



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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I was out Linderhof that day and thinking of you all so hard, as I jogged along with my gay postilion.

Evening.

I was interrupted this morning by a lady who joined me in the garden with a big basket of darning. My natural sociability overcame me and I laid aside my letter to chat with her. The crowd is leaving here and those of us who are left are quite like a family. My dear little old ladies are gone, and the artists and the college men who really improved upon acquaintance. The Harvard man sat next to me at table and didn't remember my home town so in spite of his very obvious Bostonionism I started ^{to} call him my friend from Kalamazoo which waked him up a little. This lady and her daughter are very charming and wealthy Washingtonites and there are also a trio of English people. They are really quite nice, but when I first heard them talk I thought they were joking and almost laughed in their faces, and now I'm dying to tell them that if they'd come to America and go on the Orpheum circuit and talk, just talk, they could make their everlasting fortunes.

After lunch I came up to my room and started to write again but Mr. Conte whistled under my window and offered me such inducements to spend the afternoon with him that I yielded. I wore my pretty big hat and my crepe dress and it was one of my pretty days. Besides I was just bubbling over with spirits and what a bat we had!

First we did some of my errands and bought his tickets to America and then loaded my Kodak and then proceeded to St. Mark's Square. There I fed the pigeons and he took pictures of me with the birds eating out of my hands, quite in the time-honored fashion. An American man passed by and yelled something scoffing, it is such a horribly touristy trick, but I was determined to do it and Mr. Conte martyred himself.

We had tea out of doors in the Square with music to listen to and vanity fair to watch and then walked to a number of places, the Rialto, which is always my favorite. Then we took the steamer to Lido, the big bathing beach, which contains a city of hotels and bath-houses and even a trolley as it is a very large island. We walked all down the beach where the children were playing in the sand and flying kites and lovers were strolling and vendors of fruit, flowers, and postal cards were calling their wares. The air was so warm, the water so sparkling, and the orange sails so brilliant. It was heavenly. We planned to end with a gondola ride tonight, but I changed my mind about it, so we took just a little walk, not to break the charm, and here I am again.

He bought me lovely roses at tea this afternoon and my little room is so fragrant. But then he keeps it just overflowing with flowers anyway. And is altogether just as nice to me as he can be. The whole family makes lots of me. Both his sisters are peaches, but I have a real crush on 'Nita.

I must run along to bed, I'm afraid. I wonder what you all are doing this seventeenth of May! Can you really believe that I am in Venice and having such a heavenly time? You mustn't get lonesome for me. I do enough of that to represent you all. And you must tell me when you want me back. For I wouldn't want to stay a minute after you felt I had been away long enough. You know it is really quite essential that I decide when to return and engage passage. All these people here have their cabins booked and they tell me I won't get a thing. I can write to Craigs that I have decided to come with them as I can go with Donovans. But for one thing Ella says Eleanor has engaged passage for

me with her, and then too there is the possibility of my staying later so as to join Kath. I haven't heard from Eleanor at all, and if you can ascertain in any way what her plans are I would be grateful. I know I will lose money by dallying this way. So do let me know what your wishes are.

Whole oceans and oceans of love to you, my darling, darling family.

Maud.

(Letter #28) Conte Pension, San Gregorio, 234, Venice, Italy.
May 22nd, 1944.

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My dears,-

This finds me out in the garden again. But there has been a change in the weather since I wrote to you last. I think that what we are having now is real Italian summer. It is very, very warm, but not like the warmth we have at home. It is steadier but not so severe. I hardly perspire at all and my hair even stays curled, but I haven't a spark of energy to bless myself with. I wake up relaxed in the morning and stay relaxed and when the hot sweet drowsy days change into the still and wonderfully starry nights I am still languid. It is very peculiar.

I am thriving on it, sleeping and eating well and gaining weight all the time, but if I didn't have a nice and hardworking father at home supporting me, it wouldn't be so pleasant. I can't imagine anybody working, and, so far as I can see, nobody does. You couldn't drive me to Florence, Naples, and Rome. Donovans are going but nothing could induce me to join them. I know that I couldn't tell a masterpiece from a picture post card in the awful heat they say they are having. Besides I could not imagine a city more crowded with picturesque incidents, or richer in romantic possibilities than my dear Venice, and I am quite content to linger here.

I finished your letter Monday night and it was Tuesday morning that our change of temperature was ushered in with a rain. I studied Italian all morning and had a good lesson in the afternoon and afterwards we made fudge out in the big kitchen. We had a most hilarious time. The Conte girls are awfully full of the dickens. They are Adelaide and Anita and both are good looking but Anita is a little beauty, the sweetest, daintiest cleverest thing, and she says "By Jove!" would just kill you. She is my teacher. They are so crazy about their brother and he is so crazy about them and they have such good times

together. And nobody knows how good it seems to me to be mixing up with a real live noisy family again.

The candy making lasted till dinner time, so Mr. Conte and I didn't have our walk, but dinner over we started out. It had changed into a wonderful night and we both felt just like doing something. So altho' it was rather late and we were both hatless we took a steamer for Fusina. Fusina is the nearest point of the mainland and it is from there that one gets the train for Padua. We are going to Padua and spend the day soon. But that night all that we could do was to land and board a steamer back as it was as dark as a stack of black cats and we couldn't see a thing. However, the ride was simply glorious. Venice was outlined by lights against the black water and the black sky and it looked like a fairy city.

To return to the fudge incident, the next day at dinner the talk turned to candy and those English people with whom I sit and whose accent I told you was a perfect treat, began to describe an American candy that they had once tasted. It was the funniest thing I ever heard and I almost choked and had to leave the table. "An American child made some for me," the lady said, "she was one of those leggy American children, y' know, most peculiar, rilly. And she gave the sweets the most 'xstrawdinary name. Rilly the most tremendously 'xstrawdinary name. It was quite amusing rilly. Fudge." "Rilly, how 'xstrawdinary," said the Englishwoman to her left. "Fudge! how tremendously 'xstrawdinary," said the Englishman to her right. I long for you every time they open their mouths. I really never believed people talked like they do, out of an American musical comedy. They are very nice too and exceedingly kind to me.

The next day the heat set in and I took a steamer to the Lido

Day

From Letter 28
Permanent file

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in search of a breeze. The ride was very cooling, but the walk from the boat to the beach was very warm, and the air overpoweringly sweet with the scent of the flowers from the gardens of the hotels and villas. Down on the beach people lounged in the shadows of the bath-houses, barefooted children played in the sand, swimmers splashed about the dock, the usual number of stunning women and attractive men promenaded, and the vendors of fruits, flowers and postcards made their rounds. I never saw such sapphire water and sapphire sky and the flocks of orange colored sails make the whole scene look like a poster. It was all too interesting and pretty to permit of my studying Italian as I had planned.

In the evening Mr. Conte and I went walking again. You may expect that indefinitely, I guess. The loungers along the Guidecca are beginning to consider us friends and I think some of the artists who sketch on every bridge and barge will be putting us into their pictures.

Yesterday was Ascension day which is one of the great festivals here. The city was crowded with strangers; they said high mass in the churches; the colonnades of the Doge's Palace were draped with flags and banked with flowers. And the puppets came out on the clock in St. Mark's Square.

I was lazy all morning, on account of the heat, and devoted myself to Italian all afternoon, but in the cool of the evening I walked over to the Square and the scene was surely worth seeing. You know there are two figures on the clock who always strike the hour. Kath will probably remember them, but the puppets come out only once a year. They are the three magi and an angel with a trumpet, all very old and quaint and quavery, and they walked out in a shaky little

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procession every time the clock struck the hour. After dinner we were down on the Guidecca again. And it was still hot when I went to bed.

This morning I made Anita eat breakfast with me and we took it out in the wild rose arbor at the end of the garden. Mr. Conte came out too and we had a nice foolish time. Then we went over town and hunted up the bank where I had to get my draft cashed, and ever since we got back I've been scribbling out here in the garden and now as the maids are setting the table and as most savory smells are coming from the house and as my breakfast seems a matter of the remote past, I infer that it is lunch time.

Don't you think your middle daughter is the most spoiled, self-indulgent, and good-for-nothing young person you ever had to deal with? I think she is. But from the time she joins the Donovans, probably June 15th, she will have to simply scramble, imagine doing Paris in two weeks! - and after she gets home and has talked herself hoarse, she's going to make things fly.

What a fine time you must have had in Mankato. It really is a pity that you don't go down oftener, you have so many good friends there and are made so welcome. What fun it would have been if Kathleen, Helen and I could have gotten in on all the festivities. Thinking of the little Center Street house, which always seems most like home, made me long to have a picnic. Maybe Bick and I can go down this fall when the sumacs are turning red and the asters and golden rod blooming and make a fire in one of our old places.

I can just imagine how stunning Kath looked, in the Hixon box at Flossie's concert, and as I pictured her trailing about at the reception, I longed to have been present also with a Paris gown and a

bored expression. The fact that bored expressions aren't in my line and I would probably have been beaming, didn't disturb my reflections in the least.

The papers and magazines were a boon, and I am assimilating them slowly. I adored "Heart of Gold" and almost resolved to understudy Louise Farnum. I have had letters from you or Russell, or papers or magazines of some sort with my breakfast every morning for a week and it is a delight almost fit to reconcile one to the unchanging boredom of a continental breakfast. The first morning I am home lets have broiled spring chicken served by father in mother's room.

The Conte's are becoming acquainted with all the wonders of the various members of the family of Hart. Father's specialty breakfasts, mother's good looks, Kath's triumphs, Gene's hair and Helen's Persian Princess manner are all receiving their customary amount of admiring interest. Oh, I am very, very happy here. Nobody knows how crazy I am about the most wonderful family in the world and how much I appreciate what you all are doing for me and how famous I am going to be to make you all glad you did it. Really, whether I get famous or not, I think you will be glad you did it. I was always much younger than Helen and even a little younger than Kath but meeting new people and facing all sorts of situations is giving me a few additional years, you shall see.

Mrs. Donovan writes that they are going up into Switzerland along the first of June and I can join them when I like. I have set June 15th but may make it a few days earlier if things sound very alluring. I will let you know soon about the mail but it is alright to send it here until I am positive sure and I want to be exceedingly careful not to lose any and I know the Contes will be careful about

forwarding it. I can stay with Donovans as long as I wish, thru France, Holland, Belgium and even England. But I will probably join the Minnesota colony in England. We shall see.

When you are deciding about my coming home, it is probably best to take into consideration that it is infinitely cheaper in October. If I stay into September I ought to wait for the change of rates. On the other hand, Craigs, Donovans, every one I know is planning to return in September and I might be lonesome as well as being obliged to make the trip alone. Craigs sail on the Laconia September 1st. Also please how are Kath's plans materializing? I could stay till October and then join her but you mustn't let me spend too much money and I don't know how much longer I can keep my upper lip in the necessary condition of rigidity.

Oh well! look how kindly providence has treated me so far! Nothing could be more ideal than my situation here and the Donovans are just the kind of travelling companions I would have chosen. And then we are all keeping well and happy and we are going to have such a wonderful winter in 1914-15. And many winters after!

With boundless love to you all.

Maud.

(Letter #29) Pension Conte, S. Gregorio N, 234, Venice

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May 27th, 1914

My dears,-

To say that I am as happy as the day is long, doesn't express it. I'm just too happy to last. Oh my beautiful, beautiful Venice! Nobody knows how I love it! The life here has a fascination that is as deep as it is subtle. I am so pleasantly situated. The Contes treat me like one of the family, and our big table of Americans is positively uproarious. We do have the gayest times and they make me long for mother. I know how she would fit in.

My life in Munich introduced me to the American studying abroad. The conditions surrounding him are sordid and pathetic and yet the idealism, ambition, and good-fellowship with which they are impregnated give them undeniable appeal. I can just see the stories I will write with all that as a background.

My life here shows me the American travelling abroad. And as a short story type he is perfectly invaluable. I have been at the pension here long enough so that I don't feel like a tourist anymore. A tourist seldom gives even a week to Venice. And I can recognize types as well as the Contes now, and anticipate remarks. I could map out the conversation of every new arrival for a period covering the length of his stay and that before he even opens his mouth.

Such a luxury loving people as we are, such a nation of spend thrifts, what indefatigable sightseers, what martyrs on the altar of art, architecture, and music. Some of these culture seekers, who sit at the table and exchange second hand opinions on the "Presentation", the Italian Gothic style, Dante, and the modern trend in music are simply sick for Harrison Fisher, skyscrapers, the Saturday Evening Post and "The Pink Lady". Monks with horsehair,

and pebbles in their shoes, do no more penance than some of these self-indulgent and pampered society women. I can't really see why. I suppose it's on the same theory that they torture themselves into a semblance of willowness when nature wants them round. When I am their age, I am going to be frivolous, comfortable, and jolly.

Now, most of the tourists look at me with horror. But it is a trifle mixed with envy, as I can discern. That I should dare to give six weeks to Venice, that I should dare to live there, not sightsee, just live, that I should dawdle about in these sunny gardens, shadowy canals, and picturesque squares when I might be ^{and} crowing in Rome, Florence, Naples, Genoa, Pisa, Milan and Verona, is an inconceivable piece of impudence. When they come in broiling after a morning's labor and ask me what I have been doing and I explain that I have been loafing on the beach with a news magazine, or when they are heatedly discussing some mooted point and it develops that I don't own a single Baedeker, I get glances that could kill. Of course they don't realize that I am doing just what is best for me, that an intimate friendship with St. Mark's Square is more valuable to me than a blurred impression of all Italy, that they themselves are a greater commercial asset than a million galleries. And I hope I don't sound unkind at all. For I love all these people and admire them their enterprise.

I am known down at the table as such a Rabid American that it isn't safe to broach comparisons in my vicinity. But I can't help pigeon-holing them and there are a hundred other types and other pigeon-holes too. If I don't write some good stuff when I get home. I'll be -- But I won't waste time searching for an epithet, for I'm going to write some good stuff, and sell it, too.

After lunch Friday, I took a book and went out to the

(Letter 421)

Hotel Am Sterntor, Christliches Hoepiz,
Nuremberg, Bavaria. April 19th, 1914.

My dears:

End to Bayreuth

Did you leave your adventurous 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.

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.

Public Gardens. They are rather shabby gardens, but there is dense shade, and since they are on an island they have a refreshing view and breeze from the water. I read a while, drowsed a while, watched the nursemaids and babies, and wasted all the time from two till six when Mr. Conte joined me. Then in the cool of the evening, we came home, and it was delightful on the water.

There were some Cleveland people here, a Mrs. Stedman and her son. They spent the winter together in Rome, and now she is bound for Paris and London and home, while he is doing Greece and Spain. He has been here for a year and has made several trips before. He is an architect and a very clever and amusing person.

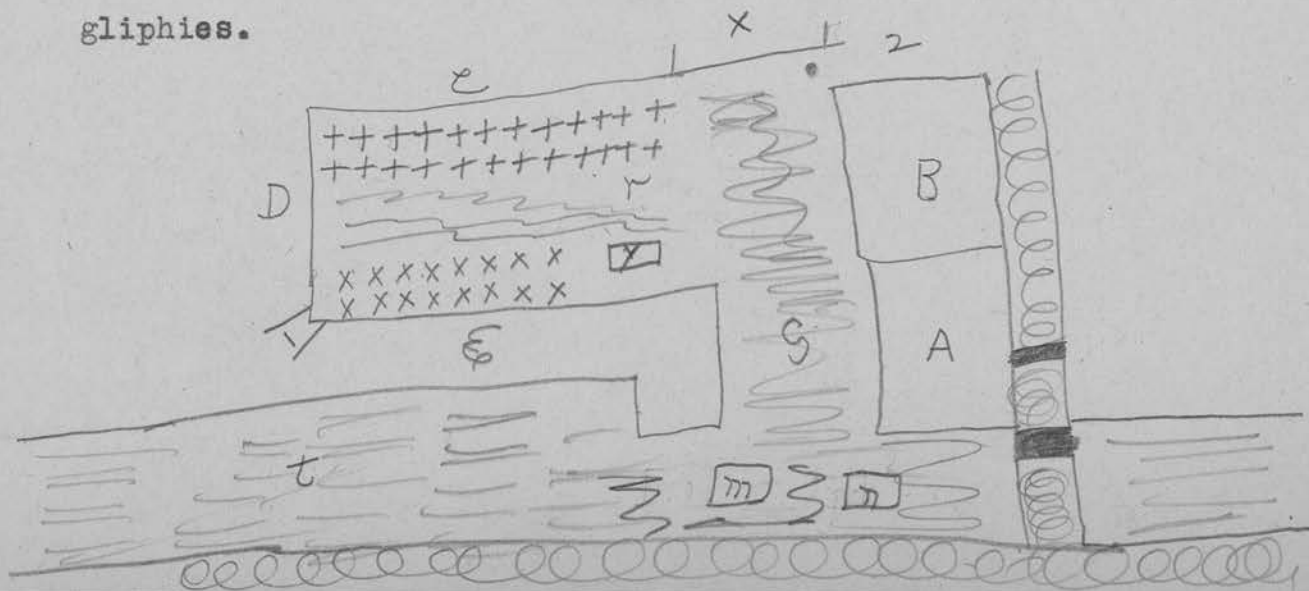
Well, Saturday evening was his last night and he asked me to go with him and his mother to make his farewells. Venice is his pet city. He loves it as well as I do. And I want to massacre every one who doesn't adore it. He just couldn't bear to leave. We went over to the Square, where they were having a band concert, and ate ices and drank coffee and listened to the music and gossiped about the people. And then we took a gondola and from out on the Grand Canal the lighted Square stood out like a stage setting.

The Grand Canal was full of gondolas, some strung with lanterns and the people in them singing. When you consider, that a gondola is by all odds the most comfortable affair ever desired, you can appreciate the delight of gliding down dark waterways with a glittering spectacle to watch. Mr. Stedman left at midnight for Trieste, from where he got his boat for Greece. His mother and I took him to his steamer, climbed from our gondola up the little steps that ran up the sides, and investigated everything. It made me just long for another ocean voyage.

Speaking of loving Venice, I must tell you about the American with whom Nita was discussing it one time. He said he liked it all right, but he wanted to make a few changes. She asked him the nature of them and he said well, to begin with he would scrape all the buildings and whitewash them. If you could see the buildings referred to! Crumbling palaces, stained with time and mellowed by exposure to the most exquisite shades of pale tan and rose! She somewhat gasped at this desire to destroy one of the rarest beauties of the city, but inquired as to what he would do next. And he said he would fill up the canals and make streets. They were so much more sensible! To draw and quarter such a man as that would be too mild an act!

Sunday morning, Mrs. Stedman and I spent in the Doge's Palace. It was my second morning there, and may be my last, as everything is free on Sunday morning and I need my remaining ones for the Academy. I like the outside of the Doge's Palace even better than the inside anyway. The architecture appeals to me and the coloring is so exquisite.

In the first place, do you understand the plan of the Square, or, as everyone here says, the piazza. This is the general outline. Now I will proceed to reveal the mysteries of my heiro-glyphies.



At the bottom of the masterpiece you may observe some scrawls of this nature, *eeeeee*. They represent the Grand Canal, which on a fine day is a sparkling piece of water and alive with water craft. Beginning with t and stretching to the right, all is a busy quay, guarded at the entrance to s, the piazzetta (little square), by m and n, which are two columns of granite, brought from Syria in 1120. M bears a statue of St. Theodore; N, the winged lion of St. Mark. The story of how they were obtained, transported to Venice, and placed in their present position is interesting.

A, at one side of the piazzetta is the Doge's Palace, exquisitely pink and white, richly colonaded; B, just beyond it is St. Mark's Church, a Byzantine structure and very oriental looking; X is the old clock tower, where, as I told you, two bronze(?) vulcans always strike the hour; and C.D. and E. are old palaces and buildings of state, architecturally lovely, but with their arcades now given over to shops. Y is the campanile, (steeple).

The old campanile fell in 1902. It had been standing since about 900, and was associated with all the brilliant history of Venice, and when it fell, the people of Venice, who had grown up in it's shadow, grieved for it, and wept, they say, like children. No one was killed, when it fell, the golden angel that crowned it fell just into the portal of St. Mark's, and the people immediately raised money and began the building of the new one. It is an exact reproduction of the old, and stands in the same place with the golden angel on the top, but of course the coloring is not quite harmonious.

The smallest bridge, I have made bridges so - is the Bridge of Sighs. One enters the piazza, r by the little streets marked 1 and 2. I always enter by 1. It is all paved with gray and

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white marble +++++ is one of the open air cafes, xxxx is another, the famous Florians. And in the afternoon when the arcades are full of shoppers, the cafes of tea drinkers, and children are feeding the pigeons in the shade of the campanile, it is interesting to cross the Square which is always alive with people, and the little Square down to the quay, where one can watch the traffic on the Grand Canal. But at night with the band playing and the lights reflected on the water! Oh, I can't begin to tell you how I love it then! And in the summer months the men come in evening clothes and the women in elaborate toilettes. Doesn't it sound gay?

I am still in the neighborhood of the Doge's Palace, so we might as well return and take a look at it, since that is what I originally started out to show you. It was built first in 800 but in its present form dates only from 1350. The marbles of which it is made are red and white, I believe, but the effect is decidedly pinkish, and the double rows of Gothic arches are white. All the palaces I have seen reminded me of ghosts, but that is particularly true of this one. At the time when it was in use, Venice was a republic, a world power, a center of wealth, culture, fashion and brilliant display. And now she is in decay and this old house of state frequented only by gaping tourists. There is something inexpressibly pitiful about it. The outside does not give one this impression, as Venice still presents an appearance of indescribable brilliance on a sunny day. But directly one enters the bare old court and climbs the Giant's staircase one feels this sense of desertion and desolation.

The Giant's staircase is crowned by two huge statues of Mars and Neptune, the works of Sansovino, and it leads to the balcony which encircles the court. Then, by way of the golden staircase,

the glory of which is now considerably dimmed, one is enabled to wander thru the innumerable lofty, spacious, and exceedingly gorgeous chambers.

The ceilings are of carved and gilded wood, with medallions of paintings, and are rich beyond description. The walls are panelled and are also lined with enormous canvases. The artists employed were such men as Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Bassano, Vecellio, and they dealt mostly with religious and historical subjects. The small paned windows were once hung with tapestries. The doors are of precious woods from the Orient. There are chimney pieces, heavily sculptured, by Girolamo, Campagna and others. Even the floors are beautiful and some rooms have balconies looking out on the piazzetta or the quay. We also descended to the underground rooms and walked out onto the Bridge of Sighs, the little low covered bridge which leads from the Palace to the Prisons and from which in the old days many prisoners obtained their last glimpse of light and life.

I emerged from the Doge's Palace Sunday, as on the occasion of my previous visit, with an aching throat and a soured disposition. Many of the loveliest pictures are on the ceiling and one must be constantly looking up. If it is hard for me to enjoy them, imagine what a task it must have been for the artists to create them, lying up on their backs on scaffolding, I suppose. I have always taken it for granted that they were painted like all pictures and raised to their present positions, but it seems that on account of the perspectives that cannot be done and they are actually painted on the ceilings. One wonders that such great artists would accept such thankless work. And also that they chose

such a monotony of subjects, but it seems that in those days artists were considered artisans, and had to work by contract as much as carpenters. There was no opportunity for them to woo the fickle muse. One must have had to kidnap her. The wall space to be decorated, the scene to be represented, the number of figures to appear, and the particular Doges and saints which were to hold the foreground, were all bargained for.

I heard an amusing anecdote in this connection, relating to the "Last Supper" by Tintoretto which hangs in the Academy. Tintoretto was a sort of a sour old person and he chafed more than the other artists under his restrictions, I presume, for into his "Last Supper" he had the temerity to insert, a man picking his teeth with his fork. The government gave him six weeks to change it or the alternative of paying a heavy fine. He stubbornly refused to remove this sweet little whim of his fancy, let the six weeks elapse, paid the fine, and to this day the ill-mannered disciple may be seen.

It was Ascension Sunday and we had heard that there was to be high mass at St. Mark's, so when we had left the palace we slipped into the church for an hour or so. There was no music going on, however. A priest was reading a sermon, surrounded by a small group of listeners, and crowds of people wandered thru the aisles, galleries, and even all about the altar, chatting and studying guide books as if it had not been Sunday at all. We went up into the galleries, which give a magnificent view of the main body of the church and also offer an opportunity to study the mosaics at close range, and from the galleries we went out on to the sort of balcony which overlooks the piazza.

Here are the four copper horses which were brought as

trophies from Constantinople in 1204, They were also taken to Paris in 1797, and then brought back to Venice in 1815, so they are very famous and much travelled animals, as well as being the only ones of their species in Venice. I patted them and felt very proud and Mr. Conte is going to take a picture of me up there some-day.

It is great joy to look down on the piazza from that little balcony. And on this Sunday morning the sun was dancing on the water, enhancing the glory of the finery on the square, and shining on the glossy backs of the fat old pigeons circling down to be fed. I felt so good I could have cakewalked.

After I had finished my Sunday dinner, I sat down at the table where Contes were eating theirs, and Nita, Mr. Conte, and I continued to sit there, until four o'clock, I guess. The Contes eat, sacre familia, at a table by themselves, and after I finish I often join them to eat an extra helping of dessert or just to act foolish. Mrs. Conte and Adelaide had to go away on Sunday afternoon, and Nita was obliged to stay at home and Mr. Conte and I didn't want to leave her, so we stayed too.

After consuming many oranges and exhausting our supply of wit, we went into the other room and Mr. Conte played and then he had to go to an afternoon service, being pious in the same commercial way Kath is, and then Nita and I gossipped. He came home, about six o'clock, with some grand news. After the service, the rector had brought back a man who offered him the position of organist and choir director in a big New York church. The man was on his way to London, commissioned to find some one for the place, but he had been so struck with Mr. Conte's playing that he told him he could guarantee it to him if he would come. It seems from his descrip-

tion of it to Mr. Conte to be a big church. Episcopalian and they have six chaplains and a big boy choir. Mr. Conte refused it, on account of his contract with the North Dakota people, but the man wouldn't take no for an answer and I don't know how it will turn out. I don't know the custom about contracts, but I do know that Mr. Conte will be buried in North Dakota and that offers of that kind won't come along every day. He wants to go to North Dakota for a year to perfect his English, but I don't think he realizes how much it would mean to him to be in New York. He has done some work for Schimer and Co. and they would give him a place in their offices but he won't take it. He has published a number of things, mostly light waltzes and things, just to make money, but they have sold well.

Well, in the evening we felt like a bat and Mr. Conte proposed La Boheme, but Nita refused flatly because Mimi dies. Then we decided on the Square, since that is always amusing. But during supper rain set in, which except for slight relapses has continued ever since, so we had to give it up.

At this stage of my adventures I must stop. I am afraid the customs officials will search my letter for smuggled laces if I don't. But tomorrow I will continue with Monday morning when I woke up at about five o'clock and wrote a letter to Russell and got down to breakfast so many hours earlier than usual that I encountered shouts of amazement from the table. Meanwhile, heaps and heaps of love to you. Do you know I've been away four months? I am your most affectionate member - Maud.

(Letter #30) Pension Conte, San Gregorio, 234, Venice, Italy
June 1st, 1914.

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My dears,-

As you see, I am writing on June 1st, and that means that there are four months of travel behind me and only three ahead of me, and that I will be home before it will seem possible. In a way it seems like yesterday that we initiated the new Union Depot of Minneapolis by sending me off from there. And in a way it seems like a thousand years ago, I have seen and learned so much. My time in Venice is simply flying. I will join Donovan's in about two weeks, and then two weeks more will find me in Paris. From now on, write to me in care of the American Express Company, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris.

This time, I have a whole week to tell you about, and I had better begin without further ado, as it has been quite a full week. In fact, I don't know where it has gone to. On Monday afternoon, a party of about a dozen Americans went on an expedition. We took the steamer here at the Salute and rode down to the Rialto. Then we walked across the island and got gondolas to take us out to a distant island, Murano, where the glass factories are. It was a cloudy day but fresh and pleasant, and delightful on the water. We visited the biggest factory, one that had been visited by Titian and several of the Doges, as posters on the wall announced, and I found it immensely interesting.

First we went to the work room and sat in a circle about the red hot furnace where the men were engaged in preparing the glass and fashioning it into tumblers, vases, etc. It must be almost as much fun to play with glass as in a sandpile. And then we went thru a showroom and were tempted with beads, frames, lamps, water and liqueur sets, and everything conceivable in the line of glassware.

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Mrs. Stedman and I and a young girl who has been studying music in Milan for sometime and has already entered upon an opera career, left the rest of the party on the way home, and stopped off at a lace factory. There were a dozen or so of girls sitting in a skylighted room bending over their frames and working like lightning at the most exquisite laces and embroideries. It is such fine work, it must strain their eyes dreadfully, and in spite of their dexterity it goes very slow, and I understand they earn only about a franc a day. We went thru a showroom there also and were dazzled with finery. I bought the little shoes for Tess there. Aren't they cunning? By this time it was pretty late, but we did a little shopping and looked in for a few minutes at the Formosa to see the Santa Barbara that I love so. It began to shower before we got home and of course the evening had to be spent inside.

Tuesday morning the King and Queen arrived. I was awakened by the cannons which announced the arrival of their train. I dressed hurriedly and took a bite of breakfast and ran over to the Salute to see their boat go past. It was drizzling and so many of the more elaborate preparations for their reception had been dispensed with. But flags and banners were hung from nay of the windows along the Grand Canal, a fair sized crowd was lined up, and they gave them a good cheer as their motorboar shot past. They were on their way to the Art Exhibition at the gardens which they had come here to inspect.

Later, the drizzle settled into a rain and so the rest of the day was spent indoors. I wrote my letter, studied Italian, took a lesson, and gossiped with the Contes. After dinner, Paul and Nita and I sat and talked at the table till eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Stedman left that day for the lakes. The people here are constantly changing, anyway. I make friends with one table after another, we have our jokes and discussions, and I get to feeling that "men may come and men may go, but I stay on forever."

Wednesday was shiny but uncertain. In the morning, I had a glorious ramble. I walked down this side of the Grand Canal, only, you understand, one can never keep by the water. Where there is a quay, like there is in front of St. Marks and along the Guidecca, and where there are steamboat stations like at the Salute, Accademia, and Rialto, one can be for a moment by the edge of the canal, but in most places the steps of the palaces go right down into the water. So in walking one must go into the interior, as it were, and wind in and out among the little narrow streets and between the garden walls, and one really has little way of knowing if he is hugging the Grand Canal or not. There is no place so good to lose oneself as Venice.

After walking for an hour or so, I found the Grand Canal and a steamboat station and took a boat for home. But after I'd been riding for a while I saw that it had been a fallacy of mine that it was a boat for home and that I was really going away from the Salute instead of going toward it. So I stopped and boarded another going in the right direction and I enjoyed the ride so much that I didn't ~~re~~grudge the time at all. The sun was again coquetting with the water - flags and banners fluttered from the windows - and their brilliant colors against the soft tints of the marble palaces - the flowers and green trailing from occasional garden walls, the summery attire of ladies in the balconies and in the sombre gondolas with which the water was filled, oh Venice de-

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fies description but I know that I shall always be able to see it in my mind.

That was the night that the celebration for the King and Queen was scheduled to be held. Illumination had been prepared and singing on the water. But at night the rain set in again, and most of the plans had to be relinquished. The King and Queen were giving a dinner in the Royal Palace which fronts on the piazza, and it was expected that they would be clapped out onto the balcony, and I was so disappointed at the thought of losing that opportunity to see them, that Paul said he would take me anyway, and I put on my old hat and we took an umbrella and set off in the rain.

Cats and dogs and old maids and nigger babies don't express the way it rained. The Square was a sea of bobbing umbrellas and a roar of voices. I had no idea that the royalty would really appear in such a downpour, but suddenly they did. They take their lives in their hands every time they come before such a crowd as that one. Socialism is rampant here and attempts to assassinate the King and Queen are so persistent that they seldom appear in public any more and often travel incognito. They were both extremely nervous then and bowed hastily as if longing to retreat into the room behind them. The Queen, they say, is particularly fearful. She is much taller than the King, who is a little man, and she has black hair and wore most splendid jewels. An Italian woman on the other side of me almost lost her head with admiration and kept tugging at my arm and shouting, "Ah! Signorina! La regina!" I was quite excited myself. After the crowd had thinned a little, we got ices and coffee at one of the cafés in the arcades and talked until the rain had slackened and we could get home again.

Thursday was fine. I shopped and rambled about and had a lesson in the afternoon, and in the evening Paul took me over to the Square again for the long deferred concert. The music was splendid, the crowd lively, we had our coffee out in the open air, and walked down on the quay between numbers to watch the lights on the water. There is no place in the world like that Square. It was just made for the Harts. And when we are in Venice in 1917, we will spend every single evening there. Won't we?

Friday was warm and sunshiny and altogether lovely. I was up in my room debating as to how to spend it when Paul whistled under my window and asked me to come for a walk. We walked down to the Canal and then suddenly made up our minds to go to Fusina, and tho' I was hatless and wearing my "blazer" we boarded a steamer and went.

We intended to return on the same boat, which would bring us home in time for lunch, but we got off for just a moment and were lost. Down behind the station was a lovely rolling meadow, dotted with trees, and sprinkled with poppies. Some old men were raking hay, a goat was browsing about, and some children were playing down on the beach. Paul got one of the men on the boat to promise to phone home that we would not be back for lunch, and then the Station Masters family carried a table and chairs for us down into the meadow, and finally prepared the most fearful and wonderful meal and served it to us down there. I told Paul how you were always saying, "I wonder what Maud is doing now" and that I knew you would never think of guessing what I really was doing at that particular moment. Eating lunch with him in a sunny little meadow down on the

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shores of the Adriatic with an Italian girl bobbing about and looking at us as if she thought we were harmlessly mad and the goat making constant raids on our table so that Paul had to brandish his chair at it to the great delight of the children who circled about us.

We had rice with peas, and chicken which they had killed for us at our instigation, and beef and potatoes, and strawberries, and hard little rolls, and we finished up with black coffee which he was sure I never would drink and which I drank to the very last drop just to prove what a good sport I was. It was such fun. And we wasted the whole afternoon and picked the loveliest poppies and came home in time for dinner.

Saturday was beautiful still. I wrote letters all morning out in the garden and in the afternoon, Nita being under the weather, I was not able to have a lesson, so Paul and I went out to the Lido. We didn't go to the beach, but around to the other side of the island which is occupied by a Jewish cemetery, a fort, some scrubby fields, dusty roads and a tavern. The cemetery was picturesque, cypresses rising behind brick walls, and we loitered a long while at one of the wide tables in the shabby garden of the tavern. It is strange how familiar all these places seem to me. Venice, of course, one has always read of, but I didn't expect that rural Italy would seem so natural. "Pam" and "The Beloved Vagabond" introduced me to a good many of its features, I guess.

Sunday was a feast day, and there was high mass at St. Marks. I went over for just a peek, having pined to see the candles lighted and to hear music in the beautiful dusky sparkling old place. I expected to spend most of my morning at the Accademia but

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it wasn't open after all. So I wandered on home early. In the afternoon I was on the other side of the Guidecca where the prisons are and the Redentore (church of the Redeemer). I went for Vesper service to the English church. Such a churchy sounding day! Well, in the evening Paul and I went over to Fusina again. That is the prettiest ride. We go clear out in front where we can see the prow cutting thru the water and the sky and the ocean are so dark and the lights of Venice so bright. It is too lovely.

And so I am down to the present again! I've had one fat letter from home and was glad to hear that you liked the new boarding place and that Lynn Starling was prepared for the worst. Do write to me often. Won't you? I must stop now and get this mailed. Land, what volumes I do write!

Endless love to you all, from your own little girl,

Maud.

(Letter #31) Pension Conte, San Gregorio, 234, Venice, Italy

June 5, 1914.

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My dearest family:

My letters must seem more and more like a calender. It seems as if every afternoon and evening is filled with something and just simply describing them occupies many pages without leaving room for the generalities or philosophizing of which I am so fond. Well, I have less than a fortnight of this gay life left. And then comes a month of industrious touring. And as it is well to have experiences of all kinds, I suppose, my frivolous weeks in Venice will not hurt me.

We are now eating in the garden again and at little tables. I sit with a Dr. and Mrs. Parker and their little son, Howland of Boston. Dr. Parker is a retired dentist and they have already spent one year here in travel and will spend another living in Munich before they go home. I like them immensely and they have taken a great fancy to me. Mrs. Parker says I must come and visit them either in Boston where she has two debutante nieces who will make it pleasant for me or in their summer home in the White Mountains. The English people, Mrs. Stedman, and many of the others have progressed to the Italian lakes, whither the Parkers also go next week when they leave here. If I had not planned to travel with Donovans, I would have a hundred other opportunities, but I think it is well I had already made my arrangements, as Donovans will travel more as I want to, and to the places I care most about seeing.

It was Monday morning that I wrote you, I believe. And our lovely sunshiny weather has continued ever since. In the afternoon, Paul and I took the steamer out to Lido and roved about

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out there according to our wont. In the evening was nothing special, a walk, I believe, and a little new moon. My second moon in Venice and oh, it is too beautiful here!

Tuesday morning, Adelaide, Nita, Paul and I breakfasted together in the garden. I almost always breakfast with some of the Contes now. We took Kodak pictures of our table and ourselves, which I will send you if they are good, and otherwise loitered away a golden morning. After dinner I took what I intended should be a catnap, but it lengthened into an all afternoon affair, and as I woke up ravenous I made Paul take me across the canal to a fascinating little cake shop and we proceeded to spoil our dinners with what our English friends call sweets. I had a lesson, too, during the day, which was the only thing I did do to justify existence. In the evening we went over to the Square, but there wasn't music after all, so we just got coffee and watched the people which crowd it, I believe, at any hour of the day or night. It is particularly fun to be there with Paul, as his friends here are all artists, musicians, dramatists, or poets, and he points them out to me with their achievements as they stroll bareheaded about the piazza.

Wednesday morning, I remember, we ate out in the wild rose arbor, and it was such fun. Afterwards, I hunted up a hair-dressing establishment and had a shampoo of which I was sorely in need. After lunch I finished up a book on Venice which I had been reading. It is called "The Lion of St. Mark" and is by Henty, just imagine, but it tells a great deal about the history of Venice and is thrillingly interesting into the bargain. Later, I met Paul in

Square for tea, only it was coffee with little cakes, and in the evening I wrote letters and there endeth Wednesday.

Thursday morning I lay out in the garden from breakfast till lunch - all alone - enjoying the sun and the scent of the roses and watching the white butterflies. In the afternoon, Nita and I went on a bat. We went first to her dressmaker, who is making a sweet white crepe for her, and who is going to mend my suit skirt, which is beyond my humble powers. (It is all frayed out around the bottom, looks like a fringe, and she will have to face it up, I guess. At any rate she's going to do something.) She is an Italian and lives in the most enchanting house. All the houses here are of plaster and come right to the sidewalk with a garden, when there is one, in the court. The windows are invariably iron barred. They are even here in the Pension. And when one rings at the doors they are opened by some system from up above. The doors are often iron barred, too. I'm sure that this house was once a palace. The iron barred door admits one to a cool stone hall. The garden is too picturesque. And the rooms up above are high and large and stately with stone floors and long windows.

Our errand completed we went to the Square for tea. Only instead of tea we got ice, my favorite kind, caeata di Siciliana, a delicious concoction, with chopped fruit and nuts and layers of chocolate. Nita is such a darling. I can't tell you how much I love her. She is so pretty and dainty I can't take my eyes from her and very interesting which does not always follow. Well, in the evening Paul got a gondola. It was moonlight and perfectly beautiful. On the Grand Canal, in lantern trimmed gondolas, people were singing, everything from Il Trovatore to Funiaceli

Funiaela. We drifted about near there to hear them and past the lighted Square and all about for an hour or so. It was too nice for anything.

I am enclosing a notice of Caroline Thompson's appearance in London. I clipped it from the Paris Edition of the Herald. You may be sure she made a real hit or she wouldn't have been mentioned there for space is so limited. Isn't that nice?

Luncheon calls me and my news is exhausted, so I'll say goodbye. Oh, my dear people, I am so happy and having such a good time. My two months in Germany gave me such a wonderful idea of that, and I am being particularly fortunate in being able to enter the real life of Italy, and now with my travelling the time will just fly and I will be coming back home so much helped. Yesterday, Mrs. Parker and I showed each other all the knickknacks we'd collected and she just raved over mine. I think myself I'll be a regular Santa Claus. Paul says he will carry some things back home for me but I think I will have him take books. There are some I have read and am thru with and my trunk is so crowded. However, I'll let him bring Helen's birthday present. He sails the 15th, of July, but will stop off a few days in New York, and will be going thru Minneapolis the first part of August. He's planning to take time to see you and I'm so glad as I know how crazy you'll be to see someone who's been with me so recently.

I haven't had a letter for ages. Do write often. I'll want a great pile when I get to Paris.

All kinds of love to my dears,

From your Maud.

(Letter #32) Conte Pension, San Gregorio 234, Venice, Italy

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June 9, 1914.

Dearest family,-

I hate to apply epithets to my beloved Italy, but there is certainly something queer about its mail service. I got a letter from Kath today, postmarked May 28th, and it was the first I had received since mother's, written May 16th. I know you didn't forget me for 12 whole days. And Russell's have been almost as bad, and he's a regular clock. Perhaps the "Empress of Ireland" carried them down. Anyway I want them, and it makes me wild. Kath's was a nice plump one and all the more welcome to me after my long wait. I had been famishing for news of pledge day, and sang "I'm satisfied" after I got it.

The note from Flossie which she enclosed made me regret my decision about Florence - in fact I regret it a hundred times a day - but still I feel it is best. It is very queer. Contes know the family that Flossie's man belongs to, and have known him and his sisters since they were all youngsters, and Nita once went on an excursion to a castle near Florence with him and Flossie and others, and at another time sat behind them in the theatre. She remembered Flossie quite well, said she was a pretty plump little blonde. It's very curious, isn't it, how one meets people who knows people one knows.

We have been having some thrills in this part of the world, all right. I wonder if there was anything in your papers about the big socialist disturbance here? It happened at Ancora, Sunday, which was the day the Italians celebrate their independence. A band was playing the royal march, and some students began applauding it, whereupon the socialists in the crowd hissed the students, and the police were obliged to interfere, and in-

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cidentally some socialists were killed.

As a manifestation of resentment, the socialists ordered a general strike for the Tuesday following, that was today, and it certainly showed the strength of the party as well as the cleverness of its organization, the way their orders were carried out all over Italy. All the shops were closed, groceries, meat shops, restaurants, absolutely everything. No steamboats ran, not a gondola could be obtained, even the mail wasn't delivered. Those who hadn't supplies in the house were badly off, those who wanted to go over town had to walk around by the bridges, those who arrived at the railroad station had to get facchini to carry their baggage way across the city.

In the afternoon Paul took me over to the square and it certainly was exciting. The Square itself and the little streets all around were thronged with a restless and discontented crowd. There were socialists with their red colors, police, sailors, and soldiers all looking worried, and one wasn't allowed to stand still at all, as the authorities kept everyone constantly moving, fearing, I guess, that mischief was brewing. When there were several policemen together they seemed very bold, and every lone socialist cringing, and likewise a group of socialists could make one soldier jump. It was really impossible to tell which was the stronger and I should think that the monarchy in Italy was tottering to its fall. A few stores wouldn't shut and the socialists broke their windows and made them. Just think of their doing such things with impunity! (I thought of Bick when I referred to our old friend impunity.)

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I've indulged in one dreadful shopping orgy. I went one morning with the Parkers, and I guess that Dr. Parker and Howland were about ready to drop, when we got home, but Mrs. Parker would rather bargain than eat, and I kept her valiant company. The shops here were never designed for weak-minded women. Such mosaics, beads, laces, pictures, leather-work and jewels. The goods are displayed fairly on the sidewalk, and no one, unless he has a heart of stone, can help stopping to admire them, and having once done that one is sure to be inveigled inside by the suave proprietors, and then help, help, but there is no help! It's bad enough when one is alone, but to have another woman along to help admire, and to say how much one would surely have to pay in America, and how this or that is really only the price of a matinee or an ice cream soda makes it really fatal. When I get home and go to spend a harmless quarter on the Orpheum, look me sternly in the eye and tell me that I spent that self same quarter in Venezia.

I do a great deal the same things, and I suppose you get tired of hearing about them. I've had a couple more lessons in this interval and am now reading "Cuore" by DeAmicio and am crazy about it. I'm learning to speak and understand a little too, and it's a pity I'm leaving so soon. But I will put it along with my Dutch to continue when I get home. I'm rereading "Romola" and tempting myself with the close proximity of Florence. But I don't seem to find time for any writing, outside of my letters.

Of course, I've been over to the Square. I think it was Saturday evening there was a big band concert and Paul took

me over and we got Casota and coffee. Outdoor cafes are an innovation which some one should make in America, but I don't know as we could ever introduce there the custom which they have heard of washing ones spoon in ones glass before using it. The waiter even brings a glass for the purpose.

And except for the bits of information I squeezed on a card, I don't suppose you know about our Sunday excursion to Chioggia. Paul asked Nita and I to go, and then Nita couldn't for she has a friend who is ill, and I felt so disappointed, and I didn't know what to do. Of course at home it would have been all right for us to go alone, but Contes being Italians I thought they might have other ideas, so I asked Nita and Nita asked her mother and as it happened they all thought it would be perfectly proper. I had been sure that it was, for Paul and I are such good friends, and he is the most trustworthy sort of a person.

We left in the morning at 10, when the Square was swarming with people, for as I told you Sunday was the Italian Fourth of July. It was a sort of a cloudy day and by special request I wore my old green wooly dress, red blazer and little black velvet hat. I thought I had better explain or you would abuse me when you saw the enclosed kodak picture. Paul snapped it of me on the steamer going over. It was quite an ocean steamer, as you see. The ride took two hours and was delightful, first in the lagoons where we were constantly passing and visiting quaint little islands, and later in the real sure enough ocean.

Chioggia is on the mainland, or rather it is an island, connected by bridge to the mainland, and then spreading over it.

Reading the history of Venice, I have found constant reference to Chioggia, it used to have the eyes of the world upon it, for it guards the entrance to Venice and that meant a great deal when Venice was in its zenith. Now it is haunted by artists and remarkable only for picturesqueness. It is a fishing town, and the sea as well as the canals is crowded with fishing craft. There are the rough black boats with orange sails bearing a huge cross, and others with madonnas or biblical scenes painted upon the prow, and there seem to be whole forests of rigging. Aside from this romantic feature, it is not particularly unusual. It has the plaster houses, narrow paved streets, flapping lines of washing, dirt, poverty, and abundance of thin cats and pretty ragged children, which characterize other old world cities. Like Venice, it is intersected with canals and spanned with bridges. Sunday, it all had a gala spirit. There was a constant promenade of people on the broad main street, and a merry-go-round, gamblers, fakirs, and vendors of dirty-looking sweets, thin ice cream, gay postal cards, and magnificent flowers, made a cheerful hubbub.

After landing we took a walk and admired the fishing vessels and took hunches of pictures and surrounded all the time with an interested, amused, sympathetic, and chattering audience. Then having acquired ferocious appetites on the water, we went to a certain restaurant Luna which had a fairly good table and a charming view of the sea and ate a good dinner, the menu of which I am enclosing. Afterwards we hunted up the street carnival effect and tried our luck at a gambling place.

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Gambling on Sunday sounds dreadful, but I really wanted a picture of the crowd, and hoped, too, that I might win a prize as a souvenir. The man sold little pink tickets each bearing the name of a city. I got Paris. And everyone crowded about him, native women with their black shawls and excited children, all clutching their tickets. Then, amid a breathless hush, a little mechanical doll whizzed up a pole round which a number of dolls were suspended and grasped one of them. And the holder of the ticket with the name of the city which was fastened to the particular doll that was grasped, was allowed to choose a present from a table covered with divers atrocious articles. Paul was just pushing in with our tickets in his hand, when I snapped him. He says if I send the picture to you, you will want to know who my dago friend is and inquire after his push cart of bananas. But I'm going to send it anyway, for I think it's fun that he's such an Italian and Ferrara won the prize, to pay for our sins, so I'll never gamble again.

Well, then we took the boat to Marina, another quaint little island village, which has a good beach and a wonderful view of the sea, and then we came back to Chioggia in time for our afternoon coffee which we took at a fascinating out of door place in a sort of miniature St. Mark's Square. And we had supper at the restaurant Luna again, only this time outdoors for it was beginning to get twilight and cooler, and a bunch of ragged youngsters hung around our table all the time and we threw them bread when the waiter wasn't looking.

In the evening, as our boat left, they were putting up a bandstand and the crowd was beginning to gather, and I thought,

as I always do, when will I see it again, and how?

We had the most glorious ride home, Up in the front of the boat, a lot of men were singing strange, fantastic songs, and we kept passing quiet groups of fishermen, and bye and bye a wonderful moon came out! And the entrance into Venice, first the lights of the Lido, and then the Campanile of St. Mark's all white against the sky, and then the glitter of the Square, and then the swing of the music and the voices of the holiday crowd - oh it was a nice, nice Sunday!

I must stop now and get this mailed, tho' I don't know when it will go, on account of the strike. And I don't know how much longer the strike will keep me from getting mail from home. I'll fill up the rest of my page, with love, tho' it isn't half big enough for all I want to send. I am so happy here and having such a good time and so grateful to you all for everything.

Ever your own little girl,

Maud.

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P E R S O N A L

Venice.

Dearest Mother:

I know you are reading between the lines about Paolo Conte, so I will tell you that when I had just been here a week he told me that he was in love with me, and now he tells me every day in three different languages, so I guess there is no doubt about it.

Of course, I am not in love with him, but I am dreadfully sorry for him. He is a dear and a gentleman and for all he is 24 and an Italian, it is really his first affair as he has always been wrapped up in his music and indifferent to women. He is too sweet for anything about it, writes me such lovely letters and gives me flowers and is always planning things to please me. But he is terribly unhappy and doesn't sleep and is almost ill and, of course, I feel awfully about it.

He says, "Oh you Americans! You can't feel. You are like ice." But I do feel like a murderer, just the same.

Thank heaven, his mother and sisters like me. And as I'm not engaged and he knows what there is to know about Russell I don't see any reason why we shouldn't be together for this month. I hope you won't think I am doing wrong. He says once in a while that he is going to Florence as he can't stand it, he takes everything so seriously and I only flirt, but I don't think he is going. And sometimes he says, "Why didn't you stay in Oberammergau? What did you come down here for?" which makes me want to laugh and cry at once. Do tear this up as it is confidential just to you and

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papa and the family, but I wanted to tell you. Sometimes it seems horribly improper to have somebody in love with me when I am in such a romantic place as Venice and unchaperoned. But heavens I didn't make him. He is perfectly trustworthy, a lovely family, and his sisters are about with us a great deal and all of them make lots of me, so it's all alright and nothing for you to worry about in the least. Anyway I will be gone from Venice not long after you get this. I am not at all in love, with him, so don't think that. Russell has written four and five times a week, ever since I came, and he is an old dear and I think lots of him, But I'm not going to marry anybody for years and years and I'm planning on 1917 as much as you are. So set your heart at rest. Tell Kath that I long for her from the bottom of my heart, heart is good, she being controller in chief of that organ. Deepest love to you all,

Maud.

PERSONAL

Pension Conte, S. Gregorio N. 234.
Venice.

My darling mother,-

It is so queer. Your letter wishing for more personal news came just when I was installed in the garden ready to write you personal news. Sometimes I feel like you do, that I am sending home lectures instead of letters, but you see I know that they are all things you want to hear and by the time I get thru writing them I am so completely tired out that I can't seem to manage any more.

Oh, how I have been longing for you these last few weeks. Nobody could call it simple to have an Italian in love with you and to be living in the household with his family doesn't tend to simplify things. But I will say that Mr. Conte has been more thoughtful and considerate of me and of my being alone than most American men would have been and his family all seem to simply love me, so I suppose it is just my supernatural sensitiveness that has made it all so hard for me.

I am just about sick today, because everything came to a head yesterday. You will read in my home letter about our wonderful day at Fusina..Well it was late in the afternoon when we were sitting down in the grass by the water that he told me he must have a definite answer of some sort. He said he knew I could not tell him I loved him and that I would marry him when we had only known each other three weeks and he had not met you folks or anything but that he must know if he had a chance or not, for he would never get over it if he let himself go much farther.

It may seem very strange to you that we are so well

acquainted but it was like this. He is not at all a 'girl's man and has never paid any attention to girls except always to be courteous to them, (and all those who come here get crushes on him as I have observed) but he has told me since that the minute he saw me he said to himself, "There is the girl I can lose my head about" and as he helped me with my bags and into the gondola he kept praying, "Oh, I hope she will be stupid. Oh I hope she will be stupid", for he didn't want to fall in love, but I wasn't, and so!

I think I felt it at the time. I told you in my letter home that he seemed like a 42nd cousin. Well it was kind of that way. He just took me in charge from the very first. He was very careful and so was I. If we were together in the afternoon, we wouldn't be in the evening, etc., but he kept my room full of flowers, took me every place I wanted to go, etc. and I found him so kind and like him immensely.

I'll tell you, we are both artists and are absolutely congenial. I never get tired of him. I don't care how I look, if I am sick or tired or quiet, and neither does he. He loves me like Bick does, and the family. (I just happened to think I hadn't told you I refused him and you might be worrying, I did. So don't.) He is the most affectionate disposition I ever knew and adores his mother and sisters and they him and they are too sweet together for anything. He will be just the same with his wife, too. I don't know. I have a feeling that if I married Russell and my own family wasn't always by me to back me up, I would be desolate and get sick and die. But Mr. Conte would love me and pet me and take care of me and baby me. You see the kind of a man he is?

Well, here is an example I found out. An Italian girl

here was engaged and got into trouble and the man ran away to America and she had her baby and her family turned her out and she couldn't earn but 30 f. a mo. and it cost her 60 to have the baby boarded and she was about desperate. The man was an acquaintance of Mr. Conte's. He, Mr. Conte, had some money saved up, he had been saving it for ages, and he took it all and bought a place for the baby in an institute and got the girl a position and never even told her he had done it. You can just see what kind of a person he is.

Well, I told him that I would be quite honest with him and I was. I told him he could see how congenial we were and that I liked him very much, but I said that I was afraid I was such a born and bred American with such independent ideas and he had such Italian ideas that we could never be happy. But I said that even if he was an American I might not want to marry him, as I didn't want to marry anybody for years and years. And he was very quiet and I could see how bad he was feeling and then I'm such an idiot and not used to refusing people I guess and I cried and kind of went to pieces in my usual way and he was a dear and went and got me some wine and said, "Don't feel so sorry for me. I am very happy. You have been so sincere in saying "no" that I will be sure you are sincere when you say "yes" and next time you will say "yes." But I won't.

We came home and right after dinner I came upstairs and undressed and went to bed and presently a couple of dozen of roses and carnations came up in a shower thru my open window. And I didn't speak to him but in an hour or so I looked out and saw him and when I went to sleep he was still there standing just as quiet down in the garden in the moonlight. He was afraid I was feeling badly. You

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see an American man couldn't do those things. But with him they are as natural as breathing. Italians are never awkward, never self-conscious, but always graceful and at ease. Still it is true what I said about not marrying him. I am such an American and the difference in language and most of all the difference in fundamental ideas seems an impassable barrier. I can't even imagine him transplanted to America. But, oh, I am so sorry for him. He is as white as a sheet this morning and his eyes make me curl up.

You are probably wondering about Russell and I am myself when I have time. Caring for Russell has gotten to be like caring for the family and I haven't stopped a bit. His letters get more and more frequent and ardent and make me want to kill myself with scorn. That I, of all girls, should be in such a position! You mustn't think that all this is spoiling my trip. Venice has been a dream of happiness and Mr. Conte has helped to make it so. Of course, I am all in this morning but we will be just as usual when we get a chance to talk to each other again. And when I join Donovans and have constantly changing scenes and sights to distract me I will be quite diverted.

It has been so nice to tell you all about it. I feel as if I had been in bed with you and now I could kiss you goodnight and go to sleep. You see you and Papa are doomed to have an old maid daughter on your hands and Kath will have to resign herself to my unchanging spinsterhood. You know, mamma, I am very well. And thru all this I have eaten like a perfect gourmand. I'll bet I weigh 120. I know how you miss me, just like I miss you, but you will be glad when I get home and you see how much good my trip has done me. I am dead with writing, so goodbye my very own dearest

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darling mother,

Maud.

Please tell papa all about this. I know he will think
I have done all right.

PERSONAL

60

Dearest Mamma,-

Well, dearie, I left Venice unengaged, so cheer up. But, oh dear, I am kind of unsettled. I've hardly written to Russell since I came to Venice, and his letters get more and more devoted.

Since the day at Fusina, Paul and I have been together so much, and to know the way he loves me makes me feel very queer. Anyhow I know I can never be satisfied with anything less. His love just simply enfolds me, protecting me from anything that could tire me or make me afraid or annoy me, and if I got sick or in any difficulty tomorrow I would telegraph him and he would come flying wherever he happened to be. No matter how I look or act, he loves me, and he loves the real me, not something I pretend to be when I am in good spirits.

He asks me to marry him a dozen times a day. He says we would live in Minneapolis, next door to you if I wanted to, and that making me happy would come above his career and everything. I know he would love all of you and I think you would love him. He is the kind you would "mother". He is so affectionate with his own mother and his sisters.

The telegram which I found here from him when I arrived, was the dearest thing. He thinks of everything and is the most extravagantly generous person I ever knew. He would have spent every cent he had on me if I had let him.

Well, if you are at Taylor's Falls in August, do try to run into Minneapolis for the day he is there. I have promised him Kath will meet him as she looks so much like me he couldn't

miss her. But I want him to know you all. I don't know if he will come when I get back or not. It is just as I say. He says if I will give him one word of encouragement he will never give up. But that the thoughtful honest way I say "no I don't" when he asks me if I love him at all is enough to make him feel it is quite hopeless. Still I think he will never really give up till I am married to somebody else.

I thot I would put in this little note so you wouldn't be worrying about how much we were together. It was a lot, but he was feeling very badly, and he had only those few days with me, and I tried to do what seemed best. Nita knew everything and I think they all suspected it and they all loved me and would love to have me marry him. And 2 mo. ago I'd never heard of him! Well, such is life! Just a little note, my darling mother. I am too tired to write more now. But do write me lots as I never felt that I needed you and wanted you so much.

Your loving,

Maud.

Chap 23

5

Transfers to

Trip to Venice

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 ^{from Zensfeld} Trancsfesta, and my supper in Verona where I changed cars, and I reached Venice about 7:0 in the evening after a very tedious trip.

W. L. ...
Mumil
coffee

Except for that pleasant fancy, however, "The
Disappearing Dancer" had received very little of her. She
could not bring herself to concentrate on "The Disappearing
Dancer" now, for it was delightful drinking coffee out under
the trees. There were rows and rows of white tables, all
surrounded by chattering people; it was fun, too, to watch
the people going by: the hand-holding lovers, and anxious eyed
tourists, the mothers with children, the soldiers and students,
an old man walking with a book held directly in front of his
eyes, and the hordes of dogs, big and small, romping and bark-
ing and sniffing the air. There was also, the music of a merry-go-round in the distance.

Most distracting of all, however, was the weather.
The teeming earth and swelling buds smelled of spring. The
quivering tulips and the bobbing hats blazed of spring. The
jubilant birds sang of spring. Indeed just to be drinking coffee
out under the trees meant that spring had come.

It was an enchanting moment of spring. The buds on

beam

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-

arisoned 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

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 dark-eyed 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.

PERSONAL

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GRAND HOTEL - PENSION de l'Odéon

Rouget-West
Propriétaire
3, Rue de l'Odéon, 3
PARIS (VIe)

Electricité, Salle de Bains, Chauffage Central

Téléphone : Fleurus 07-25

English Spoken - Man Spricht Deutsch

My blessed Mother,-

I hadn't realized until I got your letters which were forwarded to me here in England how I was letting you worry about my getting married. At that, I tho't I had told you I had decided not to marry Paul. You must stop it instantly and put it right out of your mind, for the absolute truth is that I am farther from getting married than I was when I left home.

In the first place - Paul. After I had been away a very few weeks, I wrote him that I tho't I was doing wrong to keep on encouraging him, for my true true belief was that I would never love him. He took it very hard and really doesn't feel right towards me so I don't know if he will stop off in Minneapolis or not. It was very sweet of you to write him and I wish he would stop off and see you, but I rather feel as if it would make it too hard for him and he wouldn't. I have been under a terrible strain, for Nita even wrote me how cut up he was and I have worried day and night for fear he would commit suicide. But you can't marry a man because you are sorry for him.

He is a perfect dear and no one knows how kind he was to me nor how kind he would be to me if I married him. I feel as if I did wrong to be so good to him but I tho't myself for a while it would be a good thing if I could love him.

The honest truth is, mamma, I believe I always have and always will love Russell more than all the other men in the world put together. There are ways in which we aren't congenial and I think you people think so, but love is stronger than anything else, and will overcome differences and draw people together. But at the same time, I'm not engaged to Russell and may never be. We have discussed marriage a little since I have been here and for many reasons there would be a long, long wait ahead of us if we got married, even long enough to satisfy you. So you really ought to be happy, for I am safer than I would be absolutely heart whole when some millionaire might snap me up in a minute.

Do tell daddie this, for he too has probably been afraid he was going to lose his middle daughter, even tho' he hasn't said anything about it. Just now, I'd rather have him support me than anyone I know and the family I'm in now is such a peach that I'd be afraid to set up a rival establishment.

Maud.

64

Mother dear,-

This is to tell you something that I'm afraid I'm late in telling, and that is don't say too much about Miss Siboni's being sick and that being the reason I didn't travel with her. It just occurred to me that when she came to Minneapolis this summer she might hear strange rumors. She was sick and gave up any elaborate trip and as I knew my letters went all over I thought I ought to get out of it as easily as I could and so slipped into that. But our doing much travelling sort of fizzled out before she ever got sick. We are great friends and had some good times together and I think lots of her and she of me, but she is foreign and very reserved and I was so afraid of intruding that I think I was too much so, and so we never got to talking travelling. She has gone since to Florence and met Mrs. Donovan there and from the way she spoke to Mrs. D. about it I really think she was sorry I didn't make more of an effort to be with her. It's funny how one misunderstands people in this world. It makes me feel quite badly. I was just lying awake the other night and got to thinking of this possible contingency. I think Miss S will come and call on you in August. That's all.

I get a letter a day from Paul. Such sweet ones. Poor boy. I'd give anything to have a talk with you about him and oh, by the way, you must get me Mrs. Poehler's address by hook or by crook or I won't get any passage home! I am afraid to engage passage for myself, as Ella says she has, and I have no address to reach her. Do tend to it. Won't you? Lots of love to my darlingest little mother.

Maud.

(Letter #33) Hotel Des Alpes, Gersan, Switzerland.
June 16th, 1914.

My dear ones,-

Complete

Since I wrote to you last, I have concluded my stay in Venice, sallied forth into the world again, met Donovans, and established myself in the cleanest of all clean rooms, in the quaintest of all quaint houses, on the banks of that most charming of all charming lakes, Lake Lucerne. Things happened quickly for a while. I heard from Donovans and their plans were too tempting to resist, moreover the strike didn't seem to be letting up any and I was sort of afraid to stay in Italy much longer for fear I couldn't get out at all, and as Venice seemed harder to leave instead of easier the longer I lingered in it, I thought I might as well break away, and I did.

The strike has subsided in Venice but is only in abeyance and in other parts of Italy it has assumed rather alarming features. They have been stoning trains, taking up rails, delaying the mail, etc., and while it may all die out in a few days, it may grow more and more serious.

I had to hurry to finish up my sightseeing, and Paul took time off and sightsaw with me. I have really done almost all the conventional things, but without any conscious effort. I just lived there and absorbed everything I could and even Paul who loves every stick and stone in the city says he is quite satisfied with the way I saw it. I bought myself some wood prints which I want to have in a panel about my room and I know that I will stand and look at them and ache all over for my beloved Venezia. They will bring back all the varying shades which the sky and water wear; the lines of time-worn marble palaces with their barred windows and their steps going down into the water; the little narrow streets with the

wash flying like flags from the upper windows, with meat, fish, bread, fruit and flowers displayed almost on the sidewalk, and with the swarms of picturesquely dirty people choking every threshold and every turning discussing the weather with as much gesticulation and expression as if it was war with Austria; the Zattere and the Giudecca, a perfect crazy quilt of watercraft; the Lido with its golden beach and turquoise ocean; and oh the Square with the bric-a-brac shops under the colonnades, my beloved cafes in the open, the fat pigeons and the inevitable admiring circle of children, the stream of people from all corners of the earth, the rose tints of the Doge's Palace, the glittering facade of St. Marks, the clock with my friends striking the hours, and the golden angel on the top of the Campanile!

But the Square is nicest at night, or I am such a night-hawk that I think so. When the lantern strung gondolas with their freight of singers float up and down ~~xxxx~~ in front, and everyone in Venice comes to promenade bareheaded. You should shake me and make me stop! I can't write sanely about Venice. I never knew before that one could love a city like a dear, dear friend. Why I'm crazy ever it just like I am my family!

I believe that I began by saying that Paul and I finished up my sightseeing. And he planned my trip up here, did everything for me, and is going to ship my trunk for me to England. I can't tell you how kind and considerate and thoughtful he has been, besides taking me to all the places I wanted to go and keeping my room filled with lovely flowers. But, I seem to be in too loquacious a mood and must go back and begin at last Wednesday morning in

order to give you a definite idea of what I have been doing.

On that morning, attired in my thin lavender dress and broad hat, with my guide book in one hand and my purse in the other, I went out church killing. I killed four and had a lovely time. In the very beginning of the process I lost my way, it being down among some of the intricate little streets which even Venetians can't master, and I acquired a guide, the handsomest, raggedest, dirtiest, little ragamuffin I ever laid my eyes on, who, for a few pennies, took me everywhere I wanted to go, and waited for me while I poked about. We had lots of fun, tho' he doubled up at my Italian. One can't pause for a moment in a Venetian street without being surrounded with a flock of youngsters. They earn many pennies rescuing bewildered foreigners. I went first to SanStefano, Gothic, 14th Century, chiefly interesting because Luther once said mass there, and also possessing a wealth of colored marble, paintings and statues. Next came San Zaccaria where I adore the Bellinis. Then San Francesco della Vigna which has an exquisite altarpiece. And lastly Santa Maria dei Miracoli, so named because of a miracle working picture of the Madonna, which is simply encased in marble and is a perfect little gem. I got home for lunch late and hungry and with a feeling of duty well done.

In the afternoon Paul and I went out to Lido, chiefly for the steamboat ride and tea at one of the cafes overlooking the water. We were just consuming our tea, or it happened to be coffee when who should we see but Madame Conte and Anita, who joined us and drank coffee too. In the evening Madame Conte, Nita and I were invited over to Paul's rooms for some music. There was a cellist

and a violinist and they played some of Paul's music which I had been anxious to hear. They didn't play well, but his music is awfully good. Wolf-Ferrari, the composer of "Jewels of the Madonna," "Secrets of Susanne", etc. who, as I told you, was Paul's teacher, is going to give him a card to Schirmer. He has done some things for Schirmer anyway. But that ought to get his work a good hearing, and I think some of it will surely be accepted and make a hit.

Thursday morning, I went shopping with Mrs. Parker again. Oh, when I think of some of the things I've bought in Venice I want to take them and fly home! We browsed around lots of shops and fed the pigeons in the Square and also stopped into St. Marks for a few minutes. I have never done that justice in a letter and now it is hard to describe as familiar things always are, but it is the most glorious church. It dates back to 976, but it was a long time in the making, and during that time all the Venetian sailors who voyaged to Eastern ports brought back the rarest treasures to adorn it. For that reason it not only savors of the Orient, but its variety of decoration is almost endless and, tho' some people think the effect is a trifle mixed, there is no doubt but what it is dazzling.

It is built like a Greek cross with five domes, and the front is richly frescoed. Over the door are the four gilded copper horses of which I told you. The church contains 46,000 square feet of mosaic, the outside, the entrance hall, and the interior being laden and the latter fairly lined with it. Among the treasures are Sansovino's bronze statues of the disciples, the tomb of St. Mark, two of the columns from Solomon's temple, a bit

of the true cross, etc. Most of the Venetian churches seem so light, but St. Mark's is dim enough to please even me, and to walk in across the uneven marble pavement when only candles are revealing the richness and splendor is a thrilling sensation. To be sure, the throngs of irreverent sightseers, who poke about in every corner, and wander from one end to the other, sort of spoil it. I tried to find it empty, but never could.

Thursday afternoon was one of the nicest yet. Paul and I went over to Murano. I went before, you remember, to see the glass factories, but this time we explored the island. Murano is a small Venice. It has streets of water and hordes of bridges. It has also two fascinating churches, San Pietro e Paola, with paintings by Bellini, Palma and Vivanna and the Cathedral, llll. We made the trip in a gondola and on our way back stopped off at a cafe down on the Grand Canal. We got home late for dinner, so late that I ate with Contes as I often do, and afterwards we all sit and gossip.

Friday morning we went off to a part of Venice I had never been to before. It was down at the end of one of the islands with water all about it. We went to see a church, and we did see it, and it was beautiful, as I'll remark in passing. (I know you're getting sick of churches.) but the cute kids were what I was crazy about. The streets were sort of like our slums (only the tenements are built, maintained, and inspected by the government and so not so dirty as ours), and there were swarms of children, pretty ragged little beggars. We had a perfect parade following us, calling to us to look and then turning handsprings and asking for pennies. A whole row of them lined up against a wall and stood on their heads at

once and I got a snapshot of them. Paul didn't know what to do about giving them money, as there were so many of them it was hopeless to begin, but he finally gave some to one and told him to buy sweets for them all and they all trooped off together, smiling and calling to us. In the afternoon I paid my farewells to Lido. We got something to drink and picked poppies and had a lovely time. And so Friday went, and my days in Venice were numbered.

Saturday was occupied with planning my trip, changing my money, and doing up odds and ends of shopping. Paul took me down to the Rialto, for a hasty glimpse of the market which I had been wanting to see, buying me a perfect armful of roses and carnations, and also for tea up to the cafe Orientale. That is about my favorite place on account of the fine orchestra.

In the evening, he and Nita and Adelaide and I went to the theatre and heard Wolf-Ferrari's new opera "I Quattro Rustighi". I had been simply wild to go to opera there and I was so happy and excited. The theatre itself is old and very quaint, and the opera is a simple and charming little thing, and Italian audiences alone are entertaining. They shouted for encores at all times and in all places with a delightful enthusiasm, but they say they would have thrown cabbages with equal vim if it had not happened to please them. It was only the fourth or fifth presentation of the opera, so after they had brought out the artists again and again, they demanded Wolf-Ferrari and made him come any number of times. He is a big, stout, rather good-looking man. He seemed very pleased. And finally gathered all the women on the stage into an embrace which

amused the audience mightily. At last the orchestra leader came out too. It was altogether a very thrilling occasion.

And Sunday was my last day in Venice. Not my very last, for I'm coming, oh I'm coming, but at least my last for some time as I had to say au revoir Monday. In the morning I went to the Academy, which I haven't had half enough of, and took another look at Titian's "Assumption" and "Presentation" and the Bellini Madonna. After dinner, I wadded up my hair, slipped into my small pox dress, spread dust all over my face and hands, wrinkled up my forehead, and approached my packing. My trunk is just laden with breakables, which makes packing nerve-racking, and I had to select enough clothes for a month or six weeks to put in my suitcase, so you can imagine the state I was in! After an hour or so of fussing, moreover Paul tapped at my door every other minute, offering to help and tempting me away. Finally Nita came up with some cherries and encouragement, and in five minutes she had chased me away and was doing everything herself, so father and Kath having packed me out of Minneapolis, the steward off the Canopic, Else out of Munich and now Nita out of Venice, my record was unbroken.

I will wear my suit for travelling, of course, and I got all my waists in my suitcase, also my green gingham dress, my crepe dress, my bridey dress and my red silk dress and my green coat I strap outside or carry. I'm going to get along just beautifully I know. And my trunk can go slow to London and won't cost much.

Well, about six I freshened up and slipped into my

bridey dress, and Paul and I went down to the Zattere. After dinner, we had planned to go to the Square, but it rained, and the best we could do was to go out to the point beyond the Salute and see the lights. As I left early Monday morning, I made most of my farewells Sunday night. Before I went to bed all the Contes came up to my room to say goodbye. And Nita gave me the daintiest little pendant, a coral drop on a gold chain. I was so pleased with it, for it is a little beauty, and so sorry to leave them all, that I could hardly swallow down the lump in my throat.

I got up Monday morning at 6 o'clock, and got dressed for my trip and finished my packing. Then I walked a ways to meet Paul and he came back with me for breakfast. The Parkers who were to be on the same train and take care of me as far as Milan were at breakfast too. And Nita bobbing in and out making a lunch for me.

Paul and I went down on the steamboat, as we had to go early to buy my tickets, and so after a bite of breakfast, which I was too excited to eat, we hurried off with Nita waving from the door. I hated to leave Contes who have been so dear to me, and I hated to leave my beautiful Venice which was perfectly alluring in the fresh morning, but the steamboat carried us heartlessly to the station, and we had bought my ticket, joined Parkers, and selected our compartment in the train before I could hardly realize it.

Well, I can't write myself into Switzerland for Mrs. Donovan is at the door urging me to go out and have tea. So I must finish quickly and run along with her. Contes will be very careful about forwarding my mail, but it hasn't been coming re-

gularly at all, and I am very anxious about it. I got nothing from mother from May 16th until May 31st when she and father wrote from Watertown. And Russell's letters and all the others have been equally scattered. I am just tickled to death about my new waist and ϕ pin. The former is just what I've been pining for and the latter I am always wanting. You are such dears to send them to me. Your plans for the summer sound very tempting. I don't dare think about them too much, for fear I will be foolish and come home. But land, it is past the middle of June now, and with Switzerland to occupy me till the first of July and Paris till the fifteenth and then England till the first of September when I think I will be coming home, time will fly.

Meanwhile, I love you all extraordinarily. And am your
lovingest child,

Maud.

(Letter #34)

Pension Gaudard, Schanzeneckstrasse 7,
Berne, Switzerland.
June 21, 1914.

for the Gaudards
My dear ones,-

It was last Monday morning at eight o'clock that my train pulled out of Venice. Except for a dapper young Italian, the Parkers and I had a compartment to ourselves, and Howland and I were pasted at the windows to watch the beloved city fly past us. After we had shot out across the water and were on the mainland again, we still saw landscape of a dear familiarity, olive orchards, vineyards, sunny meadows sprinkled with crimson poppies, villages with sunbaked plaster houses and dusty streets. Dr. and Mrs. Parker slept, Howland became absorbed in manufacturing aeroplanes, the dapper young Italian looked at me with very melting black eyes from under very extraordinary lashes, and after convincing myself of it, I turned back to my window again and sighed to be leaving Italy.

No strikers threw stones at our windows or took up our tracks and the ride to Milan was altogether uneventful. During the last few minutes of it, I aired my small stock of Italian in conversation with our good-looking companion. For the second time I saw the dome of the Milan Cathedral from the car window, and we pulled in about twelve thirty.

I got a train out at twelve forty so Parkers were able to see me safely on my train. The first thing I did was to open the lunch which Nita had put up for me. You should have seen the amount of cold chicken, rolls, and fruit which I consumed, and how pleased I was to find the message she had printed on the eggs! For a while

I followed the same route I had gone when I went from Genoa to Munich via Milan and Zurich in February. That is, I had a glimpse of the beautiful lakes of Como and Lugano and began to go thru mountain passes. The scenery of course was magnificent, but I was beginning to feel the effects of early rising, and not only grew tired but a little lonesome and afraid.

After passing thru the St. Gotthard Tunnel, we soon came to Goschenen, the little town where I had to change trains, and I occupied my few minutes of waiting by drinking a cup of very good coffee at the little outdoor cafe before the station. The air was delightful, I had only to raise my eyes to see snow-capped mountains, the coffee was excellent, and I gathered my bundles with a better grace when my train drew in. And then what do you think. I heard someone calling my name, I stopped and looked about me, and there were Donovans who had been delayed by the strike and so had been travelling with me since Lugano!

Oh, I was so glad to see them! You can't begin to imagine! How I hugged the children, and how I chattered with Mrs. Donovan, and how I demanded details of our plans! To hear them gave me the same thrills that I have always associated with the surprise packages we used to buy at Mrs. Jorey's. They all promptly began calling me Maud, which seemed so good, and altogether I immediately forgot tiredness, scardness, and lonesomeness, and flew into the highest spirits.

The scenery drew us constantly from one window to the other. Mrs. Donovan characterized it when she cried ecstatically, "How charmingly Switzeresque!" There were, of course, the snow-

capped mountains, the dizzyingly high waterfalls, the almost perpendicular fields and gardens, the cunning toy chalets, and the red-roofed villages in every valley. Frances alone was not interested. The most picturesque views failed to bring him to the window. He stood with his compass in his hand. And only the tunnels, which the rest of us merely endured, served to bring him to any degree of enthusiasm. He simply lives to go thru tunnels. He is mad about engineering anyway, and I have to assume a wild interest in railroading in order to preserve his high opinion of me.

However, we all began to appeal to him when we came upon the reappearing church. Mr. Baedeker first called our attention to it. It is a little red-roofed church, the most prominent feature of one of the villages, and it seems to jump up and down and about as one sees it first above one, then below one and then on one side and then on the other. Of course one goes thru spiral tunnels in the intervals, which accounts for the phenomenon.

We left the train at Fleülen, and boarded a boat for Gersan. Fleülen is a little village at one end of Lake Lucerne, the city of Lucerne being somewhere near the other. It was late afternoon and ideal on the water and we had seats on the upper deck with an unobstructed view. Wrapped in rugs, we sat and hugged each other and applauded one another's ravings.

I was entirely unprepared for Lake Lucerne, for tho' I had somewhere heard that it was beautiful, I had not even faintly realized how beautiful it was. The mountains rise straight from the water's edge, sometimes in cliffs and sometimes dotted with dear villages, and above rise the afore-mentioned perpendicular fields

and gardens, the quaint chalets, the forests, and the snow. Behind these are other mountains, and behind them still more, the blue-white of their snowy peaks finally becoming lost in clouds. The water is so clear, that exquisite mountain scenes are reflected in it, and the coloring is ever changing. Dr. Donovan has brilliant ideas which correspond to papa's far-famed "snoggestions," and one of these had been a few days at a village before proceeding to Lucerne. So we stopped off at Gersau, mightily curious as to what was awaiting us.

Oh, it was the dearest little village, running back up the side of the mountain from the lake! Such crooked streets, such adorable houses with flowers overflowing from the windows and mixing democratically with the vegetables in the front gardens, such happy, healthy looking peasants, and everything shining clean! We made our way up to the Hotel des Alpes, which sort of backed up on the slope, and which we found a delightful tho' unpretentious little place. It had mostly long low rooms with white panelled ceilings white curtains at the windows, and highly waxed floors. Elizabeth and I spoke for living together and got a dear simple little room which looked out on a flowery mountain side.

We arrived there in time for dinner and made the acquaintance of the other guests. There was a fat German minister, a maiden lady who was a missionary to China, and a medical missionary to Japan, with his family, Dr. Donovan, being a teacher in a Baptist college, we found ourselves quite a theological crowd. and I snatched wildly at my Methodist uncles and acted as theological as anybody. The Japanese missionary's daughter was a Theta

from Nebraska and a sweet little thing.

After dinner it being dark with the darkness of the mountains and quiet with the quiet of the country, we went promptly to bed. And the dinner having been exceedingly good and the featherbed proving delightfully downy we also went promptly to sleep.

Oh, first, I got a telegram from Paul, the old peach, who was afraid I would be tired and feeling strange and wired me to cheer up. I really needed it, too, for fine as I am finding everything, I still have difficulty in shaking off the moods where the "Six days from Munich to New York" runs in my head.

Tuesday was rainy, but we really didn't mind, for in family conference the night before both Mrs. Donovan and I had voted for a day of rest. I wrote letters all morning and napped after lunch and then, the sun having made its appearance, Mrs. Donovan and I went out for tea.

Mrs. Donovan is the understanding kind, and we like all the same things, including afternoon tea. She says she is so glad to have me along, for none of her family have the habit, and tea-ing alone is no fun, the sociability being half the attraction. On this afternoon, we made our way thru the queer little streets to a little tearoom built right out over the water and there, in full view of the lake and its encircling mountains, partook of the cup that cheers.

Afterwards, we had a twilight stroll, stopping at every other step to exclaim over some rosy, chubby, placid Swiss baby. Swiss children are the most adorable yet, as you will agree when

you see some of my innumerable snapshots of them. We came upon two darling little girls, sitting demurely on a bench by the lake, knitting stockings. One of them told us they were for "die mutter." They were just about as big as two little minutes by the clock and we wanted to hug them both. Another quiet evening, and we went to bed in good season again, so as to be ready for our climb up the Rigi the following day.

We had breakfast in good season, Wednesday morning, and took an early boat on to Vitznau, the little lakeside village from which the mountain railway starts. The custom is to walk until obliged to give up and then stop at one of the numerous stations and ride the rest of the way, but following Dr. Donovan's happy suggestion we did our riding first and only walked the last stretch, thereby acquiring the much coveted scene of achievement without tiring ourselves unduly. Maybe my thoughts weren't with you, as I climbed into the funny little car, took my seat with my back to the direction we were going, and awaited the superb panorama which I knew would unfold before me! My poor over-worked adjectives rebel! I can't attempt to describe the view we got of beautiful Lake Lucerne. But, oh, the wild flowers, we never have such an abundance nor such fragrance, and oh the goats and cows with tinkling bells such as one reads about, and the cunning châteaux with the stables under the same roof, and the waterfalls, and forests!

We left the tram at Rigi Kaltbad and took the trail. You can imagine how hard it was to progress with curio shops all along the way to interrupt us, masses of exquisite wild flowers waiting to be picked, goat's milk offered for sale, and newer

and more magnificent views from every successive height. We were constantly passing and passed by other pilgrims to the Kulm, most of them wearing hideous walking outfits and carrying Alpenstocks. And we were a funny looking set ourselves. My suit skirt had to be draped up with safety pins, to permit the use of my legs, and my green petticoat flaunted its verdant beauty. We were pretty tired by the time we had really reached the top, and sat down to our lunch before investigating the premises, or enjoying the outlook at all.

There is a big fashionable hotel there and several less pretentious ones a little lower down. They are chiefly for the accommodation of parties who come up to see the sunrise. The missionary people did it while we were there, but didn't have very good luck. It's quite a risk as one is often above clouds and can't see a thing. When we had eaten our lunch, Mrs. Donovan and I went into the hotel and had coffee. What coffee it was and how good it tasted! We are always joking about the girl who remembered Rome by the coral beads she bought there, but we are almost as bad ourselves, and never mention the Rigi without paying tribute to that coffee.

During lunch, the Kulm had been an island in a sea of clouds, but as we came out of the hotel we saw that they had dispersed, and we could see the lakes and valleys spread out below us like a map and get an excellent idea of our surroundings.

At the very top are more curio shops and one little wooden lookout. I had Francis snap me there. I felt so jaunty. The other big mountain in the vicinity is Pilatus, and I am crazy to

go there some Good Friday. For the legend runs that the earth refused to receive Pontius Pilate's body and that after it had been unsuccessfully buried many times it was finally brought to this mountain and put in the lake. It still cannot rest, however, on Good Friday night, and comes out to wander about the mountain. Now isn't that some ghost story?

Well, in the later afternoon, we went home, riding by tram to Arth Goldan, by trail to Brunnen, and by boat back to Gersan. The descent was even lower than the ascent had been, tho' we went by a route from which the lake was not visible, for there was a succession of perfectly marvellous waterfalls. You never saw such beauties. And then, too, a little soft rain set in which made everything a fresh vivid green.

The excursion to the Rigi was certainly a huge success, but still I enjoyed the following afternoon almost as much. We made a little pilgrimage to the spots associated with William Tell, and I came home fully convinced of his existence, even tho' it is questioned by some historians. We got the boat at Gersan and rode to Tell's Kappele, passing on the way the beautiful monument to Schiller, who presented the hero's deeds for us. It is a natural monument, a beautiful rock rising from the water just beyond a wooded point, and bears merely a simple inscription.

Tell's Kappele, or Tell's Chapel, stands close by the water's edge in a thickly wooded spot. It was erected in 13 or 14 hundred, I believe, but has been recently remodeled and decorated with four immense and very fine frescoes by Stückelberger. They deal with Tell's career, and I was glad to refresh my memory of

it before proceeding to his home.

Tell, a Swiss leader, had been captured by Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, and was being taken across Lake Lucerne in his boat, when a terrific storm arose, driving the boat in close to the shore. Tell jumped out of the boat and on to the shore, and his enemies were afraid to risk landing and coming in pursuit on account of the violence of the waves. So he escaped. The kappelle is erected on the very spot where this took place, so never doubt it again,

Later we went to Altdorf, the quaint little town where Tell once lived, and we saw the Tell monument, representing him with his little son. It is very fine. And it stands in the very square where Tell, having refused to bow to Gessler's hat on a pole, was obliged to shoot an apple off from his son's head. You remember how, after he had successfully accomplished this feat, an extra arrow fell from his clothing, and how, upon Gessler's demanding why he had concealed it he replied, "To slay thee, tyrant, had I slain my son!"

It was on our way to Altdorf, that we went by carriage over the famous Axenstrasse, which is hewn out of the rock and follows the lake from Gersan to Flülen. It is a very well known road, and the drive was certainly the loveliest one I ever remember of taking. There is something so awe-inspiring in the grim rocks towering above one on one hand, something so peaceful in the lake which ripples on the other, and the coloring both of the stone and the water is simply indescribable. So, you see, Thursday

was full of wonderful things, and chinked in, like other days, with letter writing, chatting, napping, and innumerable games of checkers and Helma with the children.

Before we leave Gersan, you must hear about Mrs. Donovan's Alpine horn. It was the first morning at breakfast that she told us how she had been awakened by its silvery strains. And she described her romantic thrills with such genuine emotion that we all got romantic thrills in sympathy, and made her promise that if she ever was fortunate enough to catch its distant notes again she would ease us from whatever we might be doing that we might have the delight of listening. True to her promise, later in the day, she summoned us, and we gathered in my window straining our ears for the melody. To our rapture, we were able to distinguish it and what a delicate elusive one it was. But, take your pleasure while you may! It suddenly shifted into a badly executed scale. And we had been palpitating to a cornetist putting his instrument in tune instead of the wild music of the mountains!

Friday morning, all was the hustle and bustle of packing, but perhaps there wasn't hustle and bustle enough, for we missed the 11:30 boat and had to wait over till 1. However, we had an excellent lunch there, and a delightful lake ride to Lucerne. We arrived at Lucerne about 3:30, and left the next morning at 10, for we are making a circle about and will "do" Lucerne on our return. We went to the Hoepiz (that sort of Y.M.Y.W., you remember I stayed at one in Nuremberg and enjoyed it so much.) Betty and I roomed together again, in a darling white room with a view of the lake. Apropos of our view of the lake, Mrs. Donovan was in with

us getting Betty ready for our afternoon's jaunt, and I was standing at the window raving. A few minutes later, she happened past the window and stopped to shriek with laughter. When she was able to speak, she said, "Maud, your disposition is positively unnatural! How could you stand and look at that railroad yard and exclaim over being able to see Lake Lucerne?" But ^I told her that anyone who couldn't look over a railroad yard for the sake of seeing Lake Lucerne would be pretty poor. However, a railroad yard there certainly was, with puffing engines at all hours. Well, we didn't do much unpacking on account of the brevity of our stay, but washed up and slipped into more summery clothes, as it was very warm, and proceeded to make good use of our remnant of an afternoon.

I was surprised to find out how small Lucerne was! I have been surprised in the same way about many of these European cities. They aren't half the size of our cities at home that no one has ever heard of. Why, I think Lucerne is just 40 or 50 thousand. Imagine! Of course, it is the playground of the world, and its numbers of visitors swell the population appreciably. It has an undeniable summer resort atmosphere, as indeed all the lake villages had. It is so beautifully situated in a half circle about the outlet to the lake and it is so clean and pleasant. The shops, oh the shops, it is the place for jewelry, carved wood and embroideries.

We saw very little of them, however, as we took a tram out to the outskirts, and there by means of a mountain railway climbed what they call the "Little Rigi." We went up the flowery

and beautifully wooded mountainside, to this terrace which gives an exceedingly lovely view of the lake, and Mrs. Donovan and I had our coffee there, at the very fashionable open air cafe. We found it so enchanting that we all stayed for dinner also, and had the ride down again by twilight.

This was all we did in Lucerne. As we tumbled into bed immediately upon reaching the Hoepiz, and slept so well that we had some difficulty in making the station for the 10 o'clock train. My favorite place for leaving you seems to be the station, doesn't it? At all events, I'll stop here as I did in my last letter, just as I am boarding a train.

You see, I am having a beautiful time, but still I am pretty homesick for you, and sometimes I have wild impulses to take a boat from France. But I think I will stick it out and spend August in England, tho' you must get me Mrs. Poehler's address or I may have to spend September, too. My mail lately has been most unsatisfactory. Tho' Paul is forwarding all that comes very carefully. Either you all forget me for long intervals, or else I will get an awful bunch soon.

I am so glad Papa had that nice trip. I thought about him while it was going on. And Gene and Kath's jaunts to the lake sound very lively. My waist hasn't arrived yet, but I am the proud possessor of my Gamma Phi pin. And I am so glad to have it as I felt half dressed without it. Thank you so much. This last paragraph sounds like the chorus of "Mr. so and so." I guess I am growing faint with exhaustion. Such a letter, my dears, nicht wahr?

And I am as ever, your very own

Maud.

(Letter #35)

Hospiz Johanniterhof, Bundes Platz,
Lucerne, Switzerland, June 27, 1914.

My dear ones:

You see, we are back at the Hospiz Johanniterhof, our nice, religious, snowy white, spanking clean, abiding-place, set in the midst of Lucerne's gay pleasant streets, with Lake Lucerne and the Rigi showing from our windows. It is a sunny Saturday morning. Dr. Donovan and Francis left on an early train to spend the day in Zurich. Elizabeth and her teddy chose to cross the street and play in a little park. And Mrs. Donovan, fired by the clipping which Helen Preston sent me and which states that the Metropolitan wants to exchange some two hundred and fifty dollars for stories, has just settled down to work at the desk in one room, while I, moved by a desire to unburden my soul to my family, have done the same in the adjoining one.

I am ever so grateful to Helen for the suggestion, and simmering is no name for the boiling and bubbling going on in my braid, but sight-seeing alone reduces me to a state of fatigue only soothed by hysterics, and those of my evenings not occupied with letters are claimed by sleep. Once in a while, Mrs. Donovan and I just take a day off as we have this one, and loaf whole-heartedly, but somehow, in such moments, I cannot bring myself to unravel the love affairs of any young couple for the benefit of unappreciative editors. Nevertheless, as I say, I am hopping with ideas, and as soon as I reach England and separate from Donovans I am going to hie myself and an inkpot and my stub pen and a pile of the messy paper I delight to write on into a country spot where I can bring down one of the aforementioned tidy little sums. Possibly even be-

fore England, but we reach England on the 15th of July and the 1st is now perilously near.

We were just leaving Lucerne when I ended my last letter to you, and now we are back again, and the interval was delightfully spent in Berne. Dr. Donovan, Mrs. Donovan, and Francis circled down around Geneva, but I didn't want to do such fast moving, and as Betty is a poor traveller also, I induced them to let us stay in Berne together. They didn't want to do it at first, for they are always afraid that I will let the children impose on me, but I finally persuaded them that I really truly wanted it. Betty is only 10, but old for her age like Helen of whom she is always reminding me, and really company for me, and then, too, she is such a dear/^{cuddly} little thing and loves me so much that she keeps me from getting homesick. Of course, it was a pity to miss the lakes down there, but I had seen Como and Lugano, gotten to know Lucerne, and Thun and Brienz were coming; and tho' the city of Geneva is full of interest, I thought I had rather get well acquainted with Berne alone than to have a hazy idea of Geneva too. All this is saying nothing of the financial end of it. My desire to settle down and stay there when I find a place I like, coincides beautifully with my pocketbook.

The rest of our party dropped us at Berne on Saturday, picked us up the following Wednesday, and we all left together Thursday. It may not sound like a long stop to you, but it would if you had slept in the number of different beds in one week that I have in my day. We had engaged our pension beforehand, and Mrs. Donovan came with us from the station in the motorbus to see that it was all right.

I will say of it simply, that it had redeeming features. Berne is a university town as Munich is, and this pension had the same student atmosphere as the pension Schweiz had had, and while living there is an experience I would not have missed for anything, there is a sort of a sordidness about it that I shudder at and even the picturesque "Bohemianism", if I may coin a word, is entirely antagonistic to my nature. The table represented the usual number of nationalities, Bulgarians and Russians, predominating; the maid "jollied" the students as she served the very monotonous meals; and the luxury, the Americanisms, the American spirit that characterizes tourist pensions was entirely lacking. However, the American prices which help to characterize the tourist pensions were lacking also. For which we were thankful.

As to redeeming features, our room was airy and clean and had such a view of the city and the mountains as I never expect to have at my disposal again in this life. Betty and I had a table to ourselves in the dining room. And there was a garden, such a garden, with arbors, trellises, winding walks, fruit trees, roses, peonies, pansies, a wagging little dog and a shabby angora cat. It was the most erratic, the most wildly impossible and absurd, the most luxuriantly lovely garden that I have encountered, and we revelled in it.

Of course, we did a great deal of sightseeing, but there were lots of odd moments to be filled, and it was an excellent place for my letter writing and for Betty's ball bouncing, chain and wreath making, and rope jumping. I remember how we missed it on our one rainy day, when we had to sit up in our room and play in-

numerable games of buzz and grandmother's trunk to pass the hours. I certainly did invent games, and tell stories, and tie up bruised fingers. That blessed child! And I did it, as well as administering discipline, with such skill that one of the two Americans in the place referred, in talking to me, to "my little daughter." Imagine!

Berne is another dear city! How many nice places there are in this world! It has only 80,000 inhabitants, but it is very old, and the capital of Switzerland. It is clean and pleasant like all the Swiss cities. You could eat your dinner off from the tram car floors. And there are the same tempting displays that one sees everywhere, of embroideries, jewelry, and wood carving. But there is not nearly so much of a tourist atmosphere, and it seems quaint rather than gay.

The streets are arcaded with shops and that is always so attractive to me. There are many, many of the high narrow medieval houses with the roofs pierced with oriel windows and geraniums in the window boxes. And the city is noted for its fountains. They are squeezed in between tramway lines in the paved streets. They are very old, most of them with flowers and green about the base, and the cunningest figures. You should see the fascinating bagpipe fountain in the Spitalgasse, or the horrible ogre fountain with an old ogre snapping off the head preparatory to beginning on one fat naked baby while the rest squirm in his arms. It made me call on the sacred name of Casey Jones, I tell you.

But the Zeitglocke would be as much of a joy to a child as the Kindleifrelpbrunen would be a tenor. Elizabeth and I went down to see it strike twelve. There was a jester who rang bells, a clock that crowed, a lion who expressed himself in some way, a

King who waved a sceptre, and a procession of cunning bears that marched about.

The bear, of course, is the emblem of Berne. One sees it everywhere, even on the sides of the trams. The wood carvers' windows overflow with them, big and little, in all sorts of attitudes, doing all kinds of things. There are big umbrella stands, hideous things, made by a circle of great bears; clocks in the arms of little ones, bears holding liquer sets, vinegar and oil sets, and salt dishes; bears for book racks, writing sets, candleholders, and I can't begin to tell you what all else. The Lion of Lucerne appears almost as frequently. And reproductions of the statue which I saw of William Tell. But still the bears predominate and after this I shall always associate them with Switzerland.

. Of course, we went out to the bearpit, where the bears, which have been kept at the expense of the city for so many years, may be seen. It is very prettily situated, at the foot of a green hill, just across one of the magnificent bridges which span the river Aar, but as for the bears themselves, I would have considered them quite ordinary, if they had not been the famous bears of Berne. One must feed them even as one feeds the pigeons in St. Mark's Square. Elizabeth prepared herself with carrots. And they are kind of cute, standing up on their hind legs, and sitting down with outstretched paws and the most comical expressions. But there are only 5 or 6 Mrs. Donovan said she had expected to find at least a hundred.

Berne is famous for the views of the Alps which it commands. The grosse Schanze, a park overlooking the city, and the Kleine Schanze, a beautifully wooded terrace by the river, are two

of the beauty spots. It is in the latter place that the Welt Post Denkmal, monument to the International Postal Union, stands. It is a unique thing, by the way. It is devolved from an original idea and is in my opinion, exceedingly beautiful. The five continents are represented by five flying figures that encircle the globe, and at the base sits a noble looking woman with the symbols of Berne about her. The two Americas are represented by an Indian. He is stunning, at least, and the injustice is not generally recognized.

But to return to the views. I would chose to enjoy them from the Kursaal Schauzli. From this bluff one sees the winding river just below a graceful bridge, the dear little city, and the encircling mountain ranges. Moreover, there is a charming outdoor cafe, a splendid orchestra, and a gambling house, and it is the fashionable rendezvous for English and American visitors. I longed for a man. I am spoiled after having Paul to go with everywhere in Venice. (And by the way I am enclosing a programme from the Cafe Orientale, which you remember was our favorite, on which one of his things appears.) But I didn't have him to do the Kursaal Schauzli with, and Betty and I had to go in the afternoon for a mild cup of tea. It was fun anyway. The music was lively and the crowd amused us, particularly a couple at the next table, a carefully dyed and massaged old lady, a vision in vivid blue, who smoked cigarettes and coquetted with a young man. There were Americans, too, alas!

We found time during our stay to do a few museums. At the Historical Museum, a stately building standing amid beautiful grounds on a wonderful site by the river, we saw the original

manuscript of "Die Wacht am Rhine," I was immensely impressed but the museum was the same kind as the National in Munich and the Germanic in Nuremberg, and I feel that I know them by heart now. The Art Museum interested me because it had so much modern work, the impressionistic stuff on which one hears such varied comments. I can't say that I like it, but then I don't think anyone does, but those who paint it. Now and then one finds a painting of that type which shows so much originality that one wishes the painter would devote himself to a worthier cause. But most of them appear to be the work of unintelligent and meagrely talented persons, and one wonders how long they are going to be allowed to palm off their things in the name of art in this presumptuous fashion. Mrs. Donovan says that she thinks there is really to be a revolution in artistic ideals, and that these things, tho so bad in themselves are worthy in so far as they are means toward an end which may be worthy. That is probably true. But it is hard to be as foresighted as that, and the extent of the futurist and cubist craze, and the wideness with which one finds these absurd and laughable creations among German, Russian, Italian, and French artists, is certainly disgusting.

Thursday, the day we all left Berne together, was one of the most interesting of our trip. We had an early breakfast, did our packing immediately after, and leaving the bags for the porter to take to the station, Mrs. Donovan and I went down to the Cathedral, which we investigated a little, and where we met Dr. Donovan about noon. The Cathedral dates from 1598, and it is architecturally attractive in the Gothic style. Over the entrance, are two sets of quaint wood carvings, vividly gilded and painted. One represents judgement day, and shows one poor creature actually squirming in the scales, while the blessed souls are ranged

sanctimoniously on one side and the condemned write on the other. The devils are cute. Then there are representations of the wise and foolish virgins. The foolish virgins are weeping and wringing their hands. And one of them is naively remarking that she wishes she'd brought more oil. Mrs. D. says she is going to try and sell it as an advertising idea to Standard Oil.

Well, after browsing about the Cathedral a bit, and joining Dr. Donovan on the terrace which has one of the famous views of the Alps, we separated again, and Dr. Donovan and the children went to the Zeitglocke, while Mrs. Donovan and I got a lunch together from the various tempting delicatessen shops. We took our train about noon, ate our lunch during our half hour's ride to Thun, and there embarked on the beautiful lake of Thun.

The lakes of Thun and Brienz, with the town of Thun at the head of one and the town of Brienz at the end of the other, are connected by Interlaken. Personally, I did not find the lake of Thun so beautiful as Lucerne, and that despite the fact that the Jungfrau was shimmering white against a sky of azure blue. But it was sufficiently lovely, with a crown of mountains gemmed with white villages about all its verdant circle. We stopped over a boat at one of the villages, Oberhofen, which I immediately put down on my honeymoon list. It was a darling village, running straight up the side of a very green hill, but it was a little bit too fashionable to be quite ideal.

We arrived at Interlaken about 3:30 or 4, by means of a very Dutch looking canal which leads one right into the village. And I grew more and more elated as we approached. I don't know why .. I had hardly known if it would be a peak or a pass, but

I had had a sneaking ambition to see Interlaken. Just the sound of it made me feel like the heroine of a society novel. And when Dr. Donovan said that Mrs. Donovan and I might have our tea there, my joy knew no bounds. We had only an hour or so. But a porter took our luggage from one boat to the other, so that we could walk thru the town, and we really got a very good idea of it. And talk about Oberhofen being fashionable! Interlaken is the place I'm coming, to help Bick spend her million!

When we got off the boat, we were greeted with the most curious sight, an army of hotel porters. Hotel porters always meet the boats and trains here. But they don't shout like ours do. They stand in long immovable lines, with expectant eyes in impassive faces, and it seems that each one wears a more gorgeous livery than the one preceding him. I am rather getting used to them, but I had never seen so many as we saw there, and I stood and just howled at them, and then took a snapshot while I had them at my mercy. The funny part of it was none of them captured anybody!

The town has the indefinable but captivatingly jaunty summer resort air. It is teeming with huge luxurious hotels. It is crowded with souvenir shops, obvious appeals to tourist trade. And its wide boulevard streets are swarming with white trousered men and silk sweated sunburned girls and older women in stunning summer toilettes. It being just tea time when we were there, the most inviting music was issuing from all the gardens and cafes, and thru one open gate we could see a dazzling fountain outside the gay casino.

We lingered so much that Dr. Donovan suggested it might be better to take our tea on the Brienz boat, and we all acquiesced, but suddenly he said, "No, Maud is counting on having tea in Interlaken and she's going to have it." So we did. And in a lovely hotel garden. I will show you the picture Francis snapped of us and despite being more or less disheveled, decidedly sooty, and somewhat tired, I was blissfully happy.

I think it was about 5 that we took the Brienz boat, and we arrived at Brienz in time for dinner. I liked the Lake of Brienz, better than I had the lake of Thun, but still it does not rival that queen of lakes, Lucerne. We certainly left all fashion behind at Interlaken. Even the scenery around the second lake took on a wild and romantic aspect, and we found the town a very simple little place. One characteristic is the waterfalls. One passes any number of them on the lake trip. We are fortunate in that Switzerland had a very rainy spring and the waterfalls are exceptionally beautiful. Just opposite the town of Brienz is a marvellous one, with seven beautiful cascades. Only one was visible from the steamer and that was the last and largest one, and as we rounded into sight of it and saw it dashing over the rocks into the lake in its oblong frame of pine trees we all burst into the most extravagant praise.

We observed that a German woman sitting near us taking tea only gave it an apathetic glance. And Mrs. Donovan who is the most impulsive little thing glared at her and then said to me, "Darn it! People like that ought not to be allowed to travel!" with such vehemence that I had to laugh. Her indignation was too

comical. She's awfully cute, anyway, and a dear.

Well, as I said, we arrived at Brienz in time for dinner, and at the station we piled into a bus which jolted us thru the little town toward it with pleasing rapidity. Mrs. Donovan had a premonition that we would find we had engaged a terrible pension, but she proved a gloriously poor prophet, and it was a heavenly one. The name was the Pension de l'dours, and it was a perfect "find!" Mrs. Donovan and I had a room together which, besides being very dainty and comfortable, looked out on the kind of a scene one associates with picture postals, and when we had very hurriedly washed and dressed, we had a dinner that not only melted in our mouths, but that was served in a green embowered garden where beyond the stone balustrade, we could see the sunset lake and above the sunset glow on the snowy mountain tops.

It must have been the beauty of the view, which suggested to Dr. Donovan the scene from the water, for it suddenly occurred to him that we might be able to get a rowboat and so as the finishing touch to our wonderful day, we went for a row, and oh I wish I could describe all that we saw. You have heard of the Alpenglow even after the most gorgeous coloring had faded, that delicate rose tint lingered on the peaks. And then, when the stars came out and the mountains closed in like shadows about the shadowy lake, they threw colored lights on the big waterfall from the hotel which perches above it in the pines! A day I shall remember always.

I must stop my elaborating, or I will write on forever. So I will just suggest our pleasant breakfast the next

morning in the garden by the lake, and with what vows to return we said goodbye to the pension of the bears, and with what an entertaining American honeymoon couple we boarded the train for Lucerne, and how we returned, thru the Brunig pass and scenery the magnificence of which increased until one could hardly bear it, to this dear Lucerne. To tell you that I am happy, is superfluous.

Your mail is going to Paris now, so I am not having very much, but I had a little note from Papa which I was joyful to receive. I am so sorry the baby had to give up school, but glad she had sense enough to do it, since you are having such miserable weather. I have been hardly warm this summer, but I suppose I will get what's coming to me when I reach Paris. I am so sorry too about poor Auntie Maud. I hope she didn't have a hard time.

You will get this letter about July 15th, just as I am leaving Paris, and I will get your letter in London somewhere near the first of August. Not many more exchanges until I will be back in the bosom of the family, you see! You had better address me now, in care of the American Express Company, London. The address is 6 Haymarket, London, S. W. But the Paris people will be very careful about forwarding.

I am with so much love, your very own little girl,
Maud.

Dearest Harts:

Please gather round me, hold my hands and feet, pat me on the back, and administer soothing syrup. I'm so excited to think that tomorrow I'll be in Paris that I can hardly retain my equilibrium. I've been excited about every new city, my supply of enthusiasm being seemingly inexhaustible, but I haven't felt like this about any of them. For to realize that after my struggles with irregular verbs, after my devotion to Hugo and Dumas, after my faithfulness to that section of the Sunday paper which discusses the scandals and fashions of Paris, to realize that after all this at 2:49 tomorrow I am really to enter the stage is too thrilling to be true.

To add to my emotion, I am to enter it alone, Donovans left day before yesterday for Bashe and Strassburg, and as I had no interest in Bashe and Strassburg I stayed on here, and tomorrow I will make the trip to Paris alone, leaving here at 5:05 in the morning and arriving there, as I said, at 2:49 in the afternoon. I am not at all afraid, as it is a very simple trip, and I am so used to travelling now, and Donovans who get into Paris a few hours earlier than I do will meet me at the station. I have been studying railroad guides, changing my money, and everything. And feel immensely important, and for a clinging vine, such as I am popularly supposed to be, I am developing a remarkably business-like air.

I have had a good chance to rest, and time to recognize the personality of Lucerne. Cities have such distinct personalities to me - Munich was good-looking, prosperous, well-fed and stolid, Venice was beautiful, mysterious, sad, dreamy, romantic and charm-

ing - Berne was sweet and quaint; but Lucerne is a pretty, amusing, shallow, little flirt.

You would see what I meant if you could walk at tea time down the Schweizerhof and National Quays. They are the fashionable promenades. On one hand is the row of luxurious tourist hotels, with their bright gardens, lively tennis courts, and open air cafes. On the other is the lake, gay with canoes that fly the flags of all nations, reflecting in the water the snow-capped mountains that encircle it, beautiful as a stage setting. And under the aisle of trees, sitting on benches listening to the music, chatting in groups, or walking up and down and constantly meeting and greeting friends from home, is the crowd, composed largely of Americans perhaps, men in formal afternoon dress or in white summery things, and women and girls in stunning suits and hats, delectable lingerie dresses, januty tennis or boating outfits, panamas, silk sweaters. The American voices and American expressions in the air make me feel at home. But one finds English in the throng also, aristocratic and frumpy; French, chic and a bit startling; Germans, in families, frankly beaming upon each other, often wearing the hideous mountain walking suits; wistful lookers on of all nationalities; and a sprinkling of nursemaids with babies. Everyone is drifting to or from the casino, for there there is free open air concert every afternoon, and the gaiety, the bowers of green, the sparkling fountains would attract one even if the music were not good, but it happens to be splendid.

The streets of Lucerne are wide and pleasant, the shops simply irresistible. Everybody speaks English as well as Italian, German and French, and the atmosphere is very cosmopolitan. But

the old wall and the old bridges have quite a different air. I climbed some of the straight up streets to the edges of the town and followed the old wall for a little way. It is gray and charming and has some picturesque towers. On the other side is an orchard, where I laid down in the grass to cool off, and a riotous garden the brilliant colors of which are delicious against the stones.

The old bridges I mentioned cross the river Reuss in the very center of the town. There are heavy, rough, wooden bridges, roofed in like this ^, and in the U, all along the way, hang the most curious ancient pictures. In the Muhlen Brucke, which contains also, half way across, a little shrine, the pictures dealt with the "dance of death" and are very wierd. The Kapellbrucke describes the lives of the two patron saints of the town, On this one is a little shop, and near it a medieval wassetum (water-tower). I think these date from thirteen something. At any rate, they are two of the most delicious bits I have encountered anywhere.

Probably you have heard of the organ in the Hofkirche here. I never had, but it seems I should have, as it is very famous. Between 6 and 7, every evening, all summer long, organ recitals are given, and as they cost a franc fifty and are always well attended you can see that they have achieved some notoriety. In fact, they are quite a feature here. The organist is Herr F.J. Breitenbach, and he wrote the "Fantasy of the Alps" and "Tempest," which is played at every single performance. Mrs. Donovan had heard a great deal about it, and so she and I and Elizabeth went one evening after a fascinating afternoon's shopping and tea at an outdoor cafe.

It is a beautiful church from the exterior, situated on a hillside up a long tree framed avenue, and it has twin spires of the quaint variety one sees so much in Switzerland. The interior is quite ordinary, but of course the very dimness and churchly air of it add to the impressiveness of the organ. And that is wonderful. It just simply sent cold shivers up and down my spine. He played some Bach of course and Rheinberger and a little seventeenth century "Madrigal" by John Rowland with the vox humana stop which was exquisite. And he ended as the custom is, with the "Fantasy of the Alps and Tempest." which consists of: the Alpine horn and its echo; folk song of the peasants of French Switzerland, the Storm and a hymn of thanksgiving."

I was afraid it would be like the railroad piece papa brought back from Iowa; the train goes over the bridge! The wreck! etc. And I do think it was more a freak than music and hardly forgivable. But to be in the heart of the Alps, and to know that it had come from a son of the Alps and was being played by him, that made a difference. And it was wonderful, wonderful. The Alpine horn certainly improved on our cornet, and I could just hear the wind sweep thru the glens, and Elizabeth who had been much bored whispered - "Mamma! Is it raining?" It was sort of a shock even to me to come out/into a golden twilight.

Three pages on Lucerne without a mention of the lion! How could I? We went out to see it the same afternoon we returned from Berne. And, do you know, I think it is very peculiar the tolerant air one gets toward famous things. I felt as if I was

doing it a favor to go. But it "got me" right away just the same. Being a disgustingly emotional person, I could have stood in front of it and wept, but I didn't out of fear of the blase tourists who surrounded us.

It commemorates, as of course you know, and as I remember having heard somewhere, the 800 soldiers of the Swiss guard who died in defence of the Tuileries in 1792. It was made from Thonaldson's model, and we saw the model itself, in the little souvenir shop which stands just opposite. But it itself is an enormous thing, much bigger than I had expected to find it, cut out of solid rock in a cliff, with green trees above it and water below. It's such a dear old dying lion! I shall never never forget it.

While we were there, a school master presented his class of forty or fifty children to it. They were cunning husky little youngsters with knapsacks on their backs, red cheeks, and overflowing spirits. But only one, so far as we were able to discern, cared anything for the lion beyond the holiday it had brought him. However, if you could have seen the one! He stood with his hands on the rail of the enclosure, utterly absorbed, and shook off those of his companions who came up to him with restless impatience. I'd like to adopt that child.

Swiss school teachers seem to be in favor of excursions. We encounter these little parties everywhere. But they go further than that. They and Italian masters also, I believe, hold some of their classes out of doors. In warm weather they desert the schoolroom, and take to the cool green woods, followed by the members of

their flocks, each carrying his little camp chair and his knapsack of school accessories. I think it's a good idea. Don't you? *

Well, my little glimpse at Switzerland is ended. I'll go over and hear the music at the Casino after I finish this, come back and eat my dinner, pack this evening, and tomorrow leave almost before the sun comes. I have enjoyed being here, it has such stirring history, such magnificent scenery, such refreshing peace, prosperity and cleanliness. And it meant a great deal to me to be back where I heard German again: talking in dienstmen, strasses, and Kirches kind of comes natural.

It is queer to think, isn't it, that such a small country as Switzerland has three languages. French, and Italian are as universal in other parts as German is here. I notice the public signs are always in the three languages. I don't see how they can conduct their governmental affairs with such a barrier constantly intruding itself. But speaking of languages, I am only two weeks from the English language myself. Three cheers!

Paul forwarded me the packages of "Posts" and "Digests" and I have found moments when they come in handy even tho' I am on the fly. I gave Peter and Harmony my blessing, bestowed a thoughtful frown on the intricacies of "Cheap at a Million", (and I'm not frowning much these days with wrinkled age upon me), found some other amusing little stories, and enjoyed the "Digests" as always. Thanks:

It doesn't seem to me I've said much, but I must sign my name to these inky pages natheless. I can see that I don't get

many personalities into my letters, but honestly I write till I'm almost dead the way it is. And I have a good bunch of personality if I don't tell you about it. I'm happy in my usual exuberant fashion when I'm not homesick as the brightly colored gentleman said to inhabit the infernal regions. I'm feeling very strong and well. And the only thing that ails me is my clothes. If Mother could just give half an hour to my wardrobe I would do the family more credit! But thank heaven for safety pins, and I have a beautiful soul, and I seem to be acquiring a few beans in spite of my somewhat neglected appearance.

All kinds of love,

Maud.