

5337 HYDE PARK BOULEVARD
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Friday, July Twenty seventh
[1917]

Dear Helen:

At length and at last I
am permitted to write to you, and be-
lieve me I am glad of the chance. It
always seemed to me before I was there
myself, that the lady-like invalid, nour-
ished on the fat of the land and lapped
in luxury, had a most enviable position.
Now I know just how detestable it really
is to see people who are already weary

from watching, on the hop to do things that one could do for oneself, if they would only believe one. The first day that I really succeeded in worming the darn away from Mrs Mac Donald was my first day of self-respect since June Twenty eighth, and in the exuberant joy following this comfortable feeling, I hemmed a dozen napkins for a Christmas present.

As you can now see, however, I have taken up my abode with Mrs Hyman and that means pure pleasure. No two people could be quieter, or happier. I have read The Purple Land and Pymalion aloud while she

has hem-stitched, and our wild dissipation is to go out by the break-water along the lake-front, where we disport ourselves for a quarter of an hour in really rough society. All day the waves have boomed, to my intense pleasure.

Your week with the dispenser-of-delight-to-motorists sounds tremendously energetic and worth-while. It must make for self-respect to realize that one can plan a venture like that and then push it through successfully. Who thought up the birch-bark service plates? They sound woody to the last degree.

I suppose you may have heard from

Mr Salisbury himself that he occasionally sheds the light of his countenance upon our beets and potatoes, to their instant betterment. Mrs Mac Donald looks on him as oracular, and follows his advice with slavish lack of imagination. He is awfully good to bother so, and we greatly appreciate it.

Helen, you were a dear to me all this year, and I hate to think that what will be Wellesley's distinct gain will be Chicago's equally distinct loss. I hate to reckon up my personal share. Before I do, you must come to stay with me in September, to let me lay up for the winter. Love Mary. [McDonald]

1 West Ninety fourth Street
Thursday, July 17th
[1919]

Dear Helen :

Taking advantage most shamelessly of your invitation to wait until I felt well to write to you, I have thought many letters to you, and put none on paper. New York for a number of reasons was too much for me when I first arrived, and it is only now that I feel able to do anything but read pleasant books, take a few walks and dine luxuriously from the fats of the land.

You see, we left Chicago in the heat, and arrived to find New

about thirty fourth street
Thursday, July 17
[1919]

Dear Helen :
- your yesterday's postcard

Strenuousness of your invitation to
work until I felt well to write to
you, I have thought many letters to
you, and have not had time. Then
I got for a number of reasons was
too much for me when I first ex-
posed, and it is only now that I
feel able to do anything but read
pleasant books, take a few walks
and drive leisurely from the
fats of the land.

For see, we left Chicago in the
heat, and arrived to find them

York stewing gently in the sun, around
99° most of the time for a week. It was
"too much for be", and neither food nor
rest could be till it grew cooler. It
was a most mortifying experience
just when one wished most to be
up to things, to go fainting in coils
and sniffing smelling salts all
day long. But when something
like that happens one, one can be
resigned to let it happen till it
feels like stopping.

This week has been cool and rainy,
a combination invigorating in
the extreme, and the old pep mounts
visibly. At last I can take advantage
of Sam Kaplan's kind offers of

of some Kaplan's kind offers of
valley. At last I can take advantage
the extreme, and the old pop wants
a combination incorporating in
This week has been hot and rainy.
feels like stopping.
resigned to let it happen till it
like that happens one, one can be
day long. But when something
and suffering swelled with all
up to things, to do fainting in cold
just when one wished most to be
was a most satisfying experience
that could be till it grew cooler. It
"too bad for me," and neither foot was
P.P. most of the time for a week. It was
upside steering gently in the sun, (ground)

jitney tours through our great city,
and we have had some peaches. One
has been scheduled for three separate
dates, and has had to be abandoned,
those three, because of rain. It is
the boat trip which begins at 125th
Street with a sail down the Hudson,
through New York Harbor, up the East
River, and through the North River
to the starting point. Sam says
that it is the most beautiful thing
in New York between the hours of
five and nine P. M., and I am wild
to try it. But the Hudson in a mist
is just the Hudson in a mist, so
that I'll keep the trip rather than

that'll keep the trip rather than
is just the harbor in a mist, so
to try it. But the harbor in a mist
five and nine P. M., and I am wild
in New York between the hours of
that it is the most beautiful thing
of the starting point. I am sorry
river, and through the North River
through New York Harbor, up the East
Street with a sail down the Hudson,
the boat trip which begins at 12:30
these three, because of rain. It is
later, and has had to be abandoned,
has been scheduled for three separate
and we have had some breaks. One
fifteen towns through our great city.

be disappointed.

One day we took the Subway ~~to~~ (frightful hole; people on the way ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~hell~~ ought to take that noisy, vicious, vitiated way) to lower Broadway, and walked down to the Battery. That day is my favorite so far, for we visited St Paul's, Trinity, Wall Street, Maiden Lane, Broad Street, Battery Park, saw the Statue of Liberty, at a distance and therefore disappointingly small, came back by way of City Hall Square and the Woolworth Building. Oh Helen, but St. Paul's is a darling. I found a little tablet "To the memory of an amiable child who died in her fifth year, 1765" — Isn't that a fragrant little memory?

that a fragment little remains?
in her fifth year, 1762 - but
not of an amiable child who had
I found a little tablet. To the man-
of Helen, but St. Paul's is a darling.
Square and the Woodwork Building.
small, come back by way of City Hall
distance and therefore disappointing
Park, saw the statue of Liberty, as a
Maiden Lane, Broad Street, Battery
St Paul's, Trinity, Wall Street,
is my favorite so far, for we visited
walked down to the Battery. That day
later way to lower Broadway, and
ought to take that narrow, vicious, vit-
(Judith's hole; people on the way & well
One day we took the subway &
be disappointed.

Things like that, and the boot blacks
lying in wait in City Hall Square
just as they do in the Alger books,
I like far more than the Japanese
Garden at the Biltz at Tea time.

But you probably want to know
something of Marcelle Guerin. Well,
she's a dear! Such clothes I've never
beheld. She has nine evening dresses
by actual count, afternoon gowns,
suits for all occasions, wraps of all
kinds colors and weights, shoes and
slippers till the memory fails.
As Mrs Hyman says, competition
is so hopeless that one knows it
isn't necessary, and is comfortable.
But underneath all this exterior

Things like that, and the foot-locks
lying in wait in City Hall Square,
great as they do in the elder books,
I like far more than the Japanese
Garden at the City of London.
But you probably want to know
something of Marcelle's opinion. Well,
she's a dear! Such letters she never
held. She has nine young dresses
by actual count, afternoon gowns,
suits for all occasions, wraps of all
kinds, colors and weights, shoes and
slippers till the very foil-
ed blue paper bags, competition
is so rapid that one knows it
is necessary, and is comfortable.
But underneath all this exterior

of frocks and hats and gloves all matching most carefully, is a sense of poise which shames me into tranquility quite often. She openly calls Mrs Hyman to time when the latter shows traces of atonizing, a thing in itself courageous, and when she talks of the war, it is like reading The Milltop on the Marne without bothering to turn pages. She has^a tremendous sense of real values, as I realize more clearly every day that I know her. She is a real experience in herself. . . .

The one drawback on the joy is that almost certainly we'll leave here before you return, and I did want to see Wellesley, and the

of books and hats and gloves all washed
up most carefully, in a sense of peace
which brings me into tranquillity of
soul. The orderly calls like "My dear
friend" when the latter shows traces of
stomaching, a third in half-conversation,
and when the talker of the war, it is
like reading The Willing on the Water
without bothering to turn pages. The
has a ^{transformation} sense of real volume,
as a reading more clearly every day
that I know her. She is a real expe-

rience in herself.

The one brown book on the top is
that almost entirely well known
here before your return, and I did
want to see whether, and the

Charles, and the House of the Seven
Gables, and the Alcott house, first with
you. To hunt up mossy tombstones
because you really want to find
them isn't an occupation success-
fully to be accomplished with every
one one meets.

I hope the roses are coming back
in your cheeks, Helen dear. They tell
me I am looking better, and I
pass on the information with acute
pleasure. How is your dear mother?
Please give her my love as always.
I shall write again - a more col-
lected epistle, I trust. Must go to
market now. My best love always
to you
Mary-

Charles, and the house of the lower
gables, and the oldest house, first with
you. To hunt up many adventures
because you really want to find
them with an occupation success-
fully to be accompanied with every
one one week.

I hope the house are coming back
in your cheeks, when dear. They tell
me I am looking better, and I
pass on the information with some
pleasure. How is your dear mother?
Please give her my love as always.
I shall write again - a more ex-
tended epistle, I trust. I must go to
market now. My best love always
to you
Mary

RED INN
PROVINCETOWN
CAPE COD
MASS.

Thursday afternoon
[Aug 29, 1919]

Dear Helen:

I think you are the proper person to receive a letter from this quite adorable place. Have you ever been here? We are down staying overnight halfway through the Cape trip, which means that we are going back down the inside towns tomorrow, stopping for lunch with Mrs Flint at Woods Hole. We all met in Boston from various points on Monday, and Mrs Agnew, la belle luxurieuse (to make up a word which I feel is badly needed in both languages)

RED INN
PROVINCETOWN
CAPE COD
MASS.

had rented an automobile for our stay here, and since our visit to Boston had to be compressed into eight days, it is well that we have a car to get about in. Oh, Helen, Boston is a love! If I could have reversed things, to have six weeks in Boston and ten days in New York, how gladly would I have done so.

To tell you what I've seen and done these last few days is quite out of the question. I shall not attempt it till I see you, which brings me to the point of this effusion. The news, the wonderful secret, has all

RED INN
PROVINCETOWN
CAPE COD
MASS.

had rented an automobile for our stay
here, and since our visit to Boston
had to be compressed into eight days.
it is well that we have a car to get
about in. Dr. Allen, Boston is a lane!
Of course have reserved things to take
six weeks in Boston and the day in
then you, how gladly would I have
2.
To tell you what we seen and have
there has for days is quite out of
the question. I shall not attempt
it till I see you, which brings me
to the point of this effusion. The
news, the wonderful news, has all

RED INN
PROVINCETOWN
CAPE COD
MASS.

been told for you, poor dear, first by
Sam Kaplan who heard through Frank,
and then by Mrs Flint. I cannot
tell you how happy it makes me,
not only because it's a tremendous
compliment, opportunity, chance,—
whatever nice thing you can think of,
but because, selfishly, it will mean ^{to me}
more than I can tell you to ^{have} you close
this winter. Rockford has a week-
endish sound to it which holds the
most delightful possibilities from any
angle — the Dunes, Sunday night
teas, and other manifold plans and

RED INN
PROVINCETOWN
CAPE COD
MASS.

been told for you, poor dear, first by
John Kaphen who heard through Frank,
and then by Mrs. Fitt. I cannot
tell you how happy it makes me,
not only because it is a tremendous
congratulation, opportunity, chance,
whether you think you can think of
but because, selfishly, it will mean
more than I can tell you to ^{have} you close
this winter. Rockford has a week-
end school course to it which holds the
most delightful possibilities for my
sister - the summer, summer night
too, and other wonderful plans and

RED INN
PROVINCETOWN
CAPE COD
MASS.

parties; well, when I heard it, tears
of gratitude came to my eyes.

This is a scrawl which isn't fit
to be dignified by your mother's name,
but I have to send her my love. And
to you, much more, Helen dear.

Mary.

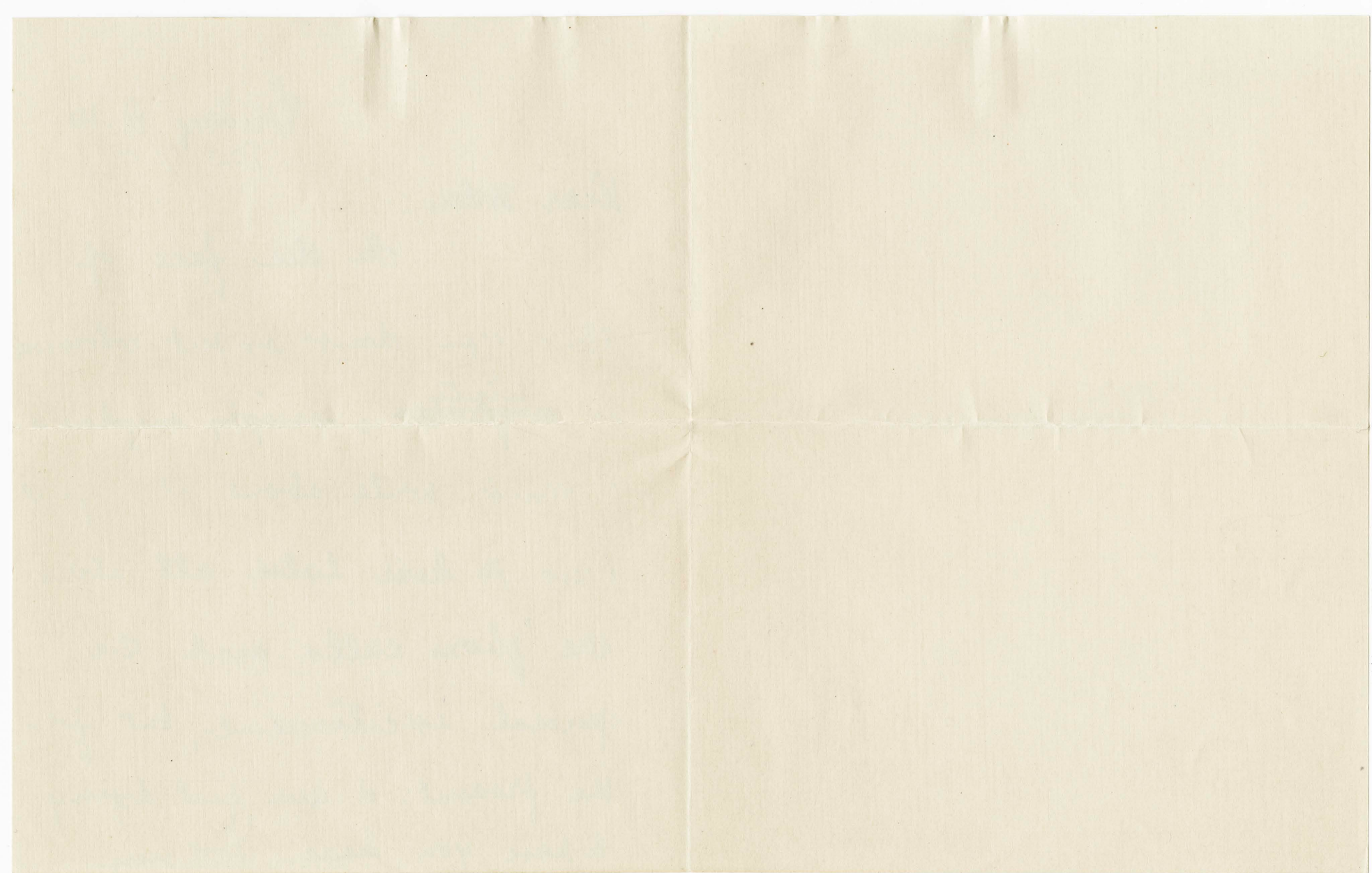
Mary McDonald

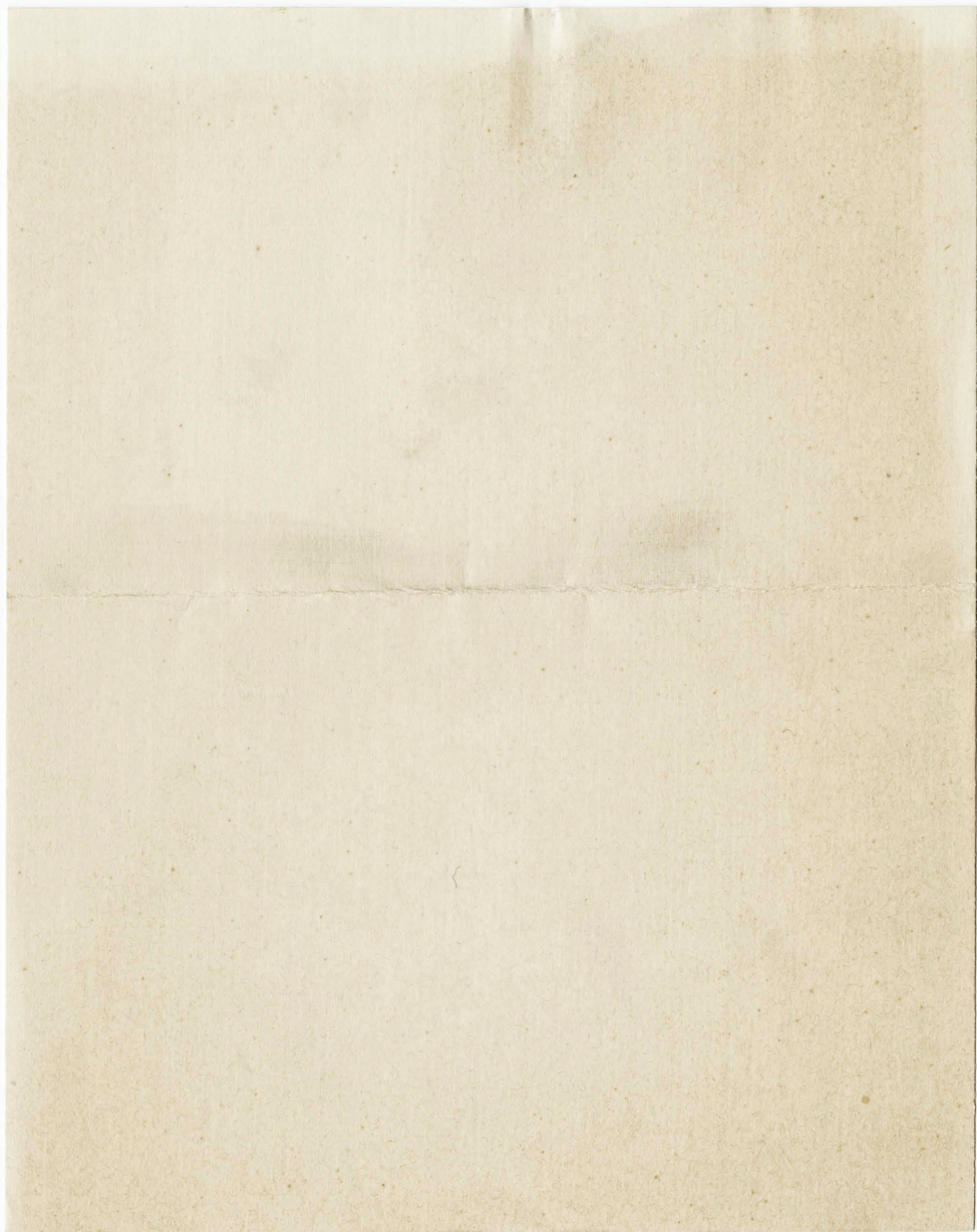
Upon my leaving Wellesley for Rockford
College in 1919 Helen Drew
(now Richardson)

Friday A.M.
[Oct 17 1917]

Dear Helen:

On the face of
this you don't expect coherence
or ~~emphasis~~^{urgency}; simply emphasis.
I can't write about it; you'll
have to hear later all about
the 'phone calls and the
general excitement, but for
the present, I am just dying
to have you hear. Love Mary.





**SECTION TWO.
GENERAL NEWS,
MARKETS, WANT ADS.**

Th

U. OF C. MAN WINS CROIX DE GUERRE FOR AIR COURAGE

**Lieut. Edward King Mac-
Donald Is Cited by
French Officer.**

Lieut. Edward King MacDonald, a graduate of the University of Chicago and son of Mrs. Edward V. MacDonald of 5604 Dorchester avenue, has just been awarded the croix de guerre as a result of a citation made Aug. 14 by the commander of the French escadrille, in which he is a pilot. News of the award was announced in a cablegram received yesterday from the Paris bureau of THE TRIBUNE.

"Lieut. MacDonald," reads the citation, "is an officer pilot of great courage and a high sense of duty. He has taken an active part in the battles of the Aisne and in Picardy, executing with remarkable activity ten bombardments on the battlefield in spite of attacks of enemy aeroplanes and accurate artillery fire. On Aug. 11, in the course of a bombardment on a battlefield he brought down an enemy machine, which crashed to the ground."

Tells Mother of Ceremony.

Three weeks before he received his croix de guerre, Lieut. MacDonald wrote a letter to his mother, concerning the ceremony of the award to other men. It read:

"There was a big ceremony at a camp twenty-five kilometers from here today—the awarding of medals, citations, etc., which we had to attend. We drove over in a car this morning, and several croix de guerre, legion d'honneur, and other medals were bestowed on deserving officers, amidst the blaring of trumpets, and brandishing of swords, with two kisses thrown in by the general for each medal pinned to the breast. Great stuff. Our army will have to do something like that after a while. It gives a man something tangible to work for; something you can see and feel."

Final Training in Italy.

Lieut. MacDonald received his aviation ground work at Urbana, where he was one of ten honor men. He was sent to Italy for his preliminary and final training as a flyer. He was commissioned a first lieutenant last March. He went to the front with the French squadron to which he is attached, early in July. He made his first flight over the enemy lines in the region of Chateau Thierry, July 15.

CITED

Lieut. Edward King MacDonald Wins Croix de Guerre for Courage.



Lieut. Edward K. MacDonald

**PATRIOT ROLLS,
SHORT 150,000,
TO BE KEPT OPEN**

**Women War Workers
Will Strive for More
Names by Saturday**

Two more days have been given for the war savings campaign on the Pershing drive. The drive will continue all night. It was started last night, but the 150,000 shortage was sought.

Lloyd Cook says 3,000 have purchased tickets at the hotel.

Mr. Cook says the drive will be continued.

of \$100,000.

**MYST
AFF
ALL**

**Gold C
Yard**

Itch, a annoying Chicago. shore, back and all so doing a la and cintr sician is b
Physicists are puzzled appears hives and the Philip that it ha ness of new re water

***SIX BANDITS IN**

PRODUCE MARKETS

for a brief
during to-
market was
steady at

of rain in
Orleans ac-
the hope of
und no en-
it forecast,
exas, except
est, Texas
too light to
h tempera-

A good business was on in butter and here yesterday, with a firm market for fine stock. Receipts of butter were 6,989 tubs, and eggs 8,715 cases, the former decreasing and the latter exceeding last year's. Butter in New York advanced $\frac{1}{8}$ ¢. Receipts there this week are 5,000 tubs under the previous week. Boston and Philadelphia reported a more active and firm market, with receipts not large. Live ducks advanced 1¢. Potatoes sold well, with 45 cars in and 82 cars on track. Nearly all kinds of fruits and vegetables were in ample supply except lemons, oranges, plums, and beans, for which a good call existed at full prices.

WHOLESALE CREAMERY BUTTER PRICES

	Chicago— Whole Cen- milk. tralized.	New York.	Boston.	Phila- del- phia.
94 score..45½		47½		48
93 score..45		47	46¾	47½
92 score..45		46¾	46¾	47
91 score..44½		46	46	46½
90 score..44	44½	45½	45½	45½
89 score..43		45	45	45
88 score..42½		44½	44½	44½
87 score..42		43½	44	44
86 score..41		43	43½	43½

091 bales,
son. Port
ates port

Prev.
loss, close.
2.00 31.79
1.47 31.28
1.33 31.15
1.18 31.06
1.15 30.95

advances
lay, buying
ws and by
the western
at net ad-

Prev.
close.
78 30.63
55 30.40
54 30.41
47 30.39
at 34.45c
Delivered
spot mar-
ans, 31.50c;
75c; Mem-
attle Rock,

quiet; prices
middling,
od ordinary,
3,000 bales,
epts, 4,000
Futures
September,
per, 22.90d;

EGGS.

Extras	45@46c	Checks	20@25c
Firsts	38@39½	Dirtyes	25@30c
Ord. firsts..	35@36½c	Storage—	
Misc. lots..	35@38½c	Firsts	41@41½c

POULTRY.

Live—	Iced—
Fowls29@30½c	Turkeys35c
Springs31c	Old roosters ...23½c
Old roosters22c	Fowls31c
Ducks20@27c	Springs33@34c

POTATOES.

Per 100 lbs.—	Home grown.
Minn., E. O.	90 lbs...\$2.25@2.40
.....	\$2.45@2.65

VEAL.

50@60 lbs....	20@21c	90@100 lbs.	23@24½c
60@80 lbs.	21½@22½c	175@240 lbs.	15@17c

FRUITS AND BERRIES.

Apples, brls	\$4.00@6.00
Cantaloupes, standard crates ..	1.00@2.75

Grabapples, bu	1.85@2.75
Gems, Climax, basket	50@.75
Grapes, basket.....	20@.35
Lemons, box	7.00@8.00
Peaches, 6 baskets	1.75@2.00
Peaches, bu, Michigan	2.00@2.50
Pears, bu baskets	1.50@2.50

VEGETABLES.

Beets, 100 bunches	1.50@2.00
Cauliflower, dozen heads	50@1.00
Cucumbers, doz, home grown....	.55
Cabbage, crate	1.50@2.25
Carrots, 100 bunches	1.50@2.00
Celery, Mich., crate	.35@.50
Kohlrabi, bunch	.01@.01½
Lettuce, head, case 2 doz.....	1.50@1.75
Lettuce, leaf, tomato box	.40
Green onions, doz bunches.....	.10
Onions, sack, home grown.....	1.25@1.60
Peppers, box, home grown.....	.50@1.00
Radishes, 100 bunches	2.00@2.50
String beans, box, home grown...	.80@1.00
Tomatoes, box	40@.65
Sweet corn, 4 doz.....	45@.50
Turnips, box	.50

PRIMARY RECEIPTS

Primary receipts of grain yesterday, with the last three ciphers omitted, follow:

Western—	Receipts—	Shipments—
points—	Wheat. Corn. Oats. Wheat. Corn. Oats	
Chicago ..	814 140 761	1,009 132 1,413
Milw. ...	153 9 108	40 23
Minn. ...	360 13 86	81 17 25
St. Louis.	381 40 58	119 17 100
Toledo ...	57 3 123	27 2 23
Detroit ..	5 2 24	
Kas. City.	347 50 129	829 64 27
Omaha ..	53 74 85	55 84 69
Indianap.	34 49 97	38 10 47
Peoria ...	90 139 110	78 16 124

Totals ..	2,294 519 1,581	1,736 882 1,819
Week ago..	2,832 403 1,660	958 319 1,265
Year ago ..	700 392 1,883	569 305 940
Seaboard—		
Totals ...	743 97 71	475
Year ago. .	70 15 208	295 10 69



MM

Friday, August-ninth
1918

Dear Helen:

I'd have answered your most welcome letter much earlier had I not been so blue this week that a pen became a betrayer of feelings that are better unsaid. You may not have heard: Mr Lovett's son was killed July 23rd, presumably in the fighting on the Marne,

As was also Paul Cop, the son of our weather man here, and one of our old friends. They both were second Lieutenants in Infantry, killed within six months' experience of the front. And when the only foreign mail one gets tells of Ned's first flight over the German lines, one has hard time exorcising the evil spirits that one simply cannot let obtain a hold on one. Mamma naturally finds all these successive stages in Ned's career so many jars. They mean more of worry to me myself, even than I thought they should. One expects to pay for the

victory we shall gain, but the cost seems greater all the time.

To offset all this, I have some pleasant news which I can safely tell you because you won't mention it. Jim is home for a two-week's furlough and has given her engagement ring to Eileen Dougall - ~~She~~ is all that we most want for him, contains in the most charmingly satisfactory way all the things which will balance Jim best, and generally we are very very happy about it. The reason for the secrecy is that she naturally wants to tell the news herself, at an engage-

ment huckoon, and all the people she
most wants to come, are out of town.
Therefore we are here until some time
early in September.

I was so proud to show your letters
to Maamma and we were both touched
that you feel as you do about our home.
May its hominess for you grow
and grow. I'll write again shortly,
Belien dear, when I can be less indigo
in shade. Please remember me most
affectionately to your mother.

Much love

P.S. With pride I announce that I have
raised my ninth ^{Mary} blister on the old right ^{hand}

good to talk to you of all this. I
wish, selfishly, that you were here
and I could ask how you fit
such cruel blights into your serenity.
Religiously, I'm all right. I see that
it is all for Dorothy's good. Civically,
patriotically, ethically, it is a need-
less waste of much fine power that
shocks and makes one rebellious.

Please take care of yourself. Don't be
too busy. That plague works swiftest
on over tired people.

Much love from
Mary

[MacDonald]

[Feb 10, 1920]

5604 Dorchester Avenue
Tuesday afternoon

Dear Helen:

I was keenly disap-
pointed at your wise decision
not to come near this flu-plagued
spot if your own Rockford is free
of it. But is it? Oh Helen, my
dear, my darling, clever, spirited,
pepful, gallant Dorothy Stewellyn
is dead of it - died Sunday
afternoon of pneumonia after

an illness not thirty hours long. She had gone to Cincinnati with her husband, Ralph Field, and their baby was to have come next month. Instead, she was buried at two today.

I cannot believe it. Deitchie Rothman died the same ^{way a} week ago; Irene Kelly left two motherless children last month, but Dorothy! All that life, quiet! All that cheery spirit silenced! I cannot be philosophical yet. I grieve bitterly at what seems a senseless waste and annihilation. It would be