



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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## Monkey-Shines? Mankatonion.

Yes I am Mankatonion. Having lived for fourteen years here in Mankato, Minnesota. What else could I be called? Fourteen years is the sum-total of my existence upon earth. And I am just entering the Highschool as a freshman.

My name is Maude Palmer Hart. Not a high and mighty, flighty, dime-novelish name, but an unpretentious, sober, sort of name. Am I not right? Maude Palmer Hart.

My father is at present holding the much-sought after, \$4000 a year, position of County Treasurer. While mother, Kath, Helen, and I keep house for him at our home, 428 S. Fifth St.

Kath is a year or so older than I am. A slim, dark-haired girl, enrolled as a junior in the records of the Mankato High. Helen, having reached the age of eight, is still in the grades.

For further convenience I record these items. My chums are - Marion Willard, Constance Davis, Eleanor Johnston, Mildred Oleson, Frances Kenney, and Marjory Gerlach. And I

among the boys. Helmus and Rupert Andrews, James Baxter, and Tom Fox.

Be it also understood I am of a literary turn of mind having published a volume of poems and several stories.

## Monkey Shines of a Mankatonian.

Just a few lines to open the record of my sophomore year. Isn't it a little mysterious to begin a new journal, like this? I can run my fingers thru the fresh, clean, pages, which I am going to write upon. But I cannot tell what the writing will be! It is almost as if I were ushered into the winding hall of fate, but next day's destiny was just hidden behind a turning and I could not reach it until the day was over. This is a very stupid simile, but who cares?

It is a year since I began my "Comedy of Errors", but a great deal of happiness has been crammed into it. However I am not going to review what is past, but I'm going to turn over a new leaf, both mentally and physically.

As you like it.

I remember when I started my diary last year, I really could see no pleasure or jollity in sight, and I hardly thought it worth while to start a diary which promised to turn out so commonplace. But it proved to be one of the happiest years I have ever had - chuck, crammed full of fun and experiences. Nor do I, as I look ahead now, see any particular excitement in view, nor am I in a jolly crowd, but only wavering undecidedly between two of them; however if my junior year shall be, "As I like it," it will be the best of any three. I am quite young ladyfied now, with long skirts and hair up on a "Jimmie". And I ~~am~~ go with Kath and her crowd all the time. But I'm not a bit too aged for monkeyshines and I hope this will be overflowing with them.