



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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The Round Dance. 4 couples.

All join hands and circle to the left.

First couple right.

First couple left.

All promenade.

Sashay by.

Swing your pardner.

Honor your pardner.

Sashay back.

Put on style.

Change your pardner.

Promenade with the gal before you.

Swing the gal behind you.

THE FAIR FANNIE MOORE

Go down to yonder cottage all deserted
and alone.
The paths are neglected--with vines
overgrown.
Look in at the window, there are
spots on the floor.
Alas tis the blood of the fair Fannie
Moore.

Suppose she were a sister of your own
What would you do.
Suppose ~~xxxx~~ that she were willing
to atone.
Just ask your self the question--

--X-

Twas a picture from life's other side.

--X--

In one week more the season closed
And they were going back.

Oh spare me! Oh, spare me! Young Fanny did cry
Oh " " " " " " I'm not fit to die.
But go! he said, Go! To the land of sweet rest
And he buried his knife in her snowy white breast

Young Fanny all blooming in beauty she died.
Young Randall, all bloodstained, for murder was tried.
He was hanged upon a tree close beside the cottage door
For ending the life of the fair fanny moore.

(This has been used in part in EAST WIND and
is to be used in full when that story has
book publication--if.)

CHARACTER!

Old Edward Q R Marsh, who lived on the edge of Mankato in a wee white house and every morning wound his old fashioned muffler about his neck and went for the morning mail into the city. He protested when the mail delivery service was extended to his street because it robbed him of of his morning exercise and labor.

CHARACTER!

The husband I could see in the apartment facing my writing room on Girard street, Minneapolis, who cleaned in pants and undershirt while his wife sat and read Snappy Stories. He was as good as any woman at getting into the corners with a broom and a dustrag.

INCIDENT!

Usurious old Colonel Webster, who wore a beard like Grant's, had acres and acres of land rented to tenants whom he cheated at every turn of the road. Ah, had to feed and pasture various herds of horses for him. One tenant, cheated, in revenge stole half a dozen of Webster's animals arguing that with so many he couldn't know his stock individually. This assumption was correct. Webster bought his own stock from the tenant who promptly skipped the country.

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INCIDENT!

Rufus Himmelman, Mankato horseman, entered a pacer in a county fair race, best three out of five heats. His horse won two in four. His driver was boozed up by the rival drivers and in order to win Himmelman had to ask his worst enemy to drive the final heat. (If you let the worst enemy be a lad Himmelman doesn't want as a son-in-law but his daughter does, you have the germ of a story.)

PLOT!

Dorella McWick
Herman Flett.
Herr Bruggenhoffer (Conductor)
Otho Meyer (Concert Meister)
Joe Partridge.

Herman, who is the utility man of the symphony orchestra, wins Dorella's attention with colored kerchieves, and desires to win her hand too. His rival, Joe, leads in this contest because of the prominence of his job. He is a traffic policeman. A traffic soloist. Herman would be a soloist, too, but that is not for him. Otho Meyer, concert meister, is the orchestra's only soloist member as he is the one to whom, by natural right, the privilege of flirtation falls. Dorella says she might love him if she saw him playing alone. He hunts through music scores until he finds the Japanese Nocturne which gives him an whole minute of place as soloist, playing the song of the cricket. With the fishhead. Klip! Klip! Klip! Klip!

His ambition to raise a child musical prodigy fires up promisingly as he sees Dorella's admiring eyes fastened upon him.

BAD LAND BET

"Uncle Sam bets you 160 acres of land against \$160 (a dollar an acre) that you can't live on the land for five years." This is the Irishman's interpretation of the claim settlement laws in South Dakota.

Once a Horse-trader!

He promised his wife he'd quit, and he did take up a claim in South Dakota. But for three years his crops failed. One day when he had nothing in the house to eat, no coal, no clothes, he hitched up his last possessions, a pair of old crowbaits to a rickety old hay wagon and drove in to the nearby town. Three days later he came back. He had a fine pair of sound, four year old colts, a new grain wagon full of coal, a huge pile of provisions on top of that and on top of the provisions clothes for the entire family. In addition he had a pocketbook full of greenbacks. He had swapped for everythin

--X

CHARACTER!

THE WEAZENED OLD SCOTCH AMERICAN who ran the shoe store in the decadent village of Hitchcock, a town so dead its inhabitants look with suspicion upon any stranger who has ambition enough to put on a white collar. The shoe store was dirty, with loose strands of wallpaper hanging down. The P O was in it, too. The S A used to talk to his friends while customers and people with mail waited impatiently. His characteristic expression to Father Hart was, "Yes, Tommie! Yes Siree!" This he used on all occasions. If he left to serve a customer he would resume conversation with, "Yes, Tommiee! Yes Siree!" He shaved regularly, once every week. He was a bachelor, a great reader of magazines, a beautiful penman for all the dirty, gnarled hand he had. He was highly independent. When manufacturers were dunning him for payment, if he had no money, he wouldn't even open their letters. Father Hart once found seven dunning letters from Foot-Schultz, all unopened. "Why should I read 'em," he argued. "Ain't anything in 'em I want to know."

From his position in the apartment across the street, a vantage point which gave him only such a view of the open window as one would have of the black orifice of a cave mouth, seen from a sunlit outdoors, the movement of the girl, at her ironing, was eerie. He could catch only a shadowy swaying back and forth behind the white ~~curtains~~ curtains, waverings, as it were, of a black veil in a black room, save when some polished surface of the iron reflected the sunlight. Then a small, silver spot danced mysteriously. It was as though an incantation were being practiced, as though a sorceress was making a hypnotic signal.

PLOT

Steve Thorne, white vest, cutaway coat, light breeches, light widebrimmed hat, long viking moustache framing a fat red face, a pioneer saloonkeeper originally noted for having (rumor said) shot a man.

Was clerk of court for twenty years never had opposition, a secret but controlled drinker, wife invalid, lived at Crystal Lake with adopted daughter 14 miles from county seat. Steve used to visit her every week end loaded with presents. During week lived at second rate hotel in county seat.

This was believed due to choice. He was reputed wealthy. His diamonds, a great ring and a pair of studs were the chief evidence though he was also supposed to own much farm land and his willingness to loan five or ten dollars to anyone was also proof.

His wife died, adopted daughter moved away. He found himself opposed for the first time. And the fear of losing his job killed him.

The reason for this fear developed when his friends found his diamonds paste and his property nil. He had been running a colossal bluff for years.

PLOT

Old Man Phelps runs the G O P crowd in Mankato county. Tom Hart, a newcomer, opposes the machine choice for the county treasurership. Must have Phelps backing. He holds off until the week before the primary. Then he calls on Phelps, tells him how to recognize peach, plum and apple saplings.

"But you vote the way you promised, Mr. Phelps. If you said you'd vote for Davis do it. An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"If you hadn't said that I'd have backed you Tom. But I'll tell you what I will do. I said to Davis I'd back him if I went to the polls. I can stay away."

---X---

The Irish Shanaghans and their creamery.

"If that Johnson can try to steal republican votes," said Tom, "I can steal Democrats."

Mr. Shanaghan. "Aint you going to talk politics."

Tom: "Mr. Ahanaghan, I try to tell some people how to vote, but you know."

S: "Say. I like you. You go see my boy Peter at the Creamery. He'll introduce you to everybody. That Johnson ain't come down here with any cigars. And he's a swede. Hart's a lot better name to write on a ballot."

---X---

FRESH MEAT

Pete Lloyd, never pressed his suit had the original nickel he earned, rubbed his hands, had the Welsh vote in his pocket.

Tom: "I got 500 cigars, some cards for the Welsh calls."

"Take along some meat, Tom."

"He ain't no boozier, either."

This in November, just before the election when it was cold enough to keep the meat.

Owens

Roberts

Hughes

Old Man Quamme. - Never missed a meal or paid a cent. Printed a weekly in his kitchen. A \$12 printing job won him over after he'd been soured by a refusal to give him credit.

Your best friends are the ones who vote against you.

You can believe a man in a horse trade before you can believe a politician.

Old Aorenson, whose dues Tom Paid in the A O U W for years backed Tom's opponent.

PLOT.

Pop and Ma Nealy, having got a little pile together, in Alaska, there buy sight unseen a ten acre farm and barn in Indian Point from Joe Siggle's son. They come expecting to be taken into the town grandly. A chance remark of Ma's, leads the town gossip and social mentor, Mrs. Ira Hoatling, to believe Ma had been a dance hall gal in Alaska and they are ostracized, except by Tom Fitzgerald. It is thru Tom that the town's attitude is revealed. They stick it out and make their barn a lovely little house, but get no where and finally in despair decide to move. In Indian Point, waiting for their train, Pop sees the Hoatling house, also the phone exchange, catch fire from a defective wire. He, with his snow shoes, races seven miles with the hoatling baby. Before the fire, the Indian Point women, rebelling against Mrs. Hoatling, have voted Pa and Ma to stay. And they do stay, happily.

For a perfect instance of kindly shrewdness observe Tom Hart. In Europe, Stella's own spending fund melted. "I'll loan you all you need," Tom said, "And you can pay me back from your allowance." But when he got home he cancelled the debt. "I meant to all the time, but if I'd told her she didn't have to pay me, she'd have spent twice as much."

--X--

PLOT

John feels his wife loves Lew. He decides upon a test. He and Lew go out in a boat. John's friend, Jim, with field glasses, observes. He tells Alice both men are unable to reach shore. Lew is a poor swimmer. John has broken his arm. Jim can't swim. Alice goes out, rescues Lew. That, for John, is the answer. He tells Alice of the test, says it has proved she loves Lew, offers to give her up. She laughs shamefacedly. "I thought I loved him, too," she said. "But I knew I didn't when I had to rescue him." "But," John says, "In such a crisis, realizing you loved me, and that I was in danger, how could you help Lew." She laughs shamefacedly again. "Oh, John. As if you couldn't get ashore, broken arm or no broken arm. I knew I had no need to worry about you."

(Plot) I'VE GOT A THOUSAND DOLLARS

Poets, who are our most accurate philosophers, say that in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But how about in the Autumn? There is a neglected season.

In Autumn the heart of Youth turns to ard love, too. For a different reason, however. In the Spring, it is the fresh and lusty new life which sends the thoughts careering forth. In the Autumn it is the loneliness of dying things which drives the heart in quest of companionship. There is an inescapable beauty in Autumn, but it is haunting, brooding, slightly mocking, always lonely beauty.

This the mood of Ignatz who holds woman's first duty is to be beautiful, and refuses to truck with the modern gal.

Now introduce a gal.

"Of course you take advantage of your sex when you talk so. If any man, as runty as you are, used that language, he'd get cuffed into the middle of next week. And that's where I'd cuff you now, if it weren't that the judge would make it too expensive."

"No, I don't object to one piece bathing suits any more than I object to short skirts. If the top half of you legs are as pretty as the bottom half you have plenty of cause to wear a one piece bathing suit."

A VILLAIN FOR A HERO.

AGATHOKLES, lord of Sicily, 317 B C his betrayal of every trust, of every friend through a long life, and his marvelous revivals after defeats that would have ended a lesser man, together with his almost incredible achievements in a military way against the then all-powerful city state of Carthage, make him a striking figure for a ~~picarresque~~ picaresque romance, picarescu but without the redeeming virtues of a picaresque hero.

Some time when you wish to do a period book refer, for a start at the research, to

Page 232, Vol. 15, Part 2, Famous Nations, (Byzantine Empire, Scicily,) Putnams, 1892.

TWO TOM FITZ STORIES.

Pericles Bunt,
Obie Bunt
Prayerful Stickfrog.

Bunt never knew whether he'd have preferred to beat his old enemy, Stickfrog, or set down his fresh son. He found out when his son, driving Pericles horse~~x~~ in a race against stickfrog, Stickfrog's driver gets drunk and Pericles drives Stickfrog's horse.

Fairmount has no lawyer. Suits are settled with fists. A lawyer comes, a court house is chosen, a grand and petit jury. Suits galore. Two farmers, quarrelsome young friends, can't resist the chance. They go to court. The lawyer takes the gal they have shared. A prairie fire forces them to make common cause. Court house burns, judge is driven back to Mankato. Lawyer turns out to be a crook and leaves. They again divide the gal til she sends for her cousin.

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Bunt story--PIG and PUNKIN show. Rendezvous of politicians. Methodist church's famous chicken dinner.

GRACE CHURCH.

N.Y.

A most dignified church, and exclusive. The gracious old lady took us into her pew as she might have received guests into ~~the~~ privacy of her home. Gave us prayer books embossed with her own name. Noted for us the place on the program.

A curious punkwallah affair over the minister's pulpit. A solid sermon, good advice to parents, to children. A good deal of talk about the love of God, when it used to be just God. Blame Christian Science.

Few smiles. Smiles out of place. Almost vulgar. Immaculate frock coats on the ushers. Few people seemed acquainted. At the end of the sermon each pew holder unlocked the door of his pew, marched out to his motor car speaking to no one save the minister, and that only as a formalit.

A rough one.
NOTES FOR A FOOTBALL YARN.

The scrimmage heap busted the ball.
Lead in the reinforced ribs of the
pants to crack an opponent's jaw.

Molded metal cleats instead of leather
Lime on the fingers, from the yard
lines to hurt an opponent's eyes.

Tobacco juice to squirt.

The big factory hand didn't hit the
colleger, but he did jerk him against his
fist.

He had a hand big enough to hold the
ball and straight arm with it without
losing it.

He needed a start of ten yards back
of the scrimmage line to get a start. Then
nothing could stop him. He hauled one
runner along by the seat of his pants.

"Lemme t ll you."

"Listen to me."

"That's the honest truth."