



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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bomb throwing and picture slashing seem to have become quite common. And now the militants are now 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 had not 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 bank 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 herons are in stone. 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 amphitheatres, 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. Anyway, 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 'buses 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, ~~we~~ laugh at ourselves for our weakness for them both. The Bobbies are dears, such full 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 Bobbies 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 deferential. One darling told Mr. 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 plebeians is heaps more fun than riding closed ~~up~~ in a limousine with a bouquet of artificial flowers. If it rains, put up your umbrella; if ~~it rains~~ 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 ~~it is nearly the ideal way to see London and it~~ to haven't the type 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 ~~at~~ 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 ~~the carriage~~
along to the house party at Lady Mansel'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 jog
along to the churchyard at St. Peter's. It is the
churchyard made famous by Gray's elegy and for a
while it is absolutely satisfactory, the little church
with its "my marbled bones" where the owl "doit
to the moon complain" was all what 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 buried quarters, 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 St.
Dunstan had the poem aloud to us. I have
always loved it and learned it once but it
now impressed me so much before, for I ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~just~~ ^{just}
raised 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
~~elaborate~~ lines on which he had written. On the

neighboring field stand a monument to him.

After leaving Stoke Poges, we walked till we found a place to lunch, & 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 earliest trees; sometimes, the way lead down little green lanes; 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 make one long to stop for a cup of tea. One advantage of walking in England is that the villages are so close together. One wouldnt 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 more green 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 fruitcake and bananas, and I don't know what else. ~~the~~ for 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 such mouth watering descriptions ~~eat~~ in Dickens were the bittered disappointments of my life. They are cold and clammy, not hot and savoury, and the crust is inches thick and the filling is ~~not~~ ~~consists~~ 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. Spelling 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 elbow jackets. They come from England's
 best families and are a fine looking set
 of boys - just high school age. Near the
 river a way 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,
~~and~~ the trees were lovely, the moats a
 border of green and flowers, the view from
 the terraces enchanting, but, as I told you,
 felt resentful at being considered such a
 rank outsider. The present king ~~to~~ did
 not ~~even~~ spend a great deal of time
 there and neither did King Edward but
 it was a favorite spot with Queen Victoria
 who lived there about half a way 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 tales they
told. It seems she often went down into the
town and visited ~~old ladies~~ 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 she ~~steadily~~ the
old lady steadily refused. The queen was
remonstrating with her and said - "Why, I
could 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 ~~English~~
servants myself and English servants
have a certain pomp which is daggling
and a humbleness which is terrifying.
Mrs. Donovan and I drank tea and ate thin slices of
bread and ~~off~~ butter at an excellent shop with
an excellent name - "The Winkersons." The other
two left us as they had some private righting to
attend to, so we lingered as long as we liked,
looked in shop windows, & came on home alone.
Mrs. Donovan is such a peach, more fun to

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
Austrian embassy would give guarantee because
so many Austrians 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 shown the magic letter
at a side gate, we were allowed to slip in,
pass the door, safely guarded by policemen,
into a little private office. There Dr. Donovan
presented the slip, his ~~credentials~~ passport, 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
office 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. Haven't it? Women
haven't great physical strength but they
certainly are ingenious at making themselves

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"bat" with Bud speaking of tea. I seem to be collecting tea at famous places as Mrs. Novovan does my leaves. Tea in St. Mark's square, tea on the top of the Rigi, tea in the Champs Elysees, tea in the shadow of windows. It's not an extravagant habit as it is so cheap in this country, and I think it's a happy idea, for think of the enormous tea house when you drink it at 905, in front of the fire.

July 23rd

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 seven but only one. That aint gramminary but it's classical and I guess you got the idea.

Well, we forced an entrance to the Tate gallery at last. ~~Mr. Novovan and I went~~ the first time Mrs. Novovan and I went we were turned away by a budy policeman who said that it was shut up tight on account of

amazing, I was reading in the morning's paper
 how one fair woman slings, 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 into the gallery under such circumstances, but
 I was exceedingly fortunate to be able to go there
 at all, and it was lovely, lovely. The famous
 Watt pictures are there, and a delightful collection
 of Turners, and when I liked especially were -
 Turgut's "Ellen Terry in Macbeth", Burne-Jones'
 "King Cophetua + the beggar maid", Millais'
 "Boyhood of Raleigh", Lady Stanley's "The First
 Affrice", Dicksee's "Harmony", Wallis' "Death of
 Chatterton", and Field's famous picture "The Doctor."

I had written to Madbeth'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 Laurier Dale Mansions,
 Maida Vale - Dr. Wood is here - bring greetings -
 Florence Macbeth." At first, I had a sinking of my
 head 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 holes and eyes, and made little black
french knots all around the slit and on the
front of the waist, which was just the touch
it needed. I was downtown in the afternoon &
bought some white gloves. And when I got
dressed and my hair curled, with my big hat,
~~green coat,~~ ^{green coat,}
~~and~~ white gloves, and the buckley slippers
papa had 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 chignon 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 maids
hall to dinner that I fairly brained Macbeth's
have a dear little apartment, and I think
that were Mrs. Macbeth and Flossie look
exactly as they always did. So seemed so
glad to see Dr. Wood in London. (He was just
here for a day or so.) Particularly when he
said at dinner that he wanted "just about
a nickel's worth" of something, "a Tom Hart
says." It was an American dinner and
maybe it didn't taste good. Beefsteak - tomato

roled - 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 associated with famous people
 in them, and I did have the best time.
 Madril's say I must come often. They want
 me to spend an entire day with them,
 soon. They sort of expect Mr. Madril in August.

There seems to be no end to the nice
 things that happen to me. The next afternoon, Mrs.
 Roman 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 interesting absorbing. I must read it, but
 it will lose a great deal by not being
 acted I'm afraid. Tree was delightfully cynical
 and Mrs. Campbell for the flapper who was
 transformed into a duchess did some mighty
 clever acting. And what do you think? The
 English will relinquish afternoon tea soon
 for the sake of a machine. It is served ~~in~~
 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 very kind to me. But I will be in
good hands here. We are all like one
big family. ~~And Mrs. B. is so kind~~
~~and so kind to me. I am so glad to see~~
~~you about Jean Ely, the musical comedy~~
~~actress, who was so blue and out of a job~~
~~and "broke" eleven days this 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 hat 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 smiles
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 the time, and I have been at
it all day. Don't and are finishing up
sightseeing 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 dear, and we will have some joyous
times when we are at home again, and
when we meet together, I have already calculated
prices which prove that a family trip is
quite within our means.

Love and lots of it -

Maud.

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

My Stars,-

I suppose I have to get myself across that channel, and I will say that I do hope it ~~isn't~~ 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 Danes, 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 a porthole, weakly raised up one 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. Danes, 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 joints of people were all so unmistakably English - the silk hatted men, the fresh faced women, & the school girls with their

ugly sailors and flowing locks, and the darling dignified
Bobbies, and the ports who told Doctor Donovan our trunks
were "easy work, sir", and the red nosed catman, if he hadn't
have been red nosed, nothing could have induced me to ride
with him! Then sailing away thru the streets, Donovan
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 Lawson cab, Maund," 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 oval door plates, bells, and knockers; all with pretty
whitewashed maids to let me in. 5 Tavlin 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 its 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. To have you have me in England, another day nearer
home in actual travel, and many a one 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

alone for one minute.

I am sure you are dying to hear about my new clothes. ~~So~~ 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. He 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, ~~a long skirt~~ lots of gathers around the waist, while the jacket is about medium length and has a soft wide belt of light 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 light 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~~ the proceeds in blowes.

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's lists and the post corner - and it is as dead and old and gray as I expected to find it. I heard Big Ben and looked down all its streets and imagined where Jane's

houses might be and I strolled around the cloisters where the ~~sunlit~~ 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 wait tremendously impressed with what I am going over some time and wander about. ~~The~~ The music was lovely and the crowd immense and on our way out who should we meet but the Craigs. 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 today, and that is just as well for I can wear my new suit. They want me to go home with them on the "facoria", but I told them that my fate was in papa's hands.

~~It is perfectly disgusting the way everything here is done on account of the suffragette activities. Some of the galleries 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 some time, I was surprised to learn how far things had gone. Fires,~~

English custom. "Will you have hot or cold, Miss Hart?
Hot? A slice of the joint?" And "Mr. Donovan, would
you prefer cold chops or cherry tart?" "Joint" is roast;
and "cold chops" is felloe. But anyway we have a
beautiful letter! It is a perfectly ideal place for me,
as Mrs. Brumwell mother 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 Tolman's room, so I
am moved from my little nest at the top of the hall.
It is a beautiful room with a fireplace and balcony, but it
always looks like sin as she has the artistic tempera-
ment and straws hot things from one end to another.
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 genius 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 working with her. I guess I could 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

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 it's only 2
by 4, but our drawing room happens to be a bona fide one, so 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, built
cabinets of antiques, chairs, etc., spindle-legged pink & white
furniture, & a tea set. The dining room is on the first floor and is a
large pleasant one. ~~There~~ We don't see much of Mr. Brewster,
but Mrs. Brewster & her sister Mrs. Barclay, and her daughter
and Miss George, her cousin, are with peaches. Mrs. Brewster ~~is~~
~~kind~~ presides at table and she is the kind of a person who
makes every one feel at his ease. She draws everyone into the
conversation and it is not conversation, the sparkling kind.
There are some very interesting people. We are the only
Americans except two kids from Boston - one of them is named
Miss Standish - the Mayflower, of course - and a Dike. (I told
you Mr. Donovan was a Dike, didn't I?) There are some nice
English boys too, one of them a medical student. And Miss
Etty is an actress and just lost a contract and comes to
the table with her eyes red but looking very pretty. And
Miss Solomon 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

Dearest mamma, - Cora, Fran, I left
Denise unengaged, so cheer up. But, oh dear,
I am kind of unsettled. I've hardly written to
Russell since I came to Denise, and his
letters get more and more devoted. Since the
day at Tusina, Paul and I have been
together so much, and to know the way
he loves me make me feel very queer. Anyhow
I know I can never be satisfied with anything
less. His love just simply enfolds me,
protecting me from anything that could tire
me or make me afraid or annoy me, and
if I got sick or in any difficulty tomorrow
I would telegraph him and he would come
flying wherever he happened to be. No matter
how I look or act, he loves me, and he loves the
real me, not something I pretend to be when I am
in good spirits. He asks me to marry him a
dozen times a day. He says we would live in
Minneapolis, next door to you if I wanted to, and
that making me happy would come above his career
and everything. I know he would love all of
you and I think you would love him. He is the
kind you would "mother." He is so affectionate
with his own mother and his sisters. The telegram
which I found here from him when I arrived, ~~was~~
was the dearest thing. He thinks of everything and

is the most extravagantly generous
person I ever knew. He would have spent
every cent he had on me if I had let him.
Well, if you are at Taylor's Falls in
August, do try to ^{run} into myls. for the
day he is there. I have promised him Kail
will meet him as she looks so much like
one he couldn't miss her. But I want him to know
you see. I don't know if he will come when I
get back or not. It is just as I say. He says if
I will give him one word of encouragement
he will never give up. But that ^{the} thoughtful honest
way I say "no I don't" when he asks me if I
love him at all is enough to make him feel it
is quite hopeless. Well I think he will never really
give up till I am married to somebody else. I
that I would put in this little note so you
wouldn't be worrying about how much we were
together. It was a lot, but he was feeling very
badly, and he had only those few days with me,
and I tried to do what seemed best. Nita knew
everything and I think they all suspected it and
they all loved me and would love to have me
marry him. And I no. ago I'd never heard of him!
Well, such is life! Just a little note, my darling
mother. I am too tired to write more now. But do
write me lots as I never felt that I needed you
and wanted you so much.

Your loving -

Maud.