



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

(Letter #14) Pension Schweiz, 78 Schellingstrasse, Munich, Bavaria.
March 23, 1914. 66

My dearests,

A few minutes ago, I came in, after a tramp in the rain. I lit my lamp, called B.A.M. to build up my fire, set my little kettle boiling, slipped into the small pox dress and slippers, and then took "The Old Curiosity Shop" and curled up in the coziest corner. I drank my tea and ate my cakes with my attention on Dick Swiveller and Sophia Wackles, but now they are going to be banished, while I write my letter to you.

copy
This tea time hour is always the happiest or else the unhappiest of the day. Sometimes, when I have been seeing a great deal and am planning much more and am full of enthusiasm, my hour for reflection finds me a bundle of concentrated joy. And if I am tired or the least wee bit homesick, the twilight and the very cheerfulness of everything makes me feel desperate and I get out my motto "Six days from Munich to New York."

Howsoever - as Helmus says - this is a happy day. Most all of them are since Else and I have been friends. But there is a particular reason. I've really decided to go to Miss Von Schmitt's during the first week of April. The pension has been lots of fun. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. But most of the people are gone all ready, Else goes next week. You see they are almost all students. And the Easter recess lasts so long. I just couldn't bear to think of that month all alone.

Even B.A.M. is leaving. And tho' she's a servant she's meant a whole lot to me. She pets me as if I was five.

And you see I'm not ready to leave Munich yet. And so I was up in the air.

From my first day in Miss Von Schmitt's rooms, I've cherished a secret hope that she would ask me to share them. They're so pleasant and interesting and she is the nicest person of all the nice persons I've met since I've been here. She is so much of a lady,

67 38

and well educated and all that, and the dearest soul you can imagine. I don't think I'll have one homesick moment after I'm settled with her. We'll be just a little family. I'll tell you about it after I move. From now on write to me there, Care Frl. Lily von Schmidt, Schellingstrasse 36/4 L. It looks so confusing that I will explain. Its number 36, but the 4th floor, and the Left flat.

It's a wonder I'm as amiable as I am tonight for I've been dreadfully peeved. At the Hof Theatre this week they're giving The Ring. It came out in the paper Saturday night and I ran for my moneybag and flew to the office. It was closed. So I slept with one eye on the clock, got up and dressed early and ate breakfast in gulps, tore to the office and there I was told I must go to another office further downtown. I ran in for Hertha and she joined my mad rush. But all our exertion was vain. Nothing was left and a long line turned away. I stamped my foot so the town shook. Of course there's the gallery but one can't reserve that and after standing in line for over four hours I could not enjoy Wagner as much as I love him. Maybe they'll give it again while I'm here, but even if they do I don't see how I'll get seats. I can't camp all night on their blooming old steps.

I was so cross Sunday morning I could hardly appreciate what glorious weather we had. Hertha and I walked up to the Isar and wandered slowly along it till we got to the National Museum. Then we stayed there till dinner time. Miss Siboni and I had been there before, but we hadn't half seen it. And for that matter neither did Hertha and I tho' we spent a long time there.

The outside is German Renaissance. It is a beautiful building and beautifully situated near the Gardens on one of the loveliest streets. Inside all is arranged in chronological order from prehistoric times, down thru all the centuries, most objects bearing in some way on Bavaria. Here is a good paragraph I read on it, "No better evocative lesson for the resuscitating and and absorbing of the arrest-

copy

copy

copy
This
→

long description follows
page 2, 3, 4
14

ing changes, thru which this one small kingdom has passed, can be obtained than by a visit to this most wonderful of all European Museums. Each room is built so as to harmonize with the period of its contents. This alone was a labor of infinite art and all-embracing knowledge.-- to dwell in each room for a while is to be impregnated with the past atmosphere and personality of barbaric, pagan, and mediaeval times. A very aroma seems to cling to the furniture and to emanate from the walls hangings, relics and pictures."

The first room was Roman. Imagine seeing the actual shrines at which people had prayed to Diana and Jupiter! Imagine seeing tombstones with inscriptions dating as early as the first few years of the first century! And the toy horses and other things Roman children had actually played with as far back as that.

In the next room the treasures from the early church may be seen. The embroidered robe of a bishop, centuries old, hand-tinted prayer books, the loving and painstaking work of the monks, whole altars removed from the earliest churches, wayside shrines, and weather beaten crosses with rude wooden figures of the Christ. I don't think one can realize the religious fervor and devotion of the early Christian era without seeing how it affected the art and literature and music and general life. Why, for a while, the theme of Christianity permeated everything. This is wonderfully illustrated in the National Museum. You will have to take the National Museum as a sequel. For Hertha and I were still in the early centuries when dinnertime overtook us.

I read and wrote all afternoon. I was somewhat anxious about Else who had gone on a delicate mission and she did come home about suppertime a perfect wreck. Since you are so far away I can ~~can~~ tell you about it. Some months ago, she dismissed an unwelcome suitor with a pleasant little fiction, namely, that she was engaged to a rich American and was going to be married in four years. Said suitor has since

copy this

End
rec
off

cont. mail
copy

fallen ill and he 'phoned so pathetically for her to come and see him that she went and now he is demanding more facts about the American and she can't be cruel to him for he's so sick and she can't produce the rich American for there ain't none and to say that she had a trying afternoon is putting it mildly.

We both betook our troubled spirits to the Stephanie after supper and soothed ourselves with hot coffee and milk and the usual supply of moody artists and artistines.

Send here

I wrote again all morning today. Right after dinner I hied me downtown for my first glimpse of royalty. The King and Queen of Wurtemberg are guests of the King and Queen of Bavaria and there was to be a procession. The day was fine and the streets were crowded and decorated gaily with flags and banners. I wedged myself into the very front row of people lined up outside the gates of the Royal Residence. I had a fine view of everything and I will admit that ardently American as I am the pomp and ceremony gave me a few thrills. In fact, they made me want to cry but I refused to be guilty of such weakness.

There were soldiers in their bright colored uniforms and helmeted mounted police and the gentlemen in waiting and the ladies in waiting in the court carriages of vivid light blue. The two kings rode together and the two Queens rode together, driven by six or eight shining black horses, each carriage, and mounted on some of the horses were men in gay uniforms with waving white plumes. It was very effective. The Kings and the Queens are all old and they were so busily talking that they hardly acknowledged the cheers of the people. They smiled a little in an absent-minded way.

Right in front of me the Queen dropped her flowers, a huge bouquet of violets, but I didn't scramble for any.

The cheering was not at all wild. The King and the Queen while approved aren't beloved. Else said when the Kaiser was here, the people were so enthusiastic.

Then I took my new shoes into a little shoe shop to have the buttons moved over. They all fit me good now. The brown ones are a little too big, but that is no matter. Thank you so much for them. At the little shoe shop, they called forth much admiration. And it was so queer in the shop I must tell you about it.

The woman of the family fitted me. A young lady daughter was fitting a gentleman next to me. A little yellow-haired child was buttoning and unbuttoning. The man was the only one in the family at leisure. He beamed on us all and seemed to think his presence was glory sufficient. It is so in all the shops here. One meets women almost entirely. I think the families live behind or above the shops and they all have an active interest down to the youngest.

MARCH 25th.

So Ainslee's have succumbed at last! And to "Emma!" And to Emma unchaperoned at that. I had an awful fear I would have to put a maiden Aunt in. Well, I think myself she had quite a bunch of appeal. And \$75 suits me perfectly. If Mr. Whiting had but known \$25.00 would have satisfied me, so humble am I. But \$75 is certainly an improvement. And papa you mustn't send me any money for a while, as I would like the feeling of paying for my own bread and butter for once.

Else is sick. And last night she had to have supper in bed so I took mine in her room, too, to keep her company. She was propped up in bed with her tray and I was at the table eating and Hedwig was serving us both when B.A.M. came in with my letter. I was obviously anxious about the mail for sometime, as I have only had two cards in a week, so she brought my letter to me as soon as it came. And I cold-bloodedly finished my supper without opening it. Think! And made disparaging remarks to Else about its lack of plumpness.

But when I opened it! I threw my napking about a mile and how I shrieked! And I shouted to Else what it was above and then flew over to the bed and we hugged each other till we were breathless.

Then we spent the evening in discussing my exceptional talents.

Everytime I woke up, all night long, I clapped my hands. And as I dressed this morning I hummed to myself like this -- "Added hours had but heightened the wonder of the day, tra la," - and "a certain capacious and comforting arm chair, yo ho," - which you may recognize as excerpts from the immortal manuscript.

I would have given a good deal to have been home when the letter came. But I had a pretty good celebration here. And I guess we tutty miaused Collier's that time. Nicht wahr? Only do banish Jack or chloroform him or something before the awful libel is published.

By the way, and speaking of publishing, Ainslee's always give advance boosts to their stuff so try and see the magazine every month. And always after an issue they give a resume of public opinion on their stories, which is also interesting.

Else is still sick today so I am writing down in her room. The bed is covered with Christian Science Sentinels and English-German dictionaries and she is very deeply interested in what I have been telling her and in what she has read. But every once in a while she asks me a question which it is impossible to answer in my German or her English and so that makes it very hard.

I finished writing last time on Monday evening. I had been hobnobbing with Royalty and having my shoes refitted and had come home to tea in a shower which had suddenly arisen. This is Wednesday morning and I haven't done much in the interval as Else has been sick and I have been with her a great deal. She is alone here and she has been so kind to me and she really suffers dreadfully. Heaven knows what is the matter with her. I don't and neither do the doctors. At times she is simply racked with pain in every part of her body. And she is trying so hard to get ahead with her music. It is just as pitiful as it can be.

I was in to see Miss Siboni, too. She is taking the rest cure, only painting half a day and spending the other half in taking pine needle baths and drinking milk and consuming vast quantities of medicine. She is not at all well. I am the strong one now and its good to be helping others. I eat simply huge meals and sleep like a log and in fact I couldn't be any "weller."

EVENING OF THE SAME. Still Else's room. And I wish you could see it! She is in bed, still reading, with the little lamp beside her, and I am in the easy chair, and between us is our demolished tea table. It looks very nice if we did eat the rolls and the kuchen all up. There is a bunch of daffodils in the center which I bought on my way up from ---

But now you must know why I'm up in the air. And why I've been bothering Else with what Mr. O'Hagan called my "Oh should I - or shouldn't I?"

I got a wee note from Miss Carr yesterday, saying that the Craig party was here, so today I went to their pension and called. Mrs. Craig, Miss Allison, and small Hardin were in. It was so good to see them. And didn't we fall to gossiping and didn't I rave over all the trophies they had collected on their travels and didn't they rave over my \$75 of which I immediately and conceitedly told them. And then they asked me couldn't I spend April with them in London? And now what am I do do?

To be in London with the Craigs would be unutterable joy. And they have a pension all picked out to which I could go with them. But oh dear! In the first place I haven't half seen Germany. And to jump clear to London! And then, when the month is up, and they settle down in Lincoln, I would have to come back over the channel for my Europe. And it would not be the season to join a party. And oh it is impracticable from a number of standpoints. Also I haven't enough money

omit

67

on hand for so long and unexpected a trip. But of course I would cash a personal check without any hesitation. As I know you would adore having me with Craig's as much as I would adore to be there.

At any rate, they urge me to look them up in England and to try to come home with them on the Laconia.

B A M just brought me another letter from home. I guess I'm pretty crazy about my father, writing me two such nice letters. I'm so glad you are sending my letters away. Neither Rutie nor Midge had any description from me at all. By the way, Rutie is cured. Did you know that? And isn't it grand? I am anxious to hear more about Kath's appearance. I mean the "Cup of Saki" performance. I would love to be there when it's given. But I can't divy up as I'm longing to. There are at least half a dozen grand places I'm yearning to be. But Munchen is one pretty nice place. I'm the happiest person tonight.

B A M is building the fire and Else is telling her about my achievements and about the 300 marks I've received for one story. Hannie's eyes are like saucers and Else says she just said "That's why Fraulein Hart writes so much and why when she's writing she doesn't know I'm in the room."

Well if I keep on avoiding ending this letter and adding installments on every occasion it never will be homeward bound. I must stop. And supper is pending. All kinds of love to my darling family who by loving me so and doing so much for me help me to now and then almost accomplish something.

Your little girl -

Maud.

(Letter #15) Pension Schweiz, 78 Schellingstrasse, Munich, Bavaria.
March 27, 1914.

Dearest family:

Mother's letter with the clippings and check enclosed was brought to me this morning with my chocolate. Those from Kath and Helen and the typewritten, illustrated, manuscript which would put "Punch" or "Life" to shame, came morning before last at the same time. It is much joy to get them then and read and reread them before getting up and imagine myself in the midst of that jolly familiar life. But when I get up, it never fails to be Munich with the house across the way frescoed in a mingling of colors and the streets below full of blue and red soldiers.

This morning I am going to stay inside and write. I put on my red shirt and old suit skirt and twisted up my hair and flew to arranging my desk. B.A.M. whisked up my room and built me a fire. But before favoring Miss so and so, I will favor you a while.

I hope you aren't bothering to typewrite the letters I write here from Munich. I don't think they're worth it. I'm taking everything slowly and I do more aimless walking about than I do orthodox sightseeing. The galleries I don't do conscientiously. I just drop in and out as I feel in the mood. And I sometimes waste a whole afternoon just watching the people over my tea. But I feel that I'm learning a lot. And when I thought of leaving so quickly to go with the Craigs, I realized that it would be quite a wrench to break away from this life.

In May when I take my excursions, I'll write some letters worth while. I'm going to Innsbruck, the capitol of the fascinating Tyrol. Craig's gave me the name of a pension with English speaking people. And I have a whim that I want to spend a whole week at Oberammergau. Everyone thinks I am mad, it's so little, but I don't care. I know it is quaint and delightful. And Hertha and I are going to Augsburg, and Else is trying to go with me to Nuremburg, and Miss Siboni and I will take in the castles which are about a days trip. But before all this will be April, which I'll spend with Fr. von Schmidt. and then I'm going to hear heaps of music and talk heaps of German and keep on getting fat

tho' already my face is a moon and never again can I be spirituelle. Of course, I may yet take a fancy to go with the Craigs. I can't tell you how darling they are to me. But I think it would be quite unwise. And I'll try to do England and France with some quite leisurely party unless Mrs. Silverson or Mrs. Snyder are planning to do them and want me to join them.

I am surely enjoying those Literary Digests. You know I can't read the newspapers here and I get very behind hand on current events. Then too that is so cosmopolitan and I like to know about foreign affairs since I'm living right in the midst of them. I'm going to enclose a clipping from one of them, that I wonder if papa has seen. It was written in his eloquent style.

Else is better and is back at the table. We are all so glad. She got up yesterday morning and went out and bought me a bouquet of hyacinths which she brought to my room while I was still reading in bed. Between her and B.A.M. I soon will be hopelessly spoiled.

B.A.M. does everything for me from washing my tea things to mending my clothes and don't I just wish that I could create a few milliners and school teachers that would be as remunerative as my dress maker so that I could bring her home with me!

*stay now
page*

I've been having a scrap with the pension keepers and I guess that the next time they feel like scrapping they won't begin on an American. They tried to make me believe I would have to pay till the 15th of April whether I stayed here or not. It was absurd for I never told them I would be here longer than the 1st and I gave them two weeks of definite notice. Else said it was only that I was alone and could not speak German and was an American.

Well, I've never had so much excitement since the time Bick and I spoiled the Senior-Sophomore party or Midge and I spoiled the Junior Class play. (I seem to have been a destructive personage.) The district inspector, or whatever he is, is going to make them let

me leave, I think. If he can't, I'll leave anyway, and Fr. von Schmidt says I can be her guest till the 15th of April. I don't know how it will come out. But it's certainly thrilling.

Else and I spent yesterday morning at the Old Pinakothek looking at the collection of vases. They are old, mostly Persian, Roman, and Grecian and of all shapes and sizes. The large graceful ones covered with innumerable figures and intricate patterns are almost as fascinating as the old stoves in the National museum, with their sheperdesses, fairies, jingles, and flowers. I kept thinking of Keat's "Ode to A Grecian Urn" all the time we were there.

Also, day before yesterday, I spent the morning at the New Pinakothek where I have a few pet pictures. Both afternoons have been filled up with writing. I've written pretty steadily thru them, stopping only for tea. I think my story is good but I do want some one to read it to. As yet, however, it isn't nearly in shape.

For some time I've intended to tell you about the mourning one sees on the streets here. I believe the people must go into mourning for fifty-second cousins. Every other man and boy has a band on his sleeve and the number of women who are swathed in black crepe is really appalling. I first found it a little depressing, but one really can't long, not after seeing it worn in the parade at the carnival, and not after seeing photographs displayed of pretty young widows in their heaviest weeds, and not after being ogled by some of the stout men who are decorated, or noticing the complacent, self-satisfied faces under some of the voluminous veils. I never have disapproved of the custom at all, but after seeing it exaggerated so here one couldn't help being a little disgusted.

Another thing I have noticed is how much child labor they have. I don't believe they have any restrictions. In many cafes, the waiters are dear little boys, wearing small imitations of a man's dress suit, and running about with heavy trays and working too hard and

seeing too much for little chubby children. I told you about the shoe store I visited. And how busy the little girl was. And the other day Miss Siboni and I stopped in at a small and dark watch shop and I couldn't keep my eyes off the poor little boy who was wearing an apron and bent over some delicate work. He had a face like a little old man.

Well, now to Miss So and So. There'll be another long letter tomorrow or next day. With all kinds of love to the dearest family ever was. Maud.

copy new page

below at end of page 16

Postscript. Papa dear. Per your request, here is a separate financial missive. I got the draft for some forty dollars and that will practically cover my stay in Munich including my trips to Oberammergau and Nuremburg. I would like to leave Munich the first week in May, but I'll wait at Fr. von Schmidt's until a draft from you comes. I would like a little bit extra for some shopping in Munich before leaving and my two days in Innsbruck and then the trip to Venice will be well inside \$15.00. But in going to Italy and among strange people it is well to be well supplied so I won't start until I hear from you. The pension in Venice will be somewhat higher. The regular rate is about \$1.50 a day, but I think it will be cheaper for me ~~if~~ for I'll take it by the month. Now in case you have sent me my \$75 that will be enough. And don't send me more to Munich, but send it to Venice, the address I have given, and I'll leave here as planned on the 4th or the 6th day of May. I do think I have the best father any girl ever had and every day I appreciate more what my trip will do for me. I am not only stronger and gaining in weight but I'm learning more how to meet people and do for myself. I really think it is good for me to be so independent. Take good care of yourself and don't let me spend more than you can well afford. Tell me if I plan anything that will come too high, won't you? Lots of love, Maud.

(letter #16) Pension Schweiz, 78 Schellingstrasse, Munich, Bavaria.
March 31, 1914.

Nicest family ever was:

72
Paragot has nothing on me. I'm going to Venice, "Venice!" gasped father, turning to mother. "Venice!" shrieked mother, clutching Kathleen, "Venice!" choked Kathleen, clinging to Gene. "Venice!" sputtered Gene, glaring at Helen. "It would seem," observed Helen, "that she's going to Venice." And so I am. Perhaps I had better diagram it for you.

To April 15th, Munich, Pension Schweiz. To April 22nd, Oberammergau. To April 26th, Frl. von Schmidts. To May 6th Innsbruck. And to sometime in June Venice. To be more explicit! Madame Conte's, San Gregorio, 234.

Now that I have laid some ideas before you in a heap, I will proceed to dissect them. That's taken bodily from a letter from Pat. I was afraid you would recognize her style.

The "Till April 15th" will be admirably spent in finishing my sightseeing here, visiting my favorite galleries again, cramming in music, etc. I will take my room and breakfast at Pension Schweiz but my dinners wherever I happen to be.

The week in Oberammergau is against everybody's advice and it is on my own head if I perish of ennui. It's a fancy of mine to have a whole week in the quaint little place. Besides it is spring. And the country.

Perhaps Miss Siboni or Else will go with me to Nuremburg. And Rothenburg also is in that vicinity. A quite medieval town, even with walls, and a curiosity to our age. But if they don't go, it is perfectly safe, as I'll go to a Pension Frl. von Schmidt is acquainted in. Then I'll come back to Munich and Frl. von Schmidt and get my mail (and it is there you should write me) and hear some more music and go with Miss Siboni to the wonderful castles which are closed till the first of May.

Early in May I will go down to Innsbruck. It's only a few hours ride. I will go to a Pension Craig's told me of an do a

e

little sightseeing. And then I will board a train which has a thru coach to Venice. The trip takes only from morning till evening. And Madame Conte's son will meet me. And so the 6th or 7th of May will find me in Venice. Providence and the weather permitting.

If Mrs. Snyder is still in Florence and wants me to join her, I'll do so, sometime in June. If not Madame Conte has a daughter in Florence to whom I'll go for a week or so. And if Mrs. Snyder is there, perhaps we can go down to Rome. After July 1st, I'll go up the Riviera to France, if aforementioned Providence will supply a companion, and to England where I'll try to get to Lincoln and see Craigs, and if I can wait till the very late summer, and I almost think it is best, I can come home with Craigs on the "Laconia". And there you have it.

It all is Dr. Craig's plan. And he compliments himself on it exceedingly much as do all the rest of the party. When I told them Miss Siboni had given up Italy and indeed most of her travel, and that I was thinking of joining a party, in order to squeeze some in, they all were so disappointed and I got more disappointed than ever. They said I could not miss Italy - above all not miss Venice - it had too much to offer a writer. And they said I could not stand a party. And besides it wouldn't be pleasant. And it was foolish to jump clear to England with them. And there was the situation.

Then Dr. Craig said why not take this thru train from Munich to Venice, nothing could happen to me unless I jumped out of the window, and go to their friends the Contes whom they would write to meet me and take very good care of me after I got there.

So here come the Contes into my life's history! They keep a pension at which the Craigs stayed while in Venice, Craigs, however, knew them before, and Mrs. Craig says they are very superior people. They are Italians. But they spent many years in America. As Mrs Conte was a minister and worked with the Italians of Boston. They have lovely friends both in Boston and Minneapolis. Mrs. Craig said some

of the first families of Boston. And as these people come to her when in Venice the pension is generally interesting. Mrs. Craig mentioned a Mrs. F. G. Winterer of Minneapolis as one of her friends. I think I have the initials right.

Well, at any rate, Mrs. Conte is said to be perfectly charming, and dear and motherly as well, and the sort of a person who will take me right into her home. And there are two young lady daughters and a son who is a wonderful musician and comes in the fall to the University of North Dakota to take charge of the Conservatory. They all are nice and clever and interesting., and talk Boston English and I think to be with them will be just ideal. Mrs. Craig has written to them telling them just how I am situated, and I will write her tonight, and plan to go as described.

I can't tell you how dear and kind the Craigs are, every one in the party. Dr. and Mrs. Craig and dear little Hardin must come out to dinner as soon as we're home. I want them to know you and you to know them. And Mother, if you would like to write to Mrs. Craig and thank her for all her kindness to me, address her at London, care of Thos. Cook and Sons. I wish you would for I just can't tell you how sweet and dear she has been.

But to come back to Venice. I'm going, I'm going. And they serve all the meals in the garden and my room will have a balcony looking out on the water and imagine me inspecting the Doge's palace and interviewing the pigeons in St. Mark's Square! Business of bouncing with delight!

At present, I'm propped up in bed, hair down and me red kimonoed. Else is ensconced on the sofa reading "The Wish Room" with the aid of me and a dictionary. She is blue kimonoed and we both are tired and happy, for we returned a few hours ago from a wonderful day at Nymphenburg. We got in about twilight. Rang for lights and a fire.

75

20

Slipped into our coziest clothes. And had a tete a tete supper up in my room. We're very cheerful indeed and I wish you could see us. She's such a young peach and we have the jolliest times.

I think that my last letter was finished Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon Else and I went on one of our prowls. We gazed in shop windows at dresses and hats, "bonied" displays of flowers and jewels, went thru bazaars and picked out the things we'd like to buy our families, and looked into every dear church or court that we passed.

Finally we went for coffee to a big fashionable cafe. We loitered there long, talking, watching the people, and listening to a fine orchestra play all kinds of things, "Rigoletto," for instance, and "After the Ball was Over." Now I can watch women smoke cigarettes without ever blinking an eyelash.

My Sunday was lengthy and varied. Lengthy because I rose so early and hastened off breakfastless thru fast sleeping streets to town and the Hof theatre. I have told you the bad luck I have had lately in getting opera tickets. Well, that was one reason for my going so early to get some, but the main reason was that I felt I would not be a true Munchener unless I had gone with the crowd to stand in line for my opera tickets. Every one here has some lurid tale, they are good stories for after dinner, about how long he stood and what luck he had. Now I have a tale too. And you may rest assured I make it as lurid as anyones'. But you have the authentic ~~xxxx~~ version. This was the way it was.

Tickets go on sale Sunday morning. The more high priced seats are not ~~so~~ hard to obtain, thru the week but the cheap seats go quickly and there are seldom enough to go all around and hence the standing in line. They really do say some people stay all thru Saturday night and it wouldn't surprise me at all.

Well, I know I arrived there no later than eight. I jeered^{at} myself all the way down for going so early. And I found at least

200 already in place. The line began in the lobby, outside the closed window, and wound itself way out of doors. I wouldn't have missed it for anything and I do wish that you could have seen it. There was little fatigue or impatience in evidence. Most of the people were students and used to their job. Many were reading and some even writing. There were some street porters, messenger boys, only men, who will stand for you for a mark. And there were soldiers in uniform, and children, and some fat and dowdy old women whom one wouldn't expect to care a hang for an opera.

We waited an hour longer at least and the line grew longer, too. Then it took about half an hour to get to the window after it opened. But I got two wonderful tickets, "The Barber ^{From} of Sevilla" and "Carmen" and "Carmen" is a guest performance with Madame Sylva from Paris.

I got home after ten for my breakfast. I sustained myself in the meantime with some very insipid milk chocolate. And Else came up to hear what luck. And we crowed over my tickets. Then I dressed for dinner and when it was over we rushed off for an hour in the Old Pinakothek, and a wonderful hour it was.

We went first to the big rooms of Italian art and saw Tintoretto and Veronese, and then to a little room down at the end which is a great favorite with both of us. It has all the Murillos and Munich's one Valesquez. Well the Gallery closes at three and we were chased out with a bell.

Else went out to call on a friend and I came home for some tea. I was right in the midst when Miss Siboni dropped in. You can't think how delighted I was. I showed her Kath's photos and she thinks they are charming and that the one in the pink dress looks just like me, which is pleasant. But really it's perfectly funny. Everybody who drops into my room thinks it's a picture of me.

She stayed until five and then I walked down to Craig's.

77

They all were at home this afternoon and we had the coziest gossip. They were going in the evening to a popular concert and invited me to go too. So I hurried home and made myself beautiful and joined them at 8.

There are so many perfectly fascinatings that one can't see in a city without a man. These popular concerts are one of that type of attractions in Munich. There is a big hall with a balcony around it, and downstairs and upstairs is crowded with tables and the tables surrounded with people. Then up in front is a glorious symphony orchestra and when they play the people are quiet as mice. But when they aren't playing you should hear the clamor of voices and see people eating and drinking and smoking.

I hadn't tasted a drop of the beer, because it didn't seem right all alone, but I had been much ashamed because the brew here is so fine and one hears about it so much. I told Dr. Craig and we all had some and you should have seen me with my big foaming stein. Dr. Craig said he felt like a benefactor in my case, all right.

It was all so much fun and I was so happy. I think it was the nicest evening so far, except for the dance on the boat. The music was perfectly glorious. They played the "Tannhäuser" overture and it took me back so. Oh, I do want to hear that opera again before I leave Munich! And they played selections from "Carmen" which repaid me for all my standing in line.

I'll tell you right now when the family comes in 1917 I insist on tagging along and I've saved up a lot of places in München that I want papa to take me.

Nine o'clock Monday morning found me at Craig's again. I just ran down to say goodbye and to complete arrangements about going to Conte's.

Then I came home and read thru my mail, just think, 7 letters. They all were quite old and I had had some much later ones from all of you. They all had had only 2¢ stamps and had come very

slowly. I never will send you 2¢ letters again and neither must you if they're at all important. I had had no idea what a difference it made.

Nevertheless, these were fun. Some were from home, from Bick, Ethel Cosgrove and Russell.

It was a glorious summery day and after our dinner Else and I went over to the English Gardens, chose a nice sunny bench, and watched the people go by. You've no idea what a pleasure that is. The hand-holding lovers, the anxious eyed tourists, the hundreds of mothers with adorable children, the soldiers and students, and bent stooped old men walking with canes, and the hordes of dogs, big and small, romping and barking and sniffing the air. We took our coffee out under the trees. There are rows and rows of white tables, all surrounded by chattering people, and the coffee is good and one is entertained by the music of a merry-go-round in the distance.

Else and I like just the same things, like to discuss the same subjects, like to be quiet at just the same times. So these times we're together are always just perfect. And the places we go to drink coffee could not be described in ten volumes.

Today it was Nymphenburg. It was another heavenly blue, green and gold day and one of the pleasantest of my sight-seeing tours. But I can't describe Nymphenburg. If I give you an awful desire to see it, I'll have to be satisfied.

It is a suburb of Munich, almost out in the country, and there are streets of beautiful homes before one comes to the crowning beautiful home, the castle. There is a long, long quiet river, with paths and drooping trees on either hand. And by going to the middle of the bridge one can see the castle shining white in the sun down where the line of trees narrows. Then by taking one of the dear little paths one can walk down to it, coming first into a court which has a half circle of snowy white buildings. The center one is the castle at the head of the river and on either side are the residences of gentlemen

of the court.

One can pass thru a gate and beyond the castle are the Nymphenburg gardens. These were laid out first in imitation of Versailles. Later Kings have improved them along English and Grecian lines. The river goes straight thru the center with statues on either side, and spanned by numbers of quaint little bridges. It ends in a waterfall.

Then there are forests of gigantic trees, wide shady roads small shady paths, rolling open meadows, and tiny toy lakes. And here and there small snow white buildings, play castles.

They tell me I didn't half see it. For the fountains weren't playing and most of the statues were shrouded. But it was lovely enough to suit me just because it was country, with swans and ducks on the water and birds in the trees and the grass full of small wild flowers white and purple and blue. I took any number of pictures and they will help you to see it. But soon you must see it yourselves for it is a fairyland place.

The long delayed letters were the ones that told me about mother running the typewriter and about all the jolly people at your boarding house and about your receiving my first Munich letters and any number of things I was glad to hear. The letters papa writes me from out on the road I am so glad to get. I always want all the particular news from every one in the family. I do think I have the most wonderful family. I have a few notches to go to come up to the standard but none of the rest could be changed in the least without spoiling it all.

I suppose that this week father and mother will be in Mankato. And that then for a while you'll be out in Watertown. And meanwhile I will be working my way toward Italia and you'll never know it.

Write me once more care of Frl. von Schmidt, Schellingstrasse 36/4 L. And then straight to Venice, Italy, care of Madame Conte, San Gregorio, 234. And now with all kinds of love and kisses

to every soul of you, I am your very devoted middle member, Maud.

P. S.

I've had such good luck getting my packages from home that I'm going to try sending the thing that I brought for mother in Gibraltar. Did Kath get the collar I sent from Madeira? I was thinking today you never had mentioned it.

(letter #17) Pension Schweiz, 78 Schellingstrasse, Munich, Bavaria.
April 3rd, 1914

Dearest family:

I just came up from dinner and will write until Else calls me. We are going on another "bat." This week has been one long "bat." But she leaves tomorrow, and we had to make good use of our time. Our glorious weather has continued. This day is cloudy but delightfully balmy. I am writing in front of my open window.

We will be spoiled for ever drinking coffee indoors again. I think I told you Tuesday, how we took it at Nymphenburg out under the trees. Well, Wednesday, it was a still more unique place. I'll have to tell you about it.

Right after dinner we took the tram, down to the Isar. Then we followed the same river bank that we'd followed one time before. I think I described that delightful path all swarming with people. But this day there were just about twice as many. All the men seemed to be doing their loafing out doors. The women their sewing and chatting outdoors; the children and dogs their romping. Else says that nobody works in Bavaria. And one would think it was true. For tho' it was in the middle of the week, everybody was out to celebrate spring. Every square was crowded with people, taling and drinking beer. The trees were budded and full of birds, the grass thick with flowers, the river high and noisy, and everything exuberant.

We were bound for the Tier Garten.(the Zoological Garden.) and we reached it about four o'clock. We spent an hour or so going thru it and took our coffee at five. It must be acres and acres big, said Maud with her usual vagueness, and there are forests of gigantic big trees and a brance of the river and hills and valleys and it's really a patch of the country. Some of the animals are still in their winter homes, but many are outside already, and to see strange water animals in the innocent river, and sealions in a quite common pool, and a white polar bear standing up on a rock, and camels on one low sandy stretch, certainly takes away the idea of a zoo and makes one feel as if he were

out for big game.

We drank coffee out on the loveliest terrace, with peacocks strutting about in the sun of laterafternoon, and the roars of the lions giving our simple occupation a tinge of the wild and romantic. The terrace was covered with tables, and the occupants were the usual absorbing types, artists who had been sketching the animals, cigarette smoking women, excited children and good-natured men, and some people so sombre and solitary that one wondered why on earth they were there. The ride home thru the lovely spring evening was another indescribable joy. Oh, Munich is lovely in spring. I wish you were all here to see it.

Thursday morning I spent down in the Glyptothek Garden, writing a letter, watching the babies and dogs, and basking in my low sunny bench. Thursday afternoon, Else and I started out again. I never knew where I am going, but she takes me to fascinating places, and it's everyday a lovely new game of "Follow the Leader." We cut thru the Englischer Garten, and then across town, to a woodsy place on the outskirts Ydept "Herzog Park."

It was an exceedingly low-brow place, a delightfully low-brow place, judged by my low-brow tastes. There was a little low building, a sort of a shack, and cluttered about it, under the trees a number of tables with red table cloths. Bycycling is a favorite pastime here and some bycyclists were cooling themselves off with some beer. Some fat German women were taking their coffee and their children playing around in the sand. And a couple of youths were drinking beer and reading aloud with conscious picturesqueness.

We were so warm we were lugging our jackets and hats. We got some very good coffee, fresh rolls, and a pot of their funny white butter, then we lingered and lingered till the shadows were long and we fairly loitered home thru the sweet country twilight, hating to get back into town.

We passed a low stretch of land, lying along a branch of the river

which was divided up into small garden patches, and each patch had a small summer house. Else said that city folks owned them and raised their flowers and vegetables there. There were men and women out watering them in the twilight and fussing around and it looked so homey and nice. And the summer houses were like baby doll houses with curtains up at the miniature windows, tiny balconys perched up above, and painted all kinds of colors. It would be fun to stay all night in one. When Bick and I come here together, maybe we will.

And Thursday evening was "Carmen." And it was the finest production! Herr Seer of the Dresden Opera sang Don Jose and Madame Sylva of Paris sang "Carmen." Madame Sylva was perfectly charming. Her voice was like velvet and she was the cleverest actress. To be sure, she sang French and was French, and the others sang German and were German, but nevertheless the fire in the music and the color of the costumes and stage settings gave one a most Spanish feeling.

Else waited up for me as she always does, and we talked it over while I ate my supper. When I come from the opera I am so excited and know I'd blow up if it wasn't for her.

She is the dearest girl anyway. I wish you could know her, and that she could know you. She is small and not at all pretty but she's exceedingly graceful and has a very sweet manner. It's queer how even a difference in language can't keep two congenial spirits apart. We have an awful time to converse but we do it anyhow and that by the hour. She's nice and low-brow like I am, and she has my same lively imagination. And we like just the same things, and we always seem to feel talkative at just the same times, and we always seem to feel quiet at just the same times. I never get tired of her and she never gets tired of me. B.A.M. adores us both and does everything under the sun for us. Oh dear I wish she didn't have to go home. But she will be back in a fortnight.

TEA TABLE IN ENGLISCHER GARTEN. April 4th.

I just finished drinking my coffee in this lovely out of door place,

and will add some more to my letter. And perhaps among the chattering groups surrounding me are some other impressionable Americans who will write home that they saw a famous authoress busy in composing the climax to her masterpiece with a pencil in one hand and a coffee cup in the other. It's still cloudy today but still lovely. Everything is such a vivid green from the little rain we had last night and the birds are as joyous as usual.

Well yesterday we drank out coffee inside again, at another big fashionable café with balconies full of tables and a remarkable orchestra. But directly we were rested from the siege of shopping which preceded our refreshments, we started out again down one of the big beautiful streets to the Isar and walked home up the fashionable part of the Isar banks.

The other day we explored the section which is always swarming with workpeople and children, but yesterday we investigated quite another part, the part where the river is spanned with white bridges decorated with statues; and edged along with lovely homes and government buildings. I have taken this walk many times and it is always lovely; stately trees and green hollows and winding paths lined with shrubs, but I had never discovered the little lake until Else took me there yesterday.

It lies in one of the low places with bending trees all about it and hills rising up to shut it in and two sparkling waterfalls rushing into it to disturb the ducks that glide along its surface. There is a little bench there and Else says she often comes in the early morning.

Well, we saw the twilight there, sitting as quiet as mice, and in company with two long-haired poets who were also as quiet as mice. As lovely as it was, I couldn't help being a little distracted by the aforementioned literary gentlemen with the flowing locks. My interest in human nature always crops out just when it shouldn't.

In the evening Else packed. And I lay on her couch with all the

pillows in the room stuffed under my head and entertained her. I am useless when it comes to helping anybody, but I can generally manage a flow of eloquence to divert the poor souls. She is only going home for about two weeks but you would have tho't it was two years if you could have seen the prevailing confusion. She was certain she would need everything from all her books down to her last jabot.

B.A.M. kept bouncing in and out thanking God for both of us and various other members of the household popped in at intervals to give advice and say farewell.

This morning we had breakfast together up in my room. If there's one thing worse than their chocolate in this place it's their tea, and the tea has a close second in the coffee. But we had sort of fun over ours anyway, and took an auto cab down to the station while it was still early.

Nobody knows how I hated to see her go and she hated to go, too. She kept saying "Dear Tilda" (she call's me Tilda for she can't say "Maud.") Dear Tilda don't have heimweh while I'm gone." The smell of the trains and the noises of the station made me wild to be off, but I'll be here a week or so more, and then go to either Nuremburg or Oberammergau, depending on which one Else thinks she has the best chance of going to, too.

After her train had pulled out I did a little shopping and went to the bank and to Cook's and the post office. And after dinner I went to see Miss Siboni and from there to the Gardens. Miss Siboni had some news for me which sent me into raptures.

Mrs. Poehler is really coming to England. She sails May 15th and has her room all engaged at a place just a short run from London. She had written to Miss Siboni and she said that perhaps Ella might come along with her and asked if Miss Siboni and I could not join them in England and all come home together. Now Miss Siboni is not planning to do it, but oh if I could, wouldn't it be ideal?

I would have until June 5th or 6th in Venice, then a week or so longer in Florence, then if Mrs. Snyder or some one is planning to go, I could go up the Riviera or over the Mountains to France and be there till sometime in July. Then I could cross over to England and if Ella only could come we could do London and all the surrounding country together. We could stay out where Eleanor does, or in town at the place Craigs want me to go. And perhaps we could all come home with the Craigs in the very last part of the summer.

I'll write tonight to Mrs. Poehler and Ella and do call Ella up and urge her to come. I am getting to be quite a sophisticated traveller and we would get along capitally.

Everything is certainly working out well. My couple of months in Munich have given me a splendid idea of Germany and my stay in Venice and Florence will do the same for me with Italy. This is a thousand times better for me, constituted like I am than trying to see it all and rushing from place to place. You know very well how I am. If I was tired from sightseeing, I'd stay home and go to bed if I had to miss the most wonderful thing in the trip.

Today Miss Siboni said I was looking so much better than I did when I came. She thought I was getting fat. I told her I certainly was. I'm dying to wear evening dress. Every night I spend ages admiring my arms and the hollows in my neck are all filling out. If going down by the ocean boosts my appetite again I know that the Conte's will charge double rates, for I eat enough now for two.

I am at home now and I was just called to the long distance telephone. It gave me remeniscent thrills. But it was a mistake, and I guess Duluth is just a trifle removed for that sort of communication. At any rate it reminds me to stop. With allkinds of love to my dear, darling family and wishing so hard I could see every one of you.

Maud.

(Letter #18) Pension Schweiz, 78 Schellingstrasse, Munich, Bavaria.
April 9, 1914.

Dearest people:

Well, luck is surely with the family of Hart. And with this particular Hart of this particular branch of Harts. I'll tell you what has befallen her.

Last Friday night when I went down to supper, I saw that there were some new people at the table, a man and a woman and two children. As soon as I sat down and looked at them more closely, I observed that the little boy had an American flag in his coat, whereupon I greeted them and we introduced ourselves.

They were Dr. and Mrs. Donovan, Francis, and Elizabeth of Boston, who had spent the winter in Berlin and were in Munich for a few days via Italy, France and England. He is a Baptist theological professor on leave of absence and she is a singer and they are both attractive and very clever, being ornamented with Phi Beta Kappa pins. The children are lively, amusing and well-behaved. We discovered a mutual acquaintance in Dr. Crandall and another in Madame Conte to whom they are going in Venice and they proved to be just my kind of people and we of course fell into a lengthy discussion.

Sunday night I saw them again at the American church and we walked home together. And I have taken the children or they have taken me on a number of bats. And all week long Mrs. Donovan and I have been in and out of each other's rooms to talk, music, art, writing, babies, fashions and the high cost of living.

Well, today they left and I was feeling pretty bad to see them go and as they were eating an early lunch while waiting for their cab to come to take them to the station, I went down into the dining room for a last chat. It was then that Mrs. Donovan said, "Dr. Donovan and I have just been wishing that when you are thru with Venice and Florence you could join us to do Switzerland and France and as much more as you cared to. Could you consider it?" And I said, "Could I?" and began to

82-

clap my hands. And Elizabeth ran over and hugged me. And Mrs. Donovan said, "Well, it seems there's no use asking the children."

And so it was settled. I told them I thought it too good to be true. I don't see why they want me. But Mrs. Donovan said they could plainly see that they would like to travel with me and if I would like to travel with them why it was agreed.

There's not the slightest doubt about my side of it. I couldn't have picked nicer companions. We are so congenial. I honestly believe that Dr. and Mrs. Donovan know all that there is to know. They told me more about Munich than there was in a Baedeker. And the children and I have a dreadful mutual crush and they are such dear children. It will be a perfect education to travel with them and the offer is absolutely open to do as much or as little as I like.

This is the plan we have tentatively decided upon. I will go as I planned to Nuremburg, Oberammergau and Innsbruck and on to Venice on the 7th of May. I will stay in Venice till the 7th of June and then proceed to Florence. Dr. Donovan will be in Palestine and Mrs. Donovan and the children travelling in Italy but they will meet me in Florence. (where they have to come anyway to pick up some luggage) in the middle or towards the last of June and then we will proceed to Switzerland which we will tour pretty thoroughly, making Zurich or Lucerne our headquarters.

They have only two weeks for Paris, but if they get me settled there I can probably stay as long as I like. Or if Cora and Ella come to England I can travel to England with the Donovans seeing Holland and Belgium en route. Doesn't it sound lovely? And aren't you happy? I hope Dr. Crandall will remember Dr. Donovan so he can tell you about him. They met at a Baptist Convention.

Dr. Donovan has prematurely gray hair and is both young looking and good-looking. Mrs. Donovan is a little plump blonde. The children

are brown haired, blue-eyed, freckled, and talkative. Elizabeth reminds me of Helen. Oh dear, I know I am mixing up descriptions, conversations, itineraries, and wild ravings, but I am so tickled.

Now I am all provided for, back to the parental roof, and always with such congenial people and with such long stops in the different countries. I will be quite familiar with Germany, Italy and England before I come home, and I will have had a good idea of Swiss and French life also, and albeit I will speak a perfect gibberish of German, Italian and French, it will be a pretty good basis from which to start to make my fame and fortune next September.

I had a dear little cordial note from Madame Conte, in which she says she has received Mrs. Craig's letter and that she and her girls are looking forward to having me with them.

We have had some other Americans here, too, but they are gone now. They were three girls who had been studying all winter in Berlin and were travelling a bit before returning to New York, Indiana and Iowa where they respectively hailed from. One was a Phi Beta Kappa also and I was sorry I didn't have a Gamma Phi pin. The first night at supper, they were at table when I came in, and simultaneously with my entrance the unknown who lives above started her daily rendition of "Hiawatha", "Marching Thru Georgia" and "Merrily we roll along." They began to laugh and so I spoke to them and told them about the mystery. They were very nice girls.

We have also a princess here. She comes from one of the best royal families but is in extremely reduced circumstances. I never before in my life met so many people in reduced circumstances. And people so pathetically and hopelessly and stupidly resigned to being in reduced circumstances, as I have met since I've been here in Munchen. I take delight in stating that we are at present at the height of our prosperity and aristocracy.

gp

But to return to the princess. She is middle-aged and thin and rather fresh faced and pleasant. She eats at a little table by herself and listens to us talk and acts as if she was sorry she wasn't one of the common herd so that she could join in. She does speak once in a while and is quite friendly.

More friendly, so that table says, than Hertha who is only a baroness. I told you she was a baroness, didn't I? She is and she loathes being reduced tho' she is resigned like all the rest. She takes it out on the other pensionares by snubbing their heads off. Why under the sun she approves so of me, I don't know. I take delight in telling her how common and ordinary I am. And I make her do all kinds of things that she isn't used to doing and take her into places that she never before put her titled nose into.

From now on, however, until next Wednesday when I leave for Nuremburg, I'm not eating at the pension. I got so sick of the cooking that my appetite was waning and I couldn't stand for that. I take too much interest in my arms. So since Else left I have taken my meals out. My dinners I get at a little vegetarian restaurant. I've not added vegetarianism to my fads, but I eat at this little vegetarian restaurant because it has nice linen and flowers on the tables and is frequented by interesting looking students. At that, vegetarian restaurants are most numerous and the best here in Munchen for some unknown reason.

I have had my supper mostly in my own room. I buy rolls, meat, cheese, cakes and fruit, and make tea, or B.A.M. makes it for me, on my little alcohol lamp.

One night this week, I was invited up to Frl. von Schmidt's for supper. I stopped taking lessons long ago, but I drop in on her quite often. The supper I had there was the best I had since I left home, or at least it seemed so to me, I'm so sick of pension cooking, and it was like home, too, to sit out in her cute little kitchen and talk to her while she prepared it and then afterwards help her wash up the dishes.

It was a rainy night and so cozy in her rooms. We spent the evening planning out lovely little excursions I can take with Nuremburg, Oberammergau and Munich for headquarters.

She is so dear to me. This afternoon I ordered a little flowering plant sent to her for Easter. They make so much of Easter here that it will be quite a privilege to be here for it. Already the streets are full of little girls with white dresses and candles who are going to or coming from their confirmation. The windows of the shops all show rabbits eggs and chickens. And they say the churches will be lovely. I sent Miss Siboni a charming little plant. And Else a print which she has been admiring. And I bought chocolate rabbits for the little Donovan youngsters. It's all been as much fun as Christmas. And such a nice way to pay up obligations too. I'm going to get B.A.M. a waist. It will be more fun than a circus to give it to her.

Monday night, I took my supper downtown and then went to "The Barber of Seville." I missed not having Else to review it with afterwards, but I reviewed it with myself. Isn't it a merry little opera? I laughed all the way thru it. One of my favorites, Herr Brodersen, sang Figaro and he did it very well, and Frau Bosetti who was Rosine is a charming little actress as well as the possessor of a lovely voice. That is one of Flossie's parts, isn't it? How I would love to hear her in it!

You have absolutely no idea of how much I am enjoying the opera here. Everyone I hear I review in my mind from beginning to end again and again. I simply long to hear them all again. And when I am going to an opera, no matter how far off it is, I keep my ticket right around where I can look at it and delight myself with anticipation.

The check from Ainslee's came and I received it and returned the receipt with much joy. I simply cannot get time to write here, unless I miss things that it's wicked to miss. Really, I'm not at leisure five

5m not at home
5 minutes

92

from 7:30 when B.M. wakes me from a sound sleep by bringing in my breakfast until 10:30 or 11 when I topple into bed at night. It seems queer, but it's true. I'm hoping to finish up the two things I have started, while I'm at Oberammergau. But from now on I'm not going to try to do more than I have ample time to do for I know that the impressions I store up while I'm gadding can be turned into money bye and bye. I would like it, however, if I could send three more \$75 receipts back to Street and Smith while I'm here. And perhaps I can.

Father and mother's letters from Willmar and vicinity were also received. I was so sorry to hear that Rosemond and Billy were so sick and I do hope that they both got better as you were expecting they would. Poor Auntie Minn must have been just about frantic and it must have been very hard for mother, too. Helen's triumphant letter, redolent, with double plusses, was also much enjoyed, and Kath and Bick's joint effusion This week has brought so much mail, letters from Midge, Rutie, Ellis, Jab and a man from the boat, besides the family and Russell. Oh yes, and dear Uncle Frank also sent enthusiastic congratulations about "Emma." I believe he loves us all as much as if we were his own. By the way, are you sending Midge my letters? She is shut in with her grandparents who are ill and I know she would enjoy receiving them.

There are four closely written pages before me, and yet I haven't told at all what I have been doing. There will be four more to match them if I try to give you an adequate idea.

With just a week or ten days more of Munich left to me, I had a perfectly enormous amount of sight-seeing to do, and Hertha and I have been plodding like Cook's tourists thru every museum in my guide book. For several days, we kept right at it. It was raining, but we set forth at an early hour every morning notwithstanding, armed to the teeth with guide books, umbrellas, and paper packages of luncheon, and we stuck every day till evening when we hurried home with a consciousness of

93 -7-
duty well performed.

We took a vacation today. Hence this letter. A few hours off were really necessary, as toward the end of yesterday I got perfectly maudlin, and the more sacred the relics or the more wonderful the pictures the more silly were my comments and the more languid my inspection. You mustn't think I didn't like the things for I did. It was my very enthusiasm which wore me out. A day's rest was all I needed. And I think that tomorrow I can go to look at the head of poor Ramesses II, which I understand may be viewed for a consideration, with equanimity if not a admiring awe.

The nicest thing in Munich, after the cafes and the Old Pinakothek, is the National Museum. When you all come, in 1917, you mustn't fail to allow a good two or three days time for a thorough study of this marvellous collection. I introduced you to it a few letters ago, the big building over on Prince Regenten Strasse, where the treasures are all arranged in chronological order, and each room is built and furnished to correspond with the period of the objects which it contains.

I think, when I wrote you about it before, I had only gotten past the Roman relics and the mementoes of the early Christian era. Well, since then Hertha and I have given two long days to it and we have seen it all at last, altho we have only obtained an imperfect idea of most of it. There is a long salon devoted to the days of Knight errantry and it is one of the most interesting in the museum. The walls are lined with suits of armor, helmets, weapons, and flags, and there are two lifesize models of men on horseback dressed in the complete outfit of a Knight. In one, both horse and man are completely covered with suits of mail that look just like that iron affair we scour out kettles with. The other is more elegant. Richly embroidered robes are thrown across the horse and the man carries a gold and crimson banner with his coat of arms. But heaven knows how he could fight in the armor he's encased in.

94

Even his head is buried in a helmet and his hands have iron gloves.

There are cases full of daggers, stilettos, and guns and you should see them. They are studded with precious stones and often completely made up of mother of pearl. Many of the things belonged to certain royal personages and well known Knights and these are marked with their names and dates. But there are hundreds and hundreds of suits of armor lined up grimly along the wall and down from the dim shadowy shelves, about which ^{one} can only imagine the lives and fortunes of those who wore them.

There are reproductions too of the long, dark, lofty, medieval halls in which the people of this period dwelt. Enormous beds, heavily curtained in, elaborately carved wooden settles and chests and tables, shrines of gilded and painted wood. All are actual antiques, you know. One can sit for hours and look at them and dream over their history. There is also a reproduction of a church, with its heavy wooden benches, its minutely carved and brightly painted altar and shrines, the sacred vessels and fixtures of the altar, the robes of the bishops and priests, and the hand illuminated parchment prayer books, all come down to us from the 14th and 15th Century. One of the most naive articles was a lifesize statue of Christ on an ass, carved rudely from wood, colored vividly, and put on wheels to be pulled thru the town in the procession on Palm Sunday.

There are also cases and cases of costumes. Costumes of all colors and materials, from men, women, and children, royalty and peasants. They are faded and some almost falling to pieces but one can obtain an excellent idea of how their wearers looked. Some are even put on models. One can fairly bring back all these people, who lived and died so many centuries ago, by seeing and touching, their belongings and their surroundings, and reading about their histories.

I am such a luxury lover that I was ^{not} at home when we began to get up into the Louis Quinze period and the extravagant tastes of the

French and their frivolous influence began to be manifested in houses, furniture, costumes, jewels, and arms. There was one room where I lingered for fully an hour just for the pleasure of imagining I belonged in it and trailed across it with sweeping velvet draperies wearing a tilted, velvet-plumed hat. It was very lofty and the ceiling and walls were decorated with rich gold work, angels, nymphs, and goddesses, in bas relief. There was a balcony at one end, heavily draped in velvet, and the long French windows which gave out on iron balconies, were draped in velvet also. Between the windows ran long mirrors, marked off like the glass into little panes. These were crowned with large graceful vases, as the mantel was crowned with bronze statuettes, and the balcony rail with golden figures. Three elaborate crystal chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling. The walls were panelled off into paintings of chevaliers and ladies. There was a great tapestry screen at one end; a clock about six feet high, golden, and covered with golden figures of nude women, goddesses, and cupids; a china closet filled with the most delicate porcelains and china. The chairs of course were velvet on frail gilded frames. It was a room out of a dream of the past.

But by progressing thru the relics of this period one could see how luxury mad the people were and one could realize how beauty can satiate and extravagance can pall. One can understand why Marie Antoinette and her court ladies wanted to play at being dairymaids. I had really never appreciated before, the lengths of insane indulgence to which they had gone. You should see the richly curtained beds, inlaid with ivory, mosaic, mother of pearl, and precious stones; and the tables so studded with rare gems that they are indeed worth their weight in gold; the jewel cases, fans and trifles for the toilet, overloaded, beyond all reason with carving, painting, ivory, jewels and precious metals.

It was really a relief, tho something of a shock, to go thru the rooms of the peasants of that same rococo period. There I found simple

panelled ceilings, bare white plaster walls, and wooden floors. In one corner of a typical "Bauern Stube" was a great German stove with a bench running around it and the benches ran about the entire room. In another corner was the spinning wheel. In still another the table with its red and white spread. And there was no decoration unless the Crucifix could be called a decoration. That, of course, was inevitable. In the bedrooms, were shrines carved out of wood and painted and gilded. The beds and wardrobes were all wooden also and likewise decorated with brightly colored fruits, flowers, and pictures of the Christchild.

In one bed the featherbed and pillows were checked blue and white, the turned back sheet was embroidered with I.H.S. (in his sign) in red and on the head was painted "Edvin" (on one side) "Anna" (on the other) and (between them) 1813. Another said on both bed and wardrobe "M.G." It made me think of Midge. Of course, these were reproductions of the rooms of German peasants. The French were not nearly so comfortable, I don't suppose.

It is certainly an interesting way to study history, thru the lives and habits of the people. One feels that an outbreak must come after contemplating the evidences of mad luxury and indulgence in the society of the late Eighteenth Century.

I got perfectly discouraged trying to even begin to tell you the fascination of the National Museum. You must all see it for yourselves. The development of the art of painting, specimens of musical instruments, the most exquisite carvings and paintings, the rarest examples of old silver, china and porcelain, may be seen in its innumerable rooms.

In the third floor, is one of Germany's finest collections of Krippen. I hear that that is really world famous and many people come to Munich just to see it. I heard so much about it before I saw it, and I had no idea at all what it would be like, I told Hertha as we climbed

up to it that I had no idea if I should find a zoo or a bunch of airships. But even having seen it, I don't know in the least how to define it.

Krippen means crib, I think. And at Christmas time the Germans go to infinite pains to set up on little mimic stages these little mimic scenes from the birth of Christ. The Italians have the same custom. Then many are saved and may be seen here. I think that is the way it is. They are all set back in the wall, behind glass, and are beautifully lighted. They remind me a little bit of the panoramas Donaldson's have at Christmas time. But they are much more wonderful for everything is real, not painted. And the toy houses and barns, trees from sprigs of evergreen, dolls for people and images of animals are all almost infinitesimal. Even the gifts of the Wisemen are perfectly and exquisitely brought in miniature. Not only the manger is shown; the surrounding city and even the far away stretches of desert. The lighting effects are superb and the perspective is absolutely correct in all of them as far as one observes.

There is also another wonderful museum here, which up to this week I had not darkened with my presence. It is called the Deutsches Museum and is housed in two huge buildings in different parts of the city and contains a collection of objects illustrating the history of technical industries, mining, telegraphy, railroading, aviation, printing spinning, watchmaking, photography, radiology, acoustics, heating, etc. Being such an entirely unmechanical person, I had avoided the place but, of course, I could not refuse the chance of going with an American boy who would explain everything to me down to the minutest screw.

Heavens! If one could only absorb half the information stored up in those buildings! If one could study history at the National Museum and physics and chemistry at the Deutsches Museum what a brilliant student one ought to be.

I was, of course, most pleased with the obvious things. There is an exact reproduction of a coal mine, exact, I say, even to the dirt, and life size models at work in it with picks and shovels and candles. There are original famous balloons and airships, new antiquated of course, but exceedingly interesting. There is an X-ray machine and I saw all my bones. Oh Casey! And what seemed even more wonderful (naturally), I held my thick leather hand bag behind it and immediately all the contents were revealed. My keys, powder puff, etc. and even the coins in the little inner purse.

There is a long room devoted to musical instruments and to look into a piano with a glass side while it is being played is equal to "sheeing the Wheelah go wound." There are pianos there, and organs and harmoniums, also, down to first models of those instruments. The guide played on all of them for us. I coveted some of the antique pianos, painted and gilded and carved as they were.

There were also miniature reproductions of the homes of all ages and all peoples. They were set behind glass, the same effect as the Krippen you know, and even the trees and plants were there, dolls and figures for people and animals, microscopic furnishings, and dishes for the tiny rooms. Esquimaux, Arabians, Egyptians, Swiss, etc. were all revealed to us in their domesticities. I know I will bore you if I continue to describe, but I am sure it would not bore you to go thru it yourselves, and I can hardly wait to have you.

This letter being now worse than the Elsie Books I think I'll stop and leave the Glyptohek and the Schack Gallery ; at which Hertha and I have taken parting shots - for my next. I can hardly wait for this letter with its glorious news to reach you and to have your reply and know you are rejoicing with me.

It is now tomorrow morning, April 10. I am all dressed and waiting for Hertha to come for our daily pilgrimage. The sun is pouring

in at my window and B.A.M. just came in to bring me a big bouquet of pink carnations. They are for my Easter, I suppose. She is such a dear little girl and so good to me.

You have asked me several questions which I might as well answer in the new page I have so prodigally started. First about my nice German man. I've lost his card, but his name was Carl Meincke, I think, and he lived in Lincoln, England, the same place where the Craig's are bound for. If I go to visit them, I will call on his wife. Second, about Frances. The day I moved from Washeim to Schweiz, she was coming to help me make the transfer, but there was a bad storm and so she didn't appear. She doesn't know my Schweiz address and so of course we can't find each other. I've been hoping I would meet her on the street, but as yet I haven't.

Well, darling family, I must close. These last few weeks have been such happy ones, and I won't even give you a hint of all the quaint places you are to hear about in the next few weeks to come. I love you all so much and am so grateful for my lovely trip and so anxious to see you all again and talk and talk and talk. Take good care of yourselves and don't dare to get lonesome for the summer will just fly.

Your most affectionate member, Maud

(Letter #19)

Krug's Hotel, Sonneberg l.Th.
Inh. Ernst Stier
Zentralheizung Elektrisches Licht
Fernsprecher No.2

Sonneberg i.Th., den 15th April

Dearest Family

I suppose you are looking at one another and then back to the head of my stationary and demanding with some degree of emotion to know what and where Sonneberg is. I'm right here to enlighten you. It's the town where all the dolls in the world are made, and it is situated in the Thuringian Mountains in the duchy of Saxe Meiningen and that is about five hours north of Munich. The Donovans told me about it and whetted my interest to such an extent that I had Dr. Donovan write out just how to get here and what was the best hotel and today, my time at the Schweiz being up, I packed my valise and came, with Celeste grumbling beside me.

It was pouring rain when B.A.M. woke me at 6:30 this morning, and I was sleepy, oh so sleepy, for I had been up late packing the night before. Nevertheless I dressed and drank my coffee and said goodbye to what of the household was awake and B.A.M. took me and my suitcase to the car. (I left my trunk in Else's room and my dresses in her ~~closet~~ wardrobe. Frä. Kellner didn't like it very much either, but she is a cat. And Else had urged me to, so to everything she said I only looked dazed and replied "ich ferstche nicht" and that worked beautifully.)

Poor B.A.M. almost wept to see me go. She kept coming into my dismantled room and shaking her head over everything and she carried my heavy suitcase clear to the car and waited with me in the rain. And she has my solemn promise that when I am married she will come to me and she kept telling me all the time how glad she would be and how hard she would work and how I should have my clothes mended and my hair brushed and my breakfast in bed and what a paradise I would live in. I almost wept to leave her too. And I said "Hannie, you know if I had money enough you should go with me now." And she said "I know it,

fraulein, but when you have money enough you send for me, and no matter how many years it is, I'll come."

By the time I arrived at the Hauptbahnhof the rain had stopped and the sun was trying to shine. I got a third class ticket and as the train was already in, went and picked out a nice compartment and ensconced myself next to the window.

The most amusing person in it was a youth of tender years who sprang to put my suitcase in the rack and perform all other obvious services. These accomplished, he folded his arms on his chest and looked moody. Occasionally, he astonished me by going thru all the motions of brushing up a mustache, when his face was as pink and white and round as a girl's. At last, however, I saw him in a bright light and caught a glimpse of that whereon he based his hopes.

Just as ^{we} were leaving, a fat man with a red mustache bounced into the compartment and after a survey told me I had the place he had reserved. I was peeved for I did so want to be next to the window and I had come so early but, of course, I said "Pardon" in an indifferent manner and moved my belongings and myself over a notch. My youthful cavalier glared at the stout newcomer who, however, heeded him not at all. He heeded everybody not at all, in fact. He had Mrs. Farley's faculty for making himself comfortable but without her fondness for making other people comfortable, too. He spread his coat over the back of the seat, blew up an air cushion and sat down on it, opened a little table in front of him, got out his paper, lit a vile cigar, and closed the window. Since his paper quite obscured my view, and the lack of air made his cigar even more terrible, I deprived the compartment of my company. It hadn't made me so irritated as it did amused. The air cushion was too good to be true.

Well, I went out to the end of the car, where the atmosphere was fresh and the outlook splendid and bye and bye the porter brought

me a ham sandwich and after that life looked brighter than ever. We had a long wait at Nuremburg, and then I had to change cars at quick intervals at Bamberg, Lichtenfels and Coburg. I was pretty busy hopping in and out of compartments for a while.

We left Munich at 8:25 and I arrived at Sonneberg at 2:05. It was a long trip but exceedingly pleasant and everything is made so easy for one in Germany that travelling isn't difficult at all. Quite exact information is posted everywhere and I find most of the officials very kind. It really is queer how much breath conductors waste. The various conductors I rode with today were continually coming into our compartments and shouting things which they evidently considered most important. I didn't understand any of them but I got along all right which proves that they might as well have spared themselves all their trouble.

It was my first long daylight ride thru German country and I found much to interest me. In the environs of Munich, the land was all quite flat and divided between fresh fields and groves of pines with silvery ribbons of rivers flowing by them.

But after passing Nuremburg and ascending into more mountainous country, there began to be more charm and variety. I love the mountains here. They are so high and quite covered with grim dark pines and occasionally crowned with turreted castles or gray ruins even more picturesque. And the wide valleys contain such fruit^{ful} fields where men plowing with oxen and old women with white scarfs on their heads may continually be seen at work, and such orchards, now all pink and white with spring, and such joyous little rivers spanned by the most delightful bridges.

Life size wooden images of the Christ on the cross rise in every field and at every turning of the road, wayside shrines, where travellers stop to rest themselves and laborers stop to pray.

The villages are tiny and so close together that several may be seen at once in a broad rolling valley. They seem to be only a cluster of red roofs around a spire, but closer view shows the white plastered, green-shuttered, red-roofed cottages and the church with its burying ground and its cross rising to the sky. With the sky bright blue and scattered with fleecy clouds and the sun brightening the tops of the mountains and glinting across these lovely valleys, the view is certainly a wonderful one.

When we got to Sonneberg, I was quite starved and I gave my suitcase at once to the man with Krug's Hotel on his cap and consented to be driven to my destination. I was all alone in the big "bus" and bounced about like a piece of popcorn, but it suited my feelings exactly to bounce, and when I wasn't looking out of the window at the quaint little winding streets and the encircling pine covered mountains I was conversing with the reflection I saw in the little round mirror something like this:

"What would the family say if they could see you now? Hey? You're rather pleased with yourself, aren't you? Well, I don't blame you at all. I'm pleased with you, too."

The hotel was somewhat of a shock. It is a lovely stone building running about a court and is steam heated, electric lighted, and entirely modern in its appointments. But the reason is that the little town is the center of the ^{wool} toy trade and all the buyers from the big firms in New York, Paris and London come here frequently. I found that out a few minutes later, when, having washed and eaten a bite in the big deserted dining room, I sallied forth for a walk. For there is a decided shock in encountering well dressed, cityfied looking men on the streets of the queer little place. However, the shock is entirely mutual. And if I thought that half the interest I excited here was admiring, my head would be completely turned on its swan like neck.

Every city man I see looks as if he thought I was too good to be true and Americans almost come up and shake hands.

I won't describe my walk now, tho it was perfectly charming, for Sonneberg needs a letter to ^{itself} intsel. I came in early anyway and rested in my lovely room for I was very tired. At supper, there was a scattering of "drummers" in the dining room, and it was perfectly funny, they almost dropped when I came in. There were three Americans at one table and their dear American voices and slang almost made me weep. They talked about the Secretary of the Navy and the New York Custom officials and dollars and cents and I hung on every word, and they even mentioned Duluth. Just think how lovely! I wanted to clap my hands and leap over and ask them if they'd ever heard of the News Tribune. Oh it was much fun!

However, I ate quickly and came up to my room for fear I should be tempted into some indiscretion, and I had a lovely bath in a lovely modern looking bathroom and then I began this letter and turned in for it is now tomorrow morning. I had a delightful night's rest under a featherbed which kept me nice and warm in spite of the sharp mountain air, and I ate my breakfast in my room. It was served to me in state by a modest little waiter who blushed every time he looked at my corset which I had inadvertantly left in a conspicuous position and now being already suited, I am presently going to be also hatted and kodaked and go forth into the sun for a grand ramble.

I'm longing for Bick. I'd give anything to see her nice red head. But I'm learning to be quite a companion to myself and I say such clever things about everything I see that I keep myself chuckling all the time. Before I mail this I must write a little bit about my last few days in Munich so I will only say goodbye for a few hours. From your happy and adoring, Maud.

Well, Hertha and I finished up the Glyptohek, and absorbed Egyptian, Assyrian, Roman, Grecian and modern sculpture, for all we were worth. And we also finished up the Shack Gallery, which contains the works of modern German artists, and the dull, grave, serene beauty of Feuerbach's pictures. The phantasy of Arnold Bocklin, and the charming humor of Karl Spitsweg, kept us delighted for many hours. There are also exceptional copies mostly by Lenbach, of some of the famous paintings I will see in Italy, and I, of course, took farewell glimpses of Lenbach's little boy asleep in the sun which I love so dearly and described to you before.

Then the rain being over and a snatch of sunshiny weather coming upon us we devoted a few afternoons to walks and excursions. But tho' Hertha is clever and has a great deal of character and I am very fond of her, we could never be boon companions. She is too aristocratic. It is all real aristocracy, not at all put on, and so deserves some respect, of course, but it is entirely unintelligible to me.

For instance, altho' she is so poor that she can't afford carriages and has to walk many weary miles, she won't go into a street car because it offends her to be with the common herd. And tho' she can't afford to go to the fine hotels and have a private room to take her tea in,, she will carry a little packet of sandwiches or cookies to eat in the woods somewhere by herself, rather than drink coffee out under the trees in some of the charming rustic places of which Germany has so many. The one time when I persuaded her to stop, she made me go to a far, far away table where we were quite isolated, which wasn't to my taste as I like to rub elbows with everybody, watch the most vulgar, and even start conversations with dirty children and fat old women so as to get their points of view. The way Hertha looks at some unfortunate individuals with her pretty eyebrows elevated, and says, "They must be quite common people" - is enough to make them hide their faces and slink

away. Servants fairly jump for her and everybody treats her with unbounded respect even tho' they never show her friendship or good-fellowship.

I can't imagine how she came to approve of me. I told her repeatedly how common I am and don't attempt to disguise my familiarity with all the things she regards with such horror. But she lays everything democratic about me to the theory that I am an American and so naturally queer; and working on that basis we get along well. She was over to see me night before last while I was packing and seemed very sorry to have me go and asked me if we might not correspond once in a while and at least keep in touch with each other.

Easter day, I made the rounds of the biggest churches and saw the decorations and heard the music. It was a glorious golden day and the streets were jammed with people all in gala spring attire. The old Frauenkirche was the nicest. It is so lofty and old and dark and it was quite packed with people all standing who sang in parts of the service. Something I never heard before in a Catholic church. The organ rolling out these mighty paeans of gladness of the multitude of voices lifted to sing them and the grim spacious beauty of the church lighted only by candles and banked with lilies at the altar, made me sniffle a little.

B.A.M. went on an all day excursion with her beau. I never knew anybody to work so hard as she does and its the first time I ever knew her to have a holiday but, of course, that made her enjoy it all the more. I never saw anything so beaming as her face when she came in to tell me goodbye. It was one big smile. And she wore a monstrous summer hat, several seasons old in shape, but retrimmed for the occasion, and the lace collar and jabot I had given her for Easter.

I got some Easter gifts myself. Else sent me a box of fresh flowers from her garden, clear in Switzerland. B.A.M. brought me a big bouquet of "Schlussel Blumeu" and her sister, a dressmaker, who did a little work for me a while ago, brought me a big bunch of yellow daisies.

My room was quite a bower. I got a dear Easter card from Miss Siboni, too.

Easter Monday, Miss Siboni and I made a big excursion. We left Munich about 9 in the morning and didn't get back until after 9 at night. We took a trip out to the Lake of Starnberg, one of the beauty spots of Bavaria. It is a big lake and very clear and beautiful, surrounded by green wooded hills, and at the southern end disclosing a wonderful vista of snow covered mountains, a branch of the Alps, I think. It is the lake where Ludwig the IInd drowned himself upon learning that he was asked to abdicate his throne.

The castle is there, beautifully situated on an eminence, many chateaux and villas of wealthy Munich people, and a number of dear little villages.

We took the steamer to one of these villages, a dear little place called Lutzwig, and spent the whole day there, mostly out in the wood where there was a darling brook and where the ground was fairly carpeted with all kinds of wild flowers, and our dinner and our supper we took at big hotels, eating of course out in the gardens under "spreading chestnut trees."

We took the steamer going back to the station, too, and had a lovely twilight ride, altho' it began to get dark and cold before we reached our destination, and the lake looked so black and the encircling hills so grim that I was glad we were going towards the light and glitter and noise of the city. Both steamer and train was crowded, for Easter Monday is a holiday, but such a study in human nature as they offered!

Tuesday, I went on a regular shopping orgy. I tremble to think how much money I spent. But I had been selecting different presents for a long long time and upon cashing my \$75.00 I went and bought them all. Speaking of presents, by this time mamma has received the pendant I bought her at Gibraltar. The silver chain isn't a good one, as of course, you saw. But the stones come from Egypt, and if you like them as much as I did

perhaps you will think it would pay you to put them in the same arrangement on a good silver chain. Oh, I can't wait to give Helen what I got for her and to give all of you the things I got, but I must, I suppose.

I also made some purchases for myself, gloves, an umbrella, etc. and a spring hat. It was a very extravagant hat, I'm afraid, but I have a weak chin when it comes to buying new gear. It was so adorable that I couldn't any more resist it than I could fly. It's a little extreme but my taste always was extreme and that it is good looking and becoming no one could deny. It's large and of black straw and so one sided that one end touches my shoulder while the other shoots off toward the sky. Under the edge that shoots off toward the sky, next to my hair, is a luscious pink rose, and some black ribbon comes on up over the edge of the part and down to the end that touches my shoulder where there is a second pink rose, as delicious a one as the first. Can you see it? Hedwig took some pictures of me with it on, and I'll send them to you just as soon as they're done. But with either my suit or the pretty green coat the hat is just darling and it looks just as if I had bought it in Paris.

B.A.M.'s sister put some green satin pleats in the back of my woolly green dress. I don't know how good they will look, but it simply had to be done, for the skirt tore out everytime I wore it, and my mending was making it look sad.

Well, to go back to my shopping orgy, I think I had just bought my hat. Then with that inexplicable feeling that one always has, that when one has spent too much money one might as well spend some more, I went to a beautiful place to my dinner. I think they call it the Kunstlerhaus, tho' heaven knows why. I'm sure a true artist could never afford to go there. One eats on the terrace under an awning, the linen and silver are lovely, the waiters could not be more senile and fawning and even Jack's dinners had not any more courses than the courses that are served to one there. Even champagne is included. But I took mine home to Celeste. That girl

drinks it like water. She has very superior tastes! All the time I was eating autos rolled up with the rich and great. I felt very fine.

Well, Wednesday quite early I started out on my adventures. And, I tell you, now I feel that I'm living. Meeting new people, seeing strange places, struggling with a quite foreign language. It's all so invigorating, one constant tonic. I simply adore travelling around. I'm dying to go on and describe my nice Sonneberg, but if I do you will have to wait too long for your letter. So I'll send this along just as it is. Much, much love to every member of my darling, darling family and more soon from your wandering child.

Maud.

Dearest Harts:

You see, tonight beholds me in the Post Hotel, Bayreuth, Bavaria, and at present, having come up from supper and kimonoed myself, I am very cozy indeed in a little electric lighted room in which enough of my belongings are scattered to make me feel at home. I suppose you are wondering where I'll go next, and I'm rather curious myself. I don't know just what's gotten into me. But since Ainslee's thought "Emma" worth \$75, I've gotten to feeling that maybe I am worth investing some money in, and every time I have a chance to go to a place or to do something that I feel will help me and enrich my memories of Europe, why I just up and go. And this week has meant a great deal to me.

I wrote to you last from Krug's Hotel, Sonneberg, didn't I, where I had just established myself for a stay of two days. Well, this is the place to give Krug's Hotel its just dues, and I will say one would never expect to run into it in a small place way up in the mountains. It caters of course, to the trade of the buyers who come there to select toys for the big warehouses, the same buyers whose citified clothes and sticks and manners seem so incongruous in the little cobblestone streets, and much larger places couldn't offer a Gasthaus so pleasant as that one. It's a big white stone building with most attractive gardens and verandahs. It has electric light, steam heat, and splendid baths, and the table and service are excellent. If one wished rusticity and fresh mountain air combined with the comfort a big hotel offers, one could be well satisfied in Sonneberg. This isn't a free advertisement, but I wanted to tell you how much I'd enjoyed just living there. I wanted to give it a week.

Sonneberg is north of Bavaria, in the duchy of Saxe-Meiningen. It's on the southern slope of the Thunrigian Forest. The streets run right up the sides of the mountains surrounding them and down into the valley. The mountains are high and to the tops are wooded with fir trees, while one is crowned with the castle which gives the place its name.

The valleys are broad and rolling, dotted with little villages, and its green fields are marked off with white roads and silvery rivers. There are many well kept paths and roads winding up and around the mountains and many benches at the places where the landscape is most charming. And it is delightful to walk up one of the shady pine-scented ways until one is quite, quite high and then go out on a promontory and look at the steeples and red roofs nestling below.

They say the town has 15,000 inhabitants. It really doesn't seem possible. It's a very prosperous little place and the newer streets have quite attractive shops and villas. But there are old, old streets, too. Streets where the houses are made of brick and lath, streets where they almost touch overhead, streets that are nothing but winding paths or steps up the side of the mountain.

The lower parts of the mountain slopes are being bared of trees and old women and children with baskets on their backs may be seen walking along them all bent over searching for fuel.

Also about half the people one meets on the streets have these queer baskets attached to them. They use them for carrying fuel and groceries and all kinds of supplies, but mostly for dolls.

The women all carry their babies tied on with bright colored shawls. It reminded me of the way Indian mothers carry their little pa-pooes. Oxen may be seen in the street any time and I saw one dog hitched up to a wagon.

I found the people not nearly so friendly as those in Bavaria. I had been told that Bavarians were very different from the North Germans. They are dark, temperamental, and very vivacious, more like the French, good tempered and friendly and childish in their pleasures. The North Germans are much more cold and reserved. Personally, I don't like them so well.

The original castle of Sonneberg was standing in 1295. But from

the year 1599 it was not inhabited and during the thirty years war it quite fell into decay. The town is mentioned in historical documents as early as 1317, and clear from the 14th and 15th century it has been devoted to the making of dolls. The castle was rebuilt on the original site and the town and the industry have flourished.

The neighboring country and villages for miles around are given over to toys, Lauschan, the Christmas tree ornaments, but Sonneberg has always been the center of the doll trade.

I saw in the city museum specimens of the earliest dolls. They were rude little things, cut out of wood. And the dolls that the children of each generation that the doll makers successively aped. The dolls that our "Little Women" may have played with, dressed like the pictures we see of Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. The dolls that I loved long ago, said Maud, with a tear in her voice. And the modern dolls which, are, of course, the most splendid and wonderful of all.

At the exposition at Brussels in 1910, the Sonneberg dolls got the grand prize and I saw the group which won it. There were many prize dolls, extending back for some years, in this historical city museum, but the group which won the Brussels prize represented the biggest achievement. It was an enormous thing with elaborate scenery and must have contained some hundreds of figures. It represented a Thuringian Kirmess. There was the merry go round freighted with children, the fortune teller and those who sought to know their future, the clown and the dancer each surrounded with an admiring group, the post coach and passengers drawn up before the inn, the vendors of fruits, and the jostling crowds, and the dogs. I think the figures were made from wax, but they were surely as natural as life. No two forms or faces or costumes resembled each other and the poses and expressions showed all degrees of amazement and interest. Why one could read more life histories there! The thing is really a work of art.

The people of Sonneberg must eat, drink and sleep dolls. In every

house, their creation is going on. The heads are made in the factories and then distributed into these homes, where they acquire their eyes and hair and bodies. As I walked on the streets I could look in at the windows and catch glimpses of the various processes, see flaxen wigs being fastened on and tiny articles of clothing manufactured. They go back to the factories in the big wicker baskets which I mentioned to you before. They are all tucked up in white cloths and it took me ever so long to get a big enough peek to find out what they were and to get some one to tell me where they were going.

I had heard that the children of Sonneberg were so sick of dolls that they didn't use them for playthings. I had some curiosity to find out if that was true. I saw jumping ropes, balls, hoops and toy wagons everywhere, but for a long time there wasn't a dollie presented herself. At last, however, I espied one pig-tailed youngster hugging a headless baby. I guess a little girl's love for a doll is a pretty hard thing to kill.

I got to Sonneberg Wednesday noon and after dinner went for a walk to get myself to feeling at home. I think I told you about that and all the commotion I caused. Thursday morning, I went up in the mountains. And Thursday afternoon, I went thru a toy manufactory. They aren't such an easy thing to get to go thru. Even the little show rooms can't always be seen. But I spent two or three hours in one. And this was the way it happened.

I went past in the morning on my way up the mountain and stopped to see what I could see. A crowd soon gathered about me but by that time I was too accustomed to mind and I was too busy wondering how I could force an admission to pay much attention to the poking and whispering and tittering going on among those who surrounded me.

A very florid young German was standing in front and presently came out and spoke to me. I told him I wanted to see the "fabrique," and he told me it was impossible as they were all very busy, but I could see by the look in his eye that he was a susceptible person, so I didn't lose

heart but produced a sweet smile and proceeded to prolong the conversation. Of course, he couldn't talk English and it isn't so easy to work people in German but at last he informed me that if I would come back after dinner he would give me as much time as he could. So I went rejoicing on my way up the mountain and back after dinner I came. He and another youth took me clear thru and answered all my innumerable questions and gave me most of the information that I have herein set down. They were both nice but to quote my friend Josie Heather "they were too nice for me." Still I think I am quite diplomatic, since I turned down invitations to every attraction in Sonneberg and its environs, and still parted with my friends with the utmost amiability and promises to exchange postal cards on both sides.

I saw all the toys that will come out next Christmas, the most adorable models. And all the novelties that they say they produce chiefly for our spoiled American children. Fully one half their produce goes to the United States. Isn't that funny? And it interested me to see that they have a separate display of dolls for the South American children. Not only are they much cheaper, for money there is so scarce, but they are dressed in the brightest colors and shades. They say those children require that kind. Isn't that psychological interest? Perhaps I didn't feel Christmassy by the time I got thru! Such a wonder of dolls and jack-in-the-boxes and teddy bears and Christmas tree ornaments!

From the fabrique I went to the historical city museum which is housed in the industrial school. It contains, besides collections of the produce of Sonneberg, arranged as to departments and periods, and relics of Napoleon, and reproductions of the rooms of various times, the nicest man I've met since leaving home, always excepting the gallant Mr. O'Hagan. He's about twice my age and married, so don't be alarmed, and he's director of the industrial school. We became acquainted on this wise.

The "hausmeister" or janitor was showing me thru the museum and

the nice man was conducting a gentleman and little boy who seemed to be great personal friends of his. He was the sort of a person who talked with his face and his hands and his whole body which made him interesting to watch. He was so enthusiastic in exhibiting the things that pleased him and so amusing over the things that didn't. A very intense, temperamental, energetic, enthusiastic, kind of a person. An artist to his fingertips. He was rather the sort of a man that Kath is a girl. This striking individuality combined with the fact that he was nice looking and well-dressed, of course, attracted my interest. However, he was absorbed in his friends and I was plodding along with the janitor who, of all classes of persons, are I think, the most hopeless.

At last, however, he noticed me. We were in the reproduction of a peasant's cottage, similar to the one I saw and described in the National Museum, only nicer, for all the articles were actual relics and I was trying to understand what a certain object was used for. The janitor could not find a word that I knew to explain it, and the nice man and his friends drew near.

It was used, I could grasp, for some kind of a vegetable, but the particular species I could not discover. None of the group could speak any English but all volunteered in simplest German a description of the mysterious plant. It was hopeless, however. I only grew more and more bewildered. And relinquished the attempt, altho with reluctance, by saying that I knew it did not grow in America. But the nice man said he was "sicher, gauz sicher" it did. And accordingly he whipped out a paper and pencil and proceeded to draw it. And there before my astonished gaze proceeded a cucumber!

How we all laughed! He was as pleased with himself as a child, and I thought myself it was a clever idea. So we proceeded thru the museum together and his ready pencil acted interpreter over hard explanations.

When we had finished the gentleman and little boy departed and the janitor also went his way and the nice man told me that they were having an exhibition there in the school of the work of the pupils and wouldn't I care to go thru it and I said I'd be charmed. The exhibition was interesting, yet it was an art school, and paintings, sketches and all kinds of modelling are always entertaining, but he was so much fun to talk to that I would have gone thru an exhibition of skeletons.

One of the queerest things that my travelling is showing me is that language makes no difference when two people are the understanding kind. My German is awful and the only word of English he knew was "fine", but we got along swimmingly. He was very opinionated, which is always refreshing, very original, and had a fine sense of humor. Also he was an Austrian and a stranger and lonesome in Sonneberg and it was as nice for him as for me to meet a congenial person.

I finally found out that he was an artist and had studied with Franz Stuck but that on account of the pressing necessity of feeding himself and his family he had undertaken the directorship of the school. He showed me lots of his work, painting, etching, modelling and designing, and from the little I know it seemed very good. He had studied in Munchen and we talked over the galleries there and it was perfectly lovely.

When I left he gave me a list of the places in Sonneberg that I mustn't fail to visit, and I wished him all kinds of luck in his art and a speedy farewell to his teaching. And we parted with a handshake and a wonderful German bow on his side and I think our reluctance was entirely mutual. But I don't see why men like that always have to be married and show me pictures of their children!

You can see that I certainly am speaking a great deal of German. But you have no idea what horrible German it is. I find that if I am ever to learn, I must forget all about cases and articles and genders, and

and that's what I'm doing. I just string along the words that express what I mean and tack "nicht wahr" on the end. I'm awfully sorry I've only two weeks of Germany left. But I'm going to study more German when I get home, along with Italian, French, fancy dancing, voice and guitar.

Friday morning, I finished up Sonneberg. I go thru a town with the system with which I do most things and it gives me a toothache to miss one famous gravestone or painting.

First I went to the dear little Catholic church where they have some exceptional wood carving, and then I struck off in the woods towards an old wooden farmhouse which Luther visited several times and which now is called Lutherhaus and turned into an Inn. It's a quaint little house of unpainted wood, weather-beaten by time, set on the side of the mountain and surrounded by shaggy green firs.

My nice man showed me an etching he had made of it in winter when the long sloping roof and the arms of the trees were ^{all} piled high with snow. It must be wonderful then. It was picturesque in the extreme when I saw it.

On the way I had acquired a bodyguard of two lively boys who laughed at my German and admired my kodak and stuck to me like burs all the morning, and they and the peasant girl who live there, did me the honors of the establishment.

There are two rooms which Luther actually used. There are old prints showing him in them. The bed that he slept in and the table he wrote at and his candlestick and the bellows. They all are there still. They are low little rooms with heavy beamed ceilings, rude wooden doors, and tiny glazed windows. They are just like the peasant rooms I saw reproduced in the two museums I spoke of. The huge German stove in the corner with the low bench running around it, the carved table and chair, the four poster bed, and the wardrobe. I simply adored it.

When my bodyguard finally got me away we went to one of the beauty spots of the mountain, and rested on the bench and looked down in the

valley where the horses and men seemed like ants and we kodaked and rambled and chatted and finally exchanged names and addresses. They were adorable children, about the age of the Newsies.

And after my dinner I packed up again and railed away in the "bus" and took the three o'clock train out of Sonneberg. I wonder when I'll see it again. I haven't half done it justice here. I haven't Kath's faculty for putting spontaneity into things when I'm tired. But I would not be satisfied if I didn't tell everything and you must forgive the ramshackle fashion.

Lots of love to my dear darling family who are making my delicious wandering possible. I can hardly wait to get back for my mail and know how you are and what you are doing.

Ever devotedly,

Maud.

My dears:

Did you leave your adverturous member just boarding a third class for Bayreuth, or had she already quitted the same and crossed the street from the Bahnhof to the Post Hotel where she was seated in a dear little room amongher many belongings? If it was in the latter situation, let me inform you, you left her with about as much idea of what she should do next as Kismet would have had, Why do we always use Kismet for the unit of helplessness? I'm sure he's a most discreet little cat. And he would probably have curled up on the featherbed and taken a nap, while I had the disturbing realization that there was somekind of a theatre one was expected to see. That was Friday afternoon at about half past five. And by two the next day I was gone. I didn't speak English to one single soul in the interval, so you can see I must have done some rapid scrambling and have talked a terrible hodge-podge of German.

I've grown to be a good enough Bavarian, so that I have a certain love for Ludwig the 2nd. If not really love, at least I feel the subtle fascination that he exerted on everyone. The peasants wear buttons with his picture upon them, say he was the victim of political machinations, deny his madness, and have a sort of supertitious worship for him. Anyone must feel an interest in this handsome young King who built wonderful castles in the wild and picturesque mountains, who was deeply in love with Marie Antoinette, who was beheaded before he was born, who went abroad only at night and then in a golden sleigh with high runners and carved figures which was drawn like the wind by six powerful much plumed white horses, and who drowned himself in Bavaria's loveliest lake when they took his throne away from him.

Well, the most absorbing passion in his life was his love for Richard Wagner. It was he who gave to Wagner the chance to have his operas presented, and to develop his genius. Wagner's theatre belongs by right in Munich. But the short-sighted people of Munich were jealous of this

friendship and finally would not even tolerate the composer in their midst. However, without Ludwig's unflagging enthusiasm and aid Wagner's dream might not have been fulfilled at all. And he called Ludwig "the fellow creator of Bayreuth." Besides knowing this, I had my lovely remembrance of "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" to sustain me. So I went out for a walk before supper to see what I should see.

Parsifal Restaurant, Siegfried Street, etc. made me feel the atmosphere at once. At last, I chose to walk up Nibelungen Strasse. It's long and lovely and lined with trees and leads up a gradual slope to the great theatre. I was positive that that was what it was. It was so prominent and so imposing. And sure enough when I arrived I found that I was right, altho' it's very oddly shaped, and might be taken for a mosque. Behind it rise the fir covered mountains, below it nestles the town, and all about it lie the green and undulating meadows. It surely has a lovely situation.

As two ferocious dogs, plainly manifested intentions of preventing my innocent and solitary prowling, I hunted up the Haus Meister and acquainted him with my desire to see the inside of the place. And he produced an enormous bunch of keys and one of the great doors swung open and the unmistakably theatrey smell came out to greet us and in a minute there I was inside of Wagner's Festspiel house.

There was, of course, the usual gloom and chill and the rows and rows of gaping empty seats and the big bare stage with scenery stacked up. Before I had one single thrill, I had an awful stage struck moment. Wagner drew the plans himself. It is built like a Grecian amphitheatre and holds 1450 people. It is very plain. The lights are all on the tops of pillars. And when the music begins and they are extinguished the house is perfectly dark for the orchestra is very peculiar. After peeking into the boxes, which are ranged behind the parquet and not as in our theatres, I descended into the orchestra which is situated in a "mystic abyss", to use

a very expressive quotation, down in front of the stage. A bridge runs over on to the stage.

I walked all over the stage, of course, and imagined lights and rows of faces and little me trilling out thrilling measures. But I wasn't worked up to my highest pitch of stage struckness yet, for he took me behind into a couple of charming rooms where the artists rest while the performances go on. Think of waiting there for one's cue with flowers coming and the music outside.

Next to these, and they all look out on the garden, is the room where Wagner stayed while the performances went on. It has his chairs and desk and a bust of him and on a black board on the wall something he had written. I couldn't translate it and it made me wild. It looked like this "Morgen generale", but I don't make any sense from that. Oh think in 1881, when the theatre was opened, what a night it must have been, and what perturbed emotions those little rooms behind the stage must have contained!

Saturday morning, I went in the opposite direction down Richard Wagner Strasse and found the Villa Wahnfried, that "home of peaceful fancies." It stands in the midst of a large luxuriant garden and is enclosed with an iron fence. The path down to the house is lined with trees and before the house is a stone or marble bust and on the wall a fresco. It was Wagner's home during his stay in Bayreuth and he is buried there.

Well, after I had found it, I stood and pressed my nose against the railing, and looked longingly inside. There were two more ferocious dogs there and I was afraid to force an entrance. While I stood there, a lovely carriage drew up, and two men and a lady got out and went past me inside. Following a sudden impulse, I slipped in after them. I thought they might be tourists too, but the dogs came wagging up to them, and so I saw they lived there and I had best retreat. But the discreet conclusion was reached a trifle late. For they turned around, saw me, and started walking toward me, and putting my head on one side and mustering my sweet-

est smile and slinking into my best Paul Potret attitude I awaited their advance.

When they had advanced sufficiently, I came forward also, and told them in my usual vile German that I wished to see the place. The lady told me gently but firmly that it was occupied. Thereupon I begged her pardon and begged all their pardons and evidently impressed by my sweet manner she relented and said I might stay and see the gardens. And so I thanked them and explained that I was an American (which was probably sufficiently obvious) and that I did not understand German very well and that I had not realized that I was intruding but that I would love to see the garden and they were very kind. Whereupon the lady was very gracious and the gentlemen made me nice German bows. And one gentleman stood at the window and watched me. After they had proceeded on their way and I was investigating the garden.

He might have softened still further and let me into the house but I was cross and didn't stay long. I went out and crossed the street to a little shop and consoled myself with buying postal cards. Something induced me to relate the incident of the garden to the shop keeper and what did he say but "Ach Gott! It was Herr Siegfried Wagner and his sister. And it is forbidden to go there, for they live there." And in great agitation he got pictures of Mr. Siegfried to show me, and surely enough it was no less a person than Wagner's son whom I had encountered. Now I am mad to think I didn't tease to see the house!

I had also heard that Bayreuth was the home of Jean Paul Richter but to my everlasting shame I must confess I had no idea of who Jean Paul Richter was. However, I took a glimpse of his house and hunted up his statue in hopes that they would inspire me to consult an encyclopedia about him at some future day.

While Bayreuth is celebrated chiefly as the home of Wagner and the seat of his great theatre, it has also a fascinating history. Mention is made of it as early as 1194 and from that time it went thru many and

varied trials and experiences as did all the German cities, first in independence and successively under the rule of Prussia, France, and Austria and finally Bavaria where it has remained since 1810.

Perhaps the most interesting historical personages connected with it, with the exception of Napoleon, are Frederick and Wilhelmina (the sister of Frederick the Great) who were rulers of the duchy in 1738. They are described as an "enthusiastic, talented, extravagant and charmingly irresponsible couple." and certain it is that they were adored of their people and that they did much for the city. They beautified the country and town, erected lovely buildings, encouraged architecture, music and art and made their court one of the most brilliant in Europe.

I took an automobile ride out to the "Ermitage", a charming resort which Frederick created as a gift for his wife and where she wrote her "memoirs", my history calls it a miniature Trianon and it certainly is an exquisite retreat. One reaches it from Bayreuth by a winding road arched with beautiful trees which leads thru the most peaceful rural landscape imaginable and it is a delightfully rustic place with rolling lawns, natural forests, and charming streams and the chateau, the statues, arbors and bridges of stone. I had just a few minutes there, as I came out in the post automobile which had to depart on the minute, but at that I kept them tooting the horn while I ran from one fascinating place to another and tried to absorb the beautiful view from the various walls and terraces.

I also visited their castle in Bayreuth itself. It's a large stone affair with wonderful gardens behind it. Of course, it's unoccupied now and its only the body without the soul for there should be peacocks on the lawn and a blaze of flowers in the garden and a silvery spray from the fountain and ladies and gentlemen in silk and satin and power and lace filling the long silent rooms with music and laughter. The guide took me all thru it. (It's really alarming the faculty I'm acquiring for getting what I want out of people.) And he unshrouded the delicate white and gold

chairs and drew back the ghostly white hangings which cover the colored silk walls.

Nobody knows how I adore palaces! I could spend hours wandering thru them. The lofty ceilings covered with scrollings of gold, the walls with their tapestry or ancestral portraits, the many paned windows and mirrors and dear iron balconies, the exquisite furniture, inlaid tables, and stately curtained beds. I saw the room Napoleon had and the bed that he slept in when he was in Bayreuth.

I went thru an old palace too. One that was standing about 1300 and is now quite deserted except for small shops and poor tenants and a few municipal offices. The guide or haus mesiter and his cute little dog took me clear up to the top of the tower where I could look down at the busy streets humming below and the stretches of verdant country beyond them. It was an old stone tower just mouldy with age and the bells were inscribed "1300". And below were the chapel and the little court theatre which these long departed "royalties" attended. And the court which had witnessed such splendid scenes, but now given over to scolding housewives dirty babies and dogs.

My few hours in Bayreuth tho' quick in the passing were certainly wonderful. It would have been hard to leave if I hadn't been coming to Nuremberg which I knew was crowded with still greater glories. I left at two o'clock Saturday and I arrived at Nuremberg about five where I will have to take leave of you with much regret and affection. I'm anxious to get back to Munich and get all the letters I know will be waiting for me. I had a couple from Russell just before starting but it's been ages since I've had some from home. You must all take such good care of yourselves. And don't miss me but just think how nice it will be when we all are together again. And will have all these wonderful doings of mine to discuss again and again. As ever, your most loving,

Maud.

I got to Sonneberg Wednesday noon and after dinner went for a walk to get myself to feeling at home. I think I told you about that and all the commotion I caused.

(Letter #22) Pension Schweiz, 78 Schellingstrasse, Munich, Bavaria.
April 22, 1914.

Dearest Family@

End of Nuremberg.

You see I am back at the Pension Schweiz, and I feel almost as if I'd come home. I left Nuremberg yesterday at 4:20 and arrived in Munich about 5 minutes to 8. I'd had a wonderful week. Perhaps the least homesick one I've had at all. But it was so good to come back. When the train pulled into the station I could have shouted for joy and I wanted to hug all the familiar things I saw on my way from the train and when I got here/^{and} every one was so glad to see me and wanted to hear all my adventures and even come with me on up to my room to see that all was homelike and cheery, why I can't tell you how happy it made me. Hannie's been beaming ever since I got back. I didn't intend to come to the pension but to go to Frl. vonSchmidt's but it was going to be hard for her to take me and somehow I was glad to come here. I had three letters at her house and six or eight here and maybe it wasn't fun to come into my room and shut myself up and read them one after another. They were mostly from home and from Russell and this morning I received an engraved invitation to a reception in honor of Florence Macbeth.

It's 9:30 here and 1:30 at home and it'll be 11 here before 3 comes at home. I believe that's when the hours begin. Now 11 o'clock is my bedtime. So I must beg that you will excuse me. Besides, it isn't exactly nice to only receive one's invitation on the very day the affair takes place. It complicates things. I consulted Celeste a few minutes ago on the probability of my going, and she said the only rag I could wear would be my opal chiffon and the King of Bavaria put his royal foot thru one of the flounces of that while we were tangoing at a little affair at the court last night. So that settles it. But I'm thinking about you. And tho' I'm curled up on my sofa in my room at the Pension Schweiz, I'm wishing I was there to help count spoons and to hook Kath into her wedding dress and to eat^{up} the remains of the feast and add my quota of gossip.

In your letters you all were wondering whether or not to rent the

house. I think that to board for a while in such a good place would be very good fun. And for Christmas we'll go down to Kath's. I'll sleep on top of the piano or any place that's handy, and her electric toaster in a bower of green will make a fine fireplace. I think such a long rest would be a fine thing for mother and what a homecoming we'd have when we went back under our own vine and fig tree! You speak of my coming home for the summer. What do you really think would be best? It will be just heavenly to come, and yet it seems that I should take advantage of the opportunities opening up. It really rather depends on Ella and Cora. If they don't come I will not give such a long time to London.

I'm sick to see some American papers. A man told me at Bayreuth that Roosevelt had disappeared. And there are alarming German dispatches concerning the situation with Mexico. This afternoon I went down to the American Church and read some London Daily Telegraphs. I read that here more than anything else. Also the European edition of the New York Herald, which isn't much good. The attitude of the Telegraph makes me just furious. It not only describes the United States as the instigator and support of the revolutions, but openly says that the seizure of Mexico has been contemplated for an indefinite period, that it has all been arranged, step by step, until now the time has arrived to take the radical measures. That is, that now the United States can intervene with the approval of the European powers, who do not realize our real end and aim. There has been a series of articles, extending over some months, revealing the details of our plans. I think it's absurd. President Wilson's appeal to Congress didn't sound much as if we were plotting against the independence of Mexico.

While down at the library I continued to read "V.V.'s eyes" which I like more and more. I don't know when the style of a writer ever appealed to me so. First it makes me laugh right out loud and then want to sniffle. Do read it. I know Kath will appreciate the "Thundering feet."

Well, I must stop gossiping. In fact I don't belong here at all, but back in the Hotel Am Sterntor", Christliches Hoepiz, Nuremberg. They have these Hoepig-es for young men and women in all the large cities of Europe. They rather correspond to our Y.M.-Y.Ws, I think. The one in Nuremberg is particularly good. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed my stay there. It is so prettily furnished, and the food is delicious, and they have prayers every morning, and all the people speak English. I had such a dear little room, about as big as a minute and way up under the eaves, all furnished in white and spanking clean. It would have been pleasant to have spent more time there, but I wanted my mail and I don't like being alone. As it was, I was there from Saturday afternoon to Tuesday afternoon.

On Monday evening, I heard "Fidelio". The opera house is in the same block with the hoepiz and it begins and ends so early here that it's quite safe going alone. I had just had a letter from Else, raving about "Fidelio" which she had heard in St. Gallen, so I was doubly anxious to hear it. It was a festspiel and unusually good tho' they have a fine opera in Nuremberg. Lucie Wiedt from the Vienna opera was Fidelio, Max Sohfuig from Hamburg was Rocco, and Jacquino was Eduard Lichtenstein of Wiesbaden. Lucie Wiedt was good-looking and sang well and got a regular ovation. After all the rest had stopped bowing, she had to come out again and again all alone, and she made pretty gestures of protest and got a fine basket of flowers and by some queer complications of emotions I wept as if it were her debut and I was her godmother. All the music was simply entrancing, but no one had told me the story, and I didn't grasp much of all that was happening until it all came out right in the end. I think all the German I got was when Fidelo said 'I am a little tired" and "Today is such fine weather" and while I regretted to hear the first and the second sounded quite sociable, neither were very enlightening.

I am afraid it is impossible to give you any adequate idea of the fascination of Nuremberg. It dates back to the year 1050 and still

preserves the appearance and intangible atmosphere of medievalism. Before I left I was simply saturated with medievalism and I am only beginning to shake it off since I have come back to the modern and cosmopolitan air of Munich.

To be sure Nuremberg is a prosperous manufacturing town, lovely new hotels have been erected and street car lines put in operation, but the old city, encircled by its wall and towers, seems to be unaffected by the march of time and the progress of civilization, and with the exception of Rothenberg it is probably the most perfect existing example of medievalism.

The first thing I did was to spend a morning in walking about the wall. And it was a delightful method of discovering the joys that lay in store for me. Part of the time I walked outside and part inside. Outside it was exquisitely lovely and inside intensely picturesque. The wall is gray, massive, and old, with turrets rising at short intervals and four great gates which are flanked with enormous towers. In some places people live inside the turrets and fluttering curtains and flower boxes add a touch of color. Just now the trees which fringe it are delicately green and the fruit trees are radiant masses of white and rosy bloom and these soft tints against the weather-beaten stone seem too lovely to be true.

There is an empty moat beyond, with green vines clambering down it, and between a wide and shady walk with numerous benches. One constantly comes upon delicious bits that one wants to stop and sketch or at least so impress upon the memory that they will never be forgotten.

The streets within are paved with cobblestone, are narrow, winding and altogether quaint. The houses are tall, with gable roofs and oriel windows and balconies where one least expects them: many are elaborately decorated with carving and frescoing, and almost all have shrines of the Virgin above the doors. The bridges over the Pegnitz with their towers on

either side, and the views one gets from them of the jagged line of rooftops are perfectly entrancing. I hope that some of the many pictures I took will convey some idea of their charm.

On a rock at the north, commanding a beautiful view of the city is the castle around which the town first began. My guide book says it was built in 1024, enlarged by Barbarossa in 1158, destroyed in 1420, and now partially restored. Barbarossa did much for the castle and all the emperors favored the city, coming there often on account of the hunting in the neighboring forests. I climbed up the rock and rambled about and admired the view and finally went thru the castle.

In the main tower is an interesting collection of relics. They are mostly instruments of torture. To say I said "Casey" doesn't express it. I ground my teeth and forgot to be careful of the wrinkle that's coming between my eyes and dug my fingernails into my palms and was altogether so entirely appreciative that I won the especial regard of the guide who kept adding harrowing details to me in English.

She was the most incongruous guide. She looked like a little madonna, soft, smooth hair, dovelike eyes and a voice like an angel, But she described those unspeakable horrors as if she were saying the litany without a particle of expression or so much as the wink of an eyelash.

After seeing the chair where many past worthies had sat while being beheaded, the cynical knife that had accommodated 800 of them, handy little articles for tearing off flesh, for pulling people apart, and screwing out thumbs and fingers, we were introduced to the lady who tended to those arrested for political crimes, yeleft the "Iron Virgin." There was the cell where prisoners stayed while waiting to be led to her presence, and a letter yellow with age, that was written by one poor fellow and was since been found under the floor.

She is an enormous figure and by means of a door in the front the prisoners, naked, were put inside of her. The inside is lined with

cruel looking spikes, some especially designed for particular parts of the anatomy. I defy anybody to go thru that tower and then say the world isn't growing better.

For a recent visit of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, part of the castle was restored, and as the restoration was effected with due regard for the original plan, I thought it was nice. Else says that she thinks it a desecration to modernize to any extent such a beautiful ruin, but I think it is rather pleasant to be able to get an idea of how it originally looked.

In the court is a tree that Queen Kunigunde planted over 900 years ago and tho' now it is dead and covered with vines it is supported with iron in a natural position. The rooms have copies of paintings by old German artists, and some charming antiques in furniture and stoves, and are all very stately and lovely. The little chapel was what I liked best, and the balconies looking off over the town. If there was only a King somewhere about, looking for a queen of the clinging vine sort, wouldn't I jump at the chance? I have a perfect weakness for castles.

Nuremberg has always been rich in the arts, and the city is replete with examples of carving, engraving, sculpture, painting, and glass staining, but perhaps the churches stand as the greatest monuments to the love of the beautiful with which the middle ages must be accredited. Stoss, Vischer, and Krafft were the most prolific carvers and their handiwork is seen every where. St. Laurence, Siebfrauenkirche, and St. Sebald are three of the loveliest churches, and one can imagine the labor of love they were, for every conceivable space is crowded with the most delicate carving, the most elaborate statues and paintings which in their ~~wax~~ very childishness show the simple devotion, the painstaking exactness of their creators. I saw a confirmation service in the Liebfrankenkirche and I shall never forget it.

A particular interest centers about the church of St. Sebald. It stands on the spot where he was buried and in the center of the church in

an exquisite shrine made by Vischer lie his relics. This is the story about him. He was a noble youth of Danish or Irish descent who relinquished his title and wealth for religion, who came to Nuremberg and lived in the neighboring forests, fasting and praying and healing the sick. This was about 1080 and did much for Nuremberg's youth, as thousands of pilgrims were attracted to him. Now, cases of healing brought about by his relics are constantly claimed.

I went thru the Germanic Museum in there also. It is housed in a beautiful old convent which interested me perhaps more than the collection. However, the collection was wonderful, of course. It is much like our National Museum here, better in some branches, the toys for instance, and the old fashioned costumes and in others not so complete.

The development of the arts are all traced; there are exhibitions of furniture, porcelain, china, ivory, etc; and reproductions of rooms are included. The famous Nuremberg Madonna, of which you may have seen prints is kept here. I think she is really the sweetest Madonna I've seen. She accredited to both Vischer and Stoss, I believe.

The houses of Albrecht Durer and Hans Sachs are both remarkably well preserved and are open for inspection by the public. The Germans simply worship Durer. I think one must acquire a love for his pictures, but I have seen them a good many times in the Old Pinakothek and have begun to appreciate them.

However, with one not familiar to him, the charm of the house would be felt. It stands just outside the walls of the castle in a dear little narrow street. It is high and pierced thru the roof with little oriel windows. From one's first entrance into it, thru the massive wooden door, one feels transported back to his age, for in all respects it is typical of the 15th Century and much has not been changed at all since he lived and worked there. The ceilings are beamed off with heavy wood, the windows are little and dim and much paned, on the walls are rows of pewter

and brass, and the furniture is massive and carved. In the kitchen, the walls hang full of utensils in true German fashion. The flat brick stove is there where over an open fire Frau Durer did the cooking. In the living room the same identical clock ticks on the wall. And the closet where Durer kept his money, the place where he washed and the towel he used, the desk where he worked, and his candlestick, may all be seen and touched.

Few of his pictures are left in Nuremberg, but they are all represented by prints, and what was far more absorbing to me many of his careless sketches are preserved. Sketches of his mother and brothers; of his wife when she was a girl, a middle aged woman, an old lady; original drafts of his famous pictures, many of which I have seen; studies in arms and legs and hands, and flowers and animals. In the Old Pinakothek is a well known "Lucretia" of his, a naked woman stabbing herself with a knife, and here in these first careless drafts I could see her, now holding the knife so and then so, until he had it to suit him. I felt almost if I had known him by the time I got thru there. A splendid statue of him, copied from his picture of himself, stands in the Platz which is named for him.

There is also a statue of Hans Sachs, of whom I am anxious to know more than I do. I understand he is the central figure in Wagner's Opera "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and as it is to be given here Monday night, maybe I'll go. He was at any rate a master singer of Nuremberg and I know what that means. Minstrels came with their lutes or their harps to sing before judges for prizes. Tannhauser first won Elizabeth so, don't you remember?

Well, Hans Sachs was a tailor's son and educated into the shoemakers trade. But he spent many years of his life on the free road with a stick and a knapsack. He gained fame from his poems and they called him the cobbler poet.

I saw the little room which was always his workshop. His bench and stool and working utensils, his candle, pipe and tobacco pouch, all

his possessions. And there is an image of him in a big chair by a table in one corner and on that table is the bible that was Luther's personal gift to him, for Hans Sachs was the first Protestant in Nuremberg. On the wall is a picture that Durer drew and presented to him. Sachs lived 1494-1576 and so they were contemporaries. It is a quaint little room and in some curious way, despite the hundreds of alien footsteps it echoes to, still vibrant with the personality of the genius who once occupied it.

My history, in speaking of Nuremberg, has a passage which was sharply recalled to me, after a prowel of some duration, when I was tired and hungry. "After a long day, when the brain and heart are full of new and lasting treasures and visions, one must wend one's way to the quaint little Bratwurst - Glocklein and step over its high doorsill, to enter the minute room so dimly lit with many small windows, seat oneself at one of the little tables on one of the wooden benches, look into the burning charcoal furnace curling up over the bricks, watch the rosy cheeked maids cooking the "wurstchen" and dream of the day behind one, which has brought and taught one so much."

I liked the sound of it hugely, and was quite ready to follow the rather sentimental advice, but the dear lady who wrote the book had neglected to mention what and where the Bratwurst-Glocklein was. Even while I was wondering, I stumbled upon it.

It's right under the eaves of an old Chapel, an odd little place with a sloping roof and oriel windows, and ever since 1300 it has furnished rest for the weary, wurst for the hungry, and a place for the congenial to unburden their souls. I went in, of course, thinking that if Luther and Durer and Sachs had planned great things there, maybe I could too. I longed tho' for someone to plan with. It's rather spoiled by tourists but still full of interest and the proprietor beamed on me and bid me "good journey" as if American were stamped on my brow.

I didn't go out to Rothenberg after all. It was a very tiresome trip and I was sick of sightseeing. I'm not a very good traveller, I'm

afraid. I feel as if in Venice I didn't want to open a guide book and I don't think I shall. I think I "did" Munich in just the right way. I lived quite a commonplace life there, as I might have lived at home, and yet I feel perfectly sure now of my ground in Munich. It's as pleasantly, cheerful, modernly familiar as Minneapolis is, almost. Maybe I'll give up Florence and spend six weeks in Venice. Do you think it would be dreadful to do so? Look at a map and see how far south Florence is. I'm afraid I'll have hard work trying to see it in a hot week in June.

But my week's reconnoitering in Germany has been simply delightful. I felt perfectly safe, got along beautifully, and wasn't so tired but what a day's loafing here has made me feel just like myself. I can't thank you enough for my wonderful trip. You don't know how it deepens and broadens and helps me. Much, much love to the dearest of families,

Maud.

(letter #23) Pension Schweizerhaus, Oberammergaa, Bavaria. -1
April 29, 1914.

Munich again

My own dears:

This is to be only the filling to the sandwich, of which you have already had the bottom, Nuremberg, and of which you will have the top, Oberammergaa, in a very few days. I will only take time this morning to tell you about my last experiences in Munich and how much I am thinking of and loving you all.

(Letter #23) contd. Pension Schweizerhaus, Oberammergaa, Bavaria.
April 29, 1914.

To begin with I have had my twenty-second birthday. I was feeling very philosophical all day, and not only received all my past, drawing numerous morals, but also planned out all my future down to the way I am going to wear my hair and when I'm going to get up ^{in the morning} in all the years that lie before me. When I got up in the morning, I made myself as beautiful as nature would permit, and wore as a wrap my little red jacket, the most juvenile article of attire in my wardrobe, and then sallied forth to inquire of those of my friends whom I encountered how old I was, being exceedingly gratified when they answered me eighteen, (and I will say they seldom went over twenty). Miss von Schmidt gave me a little souvenir of Munich and Else a darling china powder dish. I have had your letters saying that you have sent me remembrances but as yet they haven't come. I am curious to see if Russell has remembered. The poor child made me write it down for him before I went away so that he wouldn't forget but I'll bet a cookie he has. I don't care at all, for he's been such a dear about writing that I wonder if he recognizes himself, but I am afraid his poor wife will have to begin talking anniversary a week before the happy event occurs. I don't care. I hate her anyway. And as his mail is now going to Venice, I think, I shan't know about this particular instance for some time.

Else came back Sunday night, the day after I acquired my additional year. I heard she had arrived when I got back to the pension about six o'clock in the evening, and flew in to embrace her. Then I ensconced myself on her couch with some delicious candy that some thoughtful person had given her and she unpacked and showed me her new clothes and tried on my hat and we talked Oberammergau with our usual exuberance. I don't know when I was so glad to see anyone.

We often breakfast together down in her room and then are hardly apart until a late hour at night, when, our hair brushed and our souls unburdened, we separate for our slumbers.

Hannie left the pension during the week I was there, and the day after I took her on a grand "bat." I never had so much fun in my life. We walked down that beautiful Prinz Regenten Strasse, which leads past the English Gardens and the National Museum, across the Isar on a beautiful bridge with many statues, and past the exquisite peace monument where the golden angel poises so high in the air, and out to the Prinz Regenten Theatre.

The Prinz Regenten Theatre is the place where the Wagner festivals are held every summer. They almost rival the Bayreuth festivals, and having seen the Bayreuth Theatre I was anxious to get a view of the Munich one also. It is huge, and more beautiful than the other, I think.

I couldn't get a word out of Hannie as to where she would like to go for coffee, so I selected the Hof Garten, and we went there, and then I was obliged to say whether we would have coffee or tea and what kind of cakes. I guess she didn't think it could be respectful to express an opinion and she answered "Wie Sie wollen, Fraulein", to everything I asked, but she beamed. I never saw such a broad smile. And I guess the poor over-worked little thing was about as happy as one is permitted to be.

It was a perfectly glorious day, an intense blue sky and a warm sun, and the Hof Garten was a mass of greenery, flowerbeds, fountains, and people. The tables out under the trees, where coffee is served, were all crowded, and new hats rivalled the tulips in colors. In summer, they have music there also, but it hasn't begun yet. However the medley of voices, the clashing of dishes, and the chatter supplied by the birds made it cheerful enough for anyone.

I had my coffee there the next day also, when I went out with Frl. von Schmidt. After coffee, we looked in shop windows and finally wended our way to the Justis Palast Court House, which she had been wanting to show me. It is also the work of the Regent, whose son is now King, and who did so much for Munich along the lines laid out by the Ludwigs.

The courthouse has really a beautiful hall, in lovely colored marbles, with some effective windows and statues.

Miss Siboni and I went on a farewell "jaunt" also. We chose Nymphenberg and spent a whole afternoon there. The castles were closed so we couldn't go thru them, but the trees in the garden were greener than when I was there before and the flower beds were laid out and the statues unshrouded and the fountains playing and there were millions of people which always suits me. We took our coffee at one of the open air places which added a band to its other attractions and in the rear was a merry-go-round and some other holiday things which made me feel quite young and giddy. Did I tell you that Miss Siboni's pictures were accepted by the Paris Salon and even now are being exhibited? She leaves Munich May 15th to visit a friend in Switzerland and from there her plans are not certain. But she will be in Minneapolis the last of August and so you can all meet her. I am so glad. She has been very kind to me and we have had some very good times together.

Else and I had some trouble deciding where we would spend my last day in Munich, but we could not have selected a more satisfactory place than we did. It was another heavenly day and Munich in the spring is very lovely and festive. We took a tram which followed the Isar out to the suburbs to where there are picturesque woods on one side of the water and fashionable boulevards on the other. We walked then for a while and "bonied" the villas that pleased us and finally took coffee at an open air place, which was near a baron's charming residence and thus had a sort of reflected glory. Then we walked on, close down by the water, and found a little rustic chapel, and, outside of it, within a green hedge, the stations of the cross.

I've spent all the odd moments down in the American Church library following Mexican events. I am so afraid there will be war. I believe I would have to come home if there was. I also tried to finish "V.V's"

Eyes" but didn't succeed so I suppose that in the future Carlisle's tangled affairs will trouble my dreams along with Diantha's and Phoebe's. (At this Helen gave a guilty start.)

I was so glad to get the bundle of papers. The stories were entertaining, and helpful in a way, as they were all along the lines of things I've been writing. "The Street of Seven Stars" is surely an excellent portrayal of the life of the American student in Germany. And "The American Vandal" is a delightful collection of expurgated facts, I laughed myself sick over him. Do send me some more. I've also finished "The Old Curiosity Shop". I read very slowly you see. But I do think it is my favorite Dickens and Dick Suiveller and the Marchioness shall go on my calling list.

When I read that you had really grown to terms of friendliness with the Starling, I was so overcome that Celeste had to rush for my smelling salts, and then begin chafing my icy hands. Why couldn't you have done it when I was home? I hate you, really. I always had a secret crush. I like men with little bored airs, as you may have observed. Perhaps it's because I never get bored myself that people who do always seem so superior. Hang on to him tight till I get there, with my indefinable Paris air. (That's a poem). And I may add in passing, hang on to all eligible masculines as I'm simply yearning for the society of a few.

If you think the D.D. is worth typing, send her to Munseys and The Times. Do as you like with "Her Story." It's been to Harper's and The American, I think you had best rake out the novelette if it's convenient, as last summer's sweated labors might as well have a little return. (Don't you think that "sweated labors" sounds virile?) The address I wanted it sent to was "The Household Guest", 555 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago. It's a vile publication. Tell them I will add a duchess as a suicide or any little thing they think is lacking.

I have had my suit and blue blouse cleaned and pressed, and when

I get to Venice I'll have my last summers dresses pressed out, too. They look very well and I think I won't need much else. I only purchased my hat, gloves, and an umbrella. I loathe umbrellas, but everyone was so horrified when they learned that I was travelling without one, that I weakly yielded and bought one. It doesn't pay to bow down to convention. The old thing broke the first time I opened it. So I only paid for learning the useful lesson that to yield to the imbecilic demands of a degenerate society is moral cowardice and is properly punished by providence. (Accent the "p's". The effect is charming.)

All your letters are dear, and from papa's to Helen's they all have their own particular mission. Gene's, I will admit, if I may assume the caustic tongue to which 22 years of single blessedness entitles me, are conspicuous by their absence. I'm so glad mine come regularly. This is a pretty thick filling - and what's more I'm terribly tempted to add the top layer now, but Else is awake from her nap and tempting me with all sorts of nice plans and so my most adorable little Oberammergau, the very dearest place so far, must wait till my next missive.

With all kinds of love,

From Maud.

(Letter #24) Pension Schweizerhaus, Oberammergau, Bavaria, May 1, 1914.

Dearest, dearest people:

We must go back to Else's room in the Pension Schweiz in Munich where, on last Monday evening, we were packing suitcases for Oberammergau and wrestling with my trunk which was to be shipped to Innsbruck. Else wore a certain trailing cerese kimono with which she always graces our revels and I wore a sketchy attire, better not described, which grew sketchier still as the night wore on due to the fact that I was taking various parts off to pack.

Else's preparations should have been comparatively simple, but they weren't for she makes as much ado over travelling an hour as we do for a week, and no one would have expected mine to be simple since every article in my possession had to be shifted innumerable times from suitcase to trunk as I decided first that I couldn't live without it and second that I would have to and since everything breakable in the trunk had to be wrapped in something unbreakable and there were more breakable things than unbreakable making the process something of a feat, and since, even when it was accomplished, neither trunk nor suitcase would even deceptively pretend to shut despite the fact that we had the whole pension sitting on them. At midnight I gave up and devoted myself to candy and maudlin laughter. Else pitched in with a tense expression and took out all the contents of both receptacles and fitted them in differently. When she finally locked them, our shouts of triumph were quickly converted into untranslatable remarks on her part and more maudlin laughter on mine, for we soon discovered that she had left out the steamer rug and a few other trifles. These, however, I obligingly agreed to carry.

Speaking of the untranslatable remarks, one of them was accompanied with such a dark look at my poor coffer and such a stamp of her foot that my curiosity concerning it was aroused. "Oh," said Else when I expressed my desire for enlightenment, "I called it - what do you say in English - a condemned thing." And as she gave the condemned all the viscious fervor of a damn it was the funniest thing I ever heard.

The next morning at six we were awakened and had coffee down in Else's room. Then there was the bustle of departure in which my account must be paid, the servants tipped, the luggage carried out to the sidewalk, a cab telephoned for, good-byes said, and innumerable instructions given as to my mail. Russell's mail was still coming to the Pension and tho' you would be incredulous of the number of nice fat letters that means in one week they really are enough to be an important item. I believe in my case distance lends enchantment.

All the way down to the station we bounced about in the cab and assured each other that we were really going and nothing could stop us. We had a jubilee over our tickets, made a triumphal march of our progress to the third class carriage, and greeted the first movement of the train with manifestations of delight which created obvious distrust of us in the bosoms of our respectable travelling companions.

"Three days in Paradise, Tilda," said Else who is German enough to be sentimental at times.

"We're the candy kids," I responded elegantly.

"Was ist, Kandy Keeds?" inquired Else, interested but in the dark.

We talked our way out of Munich and the environs and raved our way along as soon as we got up into the mountains. The train wound its way about pine covered slopes, past charming little lakes, and up to where the skyline had a jagged fringe of white, like the white of an egg beaten up stiff with a fork. We had to change cars then, to go higher up still, and having left Munich at 7:45 we arrived in Oberammergau about 10:45. I knew when we came into Oberammergau for on the summit of the highest mountain I saw the plain black cross.

Miss von Schmidt's friend, with whom I had engaged our room, met us at the train and we went directly to her house, which involved a walk thru the village. It seemed at first much like any other village, red roofs about a spire, winding streets of little white plaster houses with

green blinds, circling about the church. But the difference was perceptible before we had gone very far.

Over every door is a shrine, biblical scenes are painted in bright colors on the walls of many houses, crucifixes rear themselves in gardens and at street corners, and it is very evident that religion is the life of the people.

Everyone one meets has a friendly smile and a "Gruss Gott", ("God bless you"). The children come out and take one's hand and curtsy. It's the sweetest thing I ever saw. And the pervading air of friendliness. It's more than friendliness. It's love, is the most distinctive feature of the village.

Right here I will say (I can foresee that this letter is going to be very/^{much}mixed up, but I must give my impressions as they come) right here I must say that the Catholics can well be proud of Oberammergau. It is more than Catholic, however. Christianity may well be proud of it. It is the nearest to heaven of any place on this earth. It can't be judged by the same standards as any other town. They are of the world, and it is of the spirit. There doesn't seem to be any hate, strife, or worldiness in it. Love, peace, and simplicity have enfolded it in their wings. If I had a great sorrow, or a great perplexity, or if I were tired of life, here is where I would want to come. I can't imagine being sad or doing wrong or losing faith in things in a spot so beautiful by nature and sanctified by God.

Else has always lamented that I had seen no German home life, but she can no longer do so, for the Pension Schweizerhaus is no Pension at all, but a charming little hauschen, with daisy sprinkled lawns, blooming flower gardens, pink and white fruit trees by the wall, balconies, and gravelled paths. My room is too cunning for anything, with a balcony that looks out on the mountains, and a table and easy chair so that I can rest or write there. And all the rooms are so cheerful and homelike, from the

from the kitchen with the big stove and the shining pans on the wall, to the living room with the grandfather's clock and the big couch where I lie by the hour and the easy chair by the window where I am even now ensconced.

We do nothing but eat all day and I never tasted such good cooking. We have breakfast out in the garden under an awning in a spot where the sun is as warm as summer, where we can see the flowers and hear the bees, and where the snow-capped mountains look down on us. We have second breakfast any where we like. Dinner comes in the dining room and is a joy for epicures with good coffee at the end. Tea finds us out in the garden again. And supper back in the dining room where we talk and talk until the evening is well advanced.

We are not boarders here or even guests but more like members of the family. The elder Miss Wilkoszevska is Tante Rosa to us and the younger Fraulein Alice. Added together they make one Aunt Mary, and are the jolliest, friendliest, kindest people you can imagine. The other member of the household is Theresa the maid, so clean and shining that she belongs in Spotless Town and so smiling that she belongs in happyland.

I am sorry, so sorry, I didn't come here sooner and I'm going to stay till quite time to go to Venice. I am not a particle homesick, nobody could be with them, and the beauty of the scenery, the interest attached to the village, the freshness of the mountain air, and the delight of being in a home again combine to make the most ideal situation possible for me.

Else and I thought we were particularly fortunate in coming to the Wilkoszevskas. Not only because they have such a charming home, but also because they are old residents of Oberammergau. Other visitors who come here can see the Passion Theatre and have the actors pointed out to them, but we have been taken into the homes as friends and are really getting to know many of these world renowned people.

It was the first afternoon we were here that the Wilkoszevskas said they wanted us to meet Christus Lang and asked if we wouldn't like to go and pay a visit. (The Lang is pronounced Laang - not with a broad "a" as we say it.) Of course we said we would like to very much. I felt an intense curiosity to meet this man who has twice played the Christ and about whom life in the village seems to center, but I will admit there was also a slight antagonism in my attitude toward him. I had no idea what sort of a person he would be, but I think I was afraid he would be something of a hypocrite.

Their home stands quite well in the center of the village and is large and rather rambling. Christus Lang is a potter and his workhouse and shop are attached. There is a coziness about the house that I felt as soon as I stepped into the yard which was full of blooming fruit trees, babies and confusion. We were there introduced to Frau Lang, the wife of Christus. She is little and pretty and plump and by reason of tucked up skirts and rolled up sleeves has the air of a woman much occupied in babies and housekeeping, and by reason of the merriest little voice and laugh has the stamp of happiness and contentment, while education and refinement are perfectly obvious in five minute's conversation.

There also we met Anna Lang, his sister, one of the three weeping women in the Passion Play, who is tall and slender but likewise pretty, likewise flyaway, likewise full of spirits, and likewise very much of a lady. She reminded me of Jo in "Little Women." She was so energetic, so full of mischief, and possessed of so much character.

Jacob Rutz, Frau Lang's father, who was director of the chorus in the Passion Play, was there in the yard, too. He is quite an old man now but as merry as the others. I felt immediately as if I had known them all my life and there was so much character and laughter going on that it seemed like home.

Christus Lang is "Tony" to the Wilkoszevskas and his wife is

"Mathilde". They are very old friends, it seems. Tante Resa said to come on in and see Tony and we all trooped into the house and down the long hall to the office. I believe it is called office, due to a large and overflowing desk, but it is one of those rooms which is just naturally the center of a home, where favorite pictures and flowers and rather battered but comfortable furniture makes every one want to be.

As we came in we saw two men occupied with business at the desk and presently one man took up his hat and departed and the other rose and turned toward us. Of course one could tell right away who he was. He is a large man with quite a perceptible stoop. He has flowing hair and beard of light brown and he was wearing very shabby working clothes all dusty from his pottery. He has very keen, very kind, very humorous light blue eyes and a nice mouth. There is something about his little stoop that I was going to call humble, but humble isn't at all the right word. Deprecatory might be better, if that is applicable. There is something about his shabby clothes that I was going to call incongruous, but they aren't quite that either. He is a workman and he wears them quite easily, naturally, and gracefully. Still there is a distinction about him that one doesn't associate with shabby clothes. I suppose that is to our shame. There is a very strong resemblance between him and his sister Anna. Like her, he looks lively and original. His German and English are both beautiful; his voice rather low and very attractive. We talked a little about Oberammergau and I felt more and more that he was taking our measure. He has that kind of eyes, the kind that can detect frivolity or superficiality and then is rather amused at them, at any rate very charitable. I felt as if he liked us both and I certainly know I liked him immensely.

He went back to work presently and we went on into the shop, but he kept coming in and out on various errands, with a ruler in his hands which it made one feel very odd to see, and he never passed his wife without chaffing her or the children without petting them and that they all

adored each other was perfectly obvious.

While we were in the shop an automobile came up with two American men in it. They talked with some of the people in the street and presently the message came into the shop that they wanted to see the Christus. I don't suppose it is always pleasant to be ordered to come out and be inspected by inquisitive foreigners but he is so kind I don't think he objected and has such a good sense of humor that I don't think he resented it. At any rate, he put down his work and went, dusting off his hands on his clothes. One of the men in the automobile leaned over and shook hands with him and the other nodded at him. Then they talked for a few moments. I stood at the window and watched them and there was something in the scene that fascinated me. Now, I run into Lang's a dozen times a day and am getting to be very good friends with them all. Else and I both have autographed pictures of Herr Lang that we're so proud of, we can't sleep. But I will always remember him standing there in his shabby work clothes in the dust beside that automobile, with the sun beating down on his bare head, and the quizzical look in his eyes contrasting with his deprecatory stoop.

There have been reams and reams written about Anton Lang. He is much younger and more beautiful than was Mayr whom he succeeded. From the pictures I have seen of him in the Passion Play I can see how wonderfully he took his part and I can imagine too how he would enter into it. During the years which intervene between the Passion Plays, he is much like any other man. He is never sentimental or affected, a thorough man's man. But he realizes his privileges and responsibilities very keenly and the summers that the Passion Plays are held they say he is as one in another world.

His life is really consecrated to it. He is poor and the remuneration for the acting to which he must give so much of his time is very small indeed and the physical strain, the exposure to the inclemency

of the weather, and all that, is terrible. The fatigue and the pain of hanging for twenty minutes to the cross is dreadful, and the self-control he must exercise when he is taken down as one dead and the blood is rushing back into his numbed arms is something awful. He has been offered prodigious sums to act in other places, but he will not. One time, an American manager, in rare need of a sensation, made a special trip to Oberammergau to offer every inducement to get him to America. He wanted to star him in "The Servant in the House." The manager not only offered him a fortune but all the deacons and elders and burgomasters of Oberammergau fortunes. However, all were firm and persistent in their refusals and they say the American manager was simply astounded that such "a good business proposition" wouldn't be considered. That sounded so familiar to me that I had to laugh.

A young girl named Otilie Swink played the Maria in 1910. She will not play it again as she has recently been married and they never have a married woman for the part. The next afternoon we went to see her, and we have seen her several times since. She lives in a pretty little villa and I imagine, does her own work as she came to the door with an apron on and has quite a housewifely air. I had rather anticipated seeing a pink and white beauty, but she is not that at all. Some people might not even consider her pretty, but I would. She has wavy dark brown hair, which she wears in a great knot, blue eyes, lots of color, and a very sweet and tender mouth. She looks just like I imagine Mrs. Kenney looked when she was a girl. Sweet, unpretentious, simple, conscientious, and good. She received us as the Wilkoszevska's friends and we sat and talked in the little parlor which was full of Passion Play pictures and the gifts of famous people. She could see how happy we were about Herr Lang's autographed picture and gave us some of herself and was as kind as she could possibly be. Her father who was for many years the John and was the Judas in 1900 and 1910, is said to be a marvellous actor. We are going to meet

him, too.

Oberammergau is usually a quiet little place and the inhabitants lead a most peaceful life. They frequently give smaller dramas to give themselves dramatic training and the ambition of every boy in the village is to play the Christ. But the world forsakes it except every tenth summer when on Sundays and Mondays from the middle of May to the middle of September the Passion Play is held. Then it overflows with visitors. The performances begin at 8 o'clock in the morning and last till 6 o'clock at night with two hours intermission for dinner and are I imagine a great nervous strain on both actors and watchers.

The Passion Theatre is a great white structure and stands on the outskirts of town. All is now under cover, but the summers the play is given, only the auditorium is roofed in and the stage is out in the open air with the snow-capped mountains for a background. The first performance given in 1632 in fulfillment of the promise made while the plague was raging, was a humble little affair in the churchyard. But now the auditorium seats 4000 and upwards of 700 take part in the drama. It consists in tableaux from the old testament and the story of the passion wonderfully portrayed. The music is effective, the lines exquisite, the scenery marvellous, the costumes effective, and the acting noble.

We went thru the great deserted auditorium and across the stage and into the dressing rooms. We saw the basin in which the repentent woman bathes the feet of the Christ, the table and chairs for the last supper, the cross, etc. The costumes of the principles, hanging in their dressing rooms; those of the soldiers, angels, chorus, etc. I could just get an idea of what that glorious summer of 1910 must have been! No one knows who will take the parts in 1920. But in all probabilities Anton Lang will still play the Christus, as he is still young and has done so marvellously well. Oh won't it be wonderful if we can come and I will introduce you to all the people which is an honor that not many have and we can stay with Wilkoszevskas and it will be too grand!

During Else's stay we enjoyed being in the mountains almost as much as being in Oberammergau. The valley itself is so picturesque, with its dear little river spanned by quaint rustic bridges, its innumerable shrines and crucifixes, and the oxen and white scarfed women in the fields. But we went on up to the lower slopes which are green and sunny and carpeted with daisies, forget-me-nots, violets, yellow bells, and buttercups and higher up still to where the ranks on ranks of pines begin, and we laid down in the open spaces and looked up at the sky, and tramped and tramped thru the dusky, silent, fragrant forests, and at all times acted like a couple of youngsters, running, jumping, shouting, singing out loud and everything else.

In a prominent place on the lower slopes stands the beautiful statue which Ludwig presented to the people of Oberammergau in honor of their steadfast adherence to their vow. It portrays the Christ on the cross with Mary and John standing below at the moment when he conveys them to each other. And high up on a rocky peak stands the bare wooden cross of which we read so much and which, as Pat said in her immortal graduation essay, breathes the spirit of Oberammergau.

In a cold gray grotto of the mountains, which the rocks overhang and where the sun never comes, stands a Madonna of Lourdes. It is a life size figure and quite exactly like the original, with a white robe, a blue sash, and a gold rose on her foot. There is a bench before her where one can pray and I guess there are always fresh wild flowers. I just adored it and could hardly go away.

Then high up in one rocky gorge, in an enormous cleft of the rock, stands a Christ. It is a life size figure also or larger and represents the resurrection. That startled us so when we saw it. You can't imagine. I think the Catholics are all poets. Poor Else is as nervous as a witch and at night after we had gone to bed she would call to me

"Tilda! Think how it looks in the grotto now." Or else "Oh, I can't sleep! I always see that Christ standing in that gloomy cave." I scoffed at her. But I did feel kind of spooky.

Also, in the mountains, one constantly encounters wooden or marble tablets which look like tombstones. But they just mark the places where people have died. They were mostly men who had been felling trees. Of one poor young fellow it said, "He died on this spot after three hours of intense suffering." Others were children who had been hit by falling rocks. The silence of these immense mountain forests combines with the melancholy reflections which such objects excite, to rather depress one. The first minister of the American Church at Munich, the one to whom the library is dedicated, is buried in one of the pleasant sunny places. I guess it was a favorite retreat of his.

We had lovely weather all the time Else was here and even this morning we had our breakfast in the garden but since she left, at 9 o'clock it has begun to rain. I don't mind a bit. I am so cozy here with a big fire and a grandfather's clock and Tante Rosa and Fraulein Alice make me feel just as if I was at home. They just came in from a little excursion into the village and brought me greetings from Herr Lang who, they said, thought I was a very sweet little girl.

I did so hate to see Else go. We all took her to the station and I just clung to her until the train took her away from me. She being sick so much and I a little homesick brought us very, very close to one another. And it will be a long, long while, perhaps, before we meet again. As the train pulled out, we simultaneously cried "Neunzehn siebzehn." That has been my motto in making all my farewells to Germany. I am surely planning to come then if you folks do and you must for you have no idea how much joy Europe could offer us if we were all together!

Dear, dear, how much I've written and at that I've left much for

my second Oberammergau letter which will follow this in a few days. All sorts of love to my darling darling family, and hugs and kisses and sich like thrown in, from the member who has just spent three of the loveliest days of her life.

Maud.

7
EVENING OF THE SAME. Still Elsa's room. And I wish you could see it! She is in bed, still reading, with the little lamp beside her, and I am in the easy chair, and between us is our demolished tea table. It looks very nice if we did eat the rolls and the kucken all up. There is a bunch of daffodils in the center which I bought on my way up from ---

But now you must know why I'm up in the air. And why I've been bothering Elsa with what Mr. O'Hagen called my "Oh should I - or shouldn't I?"

I got a wee note from Miss Carr yesterday, saying that the Craig party was here, so today I went to their pension and called. Mrs. Craig, Miss Allison, and small Hardin were in. It was so good to see them. And didn't we fall to gossiping and didn't I rave over all the trophies they had collected on their travels and didn't they rave over my \$75 of which I immediately and conceitedly told them. And then they asked me couldn't I spend April with them in London? And now what am I to do?

At any rate, they urged me to look them up in England and to try to come home with them on the Laconia.

B A M just brought me another letter from home. I guess I'm pretty crazy about my father, writing me two such nice letters. I'm so glad you are sending my letters away. Neither Rutie nor Midge had any description from me at all. By the way, Rutie is cured. Did you know that? And isn't it grand? I am anxious to hear more about Kath's appearance. I mean the "Cup of Saki" performance. I would love to be there when it's given. But I can't divy up as I'm longing to. There are at least half a dozen grand places I'm yearning to be. But München is one pretty nice place. I'm the happiest person tonight.

B A M is building a fire and Elsa is telling her about

my achievements and about the 300 marks I've received for one story. Hannie's eyes are like saucers and Elsa says she just said "That's why Fraulein-Hart writes so much and why when she's writing she doesn't know I'm in the room."

Well, if I keep on avoiding ending this letter and adding instalments on every occasion it never will be homeward bound. I must stop. And supper is pending. All kinds of love to my darling family who by loving me so and doing so much for me help me to now and then almost accomplish something.

(Letter #25) Venice, Italy. May 9, 1914.

Dearest family of mine.

I adore Venice, and Mr. Conte is a perfect dear, and I got the loveliest birthday present from Russell that you can imagine. This joyful outburst can only serve to awaken your interest in my next letter, as I'm afraid I can't possibly develop the three above mentioned themes today, but you never can tell as I have a long rainy morning ahead of me and am feeling particularly loquacious.

To begin with, all too late, arrived an invitation from the Hilger's to visit them at the castle. It was a card from Eugenie and very cordial. If only it had come while I was up north in Nuremberg and Sonneberg, or even while I was in Munich and my plans unsettled, but alas I was in Oberammergau with my baggage at Innesbruck and the Contes and Donovans expecting me. For all the fare from Innesbruck to Berlin is large I would have gone as far as that was concerned, but it didn't seem best to upset such satisfactory and such dove-tailing arrangements as I had made. I thought the matter over from all sides before deciding and I do hope that you will think I did what was best. I declined in a positively saccharine note, and I also said that in case I was anywhere near their vicinity later, in the summer I would not fail to let them know. It may be possible that after Paris I will have a few free weeks. But I think that if I do I would be more apt to come home than to go on back into Germany.

I can't half tell you how nice my week in Oberammergau was. I think it was the nicest so far in my trip, except perhaps the ones while I was on the ocean. The Wilkoszevska's made me a perfect baby of me, took me every place I wanted to go, let me scatter my belongings from one end of the house to the other, tucked me in bed at night, let me sleep as long as I wanted to in the morning, made me innumerable presents and small packages of lunch, and gave me enough injunctions to keep me safe and sound the rest of my life. On sunny days, to loaf on my little balcony in the shadow of the snow-capped mountains, to drink morning coffee and afternoon tea in the drowsy sweet smelling gardens, to walk thru the town with all the people smiling at me and the children bobbing little curtseys, and to tramp thru the flowery meadows and fragrant pine covered slopes, was simply heavenly. And on rainy days, to lie on the big couch in the living room, to write at the little table in the bay window and watch the water rolling down the panes, to loiter in Therese's warm and shining kitchen

and smell the good things preparing for my dinner, was almost as nice.

The Langs are as sweet and friendly as the Wilkoszevskas. I dropped in there a dozen times a day and we got to be great friends. Frau Lang gave me the April 18th copy of "The Bellman" to read. Did you see it? There were two very interesting musical articles in it. I was so surprised to see it and she said the editor, a Mr. Edgar, always sent it to them, and that they had gotten to know him, and that he was a dear. I knew Mary Edgar in college, and so of course I immediately felt as if I had seen someone from home.

While we were talking on literary subjects, Frau Lang told me about some of her husband's early poems which had been set to music and how miserable the English translations were. When I saw them, my hair almost turned white and I offered to rewrite them which she was very glad to have me do. They were so pleased with the verses I made that Herr Lang gave me a copy of the songs and wrote across the front which has a picture of him on it "To Miss Hart - in remembrance of Oberammergau, May 1914 - Anton Lang." I will send the songs home, tho' if the music is not better than the English translations were, I don't know how enjoyable it will be. Be sure and keep it very carefully for me as I prize it exceedingly.

They say that English and American women always get horrible "crushes" on Herr Lang and there were some American girls there when I was who were living examples of the fact. I couldn't possibly get a "crush" for he reminds me all the time of papa, but he is a peach and so is his wife, and I am going to write to them, and I have solemnly promised to bring all my family to call on them in 1917.

One evening while I was there, I went with the Wilkoszevskas to visit a peasant family. I had been so anxious to be taken into a real peasant home, and really I wouldn't have missed going for anything. To be sure, when we stood on the threshold my heart almost misgave me, for it

was such a little dark illsmelling room. But after we were inside and the little oil lamp lighted it wasn't so bad.

It was a low-ceiled room and the walls covered with rows of shining tin plates and the furniture was rude but comfortable. There was a toothless granny, a buxom and good-looking woman, and the prettiest little girl I ever saw. The little girl showed me some embroidery she had done and some sketches she had made and the woman brought out the family album.

The family album seems to be a European institution as well as an American one but in Oberammergau it is unusually interesting, for instead of hearing - "This is my aunt's sister-in-law who died in 1850 of tuberculosis" - one hears - "This is my brother who was Herodians in 1900" - or - "This is my father who in 1890 played Nicodemous." The little girl was in the scene of the entrance to Jerusalem in 1910. I wonder if she won't some day play Maria, as she is just the type.

I was also permitted to inspect a newspaper clipping about a relative who had gone to Chicago and who they hoped I might know. I am asked for news of forty-second cousins in every part of the two Americas. No one can understand how I happened to miss knowing Miss so and so in San Francisco or Mrs. Somebody in Rio de Janiero.

Well, later the woman got out a guitar and they sang for us. The woman had a rich contralto voice and the little girl a perfectly remarkable soprano. They sang all kinds of folk songs, Tyrolean yodels, etc. I thought about you all as I sat there in the flickering lamplight of that dim little room and heard that homesick sort of strumming and those strong peasant voices lifted in a wierd eulogy beginning "Oh, Konig Ludwig der Zweiter", I'm going to try and remember to send them a card from Chicago as I know they would be very happy with it and it would grace the family album to the end of time.

While Else was still there, we took a morning off and walked

over to the ancient monastery of Ettal. Our way lay beside the clear flower fringed river and along the dusty road and up thru mountain paths. It was simply glorious weather. We were so jubilant that we raced and sang and half way there stopped in a lovely green field for me to teach her to tango. We took Kodak pictures all along and stopped to talk to peasants and altogether it was a riotous occasion. I don't know how old the monastery is, my failing in regard to statistics cropping out again, but I know that it was originally built many hundreds of years ago and has been somewhat remodelled and still stands in the midst of the little mountain village and is a modern place of pilgrimage as well as a church, monastery, and school.

The school was at recess when we arrived and the court was simply swarming with boys and ringing with shouts. Therefore, when we entered the old cloisters the solitude and quiet were even more apparent. They were very cold, very white, and very bare, with stations of the cross on one wall and on the other little tablets with the names of monks who had died and were buried there many years ago. Now and then, one came to a little window, and it was queer to look out into the greenery and sunshine and life.

The church was also cold and white but rather gorgeous. All down the sides were small altars and while inspecting these I made a discovery that almost made me startle the prevailing calm with a "Casey" and sent me flying out into the court. On every one is a sort of a glass coffin and inside, dressed in the most gorgeous robes, lie the bodies of deceased bishops in various stages of decay. They are simply horrible. The arms are propped into different attitudes and the faces are tied up in some sort of veiling but still one can see the hollow eyes and grinning jaws. I suppose it is the survival of some terrible medieval custom and retained merely as a curiosity but to a person with Caseyfied tendencies it could easily be dispensed with.

Except for that, I loved Ettal. The white, white walls and the quaint old tower with their background of pine covered mountains make a beautiful picture. And the same spirit of religion which dignifies Oberammergau is to be found also in the surrounding country.

Else couldn't stay to go to Linderhof, so one afternoon I made the trip alone. I went by stage which left the Oberammergau post office at 12:30, and the Wilkoszevskas came down to wave me farewell. I was all alone in the big stage except for the postilion who sat up in front and kept turning around once in a while and looking thru the glass to make sure that I was still there. We used to sing a song down in Miss Durkee's room beginning, "I am a gay postilion," and I kept thinking of that all the time, for he was a gay postilion at that, with eyes as blue as the gorgeous uniform he wore and a smile and a greeting for all the pretty girls we met on the road and so popular that he had to stop at every inn to partake of a social glass or accept a cigar.

The drive took about two hours and a half and it was wonderful, thru the wildest mountain scenery, the quaintest little shut in villages, the most sombre stately forests, and the sweetest flower-sprinkled meadows. Linderhof itself is in a most secluded place as King Ludwig always selected a wild up-jutting crag or a solitary thickly wooded valley or an un-named, unknown little mountain lake by which to erect his white and shimmering fairy palaces.

If he was insane enough to build them, I am insane enough to be glad he did. I would like to have the means to satisfy some of the phantasies of my imagination! I wish I could have seen the other castles. They say that Linderhof is the smallest and least splendid of the three, but Linderhof was a little gem and I must proceed to tell you all about it.

Near the gate is the Keeper's house and the restaurant, and from there one must strike up the green wooded slope, and then follows a little winding road which brings one suddenly in sight of the castle. The

castle is set in the midst of gardens and fountains and on either side terraces climb up toward the pines and the snow-clad peaks.

Following one of the upward paths one comes upon the grotto, which was one of the King's favorite retreats. It is an imitation of the blue grotto of Capri and it is an enchanting little cavern. Foliage trails from the ceilings, blue and rose colored lights glow in the duskiest recesses, mystic turnings and alluring winding stairs tempt one at every step. In the depths is a lake, with a swan boat in which the king used to ride, and beyond it, revealed by delicate colored lights, is an enormous painting of the revels of nymphs, fauns, and satyrs. It doesn't seem like a painting at all. It is more on the idea of scenery. It is so contrived that, coming upon it unexpectedly, one really thinks that he has discovered fairy creatures at their play. In a little sort of a balcony overlooking this is a chair where the poor mad king used to often sit.

On the way down from the grotto, is a little marble building with a turret, called the Kiosk. I don't know how to describe it to you. It has a brilliance beyond description. In the center is a fountain, at the farther end a throne, and there are a number of gorgeous spun glass peacocks. The peacock, in fact, is the keynote of the decorative scheme. Colored marbles, colored glass, and tapestries, all in the most brilliant shades of rose and blue, occupy every inch of it. It looks like a wild dream realized, a flight of the imagination followed, a splendid riot of color and beauty.

I also went thru the castle itself. It is an imitation of Versailles. It is entirely French, French of the rococo period, and might have belonged to Marie Antoinette so far as tradition observed. In the gardens is a huge fleur de lis, and all the pictures in all the rooms are portraits of the gentlemen and ladies of Marie Antoinette's period and scenes from that gay court life. The luxury and extravagance which char-

acterized that characterize all the appointments of the castle. There is almost too much color, beauty, and self-indulgence. The dining room with the disappearing table, the King's bedroom where I shouldn't think anyone ever could sleep, the spielzimmer or playroom where the court was supposed to make merry, all glitter with mirrors, gold, silver, precious stones, marbles, tapestries, paintings, statues, velvets, plumes, and mosaics.

The guard took me thru, together with a group of much awed peasants and they were almost as much fun as the castles. Their admiration and reverence their exclamations of wonder, and the gingerly way they stepped from rug to rug and touched articles that had belonged to the King was good to see. I had a lovely ride home again thru the dusk and the Wilkoszevskas were down at the post office to meet me. I guess that that night I had my head full of fancies.

It was surely with regret that I said goodbye to Oberammergau. I wanted to spend weeks and weeks there, but if I lingered in every place that appealed to me, my trip would stretch out indefinitely, I am afraid.

I arranged my journey to Venice somewhat like this. I left Oberammergau about 8 o'clock Wednesday morning May 6th by automobile, and went to Oberan where I arrived at 9 o'clock and got my train soon after. I reached Garmisch Parten Kirchen about 10 and intended to spend the day there as it is one of the beauty spots of the mountains. But as it was rainy, I only stopped for second breakfast and took the first train to Innsbruck.

I had dinner in Innsbruck and stayed there until next Thursday morning, when I left about 7:30 o'clock. I had my dinner in the compartment, during a stop at Traneesfesta, and my supper in Verona where I changed cars, and I reached Venice about 7:30 in the evening after a very tedious trip.

Innsbruck was perfectly delicious. I had only the afternoon there and was obliged to spend most of that in looking after baggage, buying tickets, changing money, etc. but I had a few hours to browse around and I enjoyed them mightily.

I stayed at the Hotel Kried and it was very luxurious and nice. I get along with my travelling just beautifully, anyway, by following a few simple rules. To begin with, I either have a room engaged in a cheap and well recommended place, or else I go to the best the town offers. Furthermore, I always go into a "Nicht Ranchen" coupé. There are never any men there, sometimes a couple of peasant women or some nuns, and often I am quite alone. And then I never touch my bags. I hail a porter from the window of my compartment and then order them about like Jack Does. One has to come to Europe to learn how to be waited on anyway. The servants are all perfect gems. They do everything but breathe for you and thank you for letting them do it. Why if you forget to put your shoes out they come in after them! It isn't because of the tip as that is a fixed percent of your bill and is quite obligatory. It is just the strong class distinctions. I am getting to act as Persian princessy as Helen. It extends to shop keepers and employees of all kinds.

I have nothing but praise either for the German railway officials. To be sure, they have their rules and they would live up to them if the sky fell but on the other hand they are as kind and obliging and painstaking as they can be in helping or arranging things for me.

But this is a far cry from Innsbruck, the capitol of the romantic Tyrol. It is a fascinating little city, where the mountains fairly over-hang the streets. It is the center of the mountain district and one constantly sees men and women in walking costumes, laden with knapsacks, sticks, and cameras. Travellers also flock there, giving the crowds a cosmopolitan appearance, while the inevitable sprinkling of gayly cap-

arrisoned officers, and swaggering students gives just the proper tone. I think there is something jaunty in the very word Tyrol and I know that the city and surrounding country is infested with the same spirit. When Bick and I make our walking tour we will take that as our headquarters, and you see if we don't come home with yodels, and dashing green feathers in our caps.

The town is very old. It dates back to the thirteenth century at least. And it has many historical associations which I could not appreciate. However, I loved the picturesquely narrow streets and the quaint medieval houses and the lofty snow crowned mountains which block every vista.

I walked out to the bridge which gives the town its name and where the Tyrolese riflemen, led by Höfer the innkeeper, three times defeated Napoleon's troupes in 1809. The view from the bridge is lovely, as on either side of the river is a boulevard of trees, and one has an unobstructed view of the mountains. Höfer led the Tyrol against Napoleon for 14 years and at Manlina was shot by him. His body lies in the big Hofkirche and there is a statue of him on the outskirts of town.

I also saw the celebrated house with the golden roof. It was built as a ducal palace in 1420 but the roof was not added until 1500 when some romantic royal personage who had spent his honeymoon there decided to thus honor it. The roof has lost some of its gilt and splendor but is charming nevertheless, and in the same square is a curious old 14th Century tower and a famous old public house "The Golden Eagle" from the window of which Höfer once exhorted his fellow countrymen to follow him to glory.

Many of the streets are colonnaded and filled with little shops. It would be a delightful city to prowl about in for a week or so. Add it to the list of things we mustn't forget in 1917.

I said that the trip to Venice was tedious and in a way it was.

I am a miserable traveller and two days of it always rather does me up. But still I went thru some of the loveliest mountain scenery in the world, and I was as enthusiastic as anyone could wish until my enthusiasm deserted me entirely.

We went thru the Brenner Pass, 4,495 feet high. We were right up in the snow, I tell you, with glaciers in sight! The depths were perfectly dizzying and the winding road constantly disclosed new and marvellous vistas. I love the mountains, the coloring in the snow, the soldierly ranks of pines, the leaping waterfalls and merry little streams, the chalets perched in the most unexpected places, the bare looking little shrines, and the peaceful villages in the valley regions. Now and then, from the car windows, we could espy a mountain climber, or a brigade of men armed against the pines, as a manufacturing plant taking advantage of the power in the swiftly rushing rivers.

From Oberammergau to Verona, we were in the mountains almost all the time, and when I left them behind me, and Austria which seemed almost like Germany, I felt as if I had really started on a new career. We began to go thru vineyards and olive orchards by the mile, and past plaster houses, and groups of darkeyed people watched us from the stations. And the air began to get warm and sweet and lazy.

Oh, I'm just dying to follow that flying train out thru the twilight sea and sky into my enchanting Venice. But my dears I am dead with writing, as these blots and scratched out words and tipsy lines will testify, so it must be au revoir, with oh, so much love.

From your happy and devoted,

Maud.

My dears,

And so, just as twilight was descending, our train shot out between the sky and the water to the beautiful city in the sea. The bridge is two miles long, and to cross it gives one the most peculiar sensation, and then to rush into a modern and bustling railway station makes one wonder what he will find on the other side of it.

The other passengers all began to pour out and so I followed, adjusting my new hat at its jauntiest angle and calling a "facchini" to take charge of my baggage. And Mr. Conte met me, and tho' it is a horrible thing to confess, I believe I was even more interested in him than in Venice, for a few moments at least. I hadn't seen a presentable man for ages, and he is almost as good as an American, having lived there for ten years, while he is as handsome and fascinating as Italians are supposed to be. I am afraid that instead of murmuring "Venice, the bride of the sea", I was whispering to myself, "What a God send!"

But at all events, after we were seated in the gondola and fairly started homeward, Venice had her innings, for I was so impressed that I wanted to cry. The situation wasn't as romantic as it sounds. There were two other girls there also, who had come by the same train. They were from Boston, not particularly attractive, ages doubtful. As I have told you, it was early evening, but there was a glorious full moon sailing in the sky, and as we slid along, thru the shadowy canals, between the lines of stately palaces, I began to feel the fascination of Venetian life so strongly that it seemed to me I would never tire of it. I was impressed by the silence, but the shouts of the gondolier, the splash of his oar, and the sound of singing which I think one may always hear in Italy were what emphasized it. And the gliding motion is lovely. Even nicer than a canoe.

The Conte Pension is just off the Grand Canal on a smaller canal which is spanned by several adorable bridges. I knew it from the Kodak picture the Craig's had shown me. By the time we arrived, it was lighted up and everything was in much confusion for it was just the dinner hour. Madame Conte, who is a very cheerful and motherly person, had just time to greet me and explain that as it was the height of the season their house was overflowing and she had engaged a room for me, for a couple of nights, just around the corner from them. And then, still guided by Mr. Conte, and now clutching the huge pack of mail which had awaited me, off I went again.

We went down a dark and narrow street and rang at a huge and grim looking house, and were admitted by a jabbering old woman and ushered up several flights of bare stone stairs to a very lofty and imposing room, where my suitcase and other bundles were deposited and I was told I was to bide. When Mr. Conte had departed, how I longed to have you people see me. I almost had to pinch myself to convince myself that I was wide awake. It seemed as if it must be all a dream and as if I couldn't be alone with a jabbering old woman in said lofty and imposing room, above said flights of bare stone stairs, in said huge and grim looking house, in said dark and narrow street, in the intangible city of Venice.

The first thing I did, even before my hat was off, or before Mr. Conte's footsteps had ceased clattering down the stairs, was to open the little registered package which I found among my letters and papers. And it was from Russell and accompanied by a taunting remark about my approach to spinsterhood and was a perfectly stunning locket. I don't see how he ever got it in Buluth. It is the best looking thing I ever laid eyes on. It is gold, with some of that new white enamel

work on it, and in the center is a huge jade and around it are five lovely pearls. I immediately put it on with much joy and posed in front of mirror and if the old woman could have understood a word of English or if I could have spoken a word of Italian I would have told her the story of my life.

Well, then I read the most pressing of my letters, a dozen or two including the precious ones from home, and by the time I finished I didn't feel as if I was in Venice at all, but attending the reception for Flossie and warbling with Bick at her concert and cussing office boys in the precincts of the Duluth News Tribune. So being very, very tired, I went to sleep quite happily about one moment after I dropped into bed, and slept until my room was flooded with sunlight and the argumentative voices of my neighbors were raised in the streets below.

Mr. Conte came over to bring me to breakfast. And by that time he seemed like at least a forty-second cousin. And out in Venice by daylight I could see better how nice-looking he was, or rather, I didn't mean to see that. I could see the vivid color of the sky and water and the picturesque shabbiness of the buildings.

During breakfast he hovered about me like my guardian angel and I needed a guardian angel as you shall soon see. For I found evident favor in the eyes of an Englishman who was present and who presently offered his services in introducing me to the beauties of Venice. I thought I had avoided accepting them most tactfully when I replied that my baggage required my attention. But he immediately volunteered to accompany me custom house-wards and with my usual lack of knack I was unable to parry this.

However, I excused myself as soon as possible and went in the kitchen to look for Madame Conte whom I thought I might ask for advice

and Mr. Conte came rushing in after me with a, "See here, excuse me, but you can't go out with that fellow." Of course I immediately dropped my troubles onto his shoulders. (I love to drop my troubles onto masculine shoulders.) And answered almost weeping, "Oh dear, I know it, but what am I to do?" He raged and I wailed and when I think of it now I could scream it was so funny and we finally thought up a most unplausible story and returned and told it to the Englishman in the most unplausible way and I could see by the look in his eye that he didn't believe us and I almost entered upon my first morning in Venice in hysterics. However, I thought better of it.

As soon as he was safely out of the house, Mr. Conte and I went out too and took a boat to the railway station. It was a wonderful sunshiny morning with a fresh breeze and my spirits began to rise until they were almost hilarious. The sky and the water were so blue and the buildings so delicately tinted and the fruits and flowers and costumes so bright and the canal was crowded with the strangest water craft and there was such a babel of tongues and it was all so new to me, gee, I felt good!

After tending to my baggage we didn't feel at all like going home, so we had it sent and took another boat to an island where there is a church with a tower with a view that Mr. Conte wanted me to see. It is an out of the way little place, it wasn't as if we had chosen St. Marks or the Rialto, but heaven had evidently frowned upon our machinations, tho' they were in a good cause, for the man drank or something, but as I said heaven had evidently frowned upon our machinations and we met the Englishman face to face upon our entrance into the church!

It was a horrible moment. Maud shuddered. Well, having exchanged civilities, Mr. Conte and I proceeded to climb some hundred thousand of dark steep steps. Really, I thought they would last forever. But the view we had when we came out into the sunshine was worth the ascent! Oh, but I wish you all could have seen it too! Venice was all spread out before us like a map, and it was gleaming white, and the sparkling water was dotted with the orange sails of the fishing vessels.

If I go into such detail, I will never get anywhere. But that was a lovely morning. I had my first glimpse of St. Marks Square with its pigeons and open air cafe and band and the church and the Doge's palace just as they are on picture post cards. And we ran into both a wedding and a funeral. I tell you I had to say "Casey" at the funeral. There was a band and the men who were carrying the casket down to the gondola walked in time to the music and there were banners and priests with candles and the gondola was all draped in black. The burying ground is a neighboring island. I'm going there some day. The procession, with the grim old gondolier standing up in the back of his sombre boat, made me think of the Lily Maid of Astolot and how she floated down the river oared by the dumb or something like that.

I had most of the famous buildings pointed out to me during the course of our ride; the Brownings' palace, Byron's and Shylock's house. And I saw the composer of "Jewels of the Madonna", who is also Mr. Conte's teacher.

Mr. Conte is coming in the fall to America, as I think I told you, to have charge of the music at the University of North Dakota. He plays the organ and piano and is also a composer. He will be in

Minneapolis quite often for the sake of the orchestra and opera, when we get it, so you will all probably meet him. In the meantime, I have said that he is very handsome and Italiany. Well, he is also clever and good fun and a perfect dear with his mother and sisters, and 24, of course. He rather likes me or I wouldn't be spending these pages describing him. And of course, I rather like him or I wouldn't have started curling my hair again. You've heard about emotions coming in waves!

Anyone would think that Mr. Conte was all there was to the family, but I'll hasten to describe the rest. His father used to be a Methodist Minister and they spent ten years in Boston while he was there organizing a society for the protection of Italian emigrants. They had lovely friends in Boston, Mrs. Craig told me, She comes from there, and they are all quite Bostonian and highbrow. But next winter Mr. Conte will be further west than I am, so I can lord it over him. They have pensions in both Florence and Venice and I've only met the part of the family that is here. But Madame Conte is as sweet as she can be and the two daughters are pretty, lively, and awfully good sports.

It is now the height of the season in Venice and there are so many people staying here that I couldn't begin to draw character sketches of them all. There are all the usual types of well-to-do travellers. Plump old ladies with ailments, sweet young things acquiring polish, indefatigable adherents of Baedeker, rich men's sons supposed to be finishing their education.

In the latter class come two Princeton men and one who hails from Harvard who sit next me at the table. They all bore me and I snub them. With the exception of myself and a breezy San Franciscan,

all the people at our table are from Massachusetts. I am beginning to feel as if I could never quite wipe out the disgrace of being born outside of Boston. However, it doesn't affect my spirits, and in spite of the lorgnettes I have turned in my direction I continue to bob up with descriptions of how we do things out in Minneapolis.

On sunny days we eat out in the garden. It would be a pretty garden anywhere and in Venice where they are so rare it is a positive treat. It is in a sort of a court, at least the walls run on three sides of it, and there are arbors covered with climbing flowering vines and little paths and flowerbeds and everything is in bloom and it is heavenly.

For two or three days, I lived in the room outside, and it was rainy, and I was pretty homesick. Just because I don't often say I'M homesick, you mustn't think it is an unusual occurrence. I had always supposed that it was a complaint one out grew in time but mine seems to be chronic. If it wasn't for the layer of flint in my character, I would have come home before this. But I say to myself, "No sir. I've started this thing and I'm going to see it thru'." And, of course, I'm learning how keeping busy will keep one happy and I manage better than I did at first.

But now, as I started out to say, I am moved into my own little room, and I feel as if I would be as cheerful as anything here. To begin with it overlooks the garden. And when my little windows are pushed out and the sun light comes pouring in with the hum of the bees and the scent of the flowers in it, I just naturally start whistling. I have a dear little white bed, dresser and wash stand, a desk with my books and papers and a little table. My American flag, steamer rug flowers, books and photographs make it as homelike as can be. And I am beginning to wish that I was going to spend the rest of the summer

here.

I threatened not to open a guide book in Venice, and I have been almost as good as my word. I have wandered about by the hour, but not sightseeing. Almost always, sooner or later, my footsteps turn to St. Mark's Square. I wonder if there is any other famous walk as fascinating.

It is a huge square paved in marble, and bounded on three sides by marble palaces and on the fourth by the Grand Canal. The palace colonnades are all occupied by shops, the historic Doge's Palace and St. Mark's Church are found here, and the Grand Canal is full of gondolas, barges, yachts, steamboats, and ferries. There are several open air cafes, including "Florian's" of historical interest, and there is generally a good gathering of loungers and coffee drinkers. There is often music. And the flocks of fat pigeons are always circling down to be fed. The Square has been the center of Venetian life for centuries, and, of course, in the height of her glory it was a wonderful place but even now on a bright afternoon when it is thronged with gayly dressed people from all parts of the world it is a sight well worth seeing. As yet I haven't seen it at night. They say it is glorious then. But I am going to soon for Mr. Conte has asked to take me and then when I am sitting at one of the little tables drinking coffee and listening to the band and watching "Vanity Fair" I will begin to feel as if I really "belonged." myself.

Of course, I have peeped in at St. Mark's and some of the other famous churches, and I have spent a morning in the Doge's Palace, but I'm not going to describe them piecemeal, so I will wait until I can give you the benefit of a little study and a complete impression. I am beginning my Italian lessons with one of the Miss Contes and I am

getting on just swimmingly. It comes easier for me than German. I think if I were to be here a little longer I would be talking it, but as it is I will get a good accent and as large a vocabulary as possible and then continue when I get home. I enjoy my lessons just hugely and I find it is very good for me to have something I really must do, if it is only studying. One can submerge a good many things in learning a verb, said Maud with a melancholy air.

There are so many things I would like to tell you if we could talk, but my stub pen can't do justice to some of my experiences. Italian men are really very nice. For one thing it is much fun to lean out of a casement window at night and talk to a very picturesque and temperamental person down in the garden. And that is getting to be a regular occurrence. While it is also much fun to walk every night down to a certain romantic old wharf and watch the sunset as we have formed the habit of doing. Or the moonrise, if it happens to be a little later.

Yesterday afternoon, he and his sisters and all the maids were down in the garden shelling peans and whistled me out of my room to come down and join them. And we had the jolliest time for they are the most irrepressible family. One incident that I had to be told, in order to add my jeers, was about one of Mr. Conte's numerous affinities. I guess women are always fools about a young Italian musician. At any rate they surely are about him. He is organist at the English church here, and one day a spinsterly person whom he had often noticed rather haunting the sacred portals, came up to him and gave him a note. On opening it later, he found this touching little missive. "Are you

happy? I am not. Excuse me, but I am English."

Well, dear, dear, how I have gone on! And I haven't told you how much I have enjoyed all the papers and letters. About meeting Kath in New York. I will do just as you say, but you mustn't let me spend too much money or stay away longer than you can well spare me. It is a perfectly heavenly plan, and I would just stand on my ear about it if only I could spend a month at home in between. Couldn't we make it after Christmas, when the family is in California? The fare to New York isn't much and I know I can start right out getting good prices for the stories I can write from all the material I have now. Really I don't know just what to say about it. I can hardly think of anything more ideal than living a couple of months with Kath. We would have the most celestial time, and yet sometimes I don't think I can even stand it till September but will have to come home in July as originally planned. You please decide as you think best.

I could shake you all about Lynn Starling. Each one says of course some one else has told you all about him. I'm perishing to know how you got acquainted with him and to hear a "he said" and "she said" description. You haven't told me very many details about Flossie either. Still you are all old peaches to write as much as you do, and don't home letters make me happy. I'm sorry mine aren't better. But I just take it that you prefer quantity to quality and scramble all my impressions and experiences into a hopeless mess. Much, much love to my darling, darling family. I am so contented here and so grateful for all my wonderful opportunities. As ever, your very own

Maud.

Dearest family of Mine,-

I am stretched out in a low wicker chair in the sun and the warmth and the scent of the flowers and the drowsy buzzing of the bees and the circling of the butterflies seem to have appropriated all of my faculties. Perhaps Italy is doing it's fatal work with me. At any rate, I am certainly growing alarmingly lazy, sleeping till all hours, lounging here in the garden, and only venturing out about twilight time to stroll or loiter on the water. I am always calling myself hard names for not sightseeing more, but the people at the pension here, who make a perfect baby of me, tell me that I wouldn't sleep so much if I didn't need it and that I must keep on being good to myself. It is real summer weather. This morning I am wearing my lavender dress and white shoes and stockings. I take to this climate as readily as I did to that of southern California, and it is obvious that fate intended me to be rich enough to spend my winters in summery places.

I am working at my Italian. I am taking three lessons a week, and studying two hours a day. I think it is a beautiful language. I talk it a little already to my maid, and in the shops, but it is so absolutely unfamiliar to me that it is very hard to begin to carry on a conversation in it. German seems like an old friend now and I use it everywhere.

I think I wrote you last on Thursday morning. Well, in the afternoon I had a lesson in Italian, and afterwards Mr. Conte and I walked over to the Giudecca Canal to see the sunset, per custom. I suddenly discovered that I wanted to see it from the Rialto so we came home after hats and then walked down. It is much fun to go places

with him, not only because he is a Venetian and can point out all kinds of good little nooks and give me interesting bits of history but also because I am not afraid to loiter as I am when I'm alone, and it takes us hours to get any place, as I want to see the view from every bridge and to peek into every garden and to explore every narrow street.

You see, there are the big canals which one might classify as avenues, and the crisscross ones which one might classify as streets, and when one walks for a walk one follows one of the big canals with buildings on one side and the water on the other but when one walks to go some place it is a continual winding about thru narrow little alleys, choked up with people, thru fascinating lanes with vines clambering over the encircling walls and hints of gardens behind and up and down bridges.

On our way to the Rialto, he showed me an old, old palace now swarming with dirty families, with the most exquisite tower all wound about with steps. I longed to go in and climb to the very top, but it was closed and bearded up.

The Rialto is one of the bridges spanning the Grand Canal. It runs from the fruit market to the fish market and itself is lined with little shops, there are 24 in all, I believe. The bright colored wares are displayed out in front and presided over by the proprietors and Venetian women in black shawls are briskly haggling over prices. There is such a crowd and such curious sights to greet the eye at every step that the ascent to the arch of the bridge is no easy matter. However, the view up and down the Grand Canal is lovely, and was particularly lovely then with the haze of early evening on it. He could

hardly get me away, but we finally took the steamboat and came home. In the evening we talked of going over to the Square, but I stayed home instead and wrote to Russell.

Friday afternoon, he took me thru the Frari, That is a huge old church, in Italian - Gothic style, famous for its works of art, and the tombs of Canova, Titian and several of the Doges. Canova's tomb was designed by himself and is a beautiful thing, in the wall as most of them are, and having exquisite marble statues. Of the pictures, I liked best Bellini's Madonna and child. We stayed there for quite a long time, sometimes delving into history and sometimes being frivolous.

Somehow Italian churches don't impress me at all. They are so big and white, to begin with, and I like them little and dim. And in many cases one must pay to enter and there are inevitably guides to be tipped. And they are always swarming with tourists who hasten from sculpture to painting with determined tread, Baedeker in hand, and often there are parties with guides who one can hear explaining things thru their noses.

Well, from the Frari, we took a steamboat to the English church where Mr. Conte plays and let ourselves in with his key and then I settled myself in a comfortable corner and he played to me for an hour or so. It is a fine organ, and he plays marvellously. After he'd played everything I asked for he showed me some of his compositions and did scraps from his opera for me. He has a perfect peach of a waltz song in it, that he's been offered heaps for, but he's saving it till the whole opera is ready, and it's sure to make a tremendous hit. Then we came on home, by the Giudecca for the sunset, and it had been a lovely afternoon.

Saturday afternoon I had another lesson and afterwards Mr. Conte and I went walking. Then came dinner and then we went walking again. You are probably tired of hearing me say so, but we don't get tired of going at all. It is along the wharf and a most interesting place, battle ships in the distance, merchant vessels, steamers and gondolas, and on the walk swarms of soldiers and sailors.

Sunday morning, I spent in the Academy, Accademia delle Belle Arti, if I want to air my Italian. It is just a short walk from here. It faces the Grand Canal. And I think it used to be a monastery. At any rate it is very old. One really cannot get any adequate idea of it in one morning. I came away exceedingly bewildered and with really a very confused idea of what I had seen. There are many famous and gigantic canvases by Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Palma, and Bellini, almost all on religious subjects, and yet all that I remember distinctly are some of Rosalba's charming little pastelles.

In the afternoon, I wandered into the Santa Maria della Salute. It is right in the neighborhood here. I can see the dome from my place at table when we eat out in the garden. It has fine statues and paintings and as I am so keen for sculpture I enjoyed it ever so much.

After all, Mr. Conte didn't give me my first glimpse of St. Mark's by night. He was in Padua, Sunday, and Sunday night at dinner two dear little old ladies who sit by me at table asked me to go over with them and I accepted. Just a minute afterwards, while I was putting on my hat up in my room, Mr. Conte came and whistled under my window and told me how he would maltreat me when he got a chance. For he had come home from Padua two hours early just to take me. It was a perfect pity, but I had had no way of knowing. It was dear of these old ladies to think of me and I was so happy with them for they both remind me of Grandma a little.

And let me tell you that going to hear Averill Harris and then having meringue glacé at the Radisson has nothing on seeing St. Mark's by night. I never knew such joy and I fear that in the future I shall haunt it.

In the middle of the Square, on a platform, is a band and they play gloriously. And everything is lit up and all the lights are reflected in the water. And there are literally hundreds and hundreds of people promenading. It seems as if all the rest of Venice must be deserted and no one anywhere sleeping. Such a motley crowd as it is, Venetians, travellers, soldiers, sailors, all ages, types and nationalities. Out under the stars, with the music crashing, and with this stream of humanity to watch, one may take a table and eat or drink. Can't you just see us in 1917?

On morning strolls, I have stopped into several of the famous churches which I don't think I have told you about; Santa Maria Formosa, which has some charming old paintings, including a well known Santa Barbara; and Santi Giovanni e Padoa, a vast Italian Gothic church, which has some impressive tombs of Doge's and other famous people and a stained glass window of rare beauty. One doesn't see much stained glass in the churches here, most of the windows are dim and many paned.

The magazines and papers all reached me safely, and I was ever so glad to get them, and I have had some fine mornings over them, out in the garden. I am anxious to read the conclusion of "The Street of Seven Stars", but I'm getting out of patience with Peter. I don't think he is half considerate enough of Harmony's reputation. I was very happy to hear of Flossie's success and ideal homecoming. I hope I will be well to do my next years opera season. Your letters written the Sunday that Russell was down made me feel quite queer. How I wish I could have been there for lunch! But we'll have some Sundays next fall. Won't we?