



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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(Letter #37)

Grand Hotel Pension de l' Odeon
3 Rue de l'odeon, Paris. July 5, 1914.

My dear ones,-

Paris, at last! How I'm longing for Midge! It's just like I thought it was, only more so, and it is asking too much of anybody to believe that I am really here. Celeste is beside herself with joy. Ma foi! She put my complexion on my forehead this morning. And this afternoon she went out with Jules - I don't know where - to the Bastille, or Maxims, or the Bon Marche or somewhere. I'm seriously thinking of letting Donovans leave me here when they go, the 15th. It isn't as if I would miss being in London with them, for they "did" London last summer, and are only there on the fly. As for making the trip alone, that is nothing to me now. I would undertake a trip to mars with equanimity.

I had the greatest treat when I arrived. Such a spread of fat juicy letters! The waist hasn't appeared yet, but I am looking for it eagerly, and the minute it comes I will put my finger in the exact center and give it the Parisian touch! I palpitated over Mr. Starling's letter. (Don't tell him.) I can perceive that he is the "understanding" kind, and not of the ham and eggs variety. I wrote him a scintillating answer, but tore it up, for writing to matinee idols is altogether too conventional a thing to be caught doing. However will you tell him for me - Gellia est delicia in partes tores: du bist vie eine blume: combein doie - ja? I am sure he will read the tender hidden meaning. I could add some Italian too. but I will respect his suffering. And since he unfortunately inquired about my hair, I suppose you had best tell him I can't attempt it at this distance. But break it to him gently. Why couldn't he have asked about my voice instead? My drawl is so fetching!

I must tell you about my trip to Paris. I bought a ticket for a five o'clock train, and that meant getting up at four. When I woke up my room was still dim and cool; but the sky was all pink and the birds were twittering; and I was sleepy; but it was awfully nice. It was too early to hope for anything to eat at the hotel, no one was about but the portier. I left my bag for him and went straight to the station where I procured some coffee and rolls and jam and ate ravenously while the boiterers discussed "that eccentric young lady."

I travelled third, as it is fairly good in France, and I thought I could stand anything for my few hours of Switzerland. But after I climbed into the train my heart misgave me. It was full of Italians who had been sitting up all night and were so disheveled and dirty, and early breakfasts were in progress and many babies in evidence and some (not the babies) applied themselves pretty frequently to the bottles that were wrapped up in their clothes. However, after I got used to it, it was fun. It seemed good to hear Italian again, and I aired my stock of it to their evident delight; and they treated me like a Princess royal, and I took care of the babies, and it was quite an experience.

At Basle, I got into my new train and had a clean airy compartment to myself and also a second cup of coffee and a ham sandwich handed in thru the window from one of the little carts of food, magazines, papers and postal cards, which they wheel around so much in these European stations. Then I had a short ride thru Germany, and talked German for a while to a girl who rode a little way with me, and really by the time I got into France I was talking

Chinese.

I was thrilled to find myself in France, but the landscape, while pretty and peaceful, is really very monotonous. The poppies are lovely and some of the fields made me think of the "Evening Call" picture in the Walker Gallery at home. The little villages with which the country is dotted are very dear. I saw one that I resolved to come back to some time, but I've forgotten the name of it already. "Ships that pass in the night," said Maud, inappropriately and tritely.

By and by, a French count got in with me. He didn't tell me he was a count but a babe would have known it. He carried a cane and his mustache was too cute. When he saw me, he looked as if he thought heaven had blessed him beyond his deserts. However, he was dashed when I replied "Je ne comprends pas" to his first remark. Dashed is all. He continued to talk looking me straight in the eye and speaking distinctly. The joke of it was I really understood all the time, and after he was convinced that I couldn't understand he confided in himself and I could hardly keep my face straight. When lunch time came, I ate mine brazenly, But he starved, tho' he had some done up in a paper package. I saw it. Pride is a terrible thing!

One of the questions, to which I gave my inevitable "je ne comprends pas" was whether I was familiar with Paris or not. And it occurred to me to pretend that I knew it like a book. So I gave only the most casual glances out of the window as we approached it. It was a terrible strain. The country was sprinkled with gay little

bungalows, and there were new and precise streets laid out, and much building in progress. It reminded me of the suburbs of our American cities. And bye and bye I could make out smoke against the horizon and next one or two towers and then the jagged outline of many roofs, and finally we were in among the tracks and "cabbage patches" and other trains and shooting into a great station.

My little plan had failed for I didn't even know how to call a facteur. And when he picked up my bags I never said boo. But I find there are lots more sheep in wolves clothing than wolves in sheeps clothing in this world. He took me thru the station, thru the custom house, and installed me in a cab. And when we parted he gave me his best bow and I gave him my best "Merci beaucoup". He was a nice little man! My conscience will hurt me forever to think how I snubbed him!

I can't tell you how I felt to be jogging thru Paris Streets! Paris streets.' I would have known them in Egypt! I never saw so many omnibuses, so many taxis, so many cabs. No wonder one doesn't dare to cross without making for an "island"- the little platforms in the center from which one can get ones breath and bearings. And the big wide sidewalks are even livelier. They are crowded with cafes at which people eat and drink all day, and spoon too if they are demonstratively inclined. And the shops are on the sidewalk. All kinds of things displayed. One wouldn't need the language here to buy anything on earth. One would only have to go out on the street and then look around. It couldn't be very far away. And dotted along are the "kiosks" of newspapers, magazines, and

flowers. The flowers are great shops of color. But for that matter one sees color enough in the costumes.

One difference between Paris and other European cities - and one thing about it that is more like our cities at home - is that people don't dress according to station. A shop girl's costume is a reproduction in cheaper materials of the costume of the society lady. She does her hair the same way. And wears her clothes the same way. And has the same slouch and the same walk. In Venice, she would wear a black shawl and look picturesque. In Paris, she has a slit skirt with the best of them.

Well, I was staring. I didn't know how I was staring till we were caught in a jam and the driver of an ice wagon, or some elegant vehicle which happened to be next to us, began to jeer at me. I probably did look green with my suitcase at my feet and a hat bag and kodak in either hand and my eyes popping out of my head. I didn't really care if he did jeer. But I gave him a look that was meant to imply I had been born and bred in Paris and was bored to death. As a rule, however, Geraldine Ferrar couldn't accuse me of ironing my emotions out of my face!

Besides being interested and happy, I was, I must admit, tired, sleepy, hungry, and a little nervous. I had been up since four of course and not eaten much and everything was very strange. So it is not enough to say that I was comforted when I suddenly saw an old friend. We were passing the Port Neuf and I looked right up at - can you guess? - Paragot's Henry Guatre. I wanted to stop the cab, make my way thru the crowd, and embrace him. Since then I have

made a pilgrimage to him. He isn't very far away. And I have taken kodak pictures of him for Kath in return for the "Jane Lister, dere childe," she send me from London. And I could just imagine the night Paragot smashed things up with his Crusader's mace and came out to get advice from this royal person who sits on horseback, looking out over the Seine!

The Grand Hotel Pension de l'odeon is in the latin quarter. But the latin quarter isn't exciting any longer, the Bohemians having removed to Montmartre. However, it is splendidly situated for the sightseer, as almost everything one sightsees is within a stones throw of it. It is in a very busy street and right on the sidewalk.

I paid the cabman, carried my "traps" into the little office, and managed to convey that I was Mademoiselle Hart and wanted to be shown to my room at once. Donovans weren't there yet. It was only 3 and their train didn't get in till almost 7. They had written me to that effect in Lucerne, so that I could change my plans if I wanted to, but I was sure I would be all right, getting in in the middle of the day, and anyway my ticket was all bought, so I came along. I was taken to my room, and the first thing I did was to throw myself down on my bed with all my letters. When I had read every one of them, I rang for hot water and had a bath. It had been very hot and dirty on the train. And then, feeling much refreshed, I rang again and procured tea, which made me myself again.

The saint who attended to me was named Michele. He is little and sort of messy and doesn't look like a saint, but he is

the holiest one in the calendar nevertheless, and isn't his charm delicious? He has complete charge of our rooms, brings our breakfast to bed, comes up with my mail when he knows I am anxious for it, and bows and scrapes every time he sees me even in the distance.

Well, due to his good offices, I soon felt rested enough to get into white clothes, put on my hat, and go down on the street. It was just getting dusk and crowds of people were hurrying homeward. I sauntered around till dinner time. We have a regular boarding house dining room here.

The tables are terribly crowded, and everyone shifts for himself, for if he paused to pass things to others, all would be eaten up under his nose. People are too busy scrambling to talk much, but there is a dreadful clatter nevertheless, and the maids fairly throw things at one with a propitiatory "merci" when they don't hit the right spot. There are some Americans here, mostly students as we are near the Sorbonne, but the majority of the people are French, and of course the prevalence of the strange tongue adds to the confusion. I was so bewildered that first night that I

hardly could eat and wasn't I glad to see Donovans when they blew in about the middle of dinner. They had come third class, too, but hadn't had such good luck as I, and had been in a crowded compartment with most annoying people. So they were all in too and right after dinner we all "turned in". I shared a room with Betty, and we both were asleep in two jerks of a lamb's tail.

The next day, Friday, was devoted to settling and resting. I was so tempted by the proximity of things I was longing to

see that I took one or two little excursions into the streets, but I never went far. However, it was good that we got into trim, for Saturday followed, and that was the glorious Fourth. The American colony here took flags and flowers to Lafayette's grave, and the Ambassador gave a reception, we didn't find out soon enough to attend, but I don't know as we would have anyway, for our time is so short and there is so much to be seen.

Right after lunch, we started out for the Bon Marche to buy Francis a suit. There were a great many American flags out. The Bon Marche was flying with them. You know, really, its a very ordinary department store. You could hardly tell it from Donaldson's. Of course, gloves and perfumes are very cheap, and hat frames too, but then it's off season; and I walked thru the departments of costumes and dresses without being very much tempted. We didn't stay long after Francis had bought his Paris gown for the day was too lovely to waste, but the first rainy morning that comes Mrs. Donovan and I are planning to spend there.

You can see what a varied day we spent, as from the Bon Marche we took the underground to the Madeleine. The Madeleine, Church of St. Mary Magdalene, is not very old, having been begun by Napoleon, but sheer architectural beauty compels one to marvel at it. It rises in the very heart of the city, but elevated from the streets so that one must ascend to it by a flight of stairs, and it has a very stately appearance; being surrounded by massive Corinthian pillars. It is built like a Roman temple. The interior is huge, lofty, somewhat dim, beautiful in its simplicity for there are many statues and none of the gilding and gew gaws that render so many of

these churches atrocious. The altar piece, ecstasy of Mary Magdalene, in marble, by Marochetti, and the Jeanne d'arc of Larche, were the statues I liked best.

From the Madelene the Rue Royale leads down to the Place de la Concorde, and the view which the steps of the Madelene affords is delightfully characteristic of Paris. It is a very short little street but wide and always jammed with traffic, and the broad sidewalks are occupied with shops and cafes and crowded with a swiftly moving throng. Then at the end rises the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde, and I will never forget the way it looks. As we descended to the Rue Royale and mixed with the crowd moving toward the Place, I thought back to the time when every evening at six o'clock the row of tunbrels moved down it toward the guillotine. And as we stood in the Place where the guillotine once stood and where almost 3000 people met their death, it brought it all to me very vividly. Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, and many others whom Midge and I have read of, talked over, and argued about, were actually beheaded there. It didn't seem possible that I could be standing in the place. And it was so beautiful, on that sunny afternoon, with the fountains playing and the motor taxis dashing past and the coffee drinkers out in the sun and the happy, cheerful, fashionably dressed people moving in all directions. The obelisk which I mentioned came from Egypt and was presented by some Rameses to one of the French Kings. And it is surrounded by sparkling fountains, while eight statues outline the Place representing the eight cities of France.

Strassburg was in mourning and hung with wreaths. It is often to be found so. An evidence that Alcase is not forgotten. And indeed it would be a stupid person who thought that that trouble was ended.

One of my guide books says "Paris is primarily a city of vistas." I thought of that as I stood on the steps of the Madeleine and again when, having progressed as far as the Place, we stood looking about us. The Eiffel Tower and the gilded dome of the Invalides stood out against the sky, while on one hand was the Jardin des Tuileries and on the other the Champs Elysses leading toward the Arc de Triomphe. Champs Elysses! Think of it! I believe I had wanted to see it more than anything in Paris! And that despite the fact that I have naively supposed it was pronounced somewhat as it is spelt and not Shawngzellezee as I have since discovered that it is. It was late afternoon and that is the time when it is usually more brilliant. The Avenue was crowded with automobiles and carriages bound for Longchamps, and in the park thru which it runs the tea gardens were crowded with people, the Punch and Judy shows were doing lively business, and the nursemaids and children were out in full force.

You can't imagine the difference between American and French children. Of course American children are clever and French children are stupid. That is a primary distinction. But bobbed hair and busterbrown suits are far removed from the flowing curls, lace collars, elaborate little costumes, long bare legs, and dainty socks and slippers which all these little youngsters wear. They look like little fairies as they run about in the green grass under the spread-

ing trees of these "Elysian fields." But to hark back to the tea gardens. Of course, Mrs. Donovan and I couldn't get past them. So I really took tea on the Champs Elysees, and we were not only presented with red, white and blue napkins, but also separated from most of our worldly wealth, and all on account of our nationality combined with the fact that it was the glorious Fourth.

While we were in the vicinity, we hunted up the Palais de l'Elysee. It stands in the midst of a huge garden surrounded by a wall and not a glimpse of it was obtainable. It is the home of the President of the Republic and in the past has been occupied by many famous people, including Madame de Pompadour and Napoleon. I was furious to think I couldn't see it. But there is no admittance.

Well, we took the underground again, this time for Longchamps, After this when you read in the Sunday paper about the eccentric costumes appearing at Longchamp, you can picture me there with my powerful lense for we installed ourselves on the first empty bench we could find and looked harder than we'd ever looked before in all our lives. The beautiful avenue which runs toward it thru the Bois de Boulogne is the favorite promenade of the Parisians, and here every afternoon during the season the carriages and automobiles make their way, and deposit the beautiful ladies who walk up and down once or twice to display their costumes and their charms to the admiring lookers on who are always assembled. There are some men, of course, regular tailor's models, with their gloves in their hands and their sticks swinging on their arms. But they are only accessories. The beautiful ladies, each a little more startling

than her predecessor, attract all the attention. Some of the automobiles stopped right in front of us, and we would watch the visions alight and trip away. Tripping is good, for you never beheld such heels. And isn't the whole thing silly?

I never saw such make up in America off from the first row in the chorus. Hair that never was on land or sea, blue black eyes, and perfectly crimson lips. And some of the costumes wouldn't be allowed on the streets in America. A skirt slit clear to the knee and worn with a brightly colored silk stocking wouldn't make me blink. However, one can certainly judge the trend of the styles. The suits have long pleated overskirts reaching below the knee, and the coats are short often with little vests, and with dark blue suits little white hats are very popular. One sees them, too, among the fall hats on display. I think I will get my suit like the last one we saw that day. Simple gray trousers. Very effective! And capes are the whole thing for afternoon wear, Darkly colored but brightly lined, and falling in very graceful folds.

We didn't go out to the race. ~~of~~ course but turned into the Bois. That was surely a day of contrasts. From the heart of artifice to the heart of nature in less time than it takes to tell it! The woods are beautiful - like all woods, that is all one needs to say of them. But they extend over 2115 acres and being owned by the government are preserved as a beautiful natural park. One associates it, of course, with duelling, since it used to be more popular than "the bridge at midnight." But I was too tired to associate it with anything. And my head was fairly dancing with all I had seen.

We went home for dinner, and after dinner went early to bed. Tired is no name for how tired I was. But next Fourth of July can't I refer back to last Fourth of July, and won't I have a lot to remember?

And, so, thanking you all for your kind attention - I really must run along. Paris, at last! I can just end the way I began. I am so happy over being here, and I really think I will stay on, at least another week, after Donovan's leave. Either here or in London, I must get some clothes or I shall come back looking like South Bend. All contributions thankfully received.

And speaking of coming back, I am really beginning to feel I have been away long enough, and I've seriously thought of sailing from Cherbourg. I won't do that, but my view of London is going to be "birds eye." I do want to get in again on the family circle. I wouldn't be surprised if Russell would suggest a camping party to you, as I have confided to him my desire to get off in some real Minnesota woods after I get back. Doesn't that sound good to you for the first two weeks in September? I can just smell coffee cooking out of doors and see us all around the fire relating our adventures. And Bick, too, please! I know Helen will have a happy birthday. I wish my present could have reached her in time, but Paul will bring or send it the first week in August. I will think of her all day.

All kinds of love and kisses from over here,

Maud.

(Letter #38)

Grand Hotel Pension de l'Odeon,
3 Rue de l'Odeon, Paris, France.
July 12th, 1914.

My dears,*

You probably think my letters come pretty far apart, but you see I never write them at one sitting, and for all I don't mail them very often, I am writing on one almost all the time. In starting this one, I am overwhelmed with the wealth of my material. We have done Paris pretty thoroughly. But of course all we could do in so short a time was just to see it. And I am not content to see a city. That is, see how other people live in it. I want to live a city. That is, live in it myself. I really lived Munich, and I certainly lived Venice, and sometime I want to come and live my beloved Paris, too.

What I ought to do, is to let them leave me here. I told them they could, and made all my plans to stay on for another fortnight, but, as the days flew by, I weakened more and more, and today I flatly refused to stay on and have been writing business letters ever since. I don't know. I feel as if I couldn't endure any more lonesomeness, even for my principles. When I get home, I will be as big a baby as Kath. I simply cling to Donovans like a bur, their home life seems so precious, and they are very, very good to me. All my days, I shall look out for lonesome people. And never lose a chance to share my home with anyone who is longing for a glimpse of one. But this is far from what I meant to say. That I have put in a very busy week. And I would feel well tired out, if it hadn't all been such a pleasure, and if I wasn't looking forward to a week or so of rest in some charming English country before sailing for home.

It is remarkable how one's general reading prepares one

for a city! Paris is so familiar to me! But that doesn't detract at all from the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a new place. It rather adds to it, for there is an immense satisfaction in confirming the authenticity of ones mental pictures and in discovering details that are just exactly as they should be. I am thinking now about the Latin Quarter. As I told you, that is where our Pension is situated. And the atmosphere of the streets is all that one could wish, as far as their being "latin Quartery" is concerned.

We visited the Sorbonne, the other day. There are numbers of colleges in this vicinity, but that was the most interesting to us. It is an historic old school, having been founded in 1253, and it is the center of immense activity today, as you will realize when I tell you that it numbers 17,000 students. It is an enormous pile and the very look of it made me want to go to school. The classic statues over the entrance, the groups of students in the court, the abstracted looking professors hurrying along the halls, the ampitheatre, class rooms, and quiet library. Among the other honors showered upon Teddy when he visited Europe, was that of being asked to speak in the ampitheatre of the Sorbonne, and I thought of him while I was there. The ampitheatre contains Puvis de Chavannes' allegorical painting "The Sacred Grove." That was really what we went to see. And I enjoyed it, as I am beginning to appreciate his soft colors, stately figures, and mystic atmosphere.

The Church of the Sorbonne adjoins. It is the oldest part of the whole institution, having been begun by Cardinal Richelieu whose tomb it now contains. It isn't a particularly impressive

church, a post card shop being very much in evidence, but I was glad to see it; for Cardinal Richelieu's tomb, with his statue lying on it, and his hat suspended from the ceiling over it, really brought him to me as an historical personage, while hitherto he and his policy had been a paragraph heading to be glanced at hastily amid note writing and cartoon drawing while awaiting my turn in Comstock's history class.

But to come back to the Sorbonne! Of course, the shops surrounding it appeal to student taste. There are lots of "Oak Trees," I suppose, if I could recognize them. But what I adore are the book stalls. If the books they contained were only in English, I could never get past them. They stretch in long lines, all along the quai, on this side of the river. They are in the open air, but closed like desks at night. And they are presided over by old ladies who sit down and sew or by old men as yellow as their oldest manuscripts. There are old pictures for sale, and piles of second hand music, and stacks of back numbers of magazines, but the books are the chief feature. Old books and new books; fine books and ragged books; classic books and trashy books; books of travel, history, drama, poetry; dictionaries, and grammars. Books of all sorts and conditions, and as varied are the book lovers who pause to dip into them. Oh, if I was rich, I would go with an open pocketbook, along the rows of shabby people who stand before those stalls, stealing, between furtive glimpses at the proprietors, moments of pleasure from the volumes opened at random. The arcades of the theatre de l'Odeon are also converted into bookstalls, only they sell many other things than books. The stationary, pens, pencils, ink, rubber

bands, and erasers make me long to be fitting out a roll top desk.

However, there is decidedly another life than starving student life in Paris. Mrs. Donovan and I and Elizabeth spent one morning with the rich and great. Over on the other side of the river, are the broad beautiful streets, the luxurious hotels, and the fashionable shops. And we saw the limousines standing in lines while the fair owners spent their money, and we passed Paquins and Worths and glanced into Ed Pinaud's establishments, and we looked into windows of jewels and hats and dresses fit to make one turn my favorite shade of green, and everywhere our countrymen or especially our country-women were being welcomed with open arms. It was the Rue de la Paix, of course, where, as the American Vandal said, you pay and pay and pay. I walked up it as if I was on my way to order a gown for the next function at the Styvesant Fish's, but if I order a gown it will be from the marked down counter of the Bon Marche, which may remind you of stopping at the Radisson and eating at the Elgin lunch.

How I laughed over Mamma's letter where she spoke of Kath's having her hair done in the new French Roll. Here I am in Paris, but the only French Rolls I've seen are the extremely tough ones I get with my breakfast. I'm going to go to a hairdresser while I'm here if I don't do another thing, and I'm going to tell him I'll have a French Roll, a whole French Roll, and nothing but a French Roll. I refuse to be out done by my backwoods sister.

I'm afraid the Paris I'm seeing isn't the modern Paris. But it's Midge's and my wonderful Paris, and the one I wanted to see. I can people all the dim little streets with gayly dressed cavaliers, hastening under their dark cloaks to join some intrigue or to serenade a lady. And I can turn the picture galleries back

into palaces and plot with the Medicis and flirt with the court ladies. And Jeanne d'Arc and Henry of Navare and Marie Antoinette and Marguerite de Valois and all the others that Midge and I used to gossip about on the old sofa back in their dining room are constantly appearing in painting and sculpture to help out the illusion. Oh how I wish Midge was here! But I'm just merely tasting things now. And I won't gobble them up till we come back together and can divide them between us.

I didn't do Notre Dame according to Baedeker. I just couldn't bear to. But I walked over early one morning to see it. It's not far from here. There is an open square in front, and the river on one side, and its gray and old just as it should be. I thought how the priest jumped down from the tower, and shuddered. And Mrs. Donovan and I went over last Sunday to an afternoon service. It was beautiful with the candles lighted and the organ playing. And I sat and dreamed of the dwarf till it seemed I could fancy him in the shadows, and the little dancing girl living up above in the midst of the bells.

And oh I saw Hugo's tomb at the Pantheon! The Pantheon is right in the neighborhood, too, and we spent a glorious hour there. It's most imposing, seen from the end of the Luxembourg gardens, with a dome and Corinthian columns. It's not used as a church any longer, but the statues and frescoes are wonderful, and in the vaults are the tombs of great men. It's sort of like a Westminster Abbey. It is built over St. Genevieve's grave, and the Puvis de Chavanne frescoes, "The Childhood of St. Genevieve," are exquisite,

while the Jeanne d'arc frescoes by Allouard are almost the loveliest I've seen.

We investigated them while waiting to go down to the vaults. The guide takes huge parties down every few minutes. They were cold, they just set me to shivering, and so bare and gloomy, and the tombs are in kind of little stone cells behind gratings. Rousseau, Voltaire, Carnot, Zola, and ever so many others are buried there, but I stopped when we came to Victor Hugo's. I wished I had brought some flowers but I don't suppose that I could have poked them thru if I had. But I let the party go on and leave me and looked thru the bars as hard as I could and thought and thought what a wonderful person he was and how many men and women he had created and the work he had done and the good he had accomplished. I suppose it is one of the penalties of greatness that one must be buried in a great, cold, gloomy, vault and shut off by railings from people who love one, but I did wish he was out in the warm bright sunshine where things were green and cheerful.

I loved Victor Hugo, and I never even have been a Napoleonic admirer, but still I must say that nothing in Europe has thrilled me, as did the tomb of Napoleon. One crosses a beautiful bridge and goes up a wide avenue to the Hotel des Invalides, which is sort of a soldier's home, and one can always see the gilded dome which rises just over the tomb. From the high ceiling of the church, two rows of tattered old flags are suspended, and in a little ante room are some memorials of the Emperor, all of which prepare one to feel some emotion over the tomb itself. Of

the relics in the anteroom, I was most impressed by his death mask, the cast made of his dead face directly after he died. It seemed marvellous to be able to see his features. It took one back to St. Helena, to the inaction which must have been so dreadful for him, to the brooding to which he must have resorted, to his lonely death.

To enter the tomb from the church, one passes the tombs of Duroc and Bertrand, the friends who shared his exile, and above the entrance is carved a sentence from his will "Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français j'ai tant aimé." (I believe that my ashes shall lie on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well.) It is an enormous and exceedingly lofty room with a faint bluish light penetrating from above, and at one end is a high altar. Directly in the center, railed in, sunk about 19 ft. below the floor, is the open crypt; and surrounded by stately marble figures representing his victories, and by sixty of the flags he took in battle, in an enormous red porphyry sarcophagus, lies the body of the Emperor. The spaciousness of it, the silence, the awe in the attitudes of the crowds of people looking down on him, and the thought that in that quiet rests the one who kept all Europe trembling, - I think it would stir anybody. Fully half the people there were Americans, but I couldn't help wondering if Germans ever came, particularly when I read the inscription on a fresh wreath which was very prominently placed on the tomb of one of the generals. Roughly translated it said -- "Let no French soldier rest, while there is a German in Alsace."

We have had a perfect feast of art since we have been in this dear city. The Luxembourg Gallery, while small, is a perfect little gem. It is mostly modern art, since every painting is removed from it ten years after the death of the artist, and either sent up to the Louvre or out to some provincial gallery. Whistler's well known portrait of his mother, that charming little "Piano Lesson," and Bougereau's lovely "Virge Consolatrice", are still there.

Of course there is a great deal of hideous impressionistic stuff. I stood and laughed in front of a sea green "visitation" until they almost put me out. And before a wild looking picture of a railway station, a group of fashionables near me were holding their breaths and gasping "exquisite!" They say that the idea in this modern painting is that it portrays what the artist feels, in looking at a certain subject, instead of what he sees. It is dreadful to think of how some of the human beings in this world must be feeling.

But I love modern sculpture as much as I dislike modern painting. I do think that some of it surpasses the classic. The Luxembourg is rich with sculpture, and how I enjoyed it!

While we were there, an American family whom I had met in Venice came in. There are a father and mother and two daughters, the daughters very pretty and all stunningly dressed. They are rolling in money and are on their way home after a trip around the world. One of the girls attacked me breathlessly with the query - "Say, have you seen the 'September Morn' here anywhere? I'm just dying to see it. It's had so much notority."

As for the Louvre, we have hardly begun it. We have spent several days over there, but it would need several years. It took us an entire morning just to find the entrance. Mrs. Donovan and I and Betty went over first, thinking we could make a start on it, and imagined that it would be the simplest thing in the world. But the palace is an enormous place, with countless gates and doors and courts, and the garden is a regular park, with carriages, automobiles, and omnibuses whizzing thru. We tramped miles and miles but couldn't even find the way in.

I guess we would be tramping yet if we hadn't encountered Sarah Jane O'Dowd O'Conner. It was when we were wandering about the garden that she burst upon us, a tall thin lively woman with a bobbing bonnet, and she turned upon us such a torrent of words, delivered in a very rich Irish voice, that we were struck silent and dumb with amazement. We were American's weren't we? Oh, she knew it, she said when she saw us coming "There are some Americans" God bless them, if it wasn't for the Americans the grass would be growing in the paths of the Louvre." Why every time she entered a shop on the Rue de Rivoli the proprietor and clerks all rushed toward her and wanted to know if there weren't any American's coming. And her husband who was a great professor, had many American ladies in his classes. He was a Frenchman and she was an Irish woman and they had been married for twenty-five years and living in Paris. Tho' they were married in London. And didn't Elizabeth look like Margaret Kendall, God bless her, she had the same expressive eyes, the same sweet look about her. And, come to think of it, Mrs. Dono-

van looked like Mrs. Kendall too. She was the picture of her. And Mrs. Donovan and I were sisters? (just friends, Mrs. Donovan managed to gasp.) "But the little girl was her sister?" ("No, her daughter.") "Was it possible? And she was so young looking! She wouldn't believe it if anyone else had told her! (Here Mrs. Donovan managed to interpose the supposition that she had kissed the blarney stone, but this was repudiated.) Not she. Anytime, they could hang her by her heels from Blarney castle. But she had been born and bred in Ireland and - (here she sort of felt her way) - we weren't by any chance of Irish blood?" That was too good. Mrs. Donovan and I looked at each other and began to laugh and then Mrs. Donovan asked her to guess her name. The woman gave a joyous bounce "Murphy!" she shouted. "I know it's Murphy." "Well, it's Donovan. That's almost as good." Mrs. Donovan answered. And then you should have heard Sarah Jane - "Bless our hearts, she knew we were Irish. She had seen it in Elizabeth's bright blue eyes, so much like Margaret Kendall's. She had seen it in our faces, in our intelligent faces! You could always tell the Irish. Johnny Donovan! Was that her husband's name? And did he come from the west of Ireland? Oh, we should tell him we had met Sarah Jane O'Dowd O'Conner. He would know who the O'Dowd O'Connors were. She was Madame Chaligny now, but she loved her Irish name, and she often said to Mrs. Kendall -" and so on.

The upshot of it was that she had some of her own poetry to sell. Typewritten copies of her Effusions about Ireland. And she sold one to Mrs. Donovan and signed it with a dashing hand, Sarah Jane O'Dowd O'Conner - Madame Chaligny. And she was careful to inform us that her husband, the great professor, let her sell

them to give the money to the nuns. I think she did probably drink to the nuns when she drank it up. Well, she called Mrs. Donovan a rose and Elizabeth a rosebud. And quoted, "Not a rosebud is nigh," but explained that in this case "A rosebud was nigh." And she cautioned Mrs. Donovan that Elizabeth was a piece of unpolished granite. That she was worth working on for there was something there to work with. You could see it in her. Irish eyes. God bless the child, how much she was like Margaret Kendall." Well, we've laughed ourselves sick over it since, and I call Elizabeth unpolished granite all the time, and we find Margaret Kendall, the fair unknown, almost as handy to lay things on as S.J.O'D.O'C. did. But it was thru her kindly offices that we learned when the Louvre was open and how to get in when it was.

However, even after you are in, it is no simple matter to know what you want to see and to find it when you know. After you have found the art department there are miles and miles of statues and paintings, and you can hardly look from one end of the grand gallery to the other. It took us a long while to select a place to begin and then to find it in Baedeker, but once started we fairly sailed along. Oh, there is so much to see, and there are such treasures there! I would be happy for weeks just browsing about in it. I can't begin to enumerate the things that I loved, but I will say that I had never dreamed how beautiful the Venus de Milo was. I have spoken before of the tolerant feeling one grows to have toward famous things. But why doesn't one stop to reason that they wouldn't be famous if there wasn't some big compelling cause,

which will compel us just as it has everybody else? You see the Venus de Milo first, outlined against dark velvet, down a long avenue of statuary, and it is so perfectly exquisite it makes you hold your breath.

Among the paintings, I was most struck with Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," and "Holy Family", and with the "Holy Family" by Andrea del Sarto, and I loved Raphael's "Saint Michel" too. We found a "Visitation" by Ghirlandajo which we both adored, and perhaps you have seen prints of Scheffers "St. Augustin and St. Monica." Then there was a portrait of Mary Palmer by Laurence, which looked like us, and which I immediately swore loyalty to, and Leonardi de Vinci's "Lucrezia Crivelli" pleases me more than the "Mona Lisa". Among the more modern things, Henner's "Woman Reading" and "Ingres' " Spring" were both lovely.

Speaking of the "Mona Lisa", Dr. Donovan said he was walking down the great Rubens' Salle when he heard a nasal voice behind him - "Excuse me, but can you tell me where to find the "Mona Lisa?" It was a girl who had been ignoring everything else and was just simply looking for that. That is the way it is. There is always a perfect crowd around it now. And one can hardly see it without elbowing one's way. It pays to advertise.

I have seen copyists in all the European galleries, but I have never seen so many as one sees in the Louvre. The rooms are dotted with them. Some are little old men who, you can see, have lived for art, some are picturesquely long haired artists,

some are very chic and pretty girls, and some are frumps, but all are installed with benches and easels and palettes and colors and brushes in front of the pictures they have chosen. Some, I suppose, do it for love, but most of them do it for money, and pick out very popular subjects. They are always surrounded with watchers some of whom are pretty frank in their criticisms, but they want to be watched, as a rule, for they are hoping some rich American will be struck with their work and buy it. Perhaps the same sort of Americans as the one one hears about who said he had had all the American artists paint his daughters and now he was going to bring them over to Europe and have the old masters paint them. Well, the copies help me to appreciate the originals. I can't forget the copy of the "Immaculate Conception" and how utterly lacking I found it.

I am weary with writing and feel like a cup of tea. I will insist on tea every afternoon when I get home. Mrs. Donovan and I discovered a dear little lavender tea shop near here. That is, it is lavender outside, and the inside is shining clean and neat, and a nice hot cup only costs 40 centenes, 8 cents. But often we don't even spend that, but make it ourselves over her alcohol lamp. and drink it in our kimonos before resting and dressing for dinner.

We are dying to drink at a sidewalk cafe, but Mr. Bae-decker who is an indefatigable chaperone, says that sidewalk cafes aren't patronized by perfectly nice ladies. According to that, there must be a great many ladies in Paris who aren't perfectly nice, for certain it is that the sidewalk cafes seem to be occupied from morning till night.

One afternoon we went over to the Luxembourg Gardens. They have such beautiful gardens here, the Louvre, Tuileries, and Luxembourg, and the people use them so much. Men reading their papers, women at their sewing, and nursemaids with children, may always be found. The benches are free, but the chairs cost 10 centimes, 12 cents. This afternoon, from 5 to 6, was a band concert, and we took chairs and stayed for it. There was what I would call a motley crowd, if I used that kind of words on week days. And in front of us were a couple of artists, sketching the types which were to be discovered in plenty. Mrs. Donovan called my attention to the expressions on the faces when the music was sad. It was really a study and a sort of a pathetic one at that. Paris has more extremes of luxury and poverty, gayety and tragedy, than any other city in the world, and for all the people are so lively and vivacious there is an undercurrent of seriousness.

My dears, I must stop writing. I have as much more to tell, but it can't be told now. I'll simply have to send my love and ship this along, as it is. But there'll be more in a very few days. And from England! A day nearer home, I'll be, when I've crossed the channel. And the 2¢ postage rate!

Till then, I am So lovingly, Maud.

Daddie dear - I suppose by this time you have my card thanking you for the check and telling you to go ahead with arrangements for the Arabic. I can't tell you how relieved I am to have ^{you} to tend to it, and you are a perfect dear to do it. If you can't get the Arabic or another 1 class boat, get me 2nd class or something. I have lost all American pride about classes and would rather come home 2nd than spend the extra money when I have spent so much. Hastily and with love, Maud.

I just came up from afternoon tea and am sitting in the easy chair by the open window in my dear little fourth floor up bedroom. A street piano is playing something outside my window. Everything is too perfectly Englishy, and I don't feel Frenchy at all. But we are going back to Paris, back to Versailles, to be exact, and back to the 18th Century or even farther for I want to tell you about last Saturday when we made our expedition there.

I didn't know there was a city of Versailles, but there is, a very thriving one of some 60,000 and up one of the Avenues of the city we get our first glimpse of the castle. It is huge, able to house 10,000 but architecturally uninteresting. We didn't attempt to see it at all but walked thru a few miles of gigantic rooms. It isn't furnished now but converted into a picture gallery, containing statues, portraits and war pictures mostly mediocre. The elaborately carved and gilded ceilings and long many-paned windows are the same and anyone with imagination can conjure up the tapestries, brocades, silks, velvets and mirrors which once made

Letter 39-

unrepeated

5 Tavistock St. Garden Square, London

them luxurious. And, of course, they all had associations, for me they were fairly peopled with the characters of history. To be patriotic I must mention first what you may not remember, that in this place the treaty was signed which acknowledged our independence. Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Pompadour, and Mme. de Barry successively presided there, and then, of course Marie Antoinette, with whom, of course, one connects it. We saw her apartments. They consist of a boudoir, library and salon, and are very attractive but tiny in comparison with the other rooms of the palace. In one of them I saw the little box where she kept the outfit prepared for the dauphin. A guide hustles one in and hustles one out which was very annoying to me as I wanted to linger and pretend. It was during the revolution that the palace was sacked, the pictures confiscated, the furniture burned, the king forced to fly, and two guards killed in preventing the mob from reaching the queen. It was, of course, the embodiment of luxury, extravagance and indulgence and I suppose it is no wonder that the over-worked and half-starved people whose unpaid labor created it and whose hard-earned money supported it, revelled in reducing it to desolation. But now crowds of tourists tramp thru it and the gardens are dotted with humble picnickers and I fancy Nemesis is satisfied. The gardens are, of course, the chief attractions. The vistas from the windows of the palace are superb. The lines of white statues are reflected in the shining rivers and ponds, and the terraces are brilliant flowerbeds. The grounds must cover acres and acres, wherever the eye turns it may look down a cool green avenue, and one may wander under the gigantic trees, explore the inviting little paths, come upon tiny artificial lakes, fascinating grottos and marble groups of gods and nymphs. We ate our lunch along

was so bored by luxury that she adopted simplicity as a jest, and who, when told that the people had no bread naively remarked "Why don't they eat cake?" That was the end of our day at Versailles, a day when I walked on air with joy.

Mrs. Donovan and I had both been dying to hear Opera in Paris, and a couple of nights before we left they gave "The Hugonots", and we succumbed. We had an early dinner and started off on the underground, feeling very adventurous.. Our seats were up in the gallery, of course, and were good, but the gallery gods were not so much our kind as they were in Germany. They came in late and went out early, making us stand up and sit down again and again, and they poked their knees into our backs and knocked our hair askew, and they talked incessantly and even during the Opera didn't trouble to whisper if they wanted to make a remark, and those who weren't talking hissed at those who were and all together we were disgusted with them, all except a nice little boy who sat in front of us and loaned us his libretto. We had pegged away at the Libretto all afternoon, and didn't have any trouble in following the story. It was just a page from French history, anyway, and we were full of French history by that time. I am so glad I went. I heard so much German music in Germany, and the scene of the opera I heard in Venice was actually laid there, and "The Hugonots" seemed ideal to hear in Paris. The music was simply lovely, and the ballets were excellent. I was so glad to hear the familiar air in the first act. Between acts we went down stairs where much dazzling evening dress was in evidence. In all the European theatres people promenade a great deal and refresh themselves at the buffets. According to the

and spirited, and at the end she brought out a big flag about twice as tall as she was, and what a thunder of applause there was. Of course, I got a lump in my throat. After that we took an auto ride that I shall always remember. The sky was blazing with fireworks, the buildings were streaming with flags, the streets were jammed with people, and street dancing was in full swing on every corner, and all manner of excitement was in the air.

Oh, it was such fun whizzing thru the streets. I longed for you all, but we will plan to be there for the 14th of July in 1914, won't we?

You won't have any difficulty in imagining how I hated to leave Paris. If Celeste wasn't so perfectly devoted to me I could never have gotten her away. I almost wept myself.

We left about noon on the 15th. We got into Rouen about 4, and had supper there, and came into Dieppe in the early evening. If it hadn't been for Donovans I shouldn't have known that I wanted to see Rouen, but they helped me to discover that I wanted to very much. It is the capital of Normandy, I believe, and a quaint old town. We took a cab ride and really saw a good deal of it. A tower of the castle where Joan of Arch was imprisoned still stands, and we also saw the site of her burning, she is a hobby of Mrs. Donovans, and I have gotten to be so interested in her, and it stirred me very much to think of being there. We took a cab ride around Dieppe also and tho it was twilight we got a pretty good idea of it. It was good to be back by the ocean again and smell the salt and see the fishing vessels.

Dieppe is a very fashionable resort, and the rows of

curious Parisian custom, the most fashionable part of the audience left before the last act, but being unfashionable we stayed until the last Hugonot was massacred. Oh it was such fun to come out on to the busy brilliant street. We could hardly bear to take our car, but waited and enjoyed the lively scene, and having arrived at our destination we couldn't bear to go in the house, for on our very corner street dancing had begun, in anticipation of their glorious holiday, July 14th.

Street dancing is unique with Paris, I believe, but even in Paris it only occurs on the national holiday, and I was so glad to be there for it. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It probably was going on in a thousand places in Paris, but we had the best opportunity to observe it on our own corner, and observe it we certainly did. Mrs. Donovan and I stood there from about twelve, till after one just fairly fascinated. On either side of the street was a gaily decorated band stand, and first one and then the other played a selection. The dancers danced in the middle of the road, or about the orchestra. Traffic was held up, even omnibusses waited. The side walk cafes were doing a rushing business. The curious part of it was that the crowd was absolutely orderly. Not a soul spoke to us or even noticed us. I didn't see any one tipsy but an old man with a flute, who stood playing the Marsailles with a melancholy air in the midst of all the noise and confusion.

Among the dancers were respectable people, doubtful people, honest shopkeepers, boisterous students, artists, little working girls, adventuresses, and children. Men danced with each other; women danced with others; husbands danced with their wives;

with other plebians in a green glade where Apollo surrounded by nymphs, was emerging from a delightful rocky nook. On the days when the great fountains play the park is thronged with people and lemonade stands and post card shops have sprung up all along like mushrooms. But imagine the days when the court ladies all painted and powdered, and rustling with silk and glistening with jewels, and with their fine cavaliers by their sides used to flutter along the terraces, stroll down the lanes, and flirt and intrigue in all the secret places.

In one part of the grounds is the Grand Trianon, the chateau and gardens which Louis the 15th built for Madam Maintenon and in another the Petit Trianon, Marie Antoinette's favourite retreat. I stood in the window of her bedroom, and looked out at the peaceful scene, green lawns dotted with stately trees, and thought how she must have longed for it, poor little thing, when she was in the hands of the mob, that was as anxious for her blood as if they were a pack of wolves, and confined in her cold stone cell with the unsympathetic guards pacing up and down before it, and rattling away in the death wagon toward the guillotine, whatever she was, she must have had a poet's soul, or she could not have created such a charming place as the Hamlet. Even now it is delightful, and think what it must have been when she and her ladies in waiting inhabited it, playing at haymaking and churning. It is situated in a lovely spot, and the little thatch-roof cottages cluster about the tiny artificial lake, creating a charming illusion of rusticity. It was almost twilight when we were there and the air was so sweet with new-mown hay. We sat down on a haystack, and dreamed a few dreams about the frivolous little queen, whose whim had created the idyl, who

summer hotels, restaurants, and casinos were very modern indeed. We intended to cross the channel that night, but changed our minds and stayed over there. Trusting to my imaginativeness, Mrs. Donovan said she was sure I would write home a glowing description of our four connecting rooms in a quaint old Normandy Inn. But tho we had the four connecting rooms all right, and were certainly in Normandy, and had beamed ceilings and orial windows to spare, I must admit there was a superfluity of dirt and discomfort also. Nevertheless, being fearfully tired, I was glad to have a sleep, and we had our breakfast served in Dr. Donovan's room which was luxurious, and with a great flow of wit to help out the coffee. And directly afterwards we departed boatwards. As I am getting more and more disconnected, I think I had better stop.

Somewhat abrupt ... but I send just as much love as if I spun it out over any number of paragraphs.

Maud.

strangers joined each other for one turn, then separated without a word; some skipped about alone, and no one seemed self-conscious or curious. I love the Latin races, they are like a lot of children.

Mrs. Donovan and I wanted to dance ourselves, and might have if we hadn't been afraid some of our snobbish friends would come along on a sight-seeing tour and see us.

The 14th was certainly worth staying over for. Almost everything was shut up. Flags and lanterns appeared, merry-go-rounds and street fakers blossomed out, and merry making began. I was surprised at the number of American flags in evidence, both on our holiday and on theirs, either they feel very friendly toward us or want to jolly us awfully. In the afternoon all the theatres gave free performances, and in the evening band concerts and fireworks took place in every public place. We lay low all day, but at night we went out with another family. We were all feeling like a lark and we certainly had one.

We had gotten hold of a great bunch of French flags, and Mrs. Donovan distributed them among the children we met on the way. It was too cunning to hear them say "Merci Madame." One proved to be a little American girl, and the gentleman she was with said. "I am from Wisconsin. What part of the states do you come from?" "Minnesota!" I shouted. "Milwaukee." said he. "Minneapolis," said I. I wanted to hug him. We saw him several times the same evening, and he always shouted to us, and told us we were staying out too late or something silly. We went to the Tuilleries Gardens where an immense crowd was collected to hear a band concert and a group of opera singers who gave selections from "Carmen." At the end the girl who had sung Carman, came out and sang the Marseilles. She was so pretty

(Letter #40)

5 Taviton Street. Gordon Square, London, W.C.
England. July 21, 1914.

My dears,-

I suppose I have to get myself across that channel, and I will say that I do hope it won't be as disagreeable this time as it was last. I was so happy to smell the sea again, so happy to be running about a boat, so happy to hear English spoken, but alas my happiness was soon dashed. However, all the Donovans, who are splendid sailors, were sick too and worse than I was. And I don't think there were many on the boat who could hold their heads up. It was a corkscrew sea and worse than anything I had ever experienced. But we had left Dieppe at 1 and we arrived in New Haven about 4. I got my first view of England thru the porthole, weakly raised up on one arm. We took the train at New Haven, we went third class, but oh, how beautifully clean it was. And what joy to be able to read the signs, to have the porters answer "thank you," to feel that we were in our mother country. Donovans, who spent all last summer in Scotland and England, felt as if they were returning home, and took delight in pointing out to me the typical features of the country we were whirling thru. But I would have known it was England, the holly hedges, the pretty peaceful fields and woods, the little scattered villages. We got into London about 6, Victoria station, imagine how nice! The jumps of people were all so unmistakably English, the silk hatted men, the fresh-faced women and the school girls with their ugly sailors and flowing locks. And the darling dignified Bobbies, and the porter who told Dr. Donovan our trunks were "easy work, sir", and the red nosed cabman. If he hadn't have been red-nosed, nothing could have induced me to ride with him!

Then rattling away thru the streets, Donovans kept exclaiming, "Oh, this is Trafalgar Square!" "Oh, there is the kind of a bus where you can ride up on top." "That is a hansom cab, Maud." etc. etc. etc. And it kept me fairly bouncing. In this vicinity, there are lines and lines and lines of boarding houses. All close up by the sidewalk with gardens behind; all with neat door plates, bells, and knockers; all with pretty white-capped maids to let one in. 5 Taviton Street looked much like 4 and 6 but immediately we were inside we saw the difference. It is about the kind of a boarding house Aunt Mary would keep. There are, as Mrs. Donovan said, some physical disadvantages, but the mental and spiritual advantages more than compensate for these. Late as we were, we were given a hot dinner, and Mrs. Brumwell, the landlady, treated us as if we had been welcome guests, and Miss George, her cousin, brought me up to my little white room at the top of the house, and did all she could to make me feel at home, and chatted with me until I found I had told her all my family history without knowing it. So here you have me in England, another day nearer home in actual travel, and many aeons in other ways for I'm among my own people again and until you live for a while with a foreign race you can't appreciate what that means.

As I will stay on here at Brumwells, I will have to tell you more about it, so you will realize how happily situated I am. I told you about the exterior and the white-capped maid who let us in, and the interior is typically English. Mrs. Donovan says that

in England the living room is the drawing room if its only 2 by 4. but our drawing room happens to be a bona fide one. It is on the second floor and is very long and airy with long windows opening out on the balcony. It has a fireplace, a piano, little cabinets of antiques, china, etc., spindle legged pink and white furniture, and a tea set. The dining room is on the first floor and is a large pleasant one. We don't see much of Mr. Brumwell, but Mrs. Brumwell is sort of like Mrs. Barclay, and her daughter and Miss George, her cousin, are both peaches. Mrs. Brumwell presides at table and she is the kind of a person who makes every one feel at his ease. She draws every one into the conversation and it is real conversation, the sparkly kind. There are some very interesting people. We are the only Americans except two kids from Boston - one of them is named Miles Standish - the Mayflower, of course - and a Deke. (I told you Dr. Donovan was a Deke, didn't I?) There are some nice English boys, too, one of them a medical student. And Miss Eddy is an actress and just lost a contract and comes to the table with her eyes red but looking very pretty. And Miss Soloman is an artist, but more of her later. We have big English breakfasts, porridge, ham, etc., but I have grown used to continental breakfasts and don't like them. And luncheon at 1, and tea at 4:30, a very social time. And dinner at night with two kinds of meat and dessert according to English custom. "Will you have hot or cold, Miss Hart? Hot? A slice off the joint?" And "Dr. Donovan, would you prefer cold shape or cherry tart?" "Joint" is roast; and "cold shape" is fello. But anyway we have a beautiful butler! It is a perfectly

ideal place for me, as Mrs. Brumwell mothers me and the young people are very jolly, and it is so cheap for London that Donovans could hardly believe their ears, so I was bound to stay tho' they are very crowded. The only way it could be arranged was for me to share Miss Soloman's room, so I am moved from my little nest at the top of the house. It is a beautiful room with a fireplace and balcony, but it always looks like sin as she has the artistic temperament and straws her things from one end to the other. My table is such a contrast to everything else in the room that it strikes a positively discordant note. However, her tables are very interesting. She is an artist, as I said. She is only 21 but a genius and is already well known. Now she is illustrating a new addition of "Helen's Babies" and her sketches are fascinating. I think she is a jewess and she is an odd little thing, mature in her work, but very young about everything else. One often finds geniuses so. As untidy as she is, I love rooming with her. I guess I would love to room with anybody. I dread to sit down all alone in a room with everything as neat as a new pin and listen to my clock tick. When I get home, I never, never am going to stay alone for one minute.

I am sure you're dying to hear about my new clothes. I thought I ought to do what shopping I had to do while Mrs. Donovan was here to help me. So the afternoon after we came we went down to Peter Robinson's, the big department store, and made our purchases. She bought a suit, and I bought a suit and a dress, both too cheap to believe. The suit is such a dark blue that it is almost black, and the skirt is one of the new styles, lots of gathers

around the waist, while the jacket is about medium length and has a soft wide belt of bright colored satin. With a black hat and a veil the color of the satin it will make a stunning outfit. The dress is for dancing or nice afternoon wear, a very soft chiffon of bright vivid blue. It is nothing but a robe, to be worn over a white silk or satin slip. The shops are more attractive even than those in Paris, and as the summer sales are on, everything is unbelievably cheap. I would give anything to have a lot of money to squander and am threatening to write a story for an English magazine and blow the proceeds on blouses.

As I told you, Donovans were here last year, so they have the sightseeing done, and I am leaving most of mine to occupy me after they go, and am picking up stray threads with them. I had just a peek into Westminster - enough to find Jane Lister and the poets corner - and it is as dear and old and gray as I expected to find it. I heard Big Ben and looked down all the streets and imagined where Pam's house might be and I strolled around the cloisters where the sunlit green of the court makes such a contrast to the cool gray dimness. I'm going to spend a day there soon. And Sunday morning Francis and I went to St. Paul's to church and while I wasn't tremendously impressed with that I am going over sometime and wander about. The music was lovely and the crowd immense and on our way out who should we meet but the Craig's. They had just come down from Lincoln. Mrs. Craig spoke of having received Mamma's letter. I was so glad to see them and made an engagement to go over to their boarding house the next afternoon. As it happened, I had to write a note and break it, but I only postponed it till Friday, and that is just as well for I can wear my new suit. They want me to go home

with them on the Laconia, but I told them that my fate was in Papa's hands.

I am dreadfully disappointed at not being able to see some of the things I had most counted on seeing. To some of the galleries, admission is absolutely impossible, while to others it is only obtainable with an endless amount of red tape. Of course, it is because of the Suffragette activities. Conditions practically amount to a state of war. Not having seen many English papers for sometime, I was surprised to learn how far things had gone. Fires, bomb-throwing and picture slashing seem to have become quite common. And now the militants are even interrupting non-militant meetings and feeling is very intense. We went thru the Parliament Buildings which, for a wonder, are still open on certain hours of certain days, but I never was so closely watched in my life. There were Bobbies posted everywhere. I hadn't known that the Parliament Buildings were in the vicinity of Westminster, but they are just across the way. They are beautiful in the Gothic style, I think - at any rate with many delicate spires. They are on the banks of the Thames, of course, with the terrace where members bring their ladies to tea. I must be on a higher social scale in my reading than in real life, I guess. I felt so familiar with that terrace that I fully expected to be invited there, and when I was barred off from it with the rest of the tourists I felt as if the guard couldn't know who I was. It was the same sensation to be out in the English country and not a guest at a country house the way heroines are in stories. And at Windsor

Castle, I knew in my heart that I belonged at one of the Queen's garden parties and not staring around after a guide. But the Parliament Buildings were very impressive anyway. The windows and paintings of some of the long rooms of state were lovely. But in the House of Lords and the House of Commons I had the surprise of my life. I had expected to see some huge amphitheatre, but they are quite small rooms. The House of Lords has the thrones for the King and Queen and the chairs for the peers are in red leather, and the House of Commons is in black leather. There are lobbies outside, and Dr. Donovan who obtained permission to visit a sitting last year, said that not nearly all the lords attended and that in both houses it was quite a fad not to pay much attention to what was going on but to stroll about in the lobbies and talk and just come back to vote. However, after this, when I read about what Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are doing I will know where to put them anyway.

The two nicest things in London are busses and Bobbies. They are rather closely associated in my mind, for I never take one except on the advice of the other. Mrs. Donovan and I, who have such good bats together, laugh at ourselves for our weakness for both of them. The Bobbies are dears, such fine looking, good-natured capable men. I never saw anything like the way they control the traffic. I would just as soon start across the most dangerous looking street if the Bobbie had his hand up, and they are always as cool as cucumbers. And they are so obliging. They listen so attentively to your woes, take such care to explain what you want to know, and the "Yes, miss," and "Quite right, sir" are too beautifully deferen-

tial. One darling told Mrs. Donovan and I that the bus we were looking for was -"Aighty Aight." Imagine! We ride up on top of the buses, of course. If you can get the front seat, they are as good as automobiles, and being mixed up with nice friendly plebians is heaps more fun than riding closed in a limousine with a bouquet of artificial flowers. If it rains, put up your umbrella: if you are hungry convention permits you to eat out of a paper sack; it has never cost me more than tuppence ha' penny and one can get a lovely ride for a penny; and to haunt the tops of buses is the ideal way to see London and its environs.

Yesterday I got my first intimate glimpse of rural England. Dr. and Mrs. Donovan, Francis and I made an all day excursion. We left from Paddington and travelled third class just as the Marchioness did, and when we alighted at the little country station I felt a distinct shock because I wasn't met by a man in livery and jolted along to the houseparty at Lady Maria's, where no doubt the guests were assembled under the shade trees on the lawn drinking tea from egg shell cups and eating little cakes. However, I was quite content to install myself on the top of a bus and joy along to the churchyard at Stoke Pogis. It is the churchyard made famous by Gray's elegy and for a wonder it is absolutely satisfactory. The little church with its "ivy mantled tower" where the owl "doth to the moon complain" was all that it should be, and we saw the corner of it where Gray always sat, and it had an added interest for us, for all the Penns were buried there with the exception of William Penn who, having turned Quaker was excluded. The churchyard itself

with "many a mouldering heap" was so pretty and peaceful and we all sat under "the yew trees shade" and Dr. Donovan read the poem aloud to us. I have always loved it and learned it once but it never impressed me so much before, for I had only to raise my eyes to see the different objects mentioned, and Gray's tomb which stands close to the church testified eloquently to the truth of the lines on death he had written. In the neighboring field stands a monument to him.

After leaving Stoke Pogis, we walked till we found a place to lunch. I have gone back on a walking tour in Switzerland. A walking tour in England is now my idea of joy. The roads are shaded with the most immense and loveliest trees, sometimes, the way leads down little green lands; the fragrant green fields are dotted with sheep; and in the parks of the big estates one can actually see the deer. The keepers houses, just at the gates, are always clambering with flowers, and makes me long to stop for a cup of tea. One advantage to walking thru England is that the villages are so close together. One wouldn't need to walk far as there would always be fascinating inns and taverns. And best of all, the people are so friendly and courteous and quaint. I wish you could have seen the place we ate, just by the roadside under a splendid tree. The neighboring field was golden with grain and beyond it were holly and hawthorn hedges and more and even greener trees and the red of farmhouse roofs among them. One really does feel that England is the mother country. The charm it has is not unmixed with sentiment. It draws one as a native land does. Somehow it seems like home to me tho' I have never seen it before.

Well, we consumed ham sandwiches and cherry tart and fruit cake and bananas and I don't know what else. I had a ferocious appetite, but I will say that English food sounds better than it tastes. They don't season anything and the meat pies of which one reads so much watering descriptions in Dickens were the bitterest disappointments of my life. They are cold and clammy, not hot and savory, and the crust is inches thick and the filling consists of uninteresting chunks. But I can't complain of that luncheon by the roadside and after it was over we clambered up into a bus again, this time for Eton and Windsor. I never had known that Eton and Windsor were so close. They are just across the river from each other. Speaking of the river, it is lovely at that point, winding in and out of green tree shaded banks. Of course, the boat races are a feature of Eton and the water was alive with youngsters and racing shells. The town too is swarming with the students and they look very queer with their traditional high/silk hats and short Eton jackets. They come from England's best families and are a fine looking set of boys - just high school age. Down the river a ways is Vanderbilt's island. We didn't go down to see it but heard many rumors of its beauty. And across the river in a frame of trees one sees the towers of Windsor. The palace is not open to visitors, thanks to our friends the Suffragettes, but we obtained admission to the courts and grounds. The old historic names connected with its gray walls and battlements made them fascinating, the trees were lovely, the moats a bower of green and flowers, the view from the terraces enchanting, but, as I told you, I felt resentful at being considered such a rank outsider. The present King does not spend a

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great deal of time there and neither did King Edward but it was a favorite spot with Queen Victoria who lived there about half of every year and is buried near. There is a statue of her at the entrance and the place is strongly associated with her. I was amused at one of the tables they tell. It seems she often went down into the town and visited some old ladies with some of whom she had the warmest friendships. On one occasion, she was urging one of them to come up to visit her at the castle, but the old lady steadily refused. The queen was remonstrating with her and said "Why, I would be just the same up in the castle as I am down here." "Oh yes, your Majesty," the old lady assured her. "It's not you I'm afraid of, your Majesty. It's them grand servants." I don't know as I blame her for I am afraid of servants myself and English servants have a certain pomp which is dazzling and a humbleness which is terrifying. Mrs. Donovan and I drank tea and ate thin slices of bread and butter at an enchanting shop with an enchanting name "The Windlesora". The other two left us as they had some private sightseeing to attend to. So we lingered as long as we liked, looked into shop windows and came on home alone. Mrs. Donovan is such a peach, more fun to "bat" with. But speaking of tea, I seem to be collecting tea at famous places as Mrs. Donovan does ivy leaves. Tea in St. Marks Square, tea on the top of the Rigi, tea in the Champs Elysees, tea in the shadow of Windsor. It's not an extravagant habit as it is so cheap in this country, and I think it is a happy idea, for think of the memories I'll have when I'm drinking it at 905, in front of the fire.

JULY 23. I do impose upon you to a dreadful extent. I

am beginning my 8th page as calmly as if it was my first. If you began the perusal in the evening, you would have to introduce several beer lunches and finally coffee to keep you awake. Let's hope you attacked it early in the morning when you were fresh. I haven't had much mail from my happy home, but some that was awfully nice from Russell. It doesn't seem to me you write to me so very often, seeing as how you are five and we aren't even but only one. That aint gramminary but it's classical and I guess you get the idea.

Well, we forced an entrance to the Tate Gallery at last. The first time Mrs. Donovan and I went we were turned away by a burly policeman who said that it was shut up tight on account of the wild ladies," but the second time we went prepared with a guarantee from a member of Parliament which, by means of much wire pulling Dr. Donovan had obtained. The American embassy won't issue guarantees because so many Americans are in sympathy with the Suffragettes and as I don't number many M.P.s among my acquaintances I am going to have a hard time getting to see many things. On this occasion, having shone the magic letter at a side gate we were allowed to slip in, past the door, safely guarded by policemen, into a little private office. Here Dr. Donovan presented the slip, his passports, and other credentials which were examined by a committee of grave looking gentlemen, and I was obliged to state that I had no destructive intentions. Then we were delivered to another officer who delivered us to an official guide. And not only were we obliged to follow the guide but every room was guarded with policemen who prevented us from lingering and looked suspicious if we even went close to a picture. It has its ludicrous side. Hasn't it? Women

haven't great physical strength but they certainly are ingenious at making themselves annoying. I was reading in the morning's paper how one fair bomb slinger, brought up for trial, insisted on keeping her back to the judge and sang the Marseilles vigorously all the time he was talking to her. Well, it was horrible to go thru the gallery under such circumstances but I was exceedingly fortunate to be able to go thru at all, and it was lovely, lovely. The famous Watt pictures are there, and a delightful collection of Turners, and others, I liked especially were Sargent's "Ellen Terry in Macbeth", Burne Jones' "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," Millais "Boyhood of Ralieggh," Lady Stanley's "The First Offence", Dicksee's "Harmony," Wallis "Death of Chatterton", and Field's famous picture "The Doctor."

I had written to Macbeth's a day or so before, and what was my delight upon returning home Tuesday morning after my visit to the Tate to find the following wire - "Come to dinner tonight-seven o'clock, 96 Lauderdale Mansions, Maida Vale. - Dr. Wood is here - Loving Greetings - Florence Macbeth." At first, I had a sinking of my heart as to what I should wear, for I haven't got my trunk yet, and my travelling clothes are getting so shabby, but then I remembered my pretty new dress. I'm so thankful I happened to have it. And people are always so good to me. That dear Miss George shortened the hem for me, put on hooks and eyes, and made little black French Knots all around the skirt and on the front of the waist, which was just the touch it needed. I was downtown in the afternoon and bought some white gloves. And when I got dressed and my hair curled, with my big hat, green coat, white gloves, and the buckly slippers

papa sent me, I looked very nice. I took a cab, as I didn't have any idea how to reach the address, and anyway I couldn't bear to rush that chiffon up and down the side of a bus. I'm an awful kid really. I was so tickled at the idea of going in a cab to Maida Vale to dinner that I fairly beamed. Macbeth's have a dear little apartment, and I think that both Mrs. Macbeth and Flossie look exactly as they always did. It seemed so queer to see Dr. Wood in London. (He was just there for a day or so) Particularly when he said at dinner that he wanted "just about a nickle's worth" of something, "as Tom Hart says." It was an American dinner and maybe it didn't taste good. Beefsteak, tomato salad, raspberry shortcake. Um! After dinner a German man came, a musician also, and we played the victrola and talked. I think it is perfectly absorbing to hear about Flossie's experiences, and anecdotes with famous people in them, and I did have the best time. Macbeths say I must come often. They want me to spend an entire day with them, soon. They sort of expect Mr. Macbeth in August.

There seems to be no end to the nice things that happen to me. The next afternoon, Mrs. Donovan and I went to see Herbert Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the New Bernard Shaw play "Pygmalion" I am now a Bernard Shaw devotee. The dialogue was simply sparkling, the psychology marvellous, and the interest absorbing. Kath must read it, but it will lose a great deal by not being acted I'm afraid. Tree was delightfully cynical and Mrs. Campbell as the flower-girl who was transformed into a duchess did some mighty clever acting. And what do you think? The English won't relinquish afternoon tea

even for the sake of a matinee! It is served in the auditorium, brought right to your seat. They brought us a tray with the pot and cups and bread and butter and cakes. Our seats were 4 shillings and the tea six pence and it was a wonderful afternoon. I wanted to go right thru with it again, tea and all.

Well, Donovans leave tomorrow, for Oxford, Chester, some points in Ireland, and home. I can hardly bear to see them go. They have been so kind to me. But I will be in good hands here. We are all like one big family. I told you about Jean Etty, the musical comedy actress, who was so blue and out of a job and "broke". Well the other morning during breakfast she received a letter offering her a small part in "The Arcadians." and it would have made you all want to cry, as it did me, to see how the others rejoiced with her. They flew to her and hugged her and had a regular Hart celebration. Miss Solomon, the little girl I room with, is a dear, too. She is having wonderful success as an artist, and I do enjoy having her tell me about her work. Mrs. Brumwell mothers us all impartially, and I can't imagine a place on this side of the water, I would be more contented in.

Oh, dear, will I never stop writing! It's most tea time and I have been at it all day. Donovans are finishing up sight-seeing and shopping and saying goodbye to friends. Honestly I can't even let myself think about coming home. I know I'm in London, but I can't help almost counting the minutes. And I know I shall push

the train and push the boat. Well, you are all dears, and we will have some joyous times when we are at home again, and when we cross together, I have already collected prices which prove that a family trip is quite within our means.

Love and lots of it,

Maud.

5 Taviton Street, Gordon Square,
London, W. C., England.
July 29th, 1914.

Dearest Harts,-

Oh, said Maud, with a bounce - I'm so happy. It was the crowning piece of luck, that I should have happened in upon this lovely place. For the first time since I left home, I am practically not homesick at all. The fact that I am so near home may have something to do with it, but my being with such kind people helps even more. If Bick would only come to London and study instead of Berlin I would want her to come right in here. No one could be lonesome. Mrs. Brumwell mothers all of us, Miss George has taken me under her special wing and even comes in to kiss me good-night and tuck me in, and as for the crew, it is certainly a jolly one if they are all English. The men, with the exception of the Andersons are nondescript, but they are dears, studying for law and medicine respectively, and kind of like Rupert and Helmus. The girls are peaches. Miss Brumwell is Buntty, because she pulls the strings of the household. She is round and jolly and laughs like Bick. Miss Henderson is a little Danish girl over here to learn the language. Miss Edwards is a typical little business woman who has her breakfast in bed on Sunday mornings. And Jean ETTY, who as I told you just got a job with "The Arcadians", is perhaps the most interesting of all. She began six years ago, worked herself pretty well up, fell sick and got all out of everything, and started back in the chorus. She has dreadfully long hours for rehearsal. We hardly see her anymore. They don't even stop for lunch but only have time for coffee. The dancing is dreadfully fatiguing too. Of course. She is generally dead when she comes home. Miss Solomon's book will be done on Friday. It will be pub-

lished in September and won't I buy it and point out to you how we did this and how we did that! Bunty's legs are always in demand. Mr. Anderson sat for a half an hour the other day playing he was Toddy and spilling imaginary soup down his neck. She wants me for the lady who listens to Toddy's inspired recitation, and I will show you myself with pride. You can just image how I am revelling in local color and the kind of atmosphere one doesn't breathe.

I have hardly opened my Baedeker but when I said that the other day to Miss Solomon, she said that I had seen more of London than if I had. It is very satisfactory to have her feel satisfied. Else said that about Munich too and Paul said it about Venice. I think I must adapt myself very easily. Lately however, I might as well have been in Anoka, for I have been eyebrow deep in writing. The very air here is creative and I simply had to get to work. However, I worked very fast, unusually fast for me, and my story is now done. I think it is the first story I ever wrote that I didn't have to write over and rearrange endlessly. I hardly changed a word of this. I read it to Miss Solomon who approved, and I am going to send it to an English magazine. I haven't an idea I can get it in, but I am sure I can sell it in America. I am going to hunt up an Oliver office to type it.

I see by the Minneapolis Journal which I read occasionally at the American Express that you are still having your terrifically hot weather. I am so sorry. I haven't felt uncomfortably hot this summer. Mrs. Donovan thought it was pretty bad in Paris, but none of the days there were bad in comparison with a Minnesota "scorcher." And here I am shivering all the time and not even wearing summer

dresses. Imagine; Your descriptions of bathing in Calhoun, bats to the Shubert, running in at Kath's, etc., all sound so familiar that I can almost fancy I am there. And oh won't we have good times next winter? But I am going to California with the rest of you if I can only hit on another lucrative dressmaker or two. By the way, have you warned Jack about that story. Please present my humblest apologies, and tell him I know it was positively unforgivable, but if he doesn't want to be appropriated by material hungry story writers, he shouldn't be so fascinating. As for the bat - "On with the dance. Let joy be unrefined!"

Well, Donovans have left me and are at present residing in Oxford in a house named Fern Lee which sounded so perfectly jolly that I almost went along. They left Friday afternoon just after tea, waving to me from the taxicab, and oh dear, I don't know when I will see them again! But I've promised Mrs. D. to get her a concert engagement in Minneapolis, and the Dr. that he shall unite me in holy matrimony whenever I am doomed to be united. I told Mrs. D. that it still remained a mystery why under the sun they had asked me to join their party. The idea was certainly all to my advantage. She said it was my personality and I'm certainly glad I happened to have it along. After they were out of sight I went on over to Mrs. Craig's. They live in such a stylish pension. She received me in the prettiest drawing room. Well, I am doing a few society stunts myself, as you will see as I progress. That is one reason I haven't done more sight-seeing. But I really think one does me as much good as the other. I thank heaven daily that I have my pretty suit. I really look quite stunning in it with white gloves and silk stockings and my cute pumps

There is no doubt about it. I'm not the simple muslin type. I am quite good-looking when I'm dressed in the extreme of fashion and have my bored expression and my Poiret slouch. But this dissertation on my personal beauty is quite irrelevant and I will go back to Mrs. Craig. I can't even begin to tell you how much I like her. I am wild for you to know her and the Dr. and they are anxious to meet you too. She is as sweet as Louise Benham. That's the only person I could at all compare her with, and they are not at all alike. She took me up to her room and showed me all her new clothes. The sales here are simply marvellous. The prices make me positively ill they are so low. Simply stunning suits for \$20 and \$25 and so on. I would give anything if I could afford to buy the family's winter wardrobe. She had two suits, 2 evening gowns, an evening coat, a hat, 2 blouses, furs, gloves, fans, scarfs, etc. all simply lovely. They were leaving London in a day or so but she gave me her address, and I am to let her know my plans so that she can write me a steamer letter. The last thing she said was that she hoped we would meet on the Laconia - Sept. 1st. I am afraid the Laconia is too expensive for me. They travel and live way differently from what I do. I will be just as well content on the Arabic except for their company, and I intend to rest 40 knots an hour all the way home anyway.

Saturday afternoon, Miss George asked me to go out to Hampstead Heath, and Bunty and Mr. Anderson asked me to go to "the pictures", (the movies). I went with Miss George as she had spoken to me first, and oh, I wouldn't have missed going! It is a great rolling tract of land, a sort of a park, but entirely natural. The

trees are magnificent, there is a dear little pond, and the green places are dotted with sheep. Of course, it isn't the scenery that interests me, but the types of people one sees there. It is the sort of place where 'arry brings 'arriet, you know. And they say it is heaps of fun on Bank Holiday. 'arry and 'arriet were there on that Saturday afternoon, holding hands on secluded benches, and boys playing cricket, and nursemaids with babies, and some solitary people. I think the girl in "The Halo" went there. Didn't she? With her fiancé's father? Saturday evening we all collected in the dining room after dinner and played "donkey" and told fortunes. It was a nice kiddie time, like Kenney's kitchen in the Center Street house on winter evenings.

Sunday morning, Miss George and I went to hear Dr. Campbell.Morgan, a world famous Evangelist. I was prepared not to like him but I was crazy about him. He spoke on marriage, in reference to divorce, and tho' I'm not divorced and never expect to be, I wept until everyone that sat about me tho't I was a repentent grass widow.

Do you remember a Mr. Martyn, a Mrs. Cox and a Miss Frisby, who got on the "Canopic" at Madiera? He is the head of the White Star Line in Europe. Mrs. Cox is his daughter, and Miss Frisby his fiancée. They had the next steamer chairs to mine and took a great fancy to me and Mr. O'Hagan and all the rest were so impressed, for it seems they are terribly stylish. Mr. Martyn gave me some letters of introduction and they all seemed to feel a personal responsibility about getting me from Genoa to Munich. Well, Miss

Frisby lives in Paris and Mrs. Cox in Windsor and they both gave me their cards and made me promise to look them up. I couldn't find Miss Frisby's card but I wrote to Mrs. Cox as soon as I got here and I got a sweet little note right back saying that Miss Frisby was visiting her and could I meet them at Stewards, Monday for tea. They are living in the country during the summer, but were to be in town for the day. Well, Stewarts is one of the fashionable places, and I was so happy I danced a toe dance. I blessed my new suit again, I tell you! They hadn't been much for dress on ship board, but they wore simply delectable hats and costumes this afternoon, and so did the friend who made a fourth to our party. The tea and toast and French pastry were great, and it was such fun to watch the people, and Mrs. Cox and Miss Frisby laugh at all my jokes, and think I am amusing, which is very agreeable. And - I am so glad I'm the sort of a person people take fancies to - the friend took a fancy to me, and took down my address and wants me to come and take tea with her. Won't that be nice?

After Monday things sort of calmed down. I plugged away at my story as I have in all these intervals and Miss Solomon and I made a fruitless trip to the National Museum which, like everything else, is shut up tight on account of our friends the Suffragettes. But this morning at breakfast, came a note from Flossie asking me to meet here and her mother at "The Rendzvous" for lunch. "The Rendezvous" is a little Bohemian restaurant in the latin quarter, a rather famous little place, and I was so glad to go. We had a good talk and a good luncheon and Flossie wouldn't let it be Dutch. After-

wards we shopped a bit and I came on home for tea. Oh isn't afternoon tea a comfort. Always, always, always, shall it be served at 905 after my advent.

Well, now it is about time for dinner, and from dinner I will rush off to church with the Macbeths. Wednesday evening meeting. I haven't been in a Science church for so long. How I will enjoy it. Macbeths are so good to me and, oh dear, so is everybody. I'm so happy. Paul used to sigh and say - "It's a weary world, isn't it." and I would invariably answer "No, it's a nice world." so that at last he wouldn't wait for me to answer but would answer for me giving up in high C for "nice" just as I always do. I am really crazy about it. Across the street from me some husky lady is rendering "For you're - my - ba-by - You're my wonderful child" - with much feeling. All kinds of cabs and taxis are rattling past. It's just twilight time. I am writing in the open drawing room window. Mr. Roberts just wandered in and Miss Solomon returning from the publishers and Miss George who had been out and wanted to know if I'd been good. I assured her I'd been reading the prayer-book. No chance to write more I guess and anyway the gong will ring any minute.

So much love to my dears. It seems to me you don't write very often. What's the matter with Kath? But I love you all anyhow and a month from today I'll be on my way to you.

As ever,

Maud.

London, W. C. England
Aug. 3, 1914.

Bank Holiday

*Start night
check with
Brent - then
aug 2 - Sunday
aug 3 - Mon*

My dears:

It is absolutely impossible for me to write of anything but the war. We talk, eat, drink and sleep war, and it is so on my mind and my heart that I can't settle down to do anything else. Did you ever hear of anything so horrible, so infamous, so unnatural as it is? Unnumbered thousands of men marching out to slaughter, and unnumbered thousands of heart-broken women left behind them. Ruin, desolation, famine, misery and suffering sweeping across the whole of Europe and nobody knows why. In spite of Germany's official declaration that she desires peace I think she is at the bottom of it all. She declares war on Russia and immediately marches on France. But of course it centers on Servia and Austria. Russia must help Servia. Then Germany must protect Austria. France rushes to the aid of Russia and according to the triple alliance Italy must help Germany. But Italy has declared neutrality and thousands of Italians are rushing to enlist under the French flag. England's interests lie with France, and Japan declared she would go with England. Heaven knows how it will end, and Switzerland and Belgium and Holland are mobilizing and practically all Europe is in arms.

aug 1

Of course you have read all this before, but I wonder if the American papers describe the conditions things are in. We should thank God on our knees that I am in England. English and American tourists are pouring into England by the thousands but the last train and the last boat have come and heaven knows how those that got left will fare. The scenes of excitement in Berlin and Paris are thrilling. Nothing in the cities is

normal and crowds march the streets singing and shouting. In a city like Paris where practically all the men are included in the order to mobilize, the partings that are going on are heart breaking. And as money is scarce and food supply doubtful, there are tears and terror every place.

Scores of American and English travelled day and night to get to Paris to get the last train out. They had to leave behind them all their heavy luggage and some had only the clothes on their backs. They couldn't leave the station to go to sleep or get anything to eat, and they were locked into the cars like animals. Those who had drafts couldn't cash them and paper money was useless. Two American girls arrived here yesterday after a day and two nights of it. They were almost dead with fatigue and on the verge of hysterics. But think of those who didn't get thru.

A Mrs. Waldo from Washington is here and her husband is somewhere in Germany. And our nice Anderson boys are in Brussels and we have not heard a word from them. Of course telegraphic communication is cut off and mail service suspended. I feel I am as safe in England as I would be at home, the English are so strong and sensible and reliable. The people don't want war. In fact the demonstrations are all the other way, but wicked as it seems they are to be forced into it, I am afraid. The army and navy are making preparations. The streets are full of soldiers and nobody can settle down to anything. At intervals of about ten minutes all rush to their windows and balconies in response to the perfectly ghoulissh cries of the newsboys with their new extras. I hear them now in my dreams.

I have been thankful that Paul was out of it and now I have someone else to worry about. He is an English soldier, a cavalry officer and I feel very romantic. This is the way it was. Last night I went to church with Bunty and emerging from the church we found the sidewalks full of people and the streets full of soldiers. They had been obliged to leave their horses and were pulling cannon along. They were the best built, nicest looking, freshest-faced bunch of English boys, only volunteers called from their various occupations on account of the war.

Well, Bunty and I dived thru the crowd to look at them, and were running along beside them with the rest of the people, when they were ordered to stop, and we were alongside a group in which was a man that Bunty knew, an old friend, and of course while they waited he talked to us. Then one of his friends, the officer started to talk to me and when they all started up again he came on the sidewalk and walked with us, for he didn't have to push cannons and their way lay along with ours for half an hour or so. I don't know if it was my fatal beauty or my interest in the war or my enthusiasm for the British, but for some reason he liked me immensely, and he got hold of Bunty's friend and asked if the four of us couldn't go for a bus ride or somewhere to see the evenings excitement. And they fixed it up. I was pleased as Punch for I had been feeling terribly depressed all day.

So after supper we all went out for an hour or so and rode on the top of buses and walked and had a jolly time. He's

"We're as good as in," Mr. Leonard said slowly. Every-



a nice boy 26, his family are all out of town at a summer resort and don't know that he may be called to the front tomorrow or next day. Doesn't it seem terrible? We got awfully well acquainted for one evening and told each other all our family history and it was very queer but the fact that he was so alone and just going out to face so much danger, such a crisis in his life and it happened to meet me just made us get to know each other awfully well. If he is called out today he is going to send me a note and tell me and if he isn't I told him I would see him for just half an hour tonight. I didn't know whether to or not but he is just a boy and a dear youngster, and none of his people are here to care, of rather, to know when he leaves, and he may never come back as he told me very pathetically. I know if I was going to war it would help a lot to have someone to send me off, so I am going to make myself useful.

When I wrote you last I believe I had just emerged from my writing vortex. The next day I hunted up the Oliver people and typed it. The Oliver offices are in that section of London which for years has been the center of publishers and book sellers and which probably has known more anxious young authors and artists than any other part of the world. It was lovely to feel that I belonged to it. I typed from ten till two when I was almost dead and then I emerged with the other hot, tired, dirty and hungry workers into the streets and hunted up an A.B.C. lunch room. I had a cup of the best coffee I've tasted since leaving America and a poached egg on toast that was delicious. Perhaps it was the sauce of appetite which gave everything such a good flavor. I bought

big envelopes at an ancient shop and addressed and mailed my story there and then to an English periodical. I would be optimistic about selling it, if it wasn't for the war and the financial situation. I don't suppose that would effect a big magazine, but everything seems so upset.

I have my trunk at last and furthermore I am moved to my dear little away-up-high-room. I am so cozy there with my flag and rug and pictures and books and tea set, and I had the girls in and showed them all my accumulated treasures and how they raved over things. I am bringing home lots, if I ever get thru the customs. I still spend lots of time in Miss Solomon's room. She is putting me into a picture as I told you. She is worried for fear if they have the war she can't sell her book and Jean is worried for fear no one will come to see her show, and so it goes. Jean left last night for a tour of England and won't be back to London till Christmas, unless, of course, the box office receipts are affected.

Up to yesterday when the war reached its climax, I had been busy sightseeing. Having reached London and turned around a few times and taken my leisure at my maps and guide books, I got ready to begin and I began, and I cancelled my orders for my luncheon here, that I might take them where and when I wished, and I took a header into the sights. I certainly do like to be thorough about things and what of London I have gotten to know at all I have gotten to know as well as 6th and Nicolett. I have not only read every word I could find about it, but have poked around in every street and lane in the vicinity, and taken lunch and talked with

the people and hung around every corner and watched. My umbrella is always hanging from my wrist, my bag tucked under one arm and my Baedeker under the other, and one finger is tucked into the Baedeker to keep the place and I stop and read in doorways and secluded streets.

The quarter that I have been investigating is so fascinating to me that I can't seem to go to any other. One must sweep away the rows of modern buildings and throng of up-to-date people and recreate the medieval houses and re-people them with the characters of history and fiction who played out their dramas there. What is termed the "city", embraces the commercial part of London, and while its present is interesting because its enterprises are of such gigantic importance, its past is even more so because it is so old and has so many associations.

St. Pauls towers in the center of this region, and so it was at St. Pauls that I began. It stands on a small hill and it is so immense, so weather beaten, so impressive with its domes and pillars that it seems a logical center. There has been a church on this site since pagan times and the present building was erected in 1875 upon the ruins of another which had stood since 1087. The interior is beautiful in a big bare way and contains the tombs of many men all more or less illustrious. I enjoyed my morning there. Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World" which I had been so anxious to see had been taken down on account of the suffragettes.

Near St. Paul's is Paternoster Row, the center of the

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book trade, and the neighboring streets are the ones where I mentioned so many young authors and painters got nipped in the bud. Paternoster Row is a perfectly lovely place, a little narrow street always full of drays and dusty people, and all the shops are of either books or pictures and oh, the windows, and things are so deadly cheap. I went slow along it and I was nearly jostled to death and I plastered my nose at dusty windows until I was a sight to behold, but, oh, I was so happy and when I reached Amen Corner where it ends, I turned around and came right back again. A great many prayer books and rosaries were at one time sold there, which accounts for the names. Aren't they lovely?

And then, too, there is Smithfield which has long been the region of the markets, and is so vividly described in Oliver Twist, and which even longer ago was the ground where the great tournaments and fairs were held. It was also for a long time the place of public executions, and many of the persecuted Protestants, were burned to death there. The market days were unique enough but before then the martyrs who were there dragged forth to die before a jeering and unsympathetic multitude and even earlier the quaint miracle plays and the splendid brilliant tournaments.

Newgate Street leading down to Holborn, was the quarter of the butchers, and the place where the new criminal court stands is the site of the Newgate prison. The prison is such a horrible place, next to the tower it has probably seen more horror and degradation and crime and suffering than any spot in London and even now that it is gone its shadow seems to rest

upon the neighborhood.

There are numbers of old churches. St. Bartholomews Hospital and Church are near here, and the church is the second oldest in London and the quaintest bit of medievalism that I have stumbled on for a long time. One enters the court thru a little old gate way, and immediately leaves the new world behind and comes upon the old. Then there is St. Sepulchres', where Captain John Smith is buried, and where in the days of public execution the doomed ones on their way to death were presented with little nose gays. All these churches are charming, their little green courtyards shut in by walls or railings from the grim city streets, and all that is modern barred out effectively from their ancient calm. So quiet are they and in their walls and under their uneven floors the unknown dead are sleeping. They are perfect retreats from the hustle and hurry of life going on outside them.

There are some ghosts of houses too that I conjured up. Tho' No. 39 Brook Street is now rebuilt it is the house in which Chatterton committed suicide. I had just seen the picture in the Tate. His little attic room with the windows showing the towers and chimneys of the city, and him thrown across the bed quite limp and lifeless, his curly hair pushed back and his boyish face so white and drawn, and at his side just below his relaxed hand his scattered papers torn to bits, the things he had written and worked with, and loved so well. Brook Street is a little narrow street and I had to stand across the way from No. 39 in order to look up at it, and I stood so long that a frowsy lady in the window thought I was a German or an Ulsterite or a suffragette I know. The big,

red brick buildings of the Prudential Life Insurance Company occupy the spot where Turnivals Inn once stood, where Dickens started Pickwick Papers. And just across the way is Staples Inn where Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote "Rasseles." Only Staples Inn is a more substantial ghost than the others, for it still stands quaint, and picturesque, so like the dream houses that one has been imagining that one fancies it is a dream house, too, and will vanish when ones dreamy mood is gone.

It is very unsatisfactory to try and tell you about my rambles about London. I fan't tell you half my adventures , half my whims or half my adventures. You would laugh if you could see me tired, dirty and happy as I always look, with my guide book, bag and umbrella. And the A.B.C. and Lyons Lunch rooms where I always stop for lunch, drop into a chair and demand coffee in an exhausted tone. But before I am half thru my lunch I am busy studying the other occupants of the tables and by the time I have finished I have Baedeker open and am planning out my afternoon. I get home for tea. It is such a special time I couldn't bear to miss it. And then get rested and dressed for dinner.

After my last letter was mailed, I remember I had dinner and then went to a Wednesday evening meeting with Macbeths. There are several Science churches here, but we went to one first out beyond Hyde Park. After the service Macbeths introduced me "a writer here for material", and every one was lovely to me. I met the Griffiths, Mr. who is musician and Mrs. who is young and pretty and the youngster who is a peach, and Mrs. said she had asked Flossie to bring me over to tea. And other Americans wanted to hear more of me and asked where I was living. Sunday in the

evening as you know I went to church with Bunty and sang in the choir at the big mission in Kingway Hall.

Before Donovans went, we all went to Toynbee Hall. Dr. D. got special permission for us to go. It is the old and famous settlement house. The ride thru the slum district was morbidly interesting and the settlement house is quite unique. It is built in imitation of Oxford and in spite of the awful part of the city it is in it has an ivy covered court. It has a library and offers various practical and cultural courses besides, and most of the occupants are Oxford and Cambridge men and do the individual work that suits them.

It is Bank holiday today, but a pretty grim holiday and the excursions have all been cancelled and the streets are full of soldiers. I haven't been out at all but must presently. You mustn't worry about me, for I am with very kind friends, and London is perfectly safe. I think I am really sort of enjoying the excitement. There would be lots of material if I was in Paris, wouldn't there? for the old cry, "on to Berlin", is raised, again in the streets.

I just got such a nice letter from home. I am so glad you are all getting fat and sassy. I think of home lots, but this last month will be the most fruitful of all, if the war doesn't disturb my peaceful sightseeing. So much love to every one of you.

Your devoted

Maud.

London, England
August 6, 1914

Dearests:-

You don't get me home! I've seen this war started and I'm going to see it finished. I couldn't stand it to be out of the thick of things now. I don't think I would go home now even if I could, which I can't. Being in the biggest city in the world, thru the biggest war in the world, is a situation to be appreciated by an aspirant for literary fame. As long as there had to be a war, Providence was kind to let me get in on it. I don't know when you will get this if indeed you get it at all. Letters aren't coming either way. At present one can't even cable, but I'm going to as soon as the lines are clear.

I wrote you last on Bank Holiday, that strange bank holiday when the crowds in the street were restless instead of merry, and all excursions were cancelled so that the trains could be loaded with troops. You remember that in the evening I went to say good bye to the soldier? Well, at 8:30 I walked down to the gardens, as I had told him I would. But he didn't come. I had been afraid he couldn't. Mobilization of the army was in progress, and I was sure he had been occupied with that even if he hadn't been called out. I walked back and got Bunty to walk over to the post office with me which she did. We were on our way home and had turned into Taviton Street when I heard someone whistling, "The Star Spangled Banner," and there was a taxi coming slowly up the road and a soldier who had just jumped out walking slowly up the sidewalk across the way and looking up at our lighted windows. He saw us directly and came across.

They had been ordered to leave at 8:30 and, of course, he had given up all hopes of coming, but the hour had been changed

to 11:00. However, instructions had been given not to leave the barracks, which was almost as bad. He had to get special permission and take another officer with him, and at that he had only a minute. It wasn't at all necessary as our engagement had been so indefinite and he had only a chance of seeing me, as he didn't even know the number of our house. He called the other officer across and we wished them both good luck. He hated to go and I had a most awful lump in my throat. He said if he came back he was going to come and see me again, but of course, I will be in America by that time. We could just talk a minute with the taxi waiting for them and then they had to jump in and be off again. Bunty and I waved till they turned a corner and whizzed out of sight. He's a nice boy and we were friends and it unsettled me dreadfully to think of him going off that way so quick in the night. But what must it be for those who send off fathers and husbands, I can't even let myself think of that.

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Breakfast is the most thrilling meal of all the day. They knock at my door at 7:30 with hot water and the gong rings at eight, and I am generally right there to hear what the latest developments are. The most astounding piece of news is always given to the new comer as they enter the dining room, and minor items of interest are dropped all thru the meal by those fortunate ones who secured the papers, while the rest discuss them with gusto, over their porridge, bacon and ham, toast, marmalade and tea. This Tuesday morning, we were all approaching the climax and felt it. We were sure that war would be declared before night, and it was already in the air. We were anxious on account of the impending disaster, anxious on account of those on the continent,

anxious about getting home and the friends at home worrying about us.

But somehow I find my attitude very different from that of the average American tourist. He seems to care more about the condition of the food supply and the value of his travellers checks and the quickest way to get to New York or Kansas City than he does for all the war put together. While perhaps it is because I have been living in these places and have grown to know them, but the war itself and the movements of the various armies and the plans and fortunes of Great Britain are all that seem to matter.

At any rate we were feeling the tenseness. After breakfast I determined to get rid of it and walked over to the British Museum to get my entrance papers and see what I could. But on the way I kept passing these serious looking soldiers with their wives hanging on to their arms, and in front of the German embassy was a long line of people waiting for their passports, and after I had arrived even the letters and autographs of famous people couldn't interest me. Finally I gave up in disgust.

After lunch I went to see, with Mrs. Smith, about some tickets. Her business took us to three of the railroad stations. I never had my sympathy so wrung out and squeezed dry. The parting scenes to be witnessed on all sides were simply heart-rending. The English are such quiet un-demonstrative people that I know London is nothing to Paris. But some way the feeling of suppression is more terrible to me.

One soldier was carrying his little girl of three or four and his wife had a little baby in her arms. Some of the boy-

were
ish looking territorials/with red-eyed girls and others were alone and looked so lonely. I saw one come down to the platform, go into his compartment, and sit down and put his head into his hands. I wanted to go in and cheer him up. There were sailors, too, And many French and German women sending off their husbands who had to go off to fight. Many are going unwillingly. They have lived here years perhaps and just neglected getting nationalization papers. They only return thru fear. They have made friends among each other and the English and are saying goodbye only to meet later on the battlefield.

Well, by tea time I was as blue as a whetstone and what a tea it was! Great Britian had delivered her ultimatum to Germany with midnight fixed as a time limit for the answer and oh, the conjectures, fears, hopes and suspense! The English did not want to go to war. It takes a long time to rouse John Bull, but by that time he was beginning to wake up.

After tea, Mrs. Smith, Bunty and I bussed it downtown. The streets were very exciting. Crowds of people were everywhere. Newsboys shouting specials, and the vendors of tiny flags doing a rushing business. In front of the Houses of Parliment, throngs were watching the members come out and cheering the well-known ones. The Mall was lined with people and the square in front of Buckingham Palace thronged with them. The bobbies kept the people moving, moving. I felt as if there was no rest for the weary.

But when we had reached Buckingham Palace, I couldn't bear to go. They were expecting the King to pass and excitement was high. Bunty went home to dinner but Mrs. Smith and I stayed on, as close as we could get to the railings in front of the buildings. The Princess Mary, with a couple of servants was standing in an upper window taking snapshots of the crowd. She had her hair up for the first time. I watched her for about a half an hour. Presently the Prince of Wales came across the court and went into the door. He is just a mere boy, but he wore his high silk hat like an Englishman. He wiped his feet carefully before entering. I was glad to see that Queen Mary had brought him up in the way he should go. At about nine we gave up. I would have loved to have waited till midnight as the crowd was getting denser and the feeling more intense, but I was too tired and hungry to do it.

We walked over to Piccadilly and got a bite to eat at a restaurant. It was a very exciting place. And the streets were such fun too. So bright, and noisy, and crowded and excited. But we had to come home.

When I got home I found a card from my soldier. It was written in the early morning beside the road at Dorset. Bunty and Carolyn came on up to my room and we had a kimono party. We were all so worked up that we almost dressed again and went downtown for midnight. But Mrs. Brumwell restrained us like a wise woman and finally the girls departed and I turned out the light and climbed into bed.

I couldn't any more sleep than a rabbit. At last St. Paul's chimes said twelve and then I held my breath to see what would happen. It happened all right. Such a roar of hurrahs I

never heard..The shouting was like an ocean, it came in waves, it seemed as if the people simultansously paused for breath. And then they started singing, "Rule Brittania". Presently I began to hear the newsboys running and shouting thru our street. As long as I live I will remember the sound of those cries - "War declared", "War declared."

After it quieted down a little I tried to sleep. But at that juncture the people next door came home slightly drunk and awfully happy. One played the piano, with impartial crashes, whenever overcome with emotion, and the rest sang with spirit. From one till three thirty I lay there and listened to "Row, Row, Row", "You're My Baby", "On the Mississippi", and "My Rosary", done in this fashion. At last I got desperate, slipped into my kimono and slippers and pattered down to Carolyn's room. But her door was locked and she was sleeping the sleep of the just. All my knocks and stage whispers availed nothing. By the time I got back the newsboys were out with a fresh supply of extras. And my neighbors had turned from harmles to playing the pianola. I thought I would light my gas and read but I discovered I had used my last match. No, my child, I shall never forget the night Great Britian declared war on Germany.

I was rather listless at breakfast. As soon as it was over I dressed and went down to the American Express. Nobody had a cent and I thought I could as well look like a stranded millinnaire as any one else and perhaps I would get better treatment. After the high tragedy of the night before I found the refined comedy at the American Express rather refreshing.

The door was still locked and the line extended about

two blocks. I walked down it to take my place at the end. One saw all sorts and conditions of Americans, the humerous, the peevish, the tragic, the shabby, the tailor-made suited, the bejeweled, the officious, the anxious, the schoolmarms, the millionaires, the personally conducted parties. All had long tales of woe about themselves and their friends and everybody wanted to talk and nobody wanted to listen. Oh, the baggage they had lost, the hours they had gone without sleep and food, the letters of credit, the travelle s checks and American money they couldn't dispose of. To add to the general joy it began to drizzle. As I said I was rather listless but at all this the smiling corner of my mouth began to get busy. I put up my umbrella and we waited, waited. Behind us a very important person was telling a very tremulous and agitated group just how it happened. In front of us were some very vivacious girls. The Bobbies marched up and down, their eyes twinkling. Passersby laughed at us from the tops of busses. A very fat man who had evidently had a very bad nights rest and English coffee for breakfast asked me if I was standing in line for money. I said no. He then said that in his opinion people who didn't want money should give their places to those who did at which I was moved to a feeble chuckle and made him glare at me.

After I was thru there I went to the steamship office and then to the Savoy Hotel, American headquarters. I registered there for the transport Uncle Sam is going to send. Of course prices are high and we have no butter for breakfast and no sugar in our tea.

When I got home at noon, I found a message from Macheths

asking me to come over there. So after I had had my lunch and a cat-nap I bussed it out to Maida Vale. I spent the afternoon with them and stayed for supper and went to church. It was crowded as before and everyone had a message to give. I noticed a scattering of soldiers and couldn't help thinking with what a beautiful spirit they were going to war.

Aug. 7th.

I was interrupted yesterday by shouts and music and the tramp of feet, and dropping everything I went up to Euston Road. There were soldiers marching off to war, blocks and blocks of them. Territorials, all of them, and such slim, smooth-faced young looking boys, many did not look over 18. Some looked eager and many more serious and some even as if they had been crying.

We had an early lunch and then some of us went to St. Pauls to the service of intercession. There must have been thousands there, men and women and children and many had just sent dear ones off to the war. Next to us sat a mother and daughter, they had tight hold of each others hands, and I saw one silly little over-dressed girl with her eyes all swollen from weeping and her handkerchief was a wet little ball crushed in her hand. They sang Rock of Ages and God Save the King. I never heard anything like the way they sang that. The air was just vibrant and it fairly made me tremble. And at the very end a dove flew in, it's entrance seemed like a good omen. It circled around the dome and disappeared.

Oh, I wouldn't like to be the Kaiser on the Judgement

day! He will have something to answer for, plunging Europe into war. I hear the theory advanced that he is insane and it really looks that way.

Well, when we returned from church we heard the glad news of the Andersons return. They had escaped from Belgium. During dinner they arrived. We attended them while they ate, asking questions and hearing about Belgium's magnificent resistance.

All the love in the world to you, my dears,

Maud.

(Letter #44)

5 Taviton St.
London, England.
Aug. 13, 1914.

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My dears.

Oh, I am so happy. Isn't it nice that my trip should be so fine up to the very last? I was afraid this last month wouldn't be good for much, but it is almost the very nicest of all. I am in the midst of the war excitement; there are a hundred things to do and a hundred things to see; and no one could be homesick in a jolly house like this, with the Macbeths to turn to, and I simply adore London, and I'm coming back. Oh, I'm coming back!

There is one thing that it would be a howling shame for the Harts to miss doing, and that's coming abroad together. I was thinking of it yesterday morning as I was bowling along in the sunshine on top of a bus. A whole party of Americans occupied it with me, about such a crowd as the old "High Fly" whist club, and what a good time they were having! Let's not wait till 1917. The only object in coming then would be that Helen would be thru school, and we could have the whole year, but a summer would do, and all we could ever induce Daddy to consent to, so lets make it next summer, 1916. Three or four stories like I sold Ainslees would pay all my expenses, and I'll write enough for the whole family. Of course, Kath and Gene must come too, and I wish we could talk Uncle Jim's family into it. Oh, it will be great sport, but I dare say you would like to get me home again before I start out.

Mail seems to be coming all right now, and I have received your information about the Arabic. I will let you know as soon as I can get passage. Happy as I am, I can hardly wait to get home. I am longing for home, but the war has upset everything, and my hopes are not raised too high, and if I have a few more

weeks to wait, I will try not to be discouraged, but will make good use of my time.

Well, I have continued my wanderings, starting off every morning right after breakfast, dressed in my shabbiest clothes, and hugging my bag and guide book, driven to St. Pauls on the top of a bus, alighted in front of the old Cathedral, and from there pursued my way down the various grimy busy streets. I can see myself walking along close by the walls for I want to go slow, and the crowd goes fast, walking along, looking about stopping often to refer to Baedeker, where I keep my place with my finger, and about eleven I stop into an A B C, or Lyons restaurant for a cup of coffee, and some crown cake, and then keep at it again till lunch time.

It is from an excursion to Fleet St. that I just returned. It runs from the Strand to Ludgate Circus, and it is always crowded and always busy; many of the newspapers and magazines are published here, and it is very hustling. I doubt if any historical street in the world gives less evidence of its distinction. I think that if Dr. Johnson could be re-incarnated he would hardly recognize the scenes of his labors. I turned off into Wine Office Court to view the Inn of the Cheshire Cheese, where he and Goldsmith used to dine, and where Boswell used to sit and watch and take notes of his idol. I didn't go in as ladies can't alone, but I knew just what I would find if I did. I think it cleaves to its past, and I can just fancy the low ceilings, dim windows, ale and lark pie ...

I went on back into Wine Court where Johnson and Goldsmith both lived and worked. They are narrow, dirty, busy little

alleys.

As noisy as Fleet Street is, quiet and age are just a step away. A little court to the left as one walks from the Strand opens into the Temple and Chancery Lane to the right leads one into Lincoln's Inn. I like the Temple best, but either of them reconcile one to the law. I can't describe the peace and seclusion, the cool gray of the cloisters, the fresh green of the ivy, the delicious unevenness of the cobble-stones; the delightful unexpectedness of the gardens sloping down to the Thames. I don't think they have changed at all since the days of Lamb and Goldsmith. And the Temple Church is one of the most beautiful in London. The interior with its dim light its tiled floors, its sleeping crusaders, is so tender and imaginative. I was glad that Goldsmith was buried in the churchyard there.

I can't begin to tell you the places I look up. I went thru the dirtiest, smelliest street to find St. John's Gate, and I honored Colonel Newcomb by seeking out the Charter House, another old world building, and peaceful shaded court. And the guild hall had a fountain which recalled Nurenburg and pigeons that suggest Venice, and a medieval banqueting hall worthy of any tale. And I found the church-yard, the dingy church-yard, with the dirty benches and litter of papers and fruit peelings, where I am positive that Pam gave the money to the dirty lady. I rested there, too, and there was one sleepy old man and one disheveled but sociable young one, and there is a monument to the kind friends who collected and published Shakespeare's plays. And the plane tree which Wordsworth mentioned in Poor Susan still stands in

Cheapside, railed in and hopelessly out of place. And so I could go on and on. Oh, I am very happy. I am just living in Paradise. No one can understand my radiant expression when I come in tired and dirty and hungry every day. This is almost the nicest part of my trip and I love to browse around alone. There are just two or three human beings with whom I could share this pilgrimage into the land of the beloved past.

Have I told you about Miss Henderson? She is a little Danish girl working here while she learns the language. She is so pretty and dainty and refined and has so much character and I admire her for being willing to work for the sake of obtaining advantages which she could not otherwise get. Some people snub her, but I don't think she cares much, for, being a lady, she can recognize ladies, and she sees that those who look down on her are the ones who are glad to have some one to look down on. She always wants to hear about my trip and to look over my pictures and cards and we have great talks about art, history and literature.

The other day we went together to the Tower, and we had a simply glorious day. How picturesque the Tower is seen from the river or the bridge, with its walls and turrets and medieval look .. and tho' it is more disappointing when one enters, still its history can triumph over even the tickets of admission and the guards and rules and regulations which now infest it.

The moat is green and flowery, to be sure, but at present soldiers are drilling there, which sets one to moralizing a little. Of course, I saw the instruments of torture, and the exhibitions of armor, and the room where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined so long, and the stairs beneath which (was it the little

princesses?) were smothered, and the well worn blocks with its many dents, and the cruel looking axe, and the room where the prisoners awaited their fate, and carved their names and initials on those walls, and such a pitiful little "Jane" there is, and the window thru which she saw her husband beheaded, and the now peaceful sun-flecked court where she herself was beheaded, and Mary, Queen of Scots, and Sir Thomas Moore, and Ann Bolyne, and so many others, and the little chapel where some of them are buried. It was enough to depress one.. I did hold on to my poor little neck with both hands for some minutes. But what brutes we all are, even after thinking about all those poor people and living thru in my vivid imagination what they lived thru in reality, I went out and had my tea quite happily. Tea and cherry cake we had, and talked about love.

Yes, I have made some very dear friends here. They accepted me by degrees but now all have fallen. We have gay times at tea and during meals, such lovely times in the drawing room, and such walks and bats, you can't imagine.

One night, Days .. the Australian people .. entertained the rest of us, music and games and refreshments. It was lots of fun. Another night we all walked down to Buckingham Palace to see the Royal Family come out on the balcony. They didn't come, but we had a fine walk, and the crowds and lights were lovely. Today they are all sewing shirts for the soldiers, and I am going to go down and add the charm of my presence as soon as I finish this. We have lots of music, and its amusing the way they all think I can sing. Mr. Claude often reads out loud to us with his nice English accent. He reminds me of Russell, and has done

lots of newspaper work. He has a girl, and we like each other immensely and are together lots.

Sunday, after church, I went home with Macbeths. We had the best homiest dinner, and sat at the table talking till after three. Flossie got launched on some of her experiences, and I was so glad, for I would like to write a book about the theatre. I got a note from her again yesterday, asking me to supper last night, but I couldn't go. They are so dear and sweet and kind in a hundred big and little ways and I love them.

Well, the war ... I have written pages and hardly mentioned it, and yet it is very much in evidence these days. We still rush for the papers, war still forms the basis of all conversation. The children in the streets parade up and down with drums and cocked hats, and signs on which appears in scrawling characters "Down with Germany", and always one hears national music and the tramp of feet, and everywhere one sees lines of soldiers, marching, marching, marching. Big cards have appeared summoning the men of the country to war. "To arms, your King and Country need you." and all the men in England seem to be hastening to help. The street pianos play the "Marsellaise" and the crowds sing it, along with "Rule Britannia" and the vendors of flags and "extras" still make the streets gay and noisy.

Oh, I must stop. I am a wreck from long writing, and I would like to get a letter off to Russell, too, as there is a boat sailing tomorrow.

My next letter will probably tell you what sailing arrangements I have made. All kinds of love to you all my dear

ones, from your member who isn't as far away as she used to be.

Maud.

P.S. Flossie's teacher tells me Kath's picture is on the cover of the New York Musical Courier. I'm going on a still hunt for one.

(Letter #45)

Aug. 18th, 1914.

My dearest Hearts.

Sept. 5th will I set my face toward home. I don't know just what day I reach American soil, but it will be in or around a week later, and I will have been out on my own wings for almost eight months, before I come back to the home nest. My friends here all thought it best for me not to sail on the "Arabic" as it is an English boat, so I am coming on the "St. Louis" an American boat, and I am sailing with Dr. and Mrs. Waldo and daughter. They have been staying here ever since I came and are charming people and I am so fond of them. Fortune sometimes favors other people besides the brave, and you may put your mind quite at rest about me, as I am sailing home under the American flag, with these dear American people.

The boat sails to New York and is a seven day boat. I will tell you more about it next time I write. I love every stick and stone of London, every day is more glorious than the one preceding it. I am with such nice people, and they all seem to love me. I have had such a wonderful time here, and now to sail home to my loved ones, Clams and June bugs are no unit of measurement for my happiness.

Let me see, I mailed your letter Thursday afternoon, and on returning to the house I sought the room where the sewing was in progress, and I hopped onto the bed, the only vacant place, next to Miss George, who tried her best to hide my incompetence from the rest of the company, and then armed with a thimble and needle and thread, I proceeded to make a soldier such a shirt as no soldier before nor since has ever worn. Mr. Claude read out loud to us. Even the boys sewed on buttons and did what they could.

In the evening we collected in the drawing room and finished the book. I also go mail from Minneapolis and Duluth.

Friday morning I spent wandering thru Oxford, Regent and Bond Streets where the big stores are. I was bent on sight-seeing, but summer sales delayed me. I spent the afternoon here, and we had an early tea, as Caroline was leaving. She is the little artist I told you of who was illustrating a new edition of "Helen's Babies", but the book won't come out now on account of the war. It was a beautiful blue and white and gold day, and we ate out in the gardens and gave her as good a send-off as we could.

It was a beautiful evening, too, and after dinner we all went downtown. It was such fun on the bright busy streets, bands were playing all the national airs, and it was very exciting.

Saturday morning, Miss George and I went down to the steamship office to see about my ticket, then we did some shopping, and came home early for lunch. ^{all} We had a perfectly delightful trip planned for the afternoon.

We took a train to Richmond, and from there a boat to Kingston-on-Thames, where we got tea. After taking tea, playing croquet and otherwise disporting ourselves, we took a boat back to Richmond, and thence home.

Oh, how I wished, how I wished, you could see me, I wore my red cap and red blazer and every thing was so nice and English, The men in white flannels, the tea with scones! You can't imagine what a friendly and companionable river the Thames is. It is simply covered with boats and canoes and all along the

beautiful lawns of beautiful homes slope down to the river. There are even swans. It is too lovely for anything. I was in the boat with Mr. Claude both times, which I liked, and we are coming again in a week or so and stay to supper. We got home about ten and Mrs. Brumwell had supper waiting for us. Oh, it had been the nicest day!

Sunday morning Mr. Anderson and I lingered over breakfast, till almost church time, when we realized the fact and rose to get ready he asked me what church I attended and said he would go with me. I told him I was a Christian Scientist, he laughed and said that was no place for him. He is going to be a doctor you know, so I promised him I would go to Westminster with him in the afternoon.

I went off to church and afterwards got drawn into the Macbeth and Griffith circle. They have so many friends there and they are all so nice to me. Macbeths wear the prettiest clothes and for that matter Mrs. Griffith has a new and stunning costume on every time I see her. Macbeths took me home to dinner and we had another homey dinner and gossip. I just love them, they are both perfect dears, you can't imagine how good they are to me. Well they are going to spend their afternoon at a beautiful home here. I had met the girl at church and she had asked me to come, too, but of course I couldn't on account of my Westminster Abbey engagement. So about five they went there and I came on home for tea.

The Days and Mr. Anderson and I went to Westminster for the evening service. Oh, how I love Westminster! It is so dim

and grey and tender and imaginative and with the candles lighted and the priests chanting, it is too lovely for words. There was a war sermon and the National Anthem to close with. Well, we got home for supper but the day was not yet ended. My soldier was back in town and wanted to see me. So I let my supper get cold while I talked to him. His name is Harry Norris, did I tell you?

Monday I spent rushing downtown and back, seeing about my ticket. I was accompanied by Mr. Anderson and we mixed pleasure with business looking in windows while we were walking, and visiting as hard as we could while we were on the tops of busses. We got in about tea time then joined the shirt-making brigade. Even Mr. Claude was sewing, and I sat next to him. They laughed at my sewing dreadfully. I labored all afternoon and only got -----so far. They say that the Kaiser would declare war on America too if he could see my partiality for English soldiers and my devotion to the shirts. About half the time at the table is occupied in telling Mr. Anderson that he can't compete with the man in khaki and he might as well not try.

Well after dinner the man in khaki and another man in khaki took Bunty and I to choir practice. I wore my crepe dress with the green buttons and green ring and green bracelets and green shoes and stockings and the effect was so fascinating that we reached choir practice as it was just dispersing. Then we had quite a time to get them to go for Mr. Anderson was coming down after us and it was all very complicated and much fun.

The war doesn't touch us very closely as yet. The mail seems to be coming -- the money and food panic has subsided.

Troops of soldiers still march away to music. I can hear them even now. And the news hawkers still do a lively business, but the tenseness is abated.

I must stop writing now and go out. It is a lovely sunny day, too precious to miss. Oh, I can't even let myself think of coming home, I get too jubilant. What a reunion we'll have ... and my lovely trip will leave so strong and happy and rich in memories.

With such heaps of love,

Maud

(Letter #46)

62
5 Taviton Street,
London, England
August 24

My dears:--

I am so sorry you have been worried about me! I hope the cable came all right and set your minds at rest. I have been so safe and happy. Macbeths received the most absurd clipping from the Mankato Review which stated they were penniless in Germany. We all had a good laugh over it.

If I had been on the continent there would have been cause to worry. The fatigue and hunger which had to be undergone in getting back to England were bad enough, but the horrors which some of those who were caught in Germany experienced would make your hair turn white. The Germans were all mad with war, I guess. At any rate they stooped to unmentionable atrocities, and girls are beginning to arrive here now almost insane with what they have been thru. I think when the truth gets back to America, the United States will have a hand in the war.

I am ever so thankful we are neutral. But we won't be neutral if success goes to Germany, will we? However, success won't go to them. Pride such as theirs was bound to fall. I thought when I was there that the blatant immorality of their society could not endure. It is fitting that they should have brought their own punishment upon them. It is another illustration of error destroying itself. They have plunged the world into war, and it will be the awfulest war in history, but it will be the last. Divine intelligence can not be used to create such wicked weapons, and to play such wicked warfare.

Brave little Belgium has won unperishable glory for her name by her gallant resistence. The story of how the white faced silent people watched the Germans come marching and singing into their capitol and take insolent possession, is the most piti-

ful thing I ever read. But the Germans now have the Belgians at their backs, and the French and English to face, and the Russians heading for Berlin.

Altho the war casts a shadow over everything I am very happy. And in a few days I will be leaving for Liverpool to sail for New York.

I will get mail in N.Y. at 245 Broadway, care Thos. Cook and Sons, write me there, and how I wish some of you could meet me. I'll be home pretty quick now, won't I? I suppose you are instsilled at 905, by this time, and that is where the celebration will take place. I will be so happy to get back, and what a lovely time we are going to have forever after. Life will be one continual round of picnics, Orpheums, Sunday night lunches, and so on.

To say that I have had a lovely trip doesn't half express it, and you will see all the good it has done me. I really haven't had a headache or anything for just ages, and you don't know how good it seems to be well and lively and ambitious. This trip was just the thing for me in many ways. It seems to me it has changed my whole outlook on life, and even all the hard earned money Daddy has invested seems worth while. Daddy wouldn't have to invest any more hard earned money on me if he would say the word. There are a couple of people here who would like the job of paying for my green fripperies for life. How would you like to have me live in London? .. No chance.

I am having such a very good time here that I am getting spoiled, and I will insist on being very frivolous when

I get home. Oh, you can't imagine what fun we have! I wish you could drop in upon us some day at afternoon tea, or in the evening when we are having song fests in the drawing room, and I have promised by everything under heaven to come back. Oh, Gee, isn't the world a nice place, and aren't there lots of nice things to do. "The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be happy as Kings."

Well, I still prowl about London with my Guide Book in hand. I generally spend my mornings that way, but I am no longer alone. Mr. Anderson with a suddenly acquired interest in the tourist world, now wanders with me. We have been doing the big shopping streets. Regent, Bond and Oxford and the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace and Hyde Park. It is fun to wander around with a man, for he is as good as a girl only he pays the bus fare. This reminds me a little of the exploring Paul and I used to do in Venice. Mr. Anderson is nice but so English. He hasn't quite a monocle but eyeglasses that he takes on and off, and he hooks his cane in his arm.

The other day we spent a delicious morning in Hyde Park, walking down Rotten Row where the riders are cutting across the fields which are like a bit of the country, admiring the flowers and fountains. And when we were watching the geese, he put up his eye glasses and said, "My word (only he pronounced it my word) "My word, extraordinary birds - geese." I just roared and he didn't even know what I was laughing at. But English as he is, he can't conceal my identity. The other day we were hustling along on our way somewhere and a flag vendor darted up to me and said

"Here are the stars and stripes, lady". I am spotted for an American a mile off. The people here just love to listen to me talk. And comment on my "I guess - cute - cunning - kind of, etc." But on the other hand I turn up my nose at "Ripping", "Swanky", and calling people "Nuts" and "rotters."

Oh, but the English people are nice and London is a duck of a city. It is so big and yet so well regulated, simple, pleasant and friendly.

And have I told you about the sandwich men? The old men who parade the streets with boards bearing bill posters strapped on both front and back? I can't imagine anything more significant of a life that was a failure than to end it as a sandwich man. There are hundreds of them, all old, all drab, all dreary. And the sidewalk artists, many cripples make their living by drawing pictures on the sidewalk. Some are quite clever and do good work. The passers-by stop and look and drop pennies. Just now they draw battle ships and the Royal Family.

Just to show you how my time is occupied, tomorrow, Tuesday, all of us are boating up the Thames, to Hampton Court for lunch and tea. Today, Monday, I stole the morning to write to you. This afternoon I am going with friends to the National Gallery. And tonight Bunty and I have an engagement with what what Mr. Anderson calls the British Army, namely, Mr. Norris and Mr. Webb.

Yesterday, Sunday, was disposed of like this. In the morning I went to church, Macbeths took me home to dinner, we had such a good dinner and then our usual gossip and Flossie showed about half a hundred Lucille gowns. In the evening Bunty and I

went to church with Mr. Norris and Mr. Webb and then we all came home to supper and a big sing in the drawing room.

And Saturday morning I was down town and cashed my check and bought a ducky little plain black hat and a new blouse.

And in the afternoon we all took our tea out to Epping forest and it was a lovely day and we stayed till it was a lovely twilight. We played all kinds of English games and I ran till I was simply dead, and Mr. Anderson much concerned. We had a late supper when we got home and so ended Saturday.

And Friday morning was spent in wandering. And at noon when I was at lunch I was told that a lady was up in the drawing room to see me. I rushed up and who do you think it was? Mother's friend, Mrs. Snyder of Watertown. She was so glad to see me she almost wept. She is a perfect dear; isn't she? We had so much in common and talked and talked. And she asked me to go home to tea and dinner with her, so I changed into my suit and off we went. And what do you think, she once met Russell, and more-over her son, who is studying music in Florence knows Paul Conte and tried to arrange it for her to meet Paul and hear him play when she was in Venice, so we had plenty to talk about.

Lunchtime, so I must run along. I'm not so hungry, for I over-slept and had a dreadfully late breakfast.

I love you all so much, and I give joyful wiggles when I stop to think how soon I will be home. Gene and Kath might as well give up their apartment for the month of September as I shan't let them out of my sight. And won't we have a grand time. With much affection, ever devotedly,

Maud.

(Letter #47)

5 Taverton Street
London, England.
Aug. 28, 1914.

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My dearest ones:

Multiply the largest number in the world by the longest number in the world and raise it to the nth power, and that's how happy I am. Oh, I wish I was just born and could live my happy life all over, and then when I got to this part take forty-eight hours to the day! I'm so full of life, and busy and happy every minute, and I seem to have lost my knack of worrying and stewing over things. And I adore this place, and my little white room, tho' I'm seldom in it, even now Mr. Anderson is trying to get me to bring my writing down into the drawing room, promising not to speak to me if I will, but to study anatomy every minute, but I resisted, knowing the fatal results of such a procedure. We would be out on top of a bus in fifteen minutes.

I wrote you last on Monday morning, didn't I? Well, after lunch I rushed off to Trafalgar Square to meet friends and "do" the National Gallery. All the galleries are open again, as the suffragettes declared a truce during the war, but in the National Gallery they open just six rooms a day, and they are closely guarded. Well, it didn't take us long to go thru the six rooms and they didn't interest me particularly, as they were the old Italian rooms, and I have seen so much of the old Italian art.

After we were thru we climbed on the top of a bus, and drove out to Marble Arch, which stands at one corner of Hyde Park, and went to a moving picture show. They cost sixpence, and last over two hours, and just fancy, you can have your tea brought to you on a tray. I never saw anything like the English adhere to tea. Well we saw a beautiful performance of "The Charge of the Light Brigade", and some of the most marvellous scenes from the war now

raging. They were a little too much for me, in fact. It was so late when we got out, that we had to take separate busses and hurry home.

But even a ride in the open air thru the busy streets couldn't quite drive all the horror from my mind. I dropped a few tears when I got home, and it took the united efforts of the table to cheer me during dinner. Oh, the wickedness of it all ... the cruel, unnecessary suffering and degradation and devastation. I am so bitter toward the Kaiser, whose mad ambition brought it all about, and so bitter against the army of which trained force and cleverness can accomplish so much. It is quite common talk here that the Kaiser expects to rule the world. But the other nations must unite in the cause of peace and civilization, and show him the folly of mortal pride and the weakness of mortal strength to fight against the right.

Well, anyway it wasn't a propitious time to say good-bye to my soldier friend. Both of them, Mr. Norris and Mr. Webb, had dropped in at noon to have their pictures snapped, and Mr. Norris came again at night for just a minute. We walked around the block a couple of times. He goes now into the cavalry, but will be in the next force sent across the channel. There is hardly a doubt but that he will have to go. All the English people find my enthusiasm very amusing. I asked Mr. Norris if he was going to let the Kaiser eat his Christmas pudding at Buckingham palace according to his boasts. And he said, "Yes, as a prisoner." When we were standing on the doorstep Mrs. Brumwell came out and asked him if he and Mr. Webb couldn't come in for an early breakfast the next morning. He thought they could, so we said au revior.

Enough of the war. Tuesday we all of us forgot it entirely. I got up at seven and dressed and ran down to the kitchen. The maids were busy with the breakfast and Bunty with the picnic baskets. She was just putting a pan of apple patties into the oven. I immediately took a chair and began to do nothing in my usual artistic fashion, and felt more like a picnic every minute.

It was a heavenly day and oh, but we had a good time! We went on top of a bus to Hampton Court, rode up the river, lunched under a spreading tree by the river side, napped and read aloud, then rode on still farther, ate our afternoon tea in the boat, drawn up under an overhanging tree, boiling the water on my little alcohol lamp, and having all kinds of accidents. English country is so lovely, with its rolling green meadows, hedges, and beautiful trees. And the Thames, with green lawns coming to the waters edge, flower-and-lantern-strung house boats, canoes, summer girls and summer men, is the friendliest river imaginable. Once we drew near a bank which was so loaded with blackberries that we could sit in the boat and eat them.

How nice it has been that in Munich and Venice and London I have lived myself instead of describing how other people live there!

Well, we rode back with the sweet new moon to guide us and at Hampton Court hustled up to the top of a bus again. Supper was ready for us when we got home. And after we had eaten it we did up the dishes. Mr. Claude washing and the rest of us wiping.

Wednesday morning I left the house immediately ~~after~~

after breakfast and did a list of errands of terrifying length. I was glad to get back for lunch and a cup of tea altho' in the midst of the morning I had stopped into an A.B.C. restaurant for a cup of coffee. English coffee is vile, but these A.B.C. places must have American cooks. An excellent cup of coffee just costs tuppence and a bath bun a penny and I often take a breathing spell in the midst of a strenuous morning and regale myself with them.

After lunch Miss McDougal, Mr. Claude and I went to Westminster Abby. We went through the part where the Royal tombs are, and discussed Elizabeth and Mary and the others as we came to them, and we saw the chair the suffragettes tried to damage, the chair where the kings are always crowned, and the stone on which Scottish Kings were crowned for six hundred years and which was originally supposed to have come from the Holy Land and belong to Joseph or somebody. And then we got to Poets Corner and the literary people and there we fairly revelled, as Mr. Claude is as much of a book worm as I and far more clever. Having lingered too long to go home for tea we went to a cafe and had coffee and French pastries. And then we walked about past the house of Parliament. Mr. Claude is studying law and wants to be sent to the house of commons and has prime minister ambitions. We walked to number 10 Downing street where the Prime Minister lives. It is decidedly dingy but very historical and we planned how nice it would be when he lived there. Well, we got home for dinner and afterward I came up here expecting to go early to bed, but Bunty was sent up here to fetch me down to the drawing room and we had a long and lively evening.

Thursday likewise was strenuous. Right after breakfast I bused out to Macbeths and had a little visit with them. Then I met Mr. Anderson at Trafalgar Square and he took me to see some places I hadn't discovered, the market, and the second hand book stalls. In the afternoon we were going to see a cricket match, but it looked like rain so we went to the moving pictures instead. Then I went to Mrs. Snyders for dinner.

She had told me I might bring Flossie or one of my friends, but Flossie couldn't come so I chose to go alone that we might have a better gossip. She lives at the Strand Palace Hotel a beauty, with lots of Americans, a big luxurious lobby and lounging room, an orchestra, and a glorious cook. It was all such fun, the lights and people and music and my heavenly steak. Isn't she a perfect darling? And she sent me home in a taxicab. I came bouncing into the drawing room and asked the folks if they had seen how I came "swanking", home (an English phrase). When Mr. Anderson and Bunty hauled me out for a walk, after which I divested myself of my happy rags and went to bed. Oh, yes, I'm glad I'm alive.

I'm so glad you have gotten my cable at last. It was awfully slow going, but that was to be expected in war time. I know you have all stopped worrying now and are glad I am ending my trip so gloriously. I leave London one week from today and sail one week from day after tomorrow. And at the rate time is flying, even I am mathamatician enough to deduce I will be home pretty quick.

So much love.

Maud