



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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[1920s ?]

Mother dear,-

Just a line now. Perhaps I'll get time to write a letter this afternoon but am now in the midst of my writing.

I went to town yesterday and tried to find an Easter tie for Eugene, but not knowing what color his suit was going to be I didnt like to choose one. Would you or Helen be good enough to choose one for me at Daytons, and charge it to my account there? I found a very pretty one here for little Delos at \$.59 but pay what you need to.

Thanks so much dear. Love and hugs.

Maeed.

BOND  
GRAYFILEX

Monday Morning.

My dearsm,-

I've just finished writing to Christianson and Eberhart, my two distinguished correspondents, and will get off just a letter to my other distinguished correspondents before I turn to on the morning's work.

With first dad's letter, then Helen's and then mother's, we had a fine week for mail last week and feel quite caught up on all your news.

Any time mother and dad find it most convenient to get here will suit us. We only wish that the whole tribe of you were going to be here. Families just shouldn't be separated for Christmas, that's all. The party at Helen and Frank's sounds perfectly gorgeous.

It is going to be gorgeous for us to have mother and dad here. We are looking forward to it such a lot and making all sorts of plans.

We had a busy good week end. Friday night Arnold and Marie came down and we took them out to dinner at the Russian Bear. Then we went in to see their friend Bernice Someone who had just lost \$137,000 in the stock crash. So many people here on the fringe of our acquaintance were hit. How did Butch come out, by the way?

Sunday afternoon Blanche and the Helms were here, and Sunday evening we went up to the Sunday supper club which Mrs. Darrach is forming. We are not at all sure that it is anything we care about. But are going for the good of our souls and New York acquaintanceship. It's a newspaper club, and those contacts are so valuable to us just now.

This week I speak at Wanamakers. I don't know what day. There's no news about the book. I haven't seen the John Days. I had a letter from Carleton, such a delightful letter, about the dramatization of the book. They say it is going to make a grand play, and how will I endure not seeing it!

Delos turned down the American Magazine, as I was sure he would. And his work on the Sun is going just beautifully.

The weather is still autumnal and pleasant. I am wearing the tweed coat, although I have got the fur one from the furrier's. It looks as good as new.

I wish too that we could get mother and dad a room in this place. The top floor apartment here is still vacant but even if it should be vacant when they come, I am afraid you wouldn't like the stairs. Of course they are very easy stairs. We will see. I will

start looking around in this neighborhood soon.

By all means, mother, bring the electric plate. We will get some of our own meals in, and it will be sort of ~~fun~~ fun to picnic ~~xxxxxx~~ like that. We can get awfully good pastries across the street and chickens sent in from a rotisserie near here.

We're much interested in Frohman's plan to get some job outside his own profession. I wonder what he will find. I do ~~xx~~ hope he has good luck and finds something congenial and pleasant. Every time I think of Frohman and Katie and Gigi so happily settled in that beautiful place it makes me happy, and I know that some congenial work for Frohman is going to follow. Arnold and Marie wanted all the news of Fosters and were so glad when I said that I thought Katie was happier than she had ever been in her life.

I'm not yet through with my awful stack of correspondence, and it increases all the time, of course. I'm doing my best to keep up with it, ~~sixxxxxxxx~~

clubs there reviewing  
All the news of book/~~reviewxxxxxx~~ E.C. and B.A? sound good. Especially of B.A.

Well, darlings, I must get to work, so I'll stop and send this along.

Much love to you all from us both. Hugs and kisses, too. How is my Gigi? Why don't mother and dad put him in their trunk?

Maud

908  
1924

The news of Delossys new job is not for the papers. There has been so much in the papers about both of us, and besides that it would embarrass him with his own city room. I know <sup>you</sup> will agree. So I just put in the warning in <sup>case you are talking</sup> 36 West Tenth Street, with newspaper people.

New York,

Thursday...Halloween Day.

Darling Family,-

My only apology for this long spell without a decent letter is that this is really the first time I have had a chance to draw a long breath since I left Minneapolis. It seems incredible, but it's true. Home to house hunting, then moving, then settling; yesterday I saw the John Days for the first time; and tomorrow I start work on the novel.

To begin with Delos! When I got off the train he gave me a grand piece of news which he wouldn't let me pass on to you until he felt reasonably sure of holding on to the job. For it is a job. The day before I landed here he was made assistant city editor of the N.Y. Sun. As it happens, on the Sun, the city editor job is a very important one. He really gets out the papers. And ~~also~~ altho there are four other assistants Delossy is second in command. He was terribly pleased, and so am I. He does get a kick out of newspaper work and is obviously happier there than he was in such a job as he had on the N.A. review.

Now I'll go back to Chicago and try to touch the high spots. I think I wrote you a little about the lovely luncheon at the Palmer House with the complete casts of Journeys End and Wings Over Europe there. Thursday morning I spent on my radio talks and went to lunch with a Miss Crandall, a writer of childrens books and a good sort, at the beautiful new Womans Club. Mrs. Jepson went, too. Then I went from there to tea with the Gamma Phi national secretary and home and to bed. I could have had private dates for all these odd meals. but had to save my strength too much to accept anything. Miss Robertson, the G.P.. had three copies of the book for me to autograph and said that when she asked for it at Brentanos Chicago store the clerk said, "That's the best book of the autumn season." Then she told him she was meeting me and he asked me to come in the store, so I did and we had a very pleasant talk. He was a very nice person.

Friday I had breakfast and lunch served in my room while I worked on the radio talks. I had to rent a typewriter and buy a watch in order to time them. I am just furious that you missed them. They both made a hit. In the first one I read from the book. the scene where Dee gives Page his come uppance. In the second I made a talk for the children, directed at Gigi, calling him by name and sending mess ages to all of you. The last one was from the biggest and most powerful Chicago station and it seems such a shame you couldn't have gotten it.

Friday was an awful day. I went from there to the Thtea ~~house~~ Sig house to a very pretty dinner given in my honor. With more guest

coming in afterwards for coffee served in the living room. And from there at 9 o'clock to a meeting of the Illinois Press Ass., ~~xxxx~~ where I had a make a little talk also.

Mrs. Bahner, head of Marshall Field's Books is a ~~woman~~ very unusual person. Sort of an empress in her own field. Very sophisticated and in with the society set in Chicago. Saturday noon she gave a very swaggy luncheon for me in the most beautiful club, ~~there~~, the Fine Arts Club. Did I tell you the choice remark of one of the guests, one of the book critics ~~there~~, who greeted me with, "But how young she is to have written a classic!" That tickled me to pieces. Everyone spoke of how young I was and I must look a lot younger than I am, that's all I have to say.

From the luncheon we went to the store, and the first thing they did was to take a flash light picture of me for the newspapers. I haven't seen that and don't know whether it has ever been used or not. Then the work of autographing began.

The first book went to Mrs. S. Wirt Wiley. I tell Lillian Wakefield that, as she asked especially for Mrs. Wakefield. There were a number of telephoned orders from ~~the~~ people who had heard the radio talks, and some of the folks I had met in Chicago. Clifford Boynton came in and got a book for his mother. He said mother had told his mother about the event at the Mankato Club. The afternoon was decidedly a success considering that I am a new writer. There was a good respectable number of people came in and besides that I got acquainted with all the bookstore people and two newspapers sent reporters. It was the day of the big football game and that kept out lots of the younger folks, I know. but many of the Theta Sigs said they were going to go in later to get the autographed copies, and Mrs. Bahner assured me that there would be calls for them all week.

The Gamma Phi sent me a lovely basket of beautiful flowers, and wanted me very much for a big tea on Sunday but I felt I had better get on to Cleveland. So at 11.45 that night (I had had dinner with Mrs. Jesseph who is awful; ~~all~~ of the Penwomen are awful but that is for your private ear.) I went down to take my train which proved to be ~~hours~~ hours late and was awful when it came. I got to Cleveland, went to the Hollenden, had breakfast and went to bed.

When I woke up I called Esteps and Donaldsons and neither of them answered. I tried Helen a number of times but never got an answer. Then Miss Hutchinson of the book department got me, and she and a teacher named Miss Nally came and took me for a lovely ride all over Cleveland and to the Cleveland Hotel for tea. We stopped at Miss Nally's home, which was perfectly beautiful. From Miss Nally I learned that I was to speak next day at the Wright Junior High at ~~which~~ which she taught, so I went back to the hotel and worried on a speech

As you saw by the newspapers, this was book week in Cleveland and John Cowper Powys and I were the lions of the first day. He was so much bigger a lion than I that it might have been unfortunate except for two things, first and foremost that he is such a dear. He dragged me into the limelight all the time, and

mentioned me in his radio talk and was perfectly level to me, Second it was pouring rain and only a real celebrity like Powys could have got out the crowd. Once out, the crowd met ~~him~~ me as well as him and it did me lots of good,

I will say in the bosom of the family and with becoming modesty, that I made a hit in Cleveland. I feel that I left a lot of friends behind there, particularly ~~xxxxxxx~~ among the book store and newspaper people.

In the morning I talked to nine hundred kids at this highschool. I turned it into an open forum, altho I had to stand on the platform, and let them ask me questions. It was lots of fun. All day long I had a car with a chauffeur and a sweet little college girl assigned as a guide. From the high school I went and had a facial then dashed to the luncheon. That was given in the tea room of the store. The other book store people were invited. The newspaper people. The leading educators. Etc. I sat next to a man from a big bookstore there and got quite well acquainted. After lunch came the autographing and I had quite a busy afternoon. Among the folks who came in for autographs were two girls and their mother and one girl had been to Smith with Gale and is planning to go abroad with her. While autographing I got a wire from Lillian Hughes Donaldson asking me to have lunch with her next day.

After the autographing Mr. Powys and I talked on the radio (me very briefly) then went to tea and at the tea Mrs. Valenti called for me and she and her husband took me out to dinner. She is now a Cleveland Penwoman but was once in Delos's class at Columbia. Knows Isa G;enn, Genevieve and all that crowd. She entertained the Penwomen for me at her very charming apartment in the evening.

From there I called Lillian and told her I was leaving that evening. I had two other invitations for Tuesday, too, but simply couldn't stay away from Delos another moment. I had a nice talk with Lillian over the telephone and she told me that her father had had a stroke last summer, that he was quite ill and was living with her, that he was very lonesome and that she wished my father would please write him a letter. So dad, I'll append the address at the end of this letter.

I left Cleveland that night and as I say had a very good feeling about it. Three reporters came up to the luncheon and store and two of them interviewed me and both of them liked me. That Elrick Davis who says so many nice things about me (you saw the Press didn't you?) is a Bill McNallyish sort of chap and we got along famously. Miss Kuehn is a Penwoman. Mr. Powys autographed a piece of paper for me to paste in our Wolf Solent, and altogether it was a grand party.

Next ~~morning~~ an hour late I got into New York and maybe I was glad to see my Delossy. He looked very thin from too much late hour poker playing, I guess, and I am taking him in hand. He was so tickled to see me, and had these two pieces of news...selling one of the old yarns to Hollands for \$100 and being appointed assistant city editor. We talked things over about where to live and both agreed that we just couldn't be moving around and around and living out of trunks all winter, so we decided to find an apartment and get settled there and then me go into retirement as best I could.

I wrote the John Days that I was back, but too tired to see them for a day or so. That was no joke, either. Then the next morning early I started out apartment hunting and apartment hunted steadily for four awful days. At the end of that time I told Delos that the thing we were looking for...a quiet, sunny apartment, furnished and with a real kitchen, not up too many flights, at \$100, didnt exist. It doesn't either. Not in New York City.

We had to make a compromise which we both just hated on account of mother and dad, especially mother and the Christmas dinner. We had to give up a kitchen

We are paying \$85, for one great big perfectly beautiful furnished room with bath. There is an electric plate and we get our own breakfast and lunch and could manage a Sunday night supper but take out dinners all outside. Now isnt that just the dickens. We were and are so mad, but that's New York for you!

We will just have to find mother and dad a room near us. We can get one in this block, I know. All our friends are offering their kitchens and we will have an opportunity to have mother cook us one or two good meals but it ~~wouldxxxxxxx~~ wont b like having our own apartment.

The place we are in is lovely and mother will like it. If it had a kitchen it would be perfect. The street is a quiet and dignified old street, the block just off Fifth Avenue, and the house has been for fifty years or more the property of the Godkin family, the great Godkin of the New York Evening Post. In the old days they ran it with seven servants, but these are other days. The great Godkins son is now an old man. And they have divided it up into apartments and keep just a housekeeper and a man.

They are perfectly charming people, and have only the loveliest people in their house. The halls are as wide as some streets and hung with engravings and oil paintings, furnished with antiques and spread with oriental rugs. On the second floor the Godkins keep the original Godkins library intact. Mother must see it. The shelves run to the ceiling all around the room except on the fireplace side where hang engravings of those people in the worlds history whom Godkin considered truly great. Our room is as big as two or three ordinary rooms and beautifully furnished. We can give lovely teas here. It is up two flights of stairs but the stairs are easy. The staircase was designed by Stanford White/

We are mad and disappointed not to be able to entertain mother and dad properly and not to have a stove for our holiday dinners but it just couldnt be helped. If you could see the holes people ask \$150 for. There were apartments at ~~xxx~~ \$150 that I wouldnt take for a gift and these ones of the type we wanted were \$185 and \$200. Even here our electric plate is in one end of a long bathroom ~~xxx~~ (behind a screen.) But of course an electric plate can be attached anywhere and we will attach ours out in the living room whenever we use it.

The kitchenette apartments that I found at our price, I would have taken for the sake of economy (it is much cheaper to cook in) but Delos is so proud. He wouldnt have them. This

place is so lovely that we wouldnt be ashamed to entertain the Sultan of Persia. And of course in a way it is lovely for me not to be cooking and doing housework while I am working so hard and I dont mind restaurants so much as somepeople do, especially as I dont need to have an uneasy conscience as Delos and not I was the one who decided to sacrifice the kitchen.

We moved in here on Sunday. We havent had any time to see anyone really although we have eaten meals with the Helms and Pauline and Blanche. I have been very busy getting unpacked and ~~xxxx~~ settled and the necessary shopping done. Then ~~xxxxxxx~~ day before yesterday I made my official report to Ellen and yesterday to the John Days.

The John Days had arranged...or it had arranged itself... a really stunning thing. One of the biggest broadcasting stations here gave up an hour to Early Candlelight. It was sponsored by Washburn Crosby and centered around housekeeping methods and recipes in the period of Early Candlelight. Mrs Ida Bailey Allen read from the book and the songs were sung (a la Katie) by a man named Dick Hale. I said a few words and all in all it was a very charming and valuable program. The Radio Homemakers Hour, (that was it) ~~xxxxxxx~~ and their little magazine, operated in connections, goes to 150,000 women. I was so sorry that I didnt know about it in time to let you know.

That Dick Hale, by the way, is in New York singing in a weeks special engagement of Glucks "Orpheus" and Irene Williams in singing the womans part. ~~Max~~ I sent her my regards and would love to hear them if I could squeeze it in. He knew at once who Kathleen was and said, "Oh she is a be utiful singer! She was married to Frank Bible and divorced him/" He knows Valenti, and was in the cast of The Kings Henchman which came to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

After the broadcast, we had coffee and applecake together furnished by the Homemakers, and then I went to the office with Mr. Holt. who was present, for a long talk.

The John Days say that the book is still climbing. Pretty good, I think. It seem to have great vitality. They are planning more advertising for November and quite a splash for Christmas. Daytons just ordered 200 more (that is onfidential, of course.) I

was there in the office when the morning orders came in and Mr. Holt let me look them over. It was very amusing. The biggest orders seem to come from the wholesalers which show that the small towns and cities are liking it very much. The isolated orders were very amusing...two from Boise Idaho, two from Santa Fe, N.M., three from a little town in Rhode Island, ...two from some Catholic Convent in Ohio, etc. The book is going very well in California. The reviews from San Francisco have been simply magnificent. It is also doing veryyy well through the middle west and in Boston. I asked Mr. Holt to tell me flatly whether it was beginning to die down or not. He said emphatically no, that it was still climbing. Delos gets awfully mad at them but their advertising appropriation has really been very generous and they are backing the book in lots of ways that we don't ~~xxxx~~ see, advertising to the booksellers and wholesalers and so forth. They are very enthusiastic about the book and making plans for the Christmas sale and had such encouraging ~~re~~ reports that I think Delossy's annoyance at them has been mitigated somewhat since my conference with them.

It is a regular axiom that all authors are mad at their publishers all the time but I am really quite well satisfied with mine, and I can't tell you how much it pleased me that the book is still climbing. Books are coming out at the rate of 5000 a month. ...just stop to think what that means! Yet my book was one of six picked by Brentano this month for review in his Book Chat. It was one of forty picked by the New York Sun last Saturday in a resume of the finest books of the fall season. And without any spectacular advertising, with in fact the most modest advertising, it is still climbing after two months and over when the life of the average novel is exactly six weeks.

Six pages and I haven't yet mentioned any of the home news I was so glad to get mother's letter to the Albert last week and dad's yesterday. We are both so thrilled about mother's bobbed hair. I am sure it looks lovely and I don't see why she couldn't have done it while I was there.

I know you have been enjoying Aunt Maud and if she won't come east I think it is a lovely idea for her to keep your house while you are in New York. We got Boston and Oil from Edwin and are so pleased with them. I am writing him. I haven't even begun yet on my sky high stack of correspondence and thank you notes. I got a check for \$2.50 yesterday with a request for an autographed book from Mabel Rutan. Do you remember her? In Mankato? She is teaching in Toledo, Ohio.

I'll bet Helen and Frank had a grand farewell weekend at the island. Did I tell you, dears, of the note from Aunt Kate Chase asking me to be her guest at three functions during the winter. I'll bet that the Bosters are having some time with Genie tonight at the Halloween party, and wish I were there to help howl! I feel I want to write separate letters to each of you, you were all so good to me and did so much for me while I was there. *So expect them!*

Be sure to send on the rest of the ~~letters~~ telegraph

(over)

toll. And the bill for my pressing from the Metropolitan Cleaner.  
And anything else that I forgot.

Much much love to you. And now I am back on my regular  
schedule and will start writing again Monday and Thursday. All  
take good care of yourselves and each other and keep well and  
happy.

Love hugs and kisses.

Maud

P.S. I am mailing a fat bundle  
of clippings. Will also get  
mother the free page N.Y.  
Times notes the first minute I  
can get up to Times Square

---

Judge Hughes' address is

Cor

Mrs. Lillian Hughes Donaldson /

3134 Corydon Road,  
Cleveland Heights,  
Ohio.

Monday Morning.

My dears,-

I'm waiting for my new typewriter to be delivered, as this is the morning that theoretically I am beginning work again. I bought one from the Corona people and it was to be delivered Friday night at 4 p.m. C.O.D. It didn't come. I waited all day Saturday and Saturday night Delos and I went out and bought another which was to be delivered Monday morning at 9 a.m. sharp. It's not here yet and I'm getting so mad.

I'm struggling meanwhile with Delossy's and you can see what kind of spacing I am making.

We were so happy Saturday to get mother's special. It seemed ages since we had heard. We were much interested in all the news of you, Katie's Mu Phi luncheon, the party to see the Virginian, etc. If Aunt Maud doesn't want to come east now, her winter plans sound lovely. I'm sure she will enjoy having \$05 to herself. It's so sweet.

We are happy and comfortable in our new room. Delos is very very busy but he's happy so I don't mind. We are living very quietly so I don't think he's working too hard. Saturday night we went over to Miss Goellz and Miss Toye's...they live just around the corner on Fifth Avenue.,, for two tables of bridge. Yesterday, Sunday, we loafed until afternoon when Pauline and Jo dropped in and we all went over to have tea at Irmengarde's. She is out of a job again and looking desperately for one, but she is looking and feeling better and the baby is simply adorable. Such a handsome little chap. We had a very pleasant time. Then Delos and I went on for a movie...Harold Lloyd in his new picture...had dinner at Child's and came on home.

I have been asked to write a squib for the N.Y. Telegram on what books I enjoyed as a child. Also I've been asked to appear at Wanamakers Book Week, Nov. 11 to 16. I have to talk and am appalled at it but I grit my teeth and accepted and suppose I shall manage to say something. The John Days advertised the book yesterday in the N.Y. ~~page~~ papers and it seems to be marching steadily onward. Miss Goell told us that the N.Y. Times book review editor told her that his room was piled to the ceiling with novels and other books that would never be reviewed. Then I think that E.C. has struggled out of that mass of books...*30000 of them* they say...and is lifting its head above even those who have received notice I am very happy. It is such a lot for a novel to make money for its author and publisher, and to make any dent at all. And mine really is making money, hitting the best seller lists here and there, and putting me on the map. so I have nothing to complain of.

I wrote Dr. Osgood, mother, to go ahead and dramatize the ~~play~~ ~~book~~ book as I was quite sure we could come to terms all right. I haven't had an answer but assume that he is going ahead with it. Ellen was drafting out a contract which would cover the questions involved of rights outside of Minnesota, and so on. By this time I imagine she has sent it to them so probably it will all be settled in a few days. I hope too that it will go through and will simply die not seeing the play.

We have been asked to join the By Line Club, a Sunday night dinner club of congenial folks, newspaper folks mostly. I dont know whether we will join or not.

Aleinikoff's are coming to dinner next <sup>Friday</sup> ~~Sunday~~ night.

Was Dodie injured in the market crash? I do hope not. So many people suffered dreadfully and as H.I. Phillips says the line forms on the left for pe ple waiting to jump out of 14 story windows. We have been reading here about the Foshay tower disaster and are glad that none of us had that stock.

Have you folks ever heard of the person who wrote the enclosed letter? Send it back as I havent answered it yet. I get such crazy mail...you have no idea. One man in St. Paul asks for a free autographed copy because his people came here in the early days. Another man in N.Y, named Jerome Milkman, wants a few lines for this autograph album.

Dont worry about Dayton's, mother. I told you they had ordered 200 copies, 25 to come ~~by~~ rush order. Thats confidential. of course.

Good for Mrs. Remington. I think she is a dear.

Delos is so much interested in Judge Wilson's <sup>candidate -</sup> ~~candidatess~~ ship. Let us now how things are going for him.

New typewriter just came. I'll have to get to work now. Much love to every one of you, and hooray for mother and dad coming for Christmas.

Maud

Probably  
November  
1929

Friday Noon.

Dearest Family,-

A lovely fat letter ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ from Helen just came and gives me needed inspiration to sit down and write you all a Sunday letter. We have had one from dad this week, too, and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ enjoyed them both. Rather Delossy has Helen's ahead of him this evening.

I think ~~that~~ Bobbie's going down all by himself to call on the Fosters is the cutest thing I ever heard of a dog doing. Aren't you offended, mother, that he doesn't come to 905?

Helen's comment on Chicago and Cleveland reminds me that I had meant to tell her...and don't think I did in the last letter...about meeting several Theta Sigs in Chicago who knew her. Winifred Hughes, of course, who called for me after the radio talk at Marshall Fields and took me ~~xxxx~~ to the house and a little girl named Agatha Kreuger whom I thought very sweet although she seemed nervous and unhappy and having difficulty in adjusting herself to life. Of course that was just a passing impression and it may have been only that she had a headache that evening. I believe that Lois Schenk also said that she knew Helen.

Yes indeed I met Mr. Daniels. He had read E.C. and was very nice to me. He is a very pleasant likable unassuming person.

I am so sorry to hear about the rugs. I haven't written to Mr. Silloway yet about the house and maybe we would do better not to let them have it. But they did seem such nice people. Of course, if they would take it with the rugs out, there wouldn't be much they could hurt.

Many thanks, dear, for the letter. I was so glad to get it.

I have another piece of news about Delossy. I don't know what is the matter ~~xxxxxx~~ with that boy. Whatever planet is directing his activities this year seems determined to put jobs in his way. The American magazine has a new editor... Crowell is out and Sumner Blossom whom Delos knew years ago on the Daily News...is the new editor. Yesterday he called Delos up and asked him to come to see him and when Delos came he offered him a job on the staff. An editorial job. Just one of the assistant editors as near as Delos could make out.

He offered more money than Delos is getting on the Sun and Delos told him he would think it over. But I am quite sure he is going to refuse. He doesn't like to be changing jobs all the time, he is very happy on the Sun and in line for something very good there if he cares to stay. He hadn't quite decided when he went to the office this morning but was going to talk it over with Bartnett. I am pretty sure though that he will turn it down. I was

very much pleased of course at his getting the offer. Blossom is a friend of Payne on the N.A. Review and probably heard from him that Delos did a good job there even though he was too much of an individualist to be happy on the magazine.

I am back at work on my new green Corona and it is going fine. Much better than I expected it to. When I gave up going to the country I gave up trying to do an intensive piece of work and getting it immediately finished, and while we try not to gad during the week, we do go a good deal anyway. But just the same the book is progressing. Probably because I have no housework to do. The cleaning woman once a week keeps this apartment perfectly ~~like~~ shining with a daily dusting and dustmopping from me. And with no meals to get I have the whole day free for the book. on the next

One night this week Dan and Jean Anderson came down and played anagrams with us. Anagrams are our passion at the moment. They are really lots of fun, too.

Then, yesterday, we went over to tea at Irmengardes. Had to go out to dinner afterwards with Irmengarde and Pauline and Jo and they all came back home with us for more anagrams.

I must tell you about Irmengardes tea. Really I must say that that girl is a wonder. She is as poor as a church mouse, and she is living in a little sort of attic apartment, and she has this ~~XXXXX~~ baby without any father, a darling baby, but no father just the same, and she is out of a job. And who do you think were at her tea yesterday:

To begin with the ordinaries, Delos and me and Pauline; then Ruth Suchow and her husband, ~~XXXXXX~~ Ferner Noon; and Nannine Josephs, head of Brandts article department; and Mr. Hurlbut assistant editor of the Saturday Evening Post; and a Captain Grace who has just had a ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ sensational series in the Post. Now dont you think that that is the triumph of a personality, or a character, or something. It was one of the nicest teas I ever attended. Irmengarde brought the baby in and he sat on all our laps. And no one could bear to go home and it didnt even begin to break up until after seven. Half the writers in New York would give their eye teeth to get Hurlbut to a tea and cant. He only comes to New York one day a week. And here he climbed all those stairs to Irmengardes dingy little apartment. I hand it to her, and insist again that the new days are better than the old ones.

I was much thrilled to meet Suchow as you know how much I admire her work. I was terribly disappointed with her at first and Pauline took a violent dislike to her. She is so colorless. But the more we talked the better I liked her and I think we may end up by liking her quite well. She is recently married to her husband who is a good deal younger than she. He has been in love with her for years but she hesitated because of his being so much younger but finally decided to risk it. She is small, grey haired, and not so characterless as she at first appears. When I came in she was in the kitchen helping Izziz Irmengarde. Irmengarde thought we knew each other and so didnt introduce us. I assumed that she was hired help brought in for the occasion so beyond smiling at her ignored her and talked to Irmengarde.

At the end of five minutes I discovered that she was my beloved Ruth Suchow and nearly died of the shock.

We are going (much against Delossy's will) to the Woman Pays Club dinner dance November 23. It is preceded by a cocktail party at Rhea Solbertas at the Ansonia. I dont care much about going either but we didnt have the heart to refuse Pauline who took my evening dress over her shoulder to her own dressmaker and is having it lengthened in some clever way so that we would have no reason for refusing.

They want me to join the Woman Pays Club, too. I dont know whether to or not.

The date of December 12 suits us beautifully for mother and dad's coming. In fact any date they pick will suit us as I am not going to try to get the book finished by an especial date. We are so awfully tickled about your coming. I dont know yet what we will do about Christmas. We could get the loan of a kitchen without difficulty. The question is just whether or not we care to include other people. We have already have many kitchens offered us for dinners (not Christmas dinners; we have been dodging mention of Christmas, ~~until~~ until we have decided in our ~~own~~ own minds who we want to be with) but just occasions for mother to show off her boasted culinary (boasted by Delos) for the benefit of Delos and me and various of our friends. *sketch*

I accepted both Aunt Kate's luncheons at which she says I am to be a lion and roar. If mother is here she is to be included in the one for December 17 and so you must surely be here by the ~~17th~~ 17th. It will be at the Plaza and very swank. Also Aunt Kate wants all of us out there for a Sunday afternoon while mother and dad are here.

Just must stop. Have to go out and get my fur coat from the furriers and do a little shopping. Marie and ARNOLD ARE COMING DOWN TO DINNER tonight. I dont manage my new machine very well yet. Excuse the caps and mistakes.

So glad to get all the clippings you send. Glen sends us lots too from small Minnesota papers. St. James, etc. I had a grand letter from the Governor. Did I tell you? Catholic bookstores and papers are boosting E.C quite a bit to its profit. Thats the latest news from the John Days. And I think I told you that it was being advertised again.

Love hugs and kisses to all of you...Harts and Fosters, and Fowlers, and Aunt Maud. Write to us often. Maud and Delos, by

*Maud*

Ruth Suchow and her husband just came from Santa Fe where the Bradfords are. They tell us that Lydia has T.B. which we suspected but we were very sorry to have our suspicions confirmed. She can beat it of course but dreads a year away from Roark in a sanitarium. We

all should be so thankful just to be well. Shouldnt we. Only we never think of it. ~~Beark~~ has a room in the same town and is writing. Lydia is so impatient. That is the greatest trouble. She has her heart set on getting b ck to N.O. for Christmas and cant possibly go.

1929

Thursday Morning.

My dearsm-

I just finished a good morning on the book. It's going fast, even though I dont think highly of it, and of course it's some satisfaction to know it will soon be off my hands.

I havent had a letter from you all since mother's on Monday but am looking for one today.

First for the news on the book. This morning's mail brought the Baker and Taylor Christmas Catalogue which is distributed through the booksellers all over the United States. It has a full page ad of Early Candlelight in color and looks just lovely. It's a reproduction of the jacket.

Then the November Bookman has a good review. A very intelligent and fine review although not in the most desirable part of the magazine.

We have seen the review in America, too, and it is a peach. We still get clippings, half a dozen or so twice a week, and have now had over 200.

Best of all the John Days tell me they are starting to advertise in Chicago. They are going to advertise steadily now in the Chicago Tribune until Christmas. The big book page of the Tribune comes on Saturday, and some Saturday you must buy it to gloat.

The book is going very well through the middle west or the John Days wouldnt be doing that advertising. It is doing well on the coast, too, and still climbing everywhere.

Delossy has a cold and I have been trying to keep him in, in the evenings. Last night Pauline was here with us. The night before that we went to bed very early. Broke our date with Misses Goell and Toys.

Tonight we have dinner with the Staneoyvitches and the Mr. Styron whom we visited up in Connecticut. Tomorrow night, Delos is trying to get tickets to something at the theatre. We are hoping we wont need to buy theatre tickets now that he has an executive job on the paper. Some day this week I am supposed to talk at Wanamakers but havent had a date set yet. I suppose it will be Saturday or else it has fallen through. Sunday we are invited out to Walshes of the John Day Company for tea and some sort of ~~an~~ a Sunday night party. And that's the week.

We're thinking and talking so much about Mother and Dad's coming. It's getting very near now.

I've been reading the new Bolitho book, Twelve Against the Gods, which Carl Helm gave me, having an extra copy. Also American Backlogs by Mrs. Roosevelt and Kermit, a story of her family. Mother would love it

My clippings tell me that Dr. Arnold talked on E.C. on November 11 somewhere and is ~~doingxxx~~ talking at Dayton's (I hope on E.C.) November 21.

Next Saturday night is the Woman Pays Club dinner dance at the Park Lane. We are invited to a cocktail party first at the Hotel Ansonia...Rhea Soberta and Nannine are giving it. I told you Pauline was having my dress fixed. She couldn't use the blue on the dress after all as it was cut wrong, so is buying some more.

Delos had a letter from the American Magazine saying how sorry they were he didn't want to come with them, etc. Very pleasing. But he is perfectly contented with the choice he made and loves the job he has.

I wish I had another letter and some news of you all to comment on. I know you are all fine though, and Gigi probably getting all excited about ~~Christ~~ Thanksgiving, and I'm enclosing some stamps from Powers for Helen.

How is Katie's class going? ~~ixxxx~~ Are any of her pupils starting to be a credit to her?

Love hugs and kisses to you all. Harts and Fowlers and Fosters and Aunt Maud,

I'm sticking in a clipping about that Captain Grace we met at Irmengardes. Some of you must have read his stuff in the Post.

Me for some lunch and a walk out to mail this.

Maud