Dear Mr Fields,

How kind of you to ask me for suggestions for that book of yours. I have been wishing for some time that you would publish something of the kind.

I already have a charming story for children sent to me by Dr Mathews. "Why the Coyote's Eyes Are Yellow." I will ask him for another Navajo legend. Will call in Capt. J. A. Baume for a Zuni legend. Capt. E. L. Buggins for some Sioux stories. Mr. Deans for some Apache stories suitable for children. I will get as many as you want. If you will edit them and publish under our Seal, as Vol 3 of the Archives of the International Folklore Association, the profit should to you I would ask for the Society the honor of
Having its seal in your virtue, which I know will be steadfast and never valuable. The Countess sent me a book of "Cradle songs and Nursery Rhymes" published in London and to day I received a copy of Mrs Gummie's "Children's Swing Song." Folk song is the rage. The Countess has written me that she will send me a paper for the Memphis Congress.

Faithfully yours,

Helen M. Barrett.

January Ninth, 1895.
Jan. 10 '93.

My dear Fielder:

The Shaw-Palooza is great. — "out of sight."
If you keep up that sort of thing, nothing can stop us. I read the rest of the story. Everything is going well now.

Don't say anything more about the story or anything connected with the scheme until I see you, for you will interfere with a deep place I have. Will explain when I see you.

I got the photos this morning—good ones.

You will have more room in your next number—The second. I shall have your poem face the page which in the first number is filled by both yourself and Riley, but
it does not follow that your poem should be twice as long as The Straw-Parker. That on one and a half times that in length would be about the limit.
“Hvorledes Halvor blev Presf.”

En Fortælling af P. Ø. Stromme.

Den skildrer de almindelige Bygdetyper i et norsk-amerikansk Settlement; samt Skolelivet ved Luther College i Decorah.

Af P. Ørens mange anerkendende Udtalelser om Bogen hidsættes:


“Budskiften” (A. Walter Olsen): “Fortællingens Hovedpersoner er meget godt tegnet, der går en egen Stilhed og Stilhethede gennem hele fortællingen, som boede derfore og tilstede stede, fordi der hetter noget sympati og jovialt over det hele.”

“Elddafoa Effo”:

“Fortælleren ser at saa sin egen endomelige Manden. Han møder sig i vinet, glæder sig i minderne og forstår at tænde Tone og Farve i hele Fortællingen. Det er rent ud taget en mesterlig Stil, grebet ud af Nynkgerlivets entale og refleksionslunte Landss, og mange er Fortællingen. Selv de fædrefiliske ting malede med let ligevis og ligevis at man rives med.”

“Reform”:

“P. Ø. Stromme har her givet os en virkelig original nordamerikansk fortælling. Det er grebet saa direkte ud af Nynkgerlivets og ærlig udarbejdet, at hvis man lunde saa eksisteret et Fænomen af Bogen til Manden i Mannen, saa ville man kunne finde en ganske tilfredsstillende handling om vor religiøse, sociale og litterære Udvikling.”

”Hvorledes Halvor blev Presf” faves imod indbudet portofri tildelt, for 1.00, ved Henvendelse til huskensomtalt nordamerikansk Boghandler, eller til Fortælleren, P. Ø. Stromme, Mount Horeb, Wis.
"Hvoredes Halvor blev Prest."

En Fortælling af P. D. Stromme.

Den skildrer de almindelige Bygdetyper i et norsk-amerikansk Settlement; samt Skolelivet ved Luther College i Decorah.

Mount Horeb, Wis.

I once found someone to assist me in this matter, someone who would enter into a sort of literary partnership with me. I have understood my position. Will you not be kind enough to write me a letter of advice? You have brought this trouble upon yourself by making me admire your fine critical taste which matters; for instance, in your wondrously beautiful version of Luther's Christmas hymn; "O heart divine, lift up thine eyes," etc.

Please take time to write me and say that I may express myself to you for a few minutes when I come to the city.

Yours truly,

Peer O. Stromme.
My dear Mr. Field:

The Social Committee
of our club, Mrs. Keen, Mrs. Clay, and
Mrs. Bond, are anxiously asking me
whether we can expect the pleasure
of your company, and that of Mrs.
Field, and your daughter, next
Wednesday evening.

If you can come we will
be glad to send a carriage to
bring you all down town, and
take you home again, or to
meet and take you back to the
station, just as you prefer.

Please let me hear from
you soon, and oblige.

Yours faithfully,

175 Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Jan'y 25th 1895.
New York Jan 26, 95

My dear Mr. Field:

The enclosed are forwarded to you on the impulse of remembering you if we were among his oldest and pleasantest friends. I spoke of young Field as a ‘friend of Kansas City days and nights.’ One week ago today Court was tried. He died as he lived, peacefully and happy. His little daughter...
friends

Eleanor aged five years
he taught to recognize your face but in it absent.

Mr. Bardwell and Mrs. With
Eleanor
Long Island.

For father promising her a

Year, if your home which
he so much enjoyed,

particularly do I remember
the one referring to "a long
old bottle and small but
the kid." At the time of death
you, child, he thought to

write you but like many
good deeds was never

done. Trusting you still have
recollections of love of your
encore admires and loyal
Eugene Field, Esq.

Dear Sir,

Will you excuse a stranger taking you time, if she agrees to be as concise as possible?

Han been carefully best thoughts of the Century’s Brainiest Unions into a set of three
volumes, now devoted toscript from realists (what to
columns, now devoted toscript from realists, and
is now practically complete). Another
a third to magazine unions and newspaper men.
Just you, as you from time to time note smirks.

It you, as you from time to time like to be
your union or which you could like to be
representative, select them and
them to the list of guns which I compile
you need not restrict subject matter. In
first volume I have 850 topics included, a
fifth volume I have 850 topics included.

Many can even run on this.

Because of the interest in unions
Which this careful review has augmented,
Can planned two composite union.
first—A simple detection story—for was the
purpose of introducing the participants to new
Circle of readers, etc.

The second will be by authors who
have established reputations. I hope to have
Black, Brown, Crawford et al., Helen H. Gardner,
Stanley Waterton, S. P. McI. Jones, Gertrude
Albertine, and others. Have already promised
to contribute each. Will you also write me?

You can have three or four months in
which to make the necessary research, but
which I hope will be sufficient. In order
did like a prompt decision please,
in order
that I may act accordingly.

This second volume is
Alluring Chapters. The second volume is
obliged to be further developed. Mr. Waterton
objected 6th May, mentioned to Mr. Waterton
objected as they already know fit
Mr. Fuller; as they already knew fit
Mr. Fuller, as they already knew fit.

The plan is to be pursued, divided
entire plot will be outlined, divided
with Chapters; author will receive general
synopsis of narrative, explicit one of special
Chapters. All minor details which do not
directly affect trend of narrative will be
left entirely to judgment of writer.
The Whitechapel Publishing Company

General Offices: 167 Dearborn Street

Chicago, 189

Hoping to hear from you soon regarding this matter, and that you can read the foregoing.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Winmah S. Abbott

To Whitechapel Public
Dear [Name],

This is to say that something in your recently published sketch of your childhood and old grandmamma's tricks is my heart a deeply responsive chord.

Mr. Field: Bring the tears to my eyes, and reawaken a longing of many years. Some of your poems, dated in New Orleans, suggested to me then, that perhaps you lived the earth as I do, and that perhaps you would like to know of a beautiful soul, and of a beautiful
report I found him. I wandered away from the charming French city to an almost deserted town to the northern forests and still untouched northern ways. A village called Veron Springs, just beyond Pilotin, with a high irregular coast line, naming counted with chesnut, coves and all flowering shrubs, winding shellfoot roads, and, about a mile out from shore, Deciduous, with its fall straight tree and dainty umbrella tops. Like the picturesque stone surrounding gallery, above and below. Across the broad, empty court, on other house, similar in outward line, containing dining room and kitchen. The sailed across the bay, landed at The Fire, and climbed. The story irregular pathway through the Undercliff and treading on treads everywhere. The dogwood was one mass of every critic. Not a branch, but a twig to be seen through the cloud of palpitation. The fragrance of...
The scene, Oliver, and Peti.

Etonian, like some scène.

And over vast the spirit

ward, filled all with weight

The long seasons, carousing

Singe. Yet was silent, and

calm, I have never

elsewhere, save deep within

my soul. For pensive

springs on have returned

to this beautiful spot, and

its charm is never less.

Every note of its shore

possesses historical inter-

est. The great oaks are

all named and are called

"Old Otteridge" here. The big

roar tree" lies in the open

rich and recent snow.

The inner life. The truth

of soul for me, came

with the finding of the

tenth and her, whom I

love and who has "dwelt

in her heart." And it is

because I think of your

first beat that must under-

stand each son, each

beauty and emotion, and

that, perhaps, in wan-

derings, you might reply

that way, someday, that

I have this written you.

Very Sincerely,

Mrs. Alex. O. Mason.

3723 Prairie Ave.

Jan. 30th, 95.
And the beauty of it all:
The quiet and exclusion.
To watch the sunset
The waters to another fire,
And see the crimson fire
Behind them far athwart.

Oh, in early morning, to
Wander to the base of the
Coal-barge homeward, and watch
Through the morn-veiled
Freminggo Homeward, the
great barge tool, to say
The Shack bulks hugely

From... watch the many
White sails that come
And go, and catch the
Mocking Birds' mid-night
Song, clear in the distance.
Ah! I love it. The clear, warm earth; its morn, and tender caressing breeze; its intoxicating wealth of fragrance, and beautiful home, and the warm, sunbathed earth!

For there I met the dearest woman in the world, the white-haired lady of "Bay Haven," whose heart is so large, so warm, so divine, that with the love of many children and grand children and even great grand children, she opened it to me.

I have seemed to see

And it is of one dear home there, called the "Bay Home," on the site of the old Spanish camp (the scene of Mr. Cabe's grand insurance) and of the dear old lady who presides there with the heart of Heaven within her, that I am impelled to write to you.

I close my eyes, and the fragrance of rose steals over my senses once more. The memories once more bring coming of the waves come back to me, and I see the tall pines
stick themselves against the rich, deep, gray sky, beyond the distant sea. The long, loose waves and breakers are, and draw me magically, unthinkably, as though it entangled and held me. Germany, in its solemnities and gay! Not the beauty of the Rhine, not the soft rolling hills of southern France, or the grandeur of Switzerland, have for me such charm.

I recall the day I first saw the Bay of the Home, a typical Southern home, long and low, with por-

Eugene Gill

Dear sir,

Please settle bills for the Bullcock and Cotton purchased for your son.

Yours truly,

L. W. Stokes
Jan. 31 - 1895

My dear Friends:

Although our personal interview has been but slight I somehow feel as though we were acquaintances of long standing and consequently at liberty to ask for a question. Sometime last winter I saw in some paper that you proposed, in consequence of a certain success in New Orleans, to write a letter or your lines to the public entertainment of audiences in foreign lands. I thought it a good scheme and have watched curiously for some
account of it for further investment. What has become of it? Are you carrying it out? Do you intend doing anything of the kind? Conced not you and I arrange some sort of a combination in the business of furnishing entertainment? I shan't be glad to try it in the summer or as late as the holidays though after that I must be down here. Let me hear from you at any date, and in the meantime, believe me to be,

Yours truly,

Kirk Dunscur
Feb. 1st 1895
St. Louis Mo.

Mr. Eugene Field
Dr. Lady

I made an unsuccessful effort to see you when you were in New York to ask you to write me something of Mrs. Edmundson to accompany the portrait in your book. She was my friend and I am anxious that the portrait which should have been done by you may rest in this respect. I send my best remembrances to your wife. I am

Your truly,

M. L. Jennings

Com St. Louis Life.
Dear Mr. Field:

Many thanks for your kind offer of assistance. I shall certainly avail myself of your advice before going to press.

I have done nothing for some time towards getting volume ready for the printers, but have enough copy for a good-sized book. When it comes to the test of submitting MSS. to a publisher, I somehow shrink from the ordeal. You see I have some regard for the public — or is it vanity? "Returned with thanks" is such a terrible blow to genius. However, I shall enter the lists again, some day, believe me real or not.

It is very kind of such men as yourself and Mr. C. S. Sheldon to assist and encourage those on "the lower slopes." If nothing more is gained by us than the friendship of such Americans, the attempt an our part at reshaping is its own reward.

Again thanking you, believe me ever one of your warmest admirers.

Very truly yours, C.B. Hanchen.
THE FELLOWSHIP CLUB
OF CHICAGO.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.

February 2, 1895.

Eugene Field, Esq.,
1033 Evanston Ave., Chicago.

Dear Field:

Are you coming to the dinner of the Club February 14? I hope you will make a strong effort to be present and that Mrs. Field will accompany you. Stone says you promised to write a song. Have you done anything about it? If so, send me the words at once so I may put them in the hands of the proper parties for musical rendition.

Please let me hear from you at once, and very much oblige,

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

Secretary.
Dear Mr. T.: Are you coming to the summer of the Chicago Fellowship? I hope you will make a strong effort to go there and that the results will be encouraging. You have been busy, you are coming to write a song, have you gone anywhere soon? If so, send me the words at once so I may put them in the hands of the Phonograph for musical rendition. Please let me hear from you at once, and very much of course.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

Secretary.
The Agora
A Kansas Magazine
Topeka

Mr. Eugene Field,

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:-

The annual meeting of The Kansas Academy of Language and Literature will be held at Emporia about the second week of April. The programme this year promises to be one of the best that the Academy has ever had. It will be made up almost entirely from the faculties of the different colleges in the State. The annual President’s address will be given by Prof. Arthur G. Canfield of the State University. I write you now in behalf of the Executive Committee which has the programme in charge. Would it be possible for you to attend that meeting and give an address of literary nature the second evening?

We will give you a very large audience and a very good one. Emporia is a school town of about 1500 students in the College and in the Normal. It has always been customary to have these addresses free to all. Last year the address at Topeka was given by Bishop Vincent and no admission fee was asked and no charge was made by the Bishop. However, we do not expect you to come from Chicago for this on any such terms. If you think that you can arrange for the meeting please let me know at once and let me know what the probable expense would be. If you can come I will endeavor to persuade your brother to come down with you from Kansas City and give us something in the afternoon.

Yours very truly,

Abilene, Kansas,

February 5th, 1895.
The annual meeting of the Academy of Nursing and the Association of Administrators and Directors of Graduate Schools will be held in Boston from May 10th to 14th. I am writing to inform you of the date and purpose. The meeting is designed to provide an opportunity for administrators to discuss the current state of nursing education and to explore strategies for improving the quality and accessibility of nursing programs.

I hope you will be able to attend the meeting and contribute to the discussions. The program will include plenary sessions, workshops, and networking opportunities. If you have any questions or would like to discuss further, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Best regards,

[Signature]

University of [Name]
Five, Elizabeth Court  
Oak Park Ill.  
£57. 41-40  

My dear Mr. Tile:  

I am very sorry to hear that you are ill. I hope that by the time this gets to you, you will be feeling much better. 

Nearly everyone seems to be ill now. Yesterday evening, some happened. Mr. Dela was in the office taking some medicine and dancing to one way. Then my brother-in-law arrived unexpectedly. (The door opened. I said, "Mr. Dela, please introduce yourself to me."") My brother-in-law said, "Well, I knew the original."

"Oh, during the Pullman strike, Mr. Dela, Mr. Hopen. We had a very happy time."

Always sincerely,  

Cheverie Willian
In consideration of the

In consideration of the

composition, entitled 'sweet

composition, entitled 'sweet

In consideration of the

composition, entitled 'sweet

In consideration of the

composition, entitled 'sweet

In consideration of the

composition, entitled 'sweet

In consideration of the

composition, entitled 'sweet
St. Mary's
Parish House,
Freeport, Illinois.

Freeport, Ill., Feb. 5, 1893.

Mr. Eugene Field.

Dear Sir:

Your truly and nice letter received. Very sorry to hear you are unwell. I had great hopes to have the pleasure of your company on the 22nd. I pray God to restore you to good health soon. You can rest assured, if you come to Freeport we will do all we can to make your stay a pleasant one.

With best wishes for your happiness.

Very sincerely,

W. H. Moran
Dear Mr. President,

I hope this letter finds you well. I trust that your health and spirits are in good stead.

I am writing to express my concern about the recent developments in our country. The increase in tensions and the lack of communication between the federal government and the states is concerning. I believe it is imperative that we work together to find a solution to this issue.

I understand the complexity of the situation, but I urge you to consider the needs of our citizens. It is in the best interest of the nation that we resolve these disputes amicably.

I remain hopeful that we can overcome these challenges together.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
La Grange, Ill. February 11, 1895

Mr. Eugene Field,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find contract, which Mr. G. C. Davis authorizes me to send to you. Kindly sign, and return two copies to me. He also wishes me to state, that he has not used your title "Now I lay me down to sleep", because so many songs are already published by that name. He hopes that this liberty, and also the liberty of adding to your verses the well known little prayer "Now I lay me, etc.", will not prove objectionable.

I send you copy of song, and if you desire me to, will send you part of one hundred copies mentioned in contract, or, if you will give me addresses, will mail them as you may direct.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
Mr. Eugene Price
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find contract with Mr. G. C. Dave

Mr. Price is very much interested in the property and requests you to please find somebody to release the contract for him.

I regret I am not at home to see you now, but I will call on you this week to discuss the matter further.

I am confident that you will give me the same consideration that I have given you.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
Dear Mr. Field,

Many thanks for your good miscellaneous work in The Morning Record. That's just what we want, but I wish to call your attention to a slight error. You state the show open next week, it does not open until March 5th, and lasts four days. The entries for the show close, or rather the time for receiving the entries closes Saturday, the 16th, at the Club Office, 95-2 Monadnock Bldg.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I am

Very truly yours,

[Signature]
My dear Sir,

It is not often that I give vent to my feelings, and write the author who has interested me even though I feel inclined to do so. It always seems to me a bit selfish, and presuming. I do wish however, that in least right interested—perhaps this may clear up. If so—

For I have just finished a letter to my husband and took up the ladies some trouble to read. At the beginning I was refreshed by a lift of Vermont air; but as I read all seemed so far away and I slept to look at the picture and barely

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. H. E. Burt
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S. N. Seymour
I am sorry to hear that you have been sick and I hope that you are well again.

I send my love to Aunt Julia and Aunt Ida.

Your loving,

Georgia.

1627 S. Compton Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.
Feb. 29, 1896

Dear Uncle Gene,

I think I will write you a letter. Please thank Daisy for the pretty paper doll she sent me.
I like to play with them.

I would like to see Patsy kiss him for me and Ruth too please.

Uncle Joe, do you know I have been here nine teen days!