



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Thursday.

Darling Mother and All,-

The morning mail just came and no letter from you. I wish, dear, that you would write to me oftener. It's a week today, I think, since I had a letter and I begin to worry.

A letter from Nan came in the morning mail with an enclosure from Macmillans which makes ~~me~~ us awfully happy. They say that we are to take all the time we need on the book. It is so good, really, that I hate to rush it and maybe spoil it. If I go at this gait, about a chapter a week, it will be ready in the late summer. Maybe middle summer. They have the title and if they want to list it for late fall may do so, but I am inclined to prefer late winter or next spring publication which would give Nannine some time to work with it as a serial. In any case we are to give them a good book rather than deliver it on any stipulated date, and I am so glad. I'll work just as hard, or harder, but without a sense of strain.

Our weather is springlike and lovely, the lawn full of robins, and all of us well. I wrote you that Tuesday I had to go to town to get my glasses fixed. I called Sister ~~Stella~~ ^{Stella} Maris and she and her companion had left just five minutes before for the Penn station. I was sorry and got a note off to her to tell her so. You know I had written her earlier, and sent her flower show tickets, and told her to call on me or Delos for anything needed in regard to her book, and said also that I would call on them. She didnt phone us so she must have placed her book all right. But I am sorry not to have had the visit with her for Katte's sake. I think though that what we did was more than adequate.

I lunched with Blanche. She made tea and soup in her

hotel room, and I brought up buns and fruit, and it was fun. Like a picnic. Then I went to the Barbizon Plaza and saw Gale and saw some of her pictures. They seem to me (who knows nothing about art) to be very good indeed. She had an appointment at the Met Museum and we walked out to her bus together. Then I bought Easter things for Merian and met Delos and Cy Coggins at the train. He came out for dinner, you know. Helen had a good dinner for us (pork chops fixed the way you told us, with corn flakes.) And Merian's hair curled. Merian passed the canapes and was a good girl.

Mr Bartnetts mother died yesterday. She has been sick for a month and he has been very anxious. They X rayed her and found something which required an operation and she didnt survive the operation. They are a very devoted Irish family, and how I feel for them! We drove up last night and saw Mrs B and Doris; he was over at his father's. Today I am taking Merian to the doctor and ~~we~~ will send some flowers. Delos is in charge of the paper of course and so busy and under such a strain.

Yesterday I had a good day on the book and in the afternoon Laurie came to play with Merian and I took the two of them for a walk. We had fun; made nests for the bunny. In the evening Delos and I went to Bartnetts. Today I have been writing, and this afternoon will take Merian to Dr Wightmans. It is Helen's half holiday so I will be getting dinner. Merian is so well, perfectly well. The iron ^{pill was} ~~was~~ good for her, I imagine, and the cold inoculations seem to be working too. She is looking darling, fat and pink cheeked and so happy with the spring. She nearly goes out of her head at every bird she sees.

That's all our news and I WANT A LETTER FROM YOU. And I think I rate two a week. I do want to find out now tha you are all well and nothing is wrong. Best love to all of you, every one.

Maud.

Friday.

Darlings All,-

We are in the midst of one of the worst storms I ever knew in New York. Yesterday it started snowing hard and snowed all day. Emma blew in covered with snow in the later afternoon and had a glass of sherry with me. Then Delos came in, even snowier for dinner. Then Roy and Emma came back, (but said they had been foolhardy to try it) to spend the evening. Roy and Delos played chess and Emma and I visited. By the time they left it looked as though they could never get home.

It snowed all night and this morning the snow changed to sleet and hail. That has been falling all day. The streets and sidewalks are almost impassible. Delos called a cab to take him to the train but it stuck in the drifts on the way here and he missed the train. So then he went Boston Westchester. I will be glad when he is safely home tonight.

Merian didnt go to school although it is Valentine Day and they were planning a party, but I imagine very few kindergarteners ventured out. We gave her her valentines a breakfast. They ones from you all are all so sweet and Merian just loved them. Thank you so much. Irmenegarde and Blanche sent one to her too, as they always do, and a few minutes ago Laurie arrived, covered with snow and bearing a valentine. He and Merian are playing now, each with a lollypop.

Merian's big news is that yesterday at school they gave the play Penny Penguin and Merian had the lead. She was Penny Penguin and no one else; and assures us that the children clapped and she gave a fine performance. I wish I could have seen it. She is still so well (rap on wood) we all are; the trip to Minnesota was so good for her, and I think that the house is better for us all than the apartment; there is such ~~xxx~~ a temptation, for me, at least, to keep an apartment too warm.

My new curtains are up and are beautiful. It looks like a different house.

My big and only news is the back. It is going so well that it almost scares me; I hope it's good. I am working both morning and afternoon. Just stopped now for today, and it is three o'clock.

You mention getting my Sunday letter on Monday. This is supposed to be your Sunday letter. That's why I send it special. And if it doesnt reach you on a Sunday you let me know. Perhaps I ought to mail your Sunday letters on Thursdays but I do particularly want you to have one on that day.

A nice letter from mother just came (short but nice) along with the notes from Helen P. and Bick. And yesterday I had a card from mother and a letter from Helen. Thank you all. Mother darling seems blue and I dont blame her. Oh I will be so glad and so thankful when enough time is passed so that you wont have that constant heartache.

-2-

And oh how I wish, mother darling, that I could be less firm about it.

What makes it necessary to be firm is, of course, the depression. All of us have all our savings in real estate, which can't be sold, just now, or else in Strutwear, which also can't be sold. And there's no daddy to lean on. We just have to work it out the best we can. This seems to be the best way, and after all it isn't such a hard way.

Mother's allowance must, whatever it is, be enough for comfortable living. None of us would be satisfied unless we started from that. ~~And~~ And having started there, we'll just hope and believe that all of our investments will come back and the whole financial outlook be rosier all the time. And meanwhile and while it's going on, we'll be happy, won't we, as daddy would want us to be.

Helen dear, as you no doubt see, this is an answer to your letter too. More to you than to mother, as mother said very little about the budget in her letter. But I answer you together as it seems more like talking it over together. We did enjoy your letter so much, dear, and are so glad that you are liking the work.

By the way before I leave your letter... you mentioned the current bills. I think they should all be paid, every bill in the world, before the budget is instituted. (And also, in your letter you didn't mention the Strutwear stock. Did it reach you all right?) Also about the mortgage. I feel strongly too that mother should not have to pay anything but the interest. I meant to talk to Mr Endsley before I left but that was one thing I didn't get around to. Be sure to let me know what Mr Mattson advises and if he doesn't offer anything helpful perhaps I could write to Mr Endsley. That is odd about it not being a government mortgage. Daddy explained it all to me; I guess I didn't listen very well. He changed the mortgage in some way and in a way which he thought was to his advantage. *However, I would be all for your changing it so that mother pays only interest.*

The things Helen and Frank have done to their house sound all so fine. I got it a satisfaction to do it. I go around just cooing at my curtains.

I am almost through with Anne Lindbergs book and think it so charming. Grey just sent me one to review; I haven't started that yet. I hate to take my mind away from my own book to do it.

Merian and Laurie are just rasing the roof. They have squirted water all over the playroom and themselves and have every toy and bead and bit of chalk in the house scattered around the floor. Also they come in every two minutes to me demanding "prizes". I feel like Alice in Wonderland and wish I had some confits..

I can't do so without saying how sorry and disgusted I am about poor Erph and Katie not getting their well earned checks. That is a perfect shame. Couldn't you just blow up whoever is responsible.

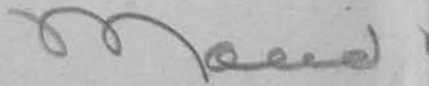
The children are getting so obstreperous that I am afraid my letter reflects it and I'd better stop and wade out in the blizzard

to put this in the mail. Thank you all, dears, for your valentines. I wish you could have heard Merian crow over them. And thank you for your letters and my dear love to each one of you.

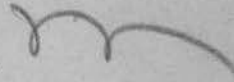
When I say the book goes well I mean of course for me. I am always a slow work~~ing~~. But when it spins out each day a few pages longer I am happy and satisfied and that is what it is doing now. It must and will continue.

Best love to each one of you, especially to my precious mother. I try to write every day and want to, but since I have had the news about Helen leaving I don't always manage it. I write each day just as long as I have any write left in me, and then often have marketing and so forth to do, or must take care of Merian to let Helen work.

Love and kisses. Your



I do love you all so much. How I wish I could wipe out the miles between us. But I cheer my self up with various plans. One is about Fowler's visiting mother here in June. Another is my coming out to Minnesota when our book is published and taking mother on a bat to Fairmont. I'd like to stay somewre on one of the beautiful lakes there. And of course there is always the possibility of a movie sale in this very book. And last but not least the Mpls. Jvnl.



Delosy just telephoned that he was staying downtown to dinner with Mr Barnett and going to axx basketball game later. I am so glad; and think I will put in the evening on the book. Wish one of you were here to eat creamed crabmeat on rice with me.



Mr. Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Ave., S.,
Minneapolis,
Minnesota.



EN ROUTE

Saturday Morning.
Miriam's Birthday.

Dearies all, --

We are just pulling
out of Rochester, N.Y. Miriam +
I just had breakfast - a good one
too - in a buffet car, and I
am very anxious to get a letter
off to mother since I

- 1: walked off with the
#5 I wired her
- 2: walked off with
Carmelita's check.
- 3: walked off with
the letter to Jack Young
- 4: walked off with
the letter to Renee.

all of which should show you that

I was flustered at
leaving you.

Mr. Fouts came to the
train to see us off and he
certainly looked good to us.
He brought a big box of candies
for Patricia. The Hiawatha
was crowded, jammed, like
an excursion train. Patricia
got a seat but only
because one kind lady saw
see the trip in the lounge.
For meals we waited in line
for hours with broken bread
crumbs past us into the
dining room. I feel as if ~~we~~ I
never wanted to take the
Hiawatha again. Ceil had a very

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook Avenue,
Pelham, N.Y.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

Sorey -

Wednesday Morning.

Mother darling and all,-

After writing you yesterday I wrote to Helen but
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ after reading hers I tore mine to her up for
hers held news which made mine out of date. I am so interested, dear,
in your deciding to stay at 2315, and you know that we all want you
to be just where you are happiest. You are what counts. Delos feels
sure that eventually you will want to be located where you can more
easily see the girls and your friends and get down town, and I am
inclined to agree with him. But there is no rushing hurry about making
the move, and you will be under no obligation to stay at 2315 longer
than you care to if you get some new person in. I am glad you are
going to do that, for one thing I didnt like about the Dunnell
arrangement was your being entirely alone in the apartment just at
this time. Helen has such a gift for picking people that I am sure
she will pick you just the right one. Did you tell her, or would it
help her to hear, the advertisement you and I had worked out:

Business woman only. Charming room in quiet apart-
ment near Lake of the Isles. Breakfast privileges.
References. Kenwood 3752.

Did I write you yesterday before or after my writing?
I had a pretty good morning, and in the afternoon took the tunky up
for a haircut and did some marketing. Emma telephoned that they were
having such hard luck with their party...so many people sick.... that
they had called it off, and wouldnt Delos and I come over to Roy's
birthday dinner just by ourselves? Of course, we did and had such a
good dinner and a pleasant time. Took him a ~~xxxxxx~~ new detective story.

Now I am getting down to work again and Merian getting
off to school. She is enjoying school much more, after her experiences
in Minnesota. Tells us so much more about it, and seems amused by what

happens there. She continues very well (I'm rapping on wood) and looks so fat, rosy and husky.

I am trying to break her of ~~being afraid of going downstairs~~ being afraid of going downstairs. Yesterday, in going down, she wanted to take my hand and I refused. She said so indignantly. "Well, what was holding hands invented for, if you cant hold hands going downstairs!" Another time, I accidentally took her hand. She was so tickled and gave me a little sidelong glance and said, "Of course you know this is entirely unnecessary."

This afternoon I'm going in town to the library and Delos and I and Roy and Emma are going up to Cogginses to dinner. You remember Caroline was away when you were here- now she has to go again, way to California, to be away two months. She wanted to see us before she left and postponed having the others till I got back.

Helen darling, I was so glad to get your letter. I am so relieved to know that you are well and all yourself again. I will rewrite the letter I wrote you yesterday, with the new conditions in mind, within a day or two.

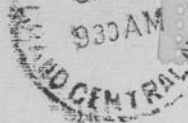
Dearest love to each one of you from both Delos and me. I'm sure you know how constantly our thoughts are with you all, especially with mother. I can hardly wait to see you again. But I'm very glad the book started going yesterday, and now I must get to work at it again.

Helen dear, one thing I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ mentioned in the letter yesterday. Did Floyd return the little red book? Remind him to do so, if he didn't, dear.

Best love to you all,

W. Reed.

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, N. Y.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

Thursday.

Mother darling and all,-

You didnt get your letter written at the usual time today ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ because I stayed all morning in bed with a headache. I dont know why I had one unless I did too much in town yesterday. Went ~~w~~ after my morning's work and lunch, and shopped at Gimbel's and Macys, then to the library to check on some Minnesotans and then to Coggins for dinner where I had only sherry to drink so that couldnt have caused the head.

Anyway I stayed in bed today until after lunch and then Helen went out for her half holiday and I have been taking care of Merian. She came home from school beaming with something she had made for me. You never saw anything so cute as the expression on her face while I opened the package. It was a dress hanger cover, if you know what that is, and fearfully and wonderfully made.

She just climbed up on my lap and said, "Let's talk about Ebbie, that too smart dog." I asked what we should talk about him and she said, "How he chews through doors."

A letter from mother in the afternoon mail. So glad to get it and the cards every day have been such a help too, dear. I m glad you are as well are you are, dear, and so interested in how you work out everything. I hate too to think of Borgild going and hope you find just the right person for your room, if you decide to stay on where you are.

I had such a lovely note from Ruth Blodgett today, about daddy. She is leaving next week to do some research in Minnesota. It seems she is doing a book about that neck of the woods. She says she is going to call on mother and I do hope you will have Katie and Helen in to meet her. She is a spinster, as you know, but a perfect peach. So lively and interested in everyone and so full of gossip and goings on. I never give a party without her, when she is in New York, as she adds so to any occasion. Also she is a great and old friend of Maggie's which is another reason the girls should get to know her.

Also Carolyn Coggins one of our good friends will be in Minneapolis and St Paul February 13 and 14 or thereabouts. She is going to be away from New York until April 1, way to the coast. She took all your telephone numbers and I do hope you will all get together with her. Only better blindfold Frohman and Frank - she is so good looking. I think you would all like her, as Delos and I are very fond of her and her husband. You met Cy, mother, you and daddy both at our house, and you again ~~at~~ Nannine's. She will be visiting Harold at Powers in Minneapolis and the St Paul Book and Stationery in St Paul and staying at the St Paul Hotel.

I had a ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ sweet note from Lillian Hutchinson too, about daddy. She says she met him last summer; I didnt know that. I knew she had met mother. I would love to see the letters you get, mother. Be sure to save them, and send on to me now any that you want to.

Ruth said one thing in her note which helped me and seemed true. It was that every day daddie would come closer to us all, and at times ~~seem~~ marvellously close. She has lost both her father and mother and I guess she knows what she is talking about. None of my friends have felt so keenly about daddy (except Emma) as Ruth.

I don't feel that I did anything in Minnesota, darling, and I wasn't at all too tired when I got home. I think that all the rest of you were and are wonderful and do love you so much. It is hard to be separated, but was oh so wonderful that we could all be together the last month. As time goes on, I think we will appreciate that even more and the memories we have of those days together. But daddy, in my memory, is already restored to his own ~~xxx~~ self, ~~xxx~~ just as he is in that fireplace picture.

Merian is sitting beside me reading Uncle Wiggly aloud. Delos so abominates Uncle Wiggly, which Helen - the maid gave her for her birthday, that he is bringing home Uncle Remus as an antidote. I hope she will take to it. She is enjoying school so much more than she did before Minnesota and is still (rap on wood) ~~xxxxxxx~~ unbelievably husky.

Helen Crane Norton called me to say that her maid had slipped on the ice and sprained her back so we won't go up there to dinner until a week from Friday. I'm very glad. I think I will have Roy and Emma here to dinner Saturday night as we have been practically boarding with them since we got back.

So much love, darlings, to you all. So glad Helen is all well and back @ work. I enjoyed all your news so much. Merian getting up me @ put down

some kisses so here you are
~~xxxxxxx~~
~~xxxx~~ MERIAN
and
Maud.

The book is going all right - only I missed today because of the headache. Better luck tomorrow.

This is pretty cold weather for Manhattan--two below early this morning and only nine above now--but I think Maud and Merian are comfortable out in Westchester although the house doesn't heat up as well as it might. There seems to be a lot of little invisible cracks all around and the cold seeps in when the temperature drops way down below, below, below.

Merian is still as chipper as when she was in Minnesota. Her health is excellent now and there hasn't been any sign of a cold. She has been at school every day and liked it a lot, I gather. Her only major trouble has been a newly developed, and curious fear--although fear is too big a word--about walking down stairs. She says the jagged turn at the top is too alarming. But the puzzling part is that on several occasions she has gone down as quietly, and easily as could be. And once when Maud took her hand she turned to her and said, "Of course this isn't necessary."

Maud is very well, indeed, and is hard at work on the new book. We will be living quietly for a number of months now because of this piece of work; if we average out-of-the-house once a week it will be more than I expect at this writing. This notwithstanding that we have been out twice this week, already, and ~~expect~~^{plan} to go out again on Saturday. This plan, however, may be changed if the cold weather keeps up. I'm darned if I'll take the car out and freeze.

Merian's birthday was a happy occasion except for the gifts from Helen, the maid. Helen gave our child three or four coipes of the Uncle

Wriggly books. I read part of one and shall never, so help me, read a line of another. But Merian loves them and Helen reads the horrible stuff to her on every possible occasion. Maud and I went down town and bought one of the Uncle Remus books, from which the author of the Uncle Wriggly stories stole his perverted, foul, unspeakably degenerated narratives in the hope that the originals would wean Merian from the awful, cursed, nauseating imitations. The book will reach home today a little before I get there and when I arrive I shall start in at once to read.

Do wish me luck,

Love to you--especially to you, Stella--but to all also.

Delos
HWA

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, N.Y.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue. S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

SPECIAL DELIVERY



Friday Morning.

Mother darling and all,-

We too have had ~~an~~ unprecedented ~~amount~~ cold weather. Of course it isn't as cold as yours, but it feels so. It ranges from zero to about ten above. This morning we decided to eat in front of the living room radiator until things warm up a bit. However, Merian is going to school every day and plying out in the afternoon. This suits her so much better than dampness.

I believe I wrote you Wednesday, after we had seen Pride and Prejudice. The next day I had a pretty fair day's work and in the afternoon Laurie came over to play with Merian and stayed until his mother telephoned for him. That evening we started out to toast by the radiator and read, as it was very cold, but Sternes phoned and wanted some bridge so we were persuaded and went over to play by their fire. A moment after they had phoned the Newsoms phoned, wanting the same thing.

Yesterday I was in bed with a headache again. The reason for all these headaches is that it's a bad time of the month for me, but so irritating. However, I took my notebooks and ~~MSB~~, to bed with me and accomplished quite a bit. In the afternoon Helen took her half holiday and Betty and Camilla Floyd came over. Laurie came in to play with Merian and Camilla and the three of them had a grand time, while Betty and I had tea. However, Merian prefers the grownups and once in a while we would sneak downstairs to Betty and me to say wistfully, "Am I missing anything?" which tickled Betty awfully. Laurie brought Merian an apple. They seem to be getting quite friendly. Being well is just everything, isn't it? Merian's problems are all solved so quickly when she stays well for a couple of weeks.

Our dates for both tonight and tomorrow night are postponed, which pleases me ~~so much~~ as the driving is so bad. Tonight I think Roy and Delos are going out to see Captain Blood.

I had such a lovely letter from mother yesterday, written Wednesday. I am so interested in the people looking at your room, mother. And I know you are going to get just the one for it. And in the letters about daddy. Yes, I would love to see them. Be sure to save them for me unless you send them on now. No, I don't think they would upset me. Daddy is in my mind all the time anyway when I write on the book. He and I talked about it so much and took those two trips last summer about it, and then he loved southern Minnesota so. He is so tied up with it in my mind.

How is Floyd doing with the territory. Have you heard? I do wish him the best of luck.

And I am interested in Astie going after Ste Catherine's. I am writing her to see if I can help in any way. She just belongs there, I think. I am so glad that Helen is standing her work all right and think it the best thing in the world for her to have some light work to do at this time.

Mother darling, as I was thinking about your budget

and wondering if you would prefer not to close out your checking account. It is simpler to close it out, but not necessary from a financial standpoint, I should think. You could draw out of your savings \$100 which was never to be touched to lay in the checking account so that you wouldn't have to pay for the account. Then each month instead of giving you \$85 in cash, Helen could transfer \$85 to your checking. You and she will talk it over, of course, and do whatever seems best. The other method might be simpler though. If you did have the checking, Helen would transfer the \$85 plus whatever you give to the Mortgage Co, \$22, I think; ~~xxxxxxx~~ in other words, \$107 monthly, and then that monthly check could be written.

Yes, we will get something on the bonus, although Delos borrowed what he was allowed to, two or three years ago, so it isn't the full amount. I don't know just what he still has coming, but must ask him. I imagine Froh has some coming too and am so glad for him. Delos is ~~rather~~ sensitive on the subject, every ~~one~~ criticized the veterans so for asking for a bonus. He would never have lifted a finger to get it, but would be foolish not to take advantage of it now that it is given to them and of course he will take what he has coming. All this confidential, of course.

Darling, I must stop now and go to work. Best and dearest love to you. So many of the letters I get ask me to send messages to you. Ella for instance did not have your address. And people here like Mrs. Barnett and Betty Floyd want to be remembered to you with their sympathy and affection. You will soon be seeing Ruth Blodgett. I am so glad and want you to have Katie and Helen in to tea with her, if you feel able. I am going to write some of my friends to call on her too. She is doing (confidential) a Minneapolis society novel.

ready for
Merlan just ~~xxxxxx~~ school, looking so fat and pink and darling. I'll kiss her for you.

Congratulations to Eugene on passing into his new grade. I knew he would.

Love and kisses, dear, to you and to all.

Maud

Confidential

Lo
69
Pell



Mrs Thos. W Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

Dear Stella

The

The three novelices had a long, though peaceful debate last night. I suggested to Merian that it was high time she undressed herself, and put her clothes away, and clambered into bed without the attendance of her mother. I granted that, perhaps, she was entitled to her mother's presence after she had got into bed, long enough to soak up a story, but I insisted she was big enough to put herself to bed alone.

Merian conceded that my point was well enough taken. "But let's not start right away," she said. "Because I am not accustomed to doing so many things by myself. I think I should have more experience."

Maud joined me in arguing that no experience was needed, and Merian granted this, too. "But I really am not accustomed to doing all you speak of," she said, "so maybe we had ought to start in a couple of weeks."

I fell back on the case of Camilla Floyd. Camilla really was responsible for my original proposal. She, it appears, has been undressing herself and putting her clothes away, and even setting a glass of water beside her bed for months, and she was four only last September. I said that if Camilla could do so much a girl of more than five hardly needed to be accustomed to ~~the~~ a similar performance. I said she ought to be able to do the business cold.

"Well," said Merian, "I will if I have to. But do I have to, Mama."

Maud, the coward, said nothing but: "It's up to your daddy!"

"Do I have to, Daddy?" Merian asked me.

I, the coward, said that it was up to her. She could make the decision.

"But then there wouldn't be any 'have to' about it," said Merian. Actually she seemed disappointed.

I agreed that there would be no have to about it, whereupon Merian said that she believed she would start that night after all.

So upstairs she went.

In about three minutes she called down to say she had a button on her skirt that wouldn't come out of the button hole. Maud told her to come down stairs and have it taken out. She did, and then paddled back up. In about three more minutes she said that her shoe laces wouldn't come undone. She was pulling at the loops as hard as she could but it did no good. Maud told her to pull at the ends. In about two minutes she wanted to know where to put her clothes. Maud said 'on the clothes hamper in the bathroom.' In about two more minutes she wanted to know where to put her shoes. Maud said in the same place. In about two minutes she wanted to know whether her shirt came off. Maud answered that. In about two minutes she wanted to know whether she ought to tinkle.

In about fifteen minutes she was in bed, roaring that she had even set a glass of water on the chair alongside. This was pure lily painting for she has never wanted water at night in all her born days.

Maud went up, but Maud wasn't enough. I had to go too and admire the magnificent performance. Then Maud told a story, and so really to bed.

And now here is another story, Stella, which you might as well not read because I am sure it will be over your head. However, Katie should appreciate it and I think you had better pass it on to her.

I asked one of our gal reporters to interview Olive Fremstad, who is not grey but who once was a golden glory among the opera stars of twenty-five years ago. The interview came to my desk and in the course of it Miss Fremstad talked of the days when she was most deservedly admired. She had, she said, a valet then instead of a maid, and she had a valet because (now Katie!) she felt that only a man could fully appreciate-----the magnificence of her operatic wardrobe.

Tell this to Helen, too, and of course to Frank and Frohman.

Love to all.

Delos

rt

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, New York.



WILLIAMS BROS.

Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

Sunday Morning.

Darling Mother and All,-

Delossey is in bed typing and I am at the desk writing to you, while Helen dresses Merian and makes her ready to go out into the sunshine. The reason Delossey is in bed is that he has one of his colds. It is not bad at all but we are making a superhuman effort to keep Merian from catching it and so far, since he has been sick, they haven't been in the same room. In fact, I have her to bed before he gets home, and keep her there until he is gone in the morning; then have Helen scrub the bathroom and air it before she goes into it. The poor lamb (Delossey) must feel as though he had the pestilence, but Merian is so well (rap on wood), and both he and I want so much to keep her that way.

He came home with the cold Friday night or picked it up at the movie we went to with Sternes, Captain Blood. (Tell Genie it was terribly poor.) After it was over, however, we went out and ate hamburgers in a diner and it was fun. Saturday morning Delos stayed in bed until noon and we went over the novel again, and he helped me so much. I was so inspired that when he went to work at noon I went to my desk and wrote all afternoon. Last night we just went to bed early. The dinner with Hackneys was postponed, praise be, the roads are so treacherous, I hate to take the car out. And the Sternes were giving their postponed party, but I don't feel able yet to undertake a real dress up party and of course they didn't expect me to. Delos and I got into bed and read; I am still on The Natives Return and do adore it.

Today Helen is getting off early to go to a party. Delos's cold is so much better that after dinner he is going over to Sternes to play chess with Roy and Merian and I will listen to the Philharmonic, as we did last ~~Saturday~~ *Sunday*.

Delossey brought home last night a note from Hortense Britt wanting to know what night next week we would come in for dinner. I was awfully pleased as she and George are people I admire and like and have long wanted to get to know better. He is a feature writer for the Scripps Howard papers, I don't know whether any of his stuff is syndicated to Minneapolis papers or not but I imagine it is. He writes books too. He interviewed me, once, you remember, and we have been friends ever since; also we meet them occasionally with Stella Karn and Mary Margaret and the Irwins, whose friends they are. We are going to go in Friday night, if that suits them. There will just be the four of us.

I haven't heard from mother since I wrote last and suppose that by this time you have decided on one of the teachers you mentioned for your room. I do hope you have someone just ideal. And I suppose also that today you are with either Fosters or Fowlers. I hope your cold weather has let up somewhat. Ours is still with us.

doubt You forwarded on a letter to us from Mary Ann and Warren. No ~~xxx~~ you got one too. Mary Ann expresses herself ~~xxx~~ with great difficulty but I know that what she wrote came from her heart.

The best news I have is that since our talk Saturday

morning I am so much more enthusiastic about the book. DeLoe is so good at characters. Talking the characters over with him makes them come so alive that they nearly walk out of the pages and tomorrow morning I am going to go to work with new energy.

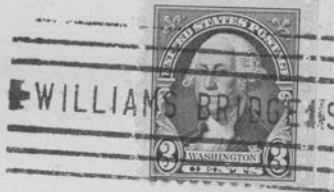
Best and dearest love to each one of you, and for mother all my thoughts and help for the new week. Each week will make things easier, darling, and each week daddy will come nearer and nearer until at last he is as close as ever. I am beginning to feel that in my own experience and am sure it will come true for you. You are taking just the right course, hardening your heart as you say (though it isn't that at all) and filling your days full, and I have no doubt your intuition about staying where you are is the right one. You just find the right person to be near you, and ~~xxen~~ soon the weather will be mild and you can be down at the lake and we will all be glad that you are in such a pleasant neighborhood.

Keep on praying for the book. I feel now that it is going to be a perfectly grand one, and when it is done and I come back, you and I will make a special trip to Fairmont together and see the lake and all the British landmarks there and meet Mrs Brown and the rest.

Love and kisses from us all.

Grand.

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, N.Y.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

Sunday.

Darling Mother,-

It is snowing, snowing, snowing. Snow falling and snow blowing. Thank goodness February is a short month and soon over. I am ready for spring.

We had a nice day yesterday: work in the morning; Delossy home at noon; and in the afternoon he and I and Merian listened to Tristan two acts of it before Merian bogged down. Then we bathed and dressed and drove out to Hackneys for dinner. A mildly pleasant time. Roger was just back from Chicago and had talked with Mary Ann and Warren on long distance telephone.

Home by midnight and slept till 9 this morning and now Delos is working and I shall perhaps after I write to you. Helen is shortening the lovely new curtains I bought yesterday; (wish you could see them), and amusing Merian at the same time.

Helen is really a treasure, mother. The way she tends furnace, cooks, washes, sews, mends, takes Merian to school and amuses Merian by the hour cutting paper dolls and what not is amazing. She doesn't talk as much as she did when you were here; I have been working hard and have her rather intimidated, I think. But she does play and romp so good with Merian. Merian seems very fond of her.

This afternoon we'll probably listen to the concert. ...we broke the luncheon date with Sternes. Then tonight we drive up to Rye to have dinner with Helen Crane Norton and her husband and I suppose the Durns (Elsie McCormick.) That ought to be pleasant if the snow will only let up. We'll go by train if it keeps up like this.

No dates for next week. We seem to have crammed everything into this week but I'll be glad to have a let-up. I don't feel tired, though, as we have been sleeping morning.

I told you we couldn't get our **R**ing cycle; the subscriptions had closed. We think now that we will go instead to one opera, one symphony concert and one recital. And next year get the Ring. The subscription seats are cheap but when you buy tickets for the individual operas, as we should have to do now you pay regular opera prices, which of course are awfully high.

I wonder what my darling mudder is doing today. I had two such nice letters from you last week. I keep track of our excessively cold and snowy weather through the newspapers, and am glad you are in an apartment and keeping cosy. Best and dearest love to you, and to Fosters and Fowlers and good luck for the new week. Wish us luck on it, too. As ever, your

Maud.

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, N.Y.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA?

Wednesday Afternoon,
At home.

Darlings All,-

I've missed sending letters for a day or two, having been very deep in work. I'm writing afternoons as well as mornings, for a reason which will follow immediately. I told you - DeLoe told us - that Helen had quarreled with Eddie at Christmastime. She still goes out with him, but half heartedly, and he is drinking again. A week or so ago she got the idea of writing to a former sweetheart, banished because of her preference for Eddie) who doesn't drink or smoke (so she probably says) and who is now foreman in some mine in Pennsylvania. Of course, with my romantic nature, I was all for it, and urged her on. He wrote back and wanted her to come to Pennsylvania and marry him! She wrote back to him that she wouldn't leave me until my book was done, but would come out in May or June and marry him. I am delighted to have her get married to a man who will make her a good husband and I won't put a stone in her way; the idea that she wants to stay with me until I finish the book is entirely her own; but of course I am going to have to grind if I get the book done by June or anywhere near it. So from now on I am in a fine frenzy.

To tell you our news I realize that I have to go back to Sunday night and the Nortons party. The snow stopped snowing and we drove up about 7 and the Dunns were there and we had a very pleasant time. I really like Helen Crane Norton. We were great friends in college, and could be again. In the evening some other friends of theirs came in, the Sidney Homers. He is son of the composer and of Mme. Louise Homer, a typical musician and sweet. I enjoyed meeting them; his wife is small dark and vivacious.

Monday and Tuesday I've been writing, playing with Merian at intervals. She gets sweeter and sweeter all the time, so now I could just eat her up. She is so well and pink cheeked and fat and full of life. And yesterday, (so Miss Davis sends word to me by Helen) she told the class a story. She also told me one last night. You remember the fairytale of Thumbelisa? Well, Merian objects to the ending and is writing a sequel. She told it to me as follows:

"When Thumbelisa was marrying the prince she had an awful feeling; she felt nervous. And after she was married to him she wished she had married the bird. The bird got a robin to come and live with him but he missed Thumbelisa and felt terrible. At last he couldn't stand it any longer and he sent the robin to tell Thumbelisa that he couldn't stand it any longer, so Thumbelisa left the prince and went to find her bird. But she didn't know the right road, and it was winter; and she lost her way. She went into a thicket and there she found a tree that had been cut down, lying on the ground, and she lifted it up and leaned it against the sky and climbed up to the sky and there her bird was waiting for her and she climbed on his back and flew away". Now wasn't that a pretty good and a very modern story? I asked her what became of the prince but she was evasive. She said only, "Oh that prince wasn't as charming as you think!"

Yesterday afternoon E did get out late and run over to Emmas for a cup of tea. They have completed the business of buying their land in Connecticut, just across the road from the

land they almost bought and didnt. She was showing me a map of it and their plans. They are hoping to start building this fall. They are going to have an orchard, a flower garden and a kitchen garden, and a tennis court, and there is a natural grove of white birch trees on their land and a little stream!

Delos is still on his late schedule which we are enjoying but the Sun is a very blue place. In the first place Mrs Bartnett is in bed, has a trained nurse ~~in charge~~ and a complete nervous breakdown. Poor Bart does have so much to bear! And Dan Anderson, the boy who sits in for Delos when we go on vacations, (I know you have heard us mention him,) just lost his wife. They have a little girl Merian's age and a second baby was born last Friday. Jean the wife, (a dear little person - I knew her) developed pneumonia and died Sunday. When you think that both Mr Still and Mr Oliver lost grown children this winter, you can imagine how happy a place the city desk of the Sun is!

To change to more cheerful news, I am reading North to the Orient now. Isnt it just charming. And isnt Anns Lindberg a feminine person? She isnt at all as I had imagined her.

I am enclosing a note I had this morning from Pauline. I have had one this week from ~~xxxxxxx~~ Pat Ahlers also and she sends her love to you, mother. I havent heard from either Bick or Midge but was glad to hear that you had, as I had been almost hurt by not hearing. You might send their letters on to me, if you will.

I had such a lovely long letter from you, mother. I am glad that you are beginning to entertain people a little, and glad that you began with the Fowlers who have been so lovely to us. I did so appreciate Mr Fowler coming to the train when I left and have been meaning to write to them but now that I am so hard at work I dont know when I ever will. I am sorry the luncheon with Mrs Marugg ended disastrously and know just how hard it is to start going out. Also I know from my own experience that one cant be sure just when the whole thing will overwhelm one, sometimes at the most unexpected time. But you are right to start going out to your close and dear friends, and I know it will get easier all the time.

I am so happy too mother whenever I think of our lovely trip last summer. And I have such complete notes on it! When I read them over I can bring back the feeling of the days and the places we saw and people we met. You or Merrill playing the organ in Grandpa Hart's little church while Meria and I waited out in the sunshine, and Merian playing on Grandpa Palmer's grave, and the grand dinner we had in that awful little hotel in Winnebago. I am writing about Winnebago now and wish I could visualize the depot. I dont remember it at all nor where it was located.

I am so sorry Jack is sick. Give him and Bee our love, if you should see them. We had such a pleasant time at their house when we were in Minnesota. I am fond of them both.

I didnt know Mr Dinsmore but was shocked at the coincidence of his dying so soon after she had written the lovely understanding letter to you.

Delos and I have been in bed by nine o'clock for two nights running, so tonight she is going to try to get tickets to

someplay in town. I wont go in to dinner, though, but will join him there at 8 o'clock or so, Emma and Roy want us to go to Rhinegold Saturday night, and we may. Delos is trying to get the Ring subscription seats through the Sun.

Best and dearest love to you all. My letters probably wont be very long now for the next three months as I simply must finish the book, if it is humanly possible, while I still have Helen. After the book is done I wont mind losing her, as she isnt the ideal person for us by any means, but she is so strong and willing and so good with Merian that she is just the one for a time like this. The book is going well and my working conditions are perfect. Rap on wood.

Love and hugs and kisses, and mudder keep busy and as happy as she can. I am interested in your hunt to find the right person for your room. Hope she turns up. Love to Fowlers and Fosters, too, and keep on praying for the book.

As ever, your

Maud.

I send you a small valentine package - red incense - but hope it reaches you safely. Also Emma's book back to Helen. Reed - did Frank get the Struven stack all night.

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, N.Y.



WILLIAMS BRIDGE S



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

69 Highbrook,
Pelham,
Monday - the seventeenth.

Darling Mother,-

A little letter from you today and I am so glad that you were planning to go with Ethel Simmons out to Dr Bryn Jones' lecture. How thoughtful of Ethel Simmons to plan it as she did! I want to hear now that you went and enjoyed it.

I am so glad that Rosemond is getting the teaching work and that she has Bor child. She is a born teacher, such a splendid one; it seems just too bad for her to give it up.

I had a letter from Katie ~~xxxxxx~~ too enclosing an essay by Eugene which is perfectly delightful. I think he shows decided talent for writing. Merian is just enchanted with it. I have read it to her six times by the clock and can see that I will continue doing so. A reference to Bobbie in Katie's letter makes me wonder if something has happened to him. If so, what?

I wrote you Sunday morning, didn't I? In the afternoon all the Sternescame over and listened to the concert with us. Helen offered to take Merian for a walk but she waaid she "wanted to hear the symphony" and she sat and drew all through it, as quiet and good as gold. We all had tea after it was over. Do you ever listen to these Philharmonic concerts, or cant you stand music yet? They seem to do me good.

About six the Sternes left and we dressed and went up to Dunes in almost the worst weather of the winter, a rain that froze as it fell. Delos was half an hour getting the car out of the garage and never did get it back in. They live in Ege in a picturesque little house. I have told you about that I know. She was Elsie McCormick who took over Heywood Brown's column on the old World. He came from Minneapolis, went to West High. The other guests were the Burton Rascoes. He is so distinguished that you probably know his name. A columnist and author of several books, an editor of Doubleday Doran and add of the Literary Guild. We had met him before, but just at teas. Were glad of a chance to get acquainted. His wife in a red velvet dinner gown looked charming but was commonplace. He is not particularly likeable but is sincere and interesting, has a very quick mind and is interested in everything. He throws great names about at a thrilling rate having just had dinner with Ellen Glasgow if not with James Branch Cabell and of course he first names everyone. They live in Larchmont, not far from us. It was a pleasant evening and I thought Rascoe seemed impressed by Delos as who wouldnt be. He is so charming and always such a perfect guest. I think he is always the hostess's delight.

This morning back to the book, and I had a grand morning. I am so happy about the way it is sailing along. I had a lovely long letter from Judge Haycraft of Fairmont full of things I wanted to know about old times and also with sad news of my dear

Mrs Brown who has just undergone a major operation in a Chicago hospital. I wrote to her at once; I do so appreciate her kindness to me last summer. Judge Haycraft sent me Howard's address and I am going to have him out to dinner almost immediately. I think I will have Eileen Greelman with him, she being very dazzling. I believe he was in college with Helen; wasn't he? I will be so glad to be in contact with a Martin County person.

You just cant imagine, mother, how daddy is tied up with my book. He seems to be southern Minnesota to me, or southern Minnesota seems to be him. It is painful and happy at once. I miss him constantly in connection with the book; there are so many questions I want to ask him. Some of those questions I took to Judge Haycraft, and I know there are other people who could answer them. But no one knows quite so much about everything as daddy did.

Some of my questions about early railroads, I am going to put to your Mr Kenney. Delos said I should try the C M road, with which the story deals, and I thought at once of him. Will you tell me his initials and address and also whether you think it would be all right for me to write him?

I have a darned old book to review for Grey and must stop writing and get to reading it. Merian is playing out in the slush. We just had two tons of coal delivered; it simply melts away in this weather.

So much love to you, mother darling, and to you all, and thanks for the letters. Write to me often and keep on pulling for the book. You're helping.

Love and kisses.

Howard.

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook Avenue,
Pelham, New York.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

Sunday Morning.

Darling Mother, -

Delos and Merlan are out snowshoveling. We have had the most terrific snow. It is ~~xxxx~~ melting now but according to the newspapers more cold weather is on the way. We read lots in the paper about your cold and snow. I am so thankful you are in the apartment, and hope that the fuel shortage hasn't affected any of you.

We had an amusing time yesterday about our Rheingold. Roy and Emma stayed in town the night before at a hotel, because of having gone to a dance, so we couldn't get in touch with them, and they thought we had given up going ^{to the opera} because we couldn't get seats and would have to stand but we had decided that standing would be fun. When Emma got home and heard our plans she wanted to go too, although she has heard Rheingold once this year, and she began trying to get hold of Roy. She had him paged on every train coming out to Pelham all afternoon (she wanted to tell him not ~~to~~ come but to stay in town and meet us.) She didn't reach him, however. I went into town on the 4.01 and tried to reach him also but couldn't, so ~~now~~ we had ~~xxxx~~ to go alone. We tried to find a very Bohemian restaurant and did, ate on a red tablecloth with people we were sure were members of the chorus and orchestra. But when we got across ~~to~~ the Met the line of standees was a block and a half long. It was the nicest looking and the nicest crowd; we found one of our friends (from Miss Jessie's crowd.) We stood for half an hour outside, then got in and stood half an hour more waiting for the curtain to rise. I had heard all these tales about how people who stood at operas never stood at all but found a cozy place to sit. That was not the case with us, as we were packed in like sardines and I was afraid every minute I would faint. We stayed just through the first scene, but at least I once more saw the Rhinemaidens (Fleischer

The portliest one) swimming about in the Paine. We bogged down then and came home. Delos bogged first but I was glad to go, having the most terrific backache.

This morning we laid abed and had breakfast in bed and now, as I say, D and M are out snow shoveling. I hope Delos can get the driveway shoveled for we are asked up to the Dunns in Rye for supper.

Then Monday morning I will get back in the book. For the first time since Merian was born I have achieved that semi dreamlike state in which I write best. (Ran on wood.) It is going just marvellously and tonight ends our engagements except for the casual ones of playin bridge with the Sterns who leave next week for Alabama. They had hoped to go also to Bermuda, but I believe that has fallen through.

No letter telling your plans for Sunday but I am sure you will be with one or another branch of the family. Or they with you. I wish Delossy and I were there too (and Merian.)

I told you of all Merians valentines. Yesterday a red satin heart filled with candy came from Mrs Dunphy who is in Florida.

Best and dearest love to you all. Have a good week and write to me often. Delos and Merian would send their love too if they weren't now too far away.

I am enclosing Pauline's letter about daddy. You dont need to return it as it is answered.

Your

Mary

5 East 27th St
nyc

Darling Maudie:-

yesterday

through Nanmine I heard
the sad news of your
father's passing. I have
no words darling - there
are none, but my heart
bleeds for you and for
your mother. I know that
for you all it must
seem desolate
I think of you

fatter as so vital, and
so entirely sweet. I can
still see his pride in his
wife on that two year's
long we spent together. He
was a rare soul, and it
must be comforting Maud
to realize that his life, - just
through the force of his
sweetness, - compelled
love. I think that is so
wonderful! My own Daddy
had that quality too.

And darling we do
know that love never
dies.

George joins me in love
and sympathy

Devotedly

Fannie

Feb 11, 1936

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook Avenue,
Pelham, N.Y.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

apple —

ginger bread ~~1000~~

kidney be ~~1000~~

coffee

beef ✓

fantanus —

muscle whip —

oranges

Li 3357

Saturday/

Darlings,-

The noon whistles are blowing and I will stop work and write a letter to you to take out to mail when I go for the marketing. It is easy to stop today, as it is positively springlike. Just divine. And will be so good to get out. Mertan is well again. She was out loose yesterday and again today.

I dont believe I wrote you yesterday. Thursday we had Roy and Emma over to dinner. We had a most festive dinner and a good time. Sherry with canapes in the living room; then grape-fruit, baked chicken with dressing and gravy, peas, shredded raw carrots, rolls and jam and white wine, then lemon pie and coffee. They are leaving next week for Charleston for a trip and then go to Alabama, their old home, for a visit.

Friday, yesterday, I woke with one of my beastly headaches and stayed in bed all day trying first hot water and then cold water and then goodness knows what. At last it eased up a little bit. I was due in at Margaret Widdener's tea, and made that; it was a perfect crush but we met people we knew and had a good time. Met Trell Yocum's wife who wanted us to dinner tonight and we weak mindedly accepted. I say weakminded as we had planned to work on the book together over this weekend, but that plan was a little shot anyway, as Delos has to do the Parton column again. The Will Irwin was there, and Thyra Samter Winslow and Jeanette Vreeland and Cecil Arden and Maxwell Aley's wife, (among the people we knew.) And Miss Widdener who moves out to Larchmont the first of May is coming down to see us, and wants to meet Susan. She adores every kind of fortune telling and remembers my tales of Susan from last summer.

When we got home last night, ^{we} found mother's letter and ² was so glad to get it. Had received Helen's card and knew mother was better. I am so glad about the news of Katie taking a studio again. That's so sensible. I can't believe a class went from, if she has a studio and a place to receive people in a professional atmosphere. She is such a good teacher, and so well known. Darling, why dont you send those good looking folders to the list of your opera chorus? They all knew you so well and liked you so much. I do think that your best chance of making good money lies right here in your own field and hope you will go after it hammer and tongs.

So interested too and so thrilled in mother's plans and in Fowlers. In the first place about going to unells. I would be very happy, mother, if you decided that that was what you wanted to do. you would be so much better off, near the bus line, which means also being near nattie, Helen and your friends. and you would be relieved of the necessity of keeping a roomer, and I know that's going to be a nuisance. You wouldnt be taking that icy walk all next winter, and you would be comfortable in that apartment, I am sure. I think that your plan of renting your present apartment for the summer is a splendid one. I'd start advertising right away. And dont worry about ~~xxxxxx~~ extra things. Sell what you dont want, to buy the extra things you will want, such as a corner cupboard and perhaps an extra folding bed. And what you dont want to sell, store either in Helen's attic or at

it away with us to finish.

If you rent your apartment this plan wont cost you anything. For your May rental would pay your railroad fare here. And I do reiterate, mother, that I think the plan is an awfully good one because of your avoiding the trip east. Helen and Frank will probably want to make time on that trip, since the country isnt particularly interesting, and they will probably come by way of Washington which you have seen anyway. You could come by train and just reserve your strength for New England which you are going to simply adore. Cape Cod is absolutely the sweetest place. You must stay a day or so in Provincetown. And look at the map to see if you plan to go near either Northampton, Mass. or Mt Mansfield, ~~xxxxxxx~~ Vermont. Snow Farm and Jeslin farm respectively are located near those places and are so grand with such good food. It is going to be so lovely for Dale and we will be so glad to see him. Barbara Sterne is about his age and perhaps we can ~~all~~ get together for a picnic or bat with Sternes. Delos can arrange that trip over the big ship, I know. We will all go, perhaps, as I would adore it; wouldn't you? With a maid not in the house we can put you all up, and will have such fun. You cant imagine how I'm counting on it. Only wish the Fosters would be here too.

And I want to reiterate again that I am all for your renting your apartment the first of May and coming here for the month of May and taking that lovely trip with Fowlers and visiting and boarding at the Crow until fall when you settle yourself permanently in that practical apartment at Duncells. It is the best plan you have worked out, mother. That apartment is just the right size, rent low enough so you wont need to keep a roomer, and that means will be the footloose. Also it would be so easy to rent when you wanted to travel or board for a while.

I simply must stop; heavens, how I write on and on. And dont tell you half the cute things my child says, or about the book. I am amazed too at the way that is going and so thankful. Helen was certainly divinely sent and everything is working together for the book's good ends.

I was so glad to get your nice letter, mother; ~~and~~ I was worried while you were sick, in spite of Helen's reassuring letter and cards. You must keep well and just as happy as you can. I think you are so brave. You are certainly showing what you have in you and setting an example of courage to us all.

Dearest love from us all to all of you. Delos is so busy with that Parton column, he just cant write, but loved your letter and will write again when that slacks up a bit.

Hugs and kisses.

Mama!
Ora, will enclose what cost
you in stamps in this
letter or an early one!

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook Avenue,
Pelham, New York.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

A card from Emma says Charleston is almost as nice as Bermuda (which is her idea of heaven!) We must all go there for a jaunt some spring. April is the ideal time.

Tuesday Morning.

Darlings All,-

It is a sunshiny lovely morning (after two days of fog) and Helen has just taken Merian out for her first walk. I am so glad to have the little tunky out doors again. She is looking pale. But ~~xxx~~ keeps as chunky as ever, at least, and keeps on growing taller.

I had a pretty good morning's work on the book, both yesterday and today. And that puts me into a good mood. Tomorrow I think I'll go to the library to work and might possibly go to see Helen Hayes in Victoria Regina in the evening. I want very much to see it, as the costumes and settings would help me...its my period. But its such a hit that there are no free seats, and whether to spend the money or not is a question.

A good morning 's work yesterday; then I spent the afternoon with Merian while Helen washed. It was so foggy all day we could hardly see across the street. Merian up when Delossy came home and after we put her down, he and I took a walk in the fog and brought home Duranty's "I write as I please" from the circulating library.

Today another good morning, now I must go out to market and this afternoon will take Merian incharge again while Helen irons. Nothing on for tonight but making out our income tax and I suppose Delossy will work on the book.

A letter from mother yesterday, written from the bank. It was short, but I was so glad to get it. I am thinking about Katie today, interviewing Ste Helene. And pulling for her. Delos said last night, "If she gets that job, she'll be set for life, for the nuns will all fall in love with her and never part with her."

I ~~keep~~ keep thinking about mother moving into the new

apartment; I am just dying to see a plan of it. Is the address the same as it used to be 2400 Dupont Avenue, south? Be sure to tell me. I know you will make it so charming and homelike, mother, and keep hoping that you will like it well enough so that you wont move downstairs, for I know this side is so sunny and pleasant. Did the stairs seem bad to you?

I do hope you and Helen were able to change the mortgage. If you cant do it, what would you think of putting 905 on the market? Are houses selling at any where near their value in Minnesota? Its such a good little house, it seems too bad to sacrifice it, but maybe real estate is picking up this spring.

I talked with Mrs Barnett on the telephone. She is still confined to her room- nervous prostration. Its awfully hard on him; he's working so hard and is so blue. Buster, her son by her first marriage, and his wife have a baby, Carol Ann, whom they say is perfectly beautiful and looks like Mrs Barnett. She is a young looking grandmother, isnt she!

K Kingsbury called me to ask me to a luncheon meeting of Westchester Gamma Phis. Nothing doing, though.

I am anxious to hear what Haynes says about Genie. Hope he can soon put him in fine shape.

Theres no news to put in a letter but I ll send this along anyhow. I feel happier and better, Merian being out and the book picking up, I suppose. The sunshine helps too. Write to me often. I think one reason I got so low last week was that I didnt hear. But it wasnt at all your fault. You wrote me a lovely long letter only the ~~w~~ong Mrs Lovelace got it.

Best and dearest love to you all. So grand that I'll be seeing you soon. Love, hugs and kisses.

part 17

o o and

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, New York.



Mrs Thos. W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.

Tuesday Morning.

Darling Mother and All,-

*after the
war*
Everybody is so kind to me that I ought to write a good book. Yesterday came the American Express with a copy of the 1874 Minnesota Atlas from Judge Haycraft. It's almost priceless. Howard told me about it when Rex was here; I had never turned it up at the library. The next day I went down and found it and spent a whole afternoon with it and simply longed to have it at hand while writing. It seems Howard wrote Judge Haycraft and said he wished I had it, and here it is!

Also yesterday I had a note from Sister ^{her} Ste Helene about Sister Maris Stella who is bringing a book of poems to New York. Katie knows about it. The flower show is on this week and so lovely and Delos is ~~xxx~~ sending the two sisters tickets, sending them to their hotel by special messenger today. ^{sent} that nice?

I had an excellent mornings work yesterday. What Delos wrote over the weekend was so good. We make a good team, and ought to be living in California free lancing (or in our own house at the lake.) In the afternoon I took Merian out shopping and for a haircut. In the eveing Delos and I drove up to call on Bartnette. Mrs B is dressed part of each day now and going out for rides and so on. We played a little bridge and had a pleasant evening.

I cant seem to remember writing to you yesterday and yet I know I did. Did I tell you about Floyds coming over Saturday evening, and what a lovely time we had? And that on Sunday we drove up to the Bridges in Pleasantville and saw the birds at their bird feeding station and heard a song sparrow and had a lovely time?

Winter is gone here; the snow is gone completely, the tips of tulips and daffodils are up, snowdrops in bloom and robins back. And that's that.

We were both so pleased with Franks' letter yesterday telling us that the house was rented, and with all his plans for painting and everything. We will be writing him, but meanwhile if you see him, give him our thanks and love.

I had a card from mother too and awfully glad to get it but I would like more, I want to have a plan of your apartment and hear every bit of your news.

I'm glad Katie's interview with Ste Helene went off nicely. I am sure they loved her and that the application will bear fruit some day. And I'm so sorry Helen isn't just as well as she should be. She must take care of herself; I wish she would put in a garden, get her hands into the earth and work out of doors in the sun.

Merian is well and back in school and this afternoon she and I and Del's are going to the Flower Show in the Grand Central Palace, New York. It is always so lovely, and we all adore it so. Merian is almost beside herself with joy and I am trying to keep her quieted down. The Flower Show means spring to New Yorkers, as Katie will remember, and are we glad to see it!

Oh I am so glad to see it for all your sakes too. Mother darling, I know how lonesome you get. We all are going through a bad, hard, difficult time, but none of us a fraction so much as you. We can only ask for courage to bear it. Time will make us all happier and bring daddy close to us again. And the spring will help, getting out of doors. And getting into the new apartment will help you. I am so glad you have decided on that move.

Best love and hugs all around and thanks again to

Frank, Excuse the crumpled paper. Maud.

Lovelace,
69 Highbrook,
Pelham, New York



1936

Mrs Thos W. Hart,
2315 Irving Avenue, S.,
Minneapolis,
MINNESOTA.



or sooner!

Wednesday.

Darlings All,-

I am in clover today with a Special from Katie this morning and a Special from mother this afternoon. If one from Helen arrives this ~~morning~~ *evening*, I will be in clover.

I am anyhow in a very good mood having had a fine morning on the book. It does march along in fine style most of the time, and ~~is~~ good, I think.

Katie dear, you ~~heard~~ know from my yesterday's letter that I heard from Sister Ste Helene. We rushed flower show tickets right off to Stella Maris. I havent heard from her yet; as soon as I do I will write Sister Ste Helene and will tell her all that you suggest. This makes a perfect opening for me. I will certainly call on the sisters; I told them so in my note.

Merian and I went into the flower show yesterday. It was lovely, and I was amused by the beatific faces of the New Yorkers as they went about sniffing. Delos joined us there at 5 and we took Merian to dinner with us at the Kirby Allen. Saw Nell Kirby who asked after Katie. She and Bert hadnt heard about daddy. Merian was as good as gold, although so tired she couldnt hold her eyes open. On the way home in the car she was carsick, I expect. we had it shut up too tight fearing that she would take cold. Anyhow she ~~frewed~~ threw up her dinner on her winter coat as a consequence of which she ~~is~~ staying home today and will be tomorrow, while it is drycleaned. She is as happy as a clam though. *and no trace of return of her cold.*

She has been in school all week and on Monday she told us she had read out loud to the children. She cant read really but has her books all memorized as you know. This was some book she knew and she sat up on the piano stool and read it to the class. It must have been pretty cute for on Tuesday the report was that Miss Davis had had her do it again for the principal who had come into the class. Meriah told us very casually and thought nothing of it, but of course we were pleased.

This morning the book whizzed along. About noon "ale telephoned. She is in town and is coming out to dinner tomorrow night. I am glad for I like her, as you know. She said she would be around for several weeks.

We will be working on the book over the weekend, perhaps taking a picnic out to Helms on Sunday if the weather is pleasant but today it is pouring rain.

So sorry to hear from mother's letter that "elen was down with a cold, but I gather from Katie that she was up and out by Monday. Hope she is all well now. How lovely that mother could be there and take care of her. I was so interested, mother, in everything you had to ~~xx~~ tell me and suppose you are going tomorrow to the Mankato Club. I am so glad you are making the effort to go out places, so proud of you for doing so. No, you hadnt told me about Haynes' party, but that was nice.

Did I tell you that Helen's man telephoned and wanted her to come and be married Easter Sunday as his cousin who is a priest was to be there? Helen is rather low about the whole affair but I encourage her to go; I am so afraid she will marry this drunkard here in Mt Vernon (Eddie); the other man has a good job, a home, and she was engaged to him for years, before her mother died. She has just about decided to go and Delos says, if she does, we will take our vacation the three weeks following Easter, get into the car, take the book and drive south. Then we would get back the first of May and if mother is coming (you have never told me, dear, whether that would fit in with Fowlers plans) we would get a local sleep-out maid through the duration of your and Fowlers visit. It would really work out all right, as regards our vacation, wouldn't it? And we would be back the first of May to greet you.

Now of course this terrible flood news from Pennsylvania makes Helen rather unsettled. But I will let you know developments as they develop.

Mother darling, I am glad you haven't gone out to Lakewood in all the cold and snowy weather. I shouldn't even think of doing so. You know, this spring we are all planning to plant something beautiful there and it may be that in the summer it will be a help to you to go. But not now.

I know so well what low moments you must have. We have all of us learned what sorrow is this winter, and our loss is so much much harder on you than on any of us. But as you say "this too will pass." And daddy will come close to us again, and you will get back your joy in living. I know your move to Dunnells is the right one, and think you will be much happier and better off there. And daddy will be just as close or closer than in the other place which must have been associated with his sickness and all our unhappiness there this winter.

Helen dear, you take care of yourself. And Helen and Genie and mother must all watch their colds. And remember that SPRING IS ALMOST HERE.

Thank you, mother and Katie for your letters. And we will be writing Frank very shortly, are so glad he and Dale are already painting the house.

I must fly now...it has got to be tomorrow...and I want to get my writing done before Gale comes.

Best love, hugs and kisses. Mother should write to me oftener. I want a diagram of that apartment and the address.

Your

Maud.

you would do better on a trade than an actual sale; wouldn't you? Dearest love and have a happy week...your Maud. *Maud.*

MRS. DELOS W. LOVELACE

69 Highbrook Avenue

Pelham, New York

March 20, 1936.

~~Mother~~ Mother darling, -

Such a lovely springlike day, the robins are back and crocuses in bloom! I hope you are having it warmer there too.

Your card came yesterday afternoon; and dont worry about writing blue letters. You are the bravest person I ever knew and certainly entitled to lean on your daughters when you need to. I hope dear that with the moving and settling to take your mind off things you will be happier. But when the blue days come you just write about yourself as much as you want to.

Gale was out yesterday. She came on the New Haven about five o'clock, bringing Merian a book of childrens songs, beautifully illustrated. Merian wore one of her new dresses for the occasion and looked darling. Gale is so good looking and so interesting and so much a woman of the world. I like her a lot. She still has the idea of getting a job in New York and staying on here, and I hope can find something. She is staying at your Bar-bizon Plaza.

I had a good day of writing today, and after I finished I wrote letters to Sister Ste Helene, Maris Stella (who had written thanking us for the flower show tickets),

Martha Ostenso and a number of other people I owed notes to. Now I am taking Merian over to New Rochelle for the second of her cold inoculations. This evening Delos is planning to take me out to a movie, and then, as I told you, we are going to have a quiet ~~xxxxxxx~~ weekend with the book, probably taking a picnic out to Helms on Sunday.

The Andrewses from Mankato are in town and we are invited to a musicale at Mme Parkers in their honor Monday night. I think I'll go into New York to call on the nuns that afternoon and we'll stay in to dinner.

Tuesday night we ~~are~~ having Cy out, as I think I told you.

We are planning quite definitely on leaving April tenth for our vacation. The only thing which might upset the plan is that Helen hasnt heard from her fiance since the flood which was right around in his vicinity. If his plans are upset by that, he may want to stay on with us longer. She is awfully worried, not getting any letters, and he has always been so good about writing, two letters some days, special and air mail. I hope nothing has happened to him.

By the way, mother, she says she promised you a picture of herself for Christmas, and she has it here for you. A kodak picture enlarged, tinted and framed. It is ELEGANT. I told her you were coming here and that I was saving the picture for you, so you might, in writing, ~~xxxxxxx~~ say something which I could read aloud to her, thanking her for the picture.

Anxious to hear, dear, how the appraisal of your things comes out. I imagine

The



hoylaer
Sun

250 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Mrs. T. W. Hart
2400 Aldrich Ave. S.
Minneapolis
Minn.

The Sun

280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: WORTH 2-2323

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Dear Mother;

Maud decided this morning that you are to have a better bed when you come again. She is going to buy a single, full-size maple bed and springs and mattress and put it up in Merian's room. While you are with us you will be spared the bumps and hollows of the thing you used last Spring, and when Merian grows too big for her present half-portion piece of furniture the new will be waiting for her.

I think all of us grow more lonely as we grow older, even though we have suffered no loss of someone we love. It is the young who find most joy in life. The lucky oldsters are the ones who are able to see a continuing circle of affection around them, as you can see it when you look at Kathleen, and Maud and Helen, and all your sons-in-law.

Keeping busy helps keep the mind off sadness, too, though I have ^{had} ~~so~~ much experience with melancholy that I know how hard it is to drive one's self at such a time. The ordinary occupations do seem pretty trivial. But just the same the effort must be made. The alternative is an impossible one. That is to give up.

There is some comfort, too, in the fact--and it is a real fact--that anyone who tries comes out better than anyone who gives up. I think the Lord loves a fighter. That, I suppose, is another version of the old 'The Lord Helps those who help themselves.' I believe it. I know he never gives me much of a hand when I allow myself to become frightened and discouraged. But when I fight back against such moods the victory I win does not come all through myself.

I think, also, that it is right and proper to remember that Time helps. You won't, I know, get any immediate relief from grief by reflecting that a time is coming when the ache will be less deeply seated; but maybe the thought will help you bear the ache with greater fortitude.

And I will add this. Dad Hart would want you to fight. It would make him proud, I think, to feel that while he was here he helped you build a foundation on which you were able to stand bravely alone after he went, and he would not, I am sure, be proud to discover that he hadn't.

I do not, however, think that you would be shirking your share of the fight if you leaned on your children, all six--no, eight, of them.. That, it seems to me, is what children are for. Goodness knows they leaned on you and Dad long enough, ~~and~~

To be quite practical, let me remind you of the new airplane rates just announced. You can fly from Chicago to New York in about three hours for about \$39. And of course the same pro rata figure holds for Chicago to Minneapolis. However it isn't as expensive as that. If you buy a round trip ticket, you get ten per cent off. And if you buy scrip you get a fifteen per cent reduction. Thus the entire cost of a plane journey from Minneapolis to New York is no more than railroad fare, and you can leave in the morning, on the 8 o'clock plane from Minneapolis and be in Pelham the same day for dinner.

Merian eats with us almost all the time now, and we have had all our maple dining room chairs re-glued so that the four of us will be able to make a fairly safely seated quartet. This is more than we would have made last week, for every chair we had wobbled like a log in the water and was no more reliable.

Merian is sick with another cold. She got over one only last Thursday, and we had hoped to keep her well for a long time, but Monday she went under again after coming home from School, and she has been in bed ever since. I think that Maud was hoping to get her up for a dancing class this afternoon, but whether or not that has been done I don't know. This is being written at the office, in the afternoon of Wednesday. I help up writing because I expected an answer to the telegram that I sent you on Monday. I still expect an answer, or you, but I shan't wait any longer before writing.

The book, as I told you before, is darned near done. We are into the final chapters. Some six or eight are still unwritten, but we have talked them all over and the writing is not the hardest part. It will be entirely out of the way within two weeks, and anything that we do thereafter will be piecemeal work and pleasant.

This goes to you with my love, and Maud's and Merian's. Merian has drawn a book which, I believe, Maud is sending you shortly the bound volume. The appended 'x's' are kisses from Merian.

x

x

x

x

x

x

Your son
Delos