's a pleasure to read them. I've learned more about our national political affairs from the last two numbers than I ever knew before in my life. And the two serial stories are awfully interesting. Be sure to send me the February number, won't you? I don't know when I found time to read them, or how I could with my eyes, but I got through every page--the print was large, and I didn't read in the evening or very much at any time. I think my eyes are almost well. Mr. Hilger drops dope in them every night before I go to bed.

Here is really the end, and now, dearest family, good-bye; and I hope to get another letter today.

Your grateful,

Kathleen

P.S. Do you know, I haven't heard from a one of the aunties or uncles or cousins that I sent Christmas cards or presents to. I think some of them might write, anyway.

K.H.

Friday, February 25

Dearests:

Just got back from my lesson, and I'll send off a little letter before dinner. I'm getting so sick and tired of trying to write all I want to say. I have such bushels of things to talk over with you all; got Maude's letter yesterday with her picture in it and I have hardly let the picture out of my sight. It's such a good picture of her--the only decent one I have. She takes such a poor picture. I'm so homesick for a talk with her. I am going to send another personal letter soon, though heavens knows where the time will come from.

Yesterday was a busy day, I tell you; I began by having a dramatic lesson. We went all through "Cherabino" again, and next time we begin "Jerline" in "Don Juan." Dear, will I ever get through with Mozart, I wonder? It went somewhat better yesterday, though she gave me one of her regular lectures on the language, but that doesn't worry me so much now, since Frau Freund has taken me up.

At four o'clock I was invited to tea with Dode by a girl from San Diego, Bernice Cosgrove, who knows the Andrews very well. She is such a nice girl and we had a pleasant tea, although I had to rush away early because Hilgers were going to have a dinner at six o'clock. Of course, I barely got there in time; hustled into my black dress and went in to

dinner without washing or combing. I was unusually honored by being taken in to dinner by Mr. Hilger himself and had a fine time. After dinner we were all taken in Hilgers' autos to the theatre for a box party of the new opera "The Count of Luxemburg" by the writer of the "Merry Widow"; and after the opera back home to another supper. It was in the wee small hours when we got to bed all right. Schoen says I don't half appreciate my luck in being here, and I suppose I don't. The swell society-lady part was never meant for me, and while I don't object to money and the luxuries it brings, I would a thousand times rather live in a little home like ours than have all this over here.

My old friend, Mr. Steinmitz, who I had at the first dinner party here, was here last night, dancing attention more like a little frog, than ever. I am quite crazy about Mr. Hilger. They are all just lovely to me and can't do enough nice things. Little Miss Ende, the governess, keeps my clothes mended up so you never know them. You remember how I had cut out the necks and sleeves of my union-suits; well, she has fixed them all up with tape, the edges all bound, and my stockings, gloves, all the buttons on my clothes, and everything in perfect order.

Sunday night, February 27

Well, I never seem to get a letter off in a rush, do I? I got the new Success magazine and was so glad to get it,

and the Sunday papers look like home, all right. My, but I do get lonesome for dear old Uncle Sam, and dear old family Hart, nothing looks good to me except when I am studying. I had two good hours of work with the Koppell-Meister yesterday morning, and a good German lesson from Fraulein Busch at Dode's in the afternoon; then, in the evening, I looked through two new operas, translated and marked my parts-- Fidelio and Undine. My voice is better all the time and how I do love my work! I have no fear of failure; am more confident every day as I get stronger and my voice gets richer.

I wonder if you get as tired of hearing of my luxuries as I do of telling them? I haven't told you about the auto, have I? It's cherry red, lined with grey leather. All closed in, with big plate glass windows, and a seat out in front for the driver and footman. Inside there are seats for five, five dear little electric lights, grey silk curtains at the windows, and every convenience one could need on a long auto tour, from a little grey leather toilet case, address book, maps of Europe, and electric cigar lighters, two little folding tables of hardwood, and umbrella holders. We have rides in it often. This morning Mr. and Mrs. Hilger and son, Ewald, and I went for a long ride through the Grunewald, and at the end of it got out and walked for a couple of hours. We explored a little island upon which William 1st of Prussia hid at the time of the Revolution--saw Queen Louise's old castle, and all sorts of interesting things. We got back

just in time for dinner, and I ate like a pig.

Say, I'm so sorry Mother doesn't go to see Mrs. Cobb. Don't wait for me--we'll go again when I get back. She is such a dear, isn't she? Give her my love, and ask her forgiveness because I don't write. I simply cannot write to more than my own family. You've no idea how my time is filled up. I think, oh, if I were just at home where I could torture my family all I wanted by playing my operas! I never practice here except in the morning, for fear of disturbing them all. They are dear about it but I am sensitive about it, and I won't annoy them. Isn't it funny how they love me? Mrs. Hilger says that she notices my good bringing up every day, and Schoen says it's positively marvelous that Mr. Hilger likes me. He even snubs the Kaiser when he feels like it, and here I sass him and boss him around in a way that makes his family shudder. I wonder what is doing politically in Blue Earth County?

Hurrah, for our side, that Maude got second place in the essay contest! How I pity the poor creatures who do not bear Hart for their last name, and what a fool I will be if I ever change it. I hope you got the silk waists all right for the baby. Why doesn't Dad write, doesn't he love his good-for-nothing daughter any more? And dear little Mother, try to be brave, and keep me from coming home until I have accomplished something. I could jump on the first steamer and run away to you all tonight. Dode is fine and I love her

more than ever. Her voice is absolutely the finest I have ever heard, and is getting so big and clear. Now, good-night. I wish I could see you all.

Your lonesome,

Kathleen