In my tenth or eleventh year I went forward, confessed my sins of which I was intellectually but not emotionally conscious. This was for no emotional reason , chiefly because everybody else was doing it. My real sense of sin came after it was all over and I was tucked away in bed at night. I realized ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxx~~ I had been keenly conscious as I knelt that the red ribbon which hung long back of my hat must have looked very well on my cream colored coat. The recollection of that hypocrisy cut me to the heart - I knew myself a sinner then. I went through with it but it was the beginning of a doubt of the procedure.

The school, the private school, came very early in the community. It was backed by an admirable woman - Mrs. ~~Wright~~ Rice. She made you like to go to school because she was there. I don't remember anything I learned out of books but I loved that fine woman and I had a great desire to be like her, so kind and cheerful, and knowing so much. Then, too, everybody admired her It seemed a wonderful thing to me to have that outspoken admiration from all sides.

My father and mother were taking an active hand in trying opportunities. I remember the day the grand piano arrived - a beautiful ~~raspberry~~ Bradbury - with a tone I always loved and I was told that I was to be given music lessons. There never was a more hopeless pupil. It might have been possible under other circumstances to have aroused ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in me an interest in music, but setting me at scales, bringing me to a point where I could play a piece - that was not the way. They

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kept me at it for years, but it never meant anything to me.

Very touching as I look back now to recall how incessently that father and mother of mine put opportunity in my way, seeking to find the thing that would arouse me. It wasn't books of which they provided everything that came their way; it wasn't music; it wasn't art. ~~So~~ They brought in Parlor Cluvas some of them I claim, however one may ridicule, to have been really beautiful - books of masterpieces. It wasn't that. Nothing of interest had been really touched. They by the root of the stolen Police Gazette and my introduction to the stars.

(ch. II)

Five years went by and then in 1870 when I was thirteen I found myself in Titusville, Pa., in a new house my father had built, the place which was to be my home until he and mother had gone - forty five years ~~xxx~~. The change from the hills of Rouseville to the streets of Titusville I remember nothing at all. And stranger things to me as I attempt to review my past is the long strips of life through ~~xxxxxxx~~/which I passed of which there is apparently no memory in my mind, nothing that I see, nothing that I hear, nothing that I felt, ~~Thxxfixxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ except one thing and that was the sorrow of parting with my friend and mate - Laura. My first experience in human relations ?

but I came to life soon after when I found a new friend, as gay and happy-hearted one as I ever had and as charming a one - Julia Rouse. She was so much more charming than anything else that apparently I took no interest in the school in which I had been

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placed. Titusville was not like Rouseville - a mushroom which had suddenly sprung out of a mud soil. It had been a town long before oil was found there, small but substantial, with a few families who had made money in lumber, owned good homes, had looked out for the order and decency of the place. They had been over-run, almost stampeded, with the discovery of oil. Hundreds of people flooding their streets, but among those hundred there had come many substantial people who had joined the fine stuff already in the town ~~to~~ ~~xxkxxxixxxxpixxxx~~ to which to establish its manners and morals. And the thing they had given the most attention was the school. A fine group of women, those who were to be my teachers in the Titusville public school. And it was the first of these who aroused me and induced me to take school seriously.

School was not playing a serious part in my scheme of things. I went because I was sent - no interest in what went on. The reason was I suspect is that so far the teachers were a piece of impersonal machinery. I was not conscious they had any recognition of my existence. I had never been in a crowded school room before; my teacher had been my friend. This was something new. It was that I was becoming a truant.

The competent ruler of that school room did know about her individual pupils in spite of the fact there must have been seventy five to a hundred of us. She was able to spot a truant and one day as usual I had not been able to answer the

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question she asked me, she suddenly turned on me and read me a scathing lecture. I cannot remember that I was ashamed or humiliated but something in me asserted itself. If she cared enough for me to say what she was saying then there might be something in school.

I passed into the first year of High School a few months later and when at the end of the year the grades were averaged at a ceremony where everybody was present - so much in history, so much in grammar, so much in algebra, etc., etc. and the grand average was made and you were called to stand up all those above 99. There were three of us I remember and when she read our marks I stood at the head. Nobody could have been more surprised; I had not been working for the honor roll or anything else, simply doing what they expected me to do as I understood it and here I was at the top. I remember I felt very serious about it and perhaps a little bored. Having made the top of the honor roll once I knew enough what was expected of you. I do not remember whether I ever made it again but I always stood among those near the top at least. That is, I learned the lesson. Something was happening out of what I learned. It was a good deal like being good at a game; mathematics, translation particularly interested me. I liked to work it out.

I had teachers of unusual ability, charm, teachers that I loved. Here was something that meant something, concerned the hills about that I loved so well, concerned all this valley of Oil Creek with its stones, its markings. I could go up and down

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our country and find the seriousness of it. I had always been a tramp over hills and fields. That I had done in Rouseville. Here was a hill still more inviting. I began the pride of investigation, the extra work which proves whether or no you have found something in your studies which are more than a I had. Fourteen weeks in chemistry, physics and botany. Life had become suddenly extraordinarily exciting to me - things to look at, to examine. And then something happened. Among my father's books I found one called the Testimony of the Rocks by one Hugh Miller, and sat down to read it. I read with combined horror and amazement. These stones and rocks and outcroppings knocked all my underpinings out - the age of the world. It had not been made in six days.

It was about the time that I was realizing the bewilderment and agony that things were not as I supposed them to be with the earth, that here were people saying that the Bible didn't mean what I supposed it meant. We had in our church a remarkable and brilliant man, A. N. Craft, one of the ablest preachers and the most inquiring mind that I have ever known in the pulpit. He was an indefatigable student, and like all the ministers of these days he was obliged to face the challenge of theology. He was too honest a man and too informed to dismiss it as hoardes of his fellows in his church were doing to declare conclusions/profane and godless, that men like Hugh Miller, Huxley and Darwin with new and amazing teachings were an affront to divinity. He welcomed and

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went after it hard and then aroused protest in some of his followers xxxxx in the church by announcing an evening course on the reconciliation of genesis and geology. The first of the series introduced us to the universe and I had never xxxx known there was one - the stars, yes. I could name them all and liked nothing better than to lie on my back and watch them, but to see the world, the figures staggered me. I went away from those nightly lectures fascinated, horror-stricken, confused - a most miserable child.

There was no one to whom to talk it over. As a matter of fact I was too inarticulate to have expressed my confusion even if I had done as I tried to dare to do-take my trouble to Mr. Craft. As a matter of fact he was not a man to invite confidence. He was too intellectual, absorbed with the problems of his profession. He never realized what might be going on in the minds of those xxxx to whom he was bringing these utterly new conceptions of the universe.

But I did not give it up. I xxxxxxx set myself trying to figure it out. My father began about this time, possibly because he, too, had misgivings about genesis and geology but of that I never had a hint. He took the Popular Science Monthly; it was a great Journal in those days and it was carrying some of the best of the writings of Kindal, Huxley, Darwin. I went so far as with my own money to buy a copy of Huxley's Sermons which I still have. It was working over these problems that I came upon what was my first great intellectual

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passion, the first and I think the greatest I have ever had, and that was the microscope. All of this thinking and working and led me around to ~~kkk~~ great mystification about the beginnings of life. Where did it start anyway? If the world was not created in six days how could I trust that conception I had always heard of a man full-fledged suddenly appearing in a beautiful garden and then one night while he slept a rib being taken from his side and turned into a companion. It was necromancy I began to tell myself and if these scientists intimated that man was an evolution. From what did he come?

And so I conceived the idea that the microscope was to tell us and also I conceived the gigantic notion of myself going to work and finding the beginnings of life. The original atom because we talked of atoms in those days.

So my money that I had saved was finally put into a small microscope. Here in odd hours on Saturdays and Sundays I worked. The house in Titusville was of its period and had a tower and a tower room - a steep staircase ran up to it. It was surrounded on three sides with big windows. Here I set up shop; here I had my desk, my papers and my microscope; here I was alone with my problem. It was these problems, ~~mm~~estling with the articles in the Scientific Monthly, these rambles over the hills, this bending over my little microscope, that led me in part at least to decide that I must go to College. I had to find about these things - college was the way. Go to Cornell which ~~xxxxx~~ was a scientific institution of the ~~kind~~ of which I knew most. Also it

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was the one that admitted women.

There is no doubt that this determination to go to college was partly to be accounted for in my own case at least by what we called ~~suck~~ in those days ~~as~~ women's rights. The movement for women's rights had taken a strong hold on my mother, particularly did she applaud the higher education for women. There was a personal defeat linked with this feeling, for it had been her ambition in those days before she had met my father to go on with her education and become a teacher. And my father consented to my going to college, become a microscopist and find the secret of life. This seems to be the real ambition that I carried out of the Titusville High School, the thing that really meant something to me. Standing at the head of the honor school ~~xxxxx~~ all the lessons in these various subjects had meant nothing at all more than the satisfaction of having teachers and friends believe me a good student. Of all this-the real thing- nobody knew anything at all. And I did not know enough about the thing that was tormenting me and driving me to be able to ~~xxplain~~ express inteligently to another person my doubt and my ambition. There was no elegance in me; I felt no pride in having cast off the liberal belief of those about me. I did feel great distress of what seemed to me the sure thing that I had lost, of putting into its place something which was uncertain. The thought was always intruding - the notions, perhaps it is not so after all, perhaps you are wrong, perhaps they are wrong, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Darwin. And yet I

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had an idea that held me to the new notion - evolution. It came to me gradually - Mr. Carft's sermons, the Popular Science Monthly. Things grew. What did they grow from? It all started somehwere. Before I knew it I was applying this idea of the development of things - everything about me - what it had come from. Fossils which were a collection of shells which a friendly sea Captain, a friend of my fathers and mothers periodically had unloaded on us children - beautiful shells - but as they came there were others and my remains of them were being unearthed.

I had a hard time ~~with~~ figuring out what had become of the huge beasts that once walked the earth; I was not giving to learn words so that I could be sure of them - never did and never have. But I knew their names - pterodactyle - dinossaur. And now I was confronted with a problem that bigness did not mean quality necessarily, that these huge beasts had gradually declined, ~~xxxxxxx~~ my pterodactyle had become the I knew. It was a strange and provocative thought - how it had come about. As a matter of fact the whole world outside had become an observation field for the application of this notion of evolution, the idea that things grew from something less to something different. Was the something different necessarily better? It might be smaller than I thought. And so I was involved at the time I was fifteen in a confused and bewildering struggle to figure out the origin and development of physical life.

Chiefly this thing concerned my life, that I thought. And here I got great help out of the Bible and the interpretation that had stuck in my mind from the ~~xxxx~~ teaching

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that I had had from my babyhood up. It meant that you must be good. I had a definite idea - you must not tell a lie which I did at times; you must consider others; you must not hurt others. That was a Tarbell principle in the household - do not say that which would injure others. That was a catastrophe and when it happened the whole household - an inarticulate household on the whole - was shadowed for hours. And it was not until the sensitive, unspoken effort of everybody to console the injured one And we went on in that way of living.

For an inexpressive household we were extraordinarily conscious of the mind and heart of one another, like lifting up a cloud from anyone was one of the things that effected me most deeply in the household relations. My mother was the most outsproken, the most expressive, showed most plainly her feelings but she rallied as emotional people so often do. She had a tremendous recourse in her meetings and when things went very wrong in her church or her societies or in the household she was flushed and excited and irritated. She would throw herself down in her chair and knit herself into philosophic clouds? You could see it dawning on her as she worked.

As a matter of fact the interpretation of christianity which worked out in the household comes pretty close to the teachings and its strong hold that they had on me, the feeling that here was the soundest of codes for getting on with your fellow men, is one

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of the reasons I argued out for being slow to abandan outright the church and all its scientific thinking and arguing - some of which I could not get away from, but which offered me nothing in my human relations nor did it in any way satisfy something from which I could not get away. the sense of direction - the thing which I called God and which I still call God. There was something there and ~~if~~ Mr. Craft in his lectures did not tell me what it was. I was supposed to stick by until I found out. That was what I was after when I took hold of the microscope - ~~xxx~~ the search for God. There must be a point where the thing began.

All of this confusion of thinking, combined with a great dislike to feel myself a hypocrite, to have this little personal world of mine thinking I believed one thing because I acted as if I believed it when really I was in terrible commotion about it all. I made curious little compromises for myself. One was in repeating the creed. I got along very well for the most part; I could say a form of the Virgin Mary but I did not know for many years what that meant. I'll stick always in saying the creed. Rose from the dead - I didn't suspect he was dead. There is one thing I never could get and that was the resurrection of the body. I couldn't believe that. There was something else that might live and it did live but I didn't believe it was a bundle of bones.

I was on the question of personal immortality. It had become a grave doubt with me when I first grew dizzy with the consciousness of the universe. Why should I

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as a conscious person find myself in this vast emptiness? What would become of me? I didn't want to think about it and I came perhaps to a feeling that has never left me, that that immortality is not my business, that there is enough to do with mortal life without speculating on the immortal.

But for the time being my business seemed the only substantial thing for me was to find out. I must know and college seemed to be the place to learn.

But this matter of college was not alone by any means a result of this mental tumult of mine as I have pointed out as that of the movement for greater rights for women. Which had interpreted itself in my particular case as the right to get an education. Accommpanied by this was one of the motives that was stirring women most deeply and that was the desire for honest independence. In my little world there seemed to me to be more disturbance caused in the household by that any other one single cause. It was the way it was handled. The wife had to ask for every dollar; a household budget I think was an unknown factory. Roughly everybody tried to live within his means - that was a point of dignity. You had no exact idea of ~~what~~ proportioning.

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Episode of Oil Uprising: (To be inserted earlier)

I was thirteen when we came to Titusville. Things were going well in father's business; there was ease as was never known, luxuries we had never known; there was a gorgeous Christmas with presents such as we had never seen. Far away was that day back in the little shanty when there was nothing but nuts and candy and my mother and father promising "Just wait, just wait and the day will come." And the day had come - a gorgeous Christmas tree. And a velvet cloak, the ~~h~~ight of elegance, and a fur coat for my mother. I haven't the least idea what there was for the rest of us but those coats made an indelible impression upon my mind. The whole region had become to be confident, sure of itself.

Titusville was without question a metropolis, and it was spending on school, churches, an opera house, streets cleared at four o'clock every afternoon for the trucking of the fine horses ~~which were after~~ of the men who had "struck it".

And suddenly this gay, prosperous town was struck with a blow between the eyes. It produced its oil and it refined it, too, in one of the most complete plants of the time. It developed a great system of pipe lines for carrying the oil direct to the railroads for of course it depended on the railroads. Moreover it ~~was~~ was producing far more oil than the refineries could take care of. And an export business, an extension of the export business which already existed in whale oil. We sent our oil to New York, to Philadelphia, to Pittsburgh, to Cleveland. More economical to send the crew to New York, refine it there and put it

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directly on shipboard it was believed, though there is a question, than to ship the refined stuff directly to Europe from the regions. But that was the way it was going.

So we were dependent on the railroads and it was the railroads that struck the blow. A few gentlemen outside the region - Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, concocted a marvelous scheme which they carried to the railroads and had power enough to put over - a big scheme - by which they would be able to ship their refined products more cheaply than anybody outside their group. And then marvelous inventions - they had the railroads into agreeing and making a contract, not only to give them this but to pay them a percentage of the higher rates. They were to receive on every barrel of oil sent by those who were not in the group. It was a wonderful scheme Of course it was a secret as I said and it was not until one morning in the of 1872 that oil regions learned by word of mouth that this scheme had actually been put into operation in Cleveland, Ohio where there were some twenty six refineries. And the one refinery that had gone into it in Cleveland had become the owner of practically the whole twenty six, that now this same fine scheme was to be applied in Pittsburgh, in Philadelphia - was being as a matter of fact, and what did that mean to the oil regions. It meant death and for the man who produced the oil it put him in entirely at the mercy of this group, that is if they would with the only they would make the price of the oil produced. It really was a lovely plan. But the railroads who had agreed, some of them under protest. Old Commodore Vanderbilt

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said later, "I told Willie not to go into that scheme."

They hadn't reckoned properly with the oil regions.
For myself now fifteen / all this business had meant tragedy, excitement. Exciting stories of new wells were coming big; the anxiety of my father waiting for a well to come in; the terrible tales of oil fire; of robbery; of murder - all these things were mixed up in my mind - nothing definite. But when Titusville arose in wrath one morning in the '80's there was a new put on the oil regions for me. It was an invasion of the outside. I had only known that was my world. But here the outside came in and did mean something. How could they do this? My father said it meant the ruin of the business. It was wrong. The railroad was a public agent. It was like the road I was told. Now I knew very well that on this road where the little white pony trotted up and down that I had my side - there were rules of the road. You couldn't have the road unless you obeyed those rules. Now the railroad ran by the consent of the people through the valley; they had
The road on which I trotted was a right of way.
given it a right of way. / They couldn't Here they were giving to one something they would not give to another. It was wrong. It was the story of my father's - the story of the valley. Such a wonderful row that followed. Nightly meetings, violent speeches. Everything published in our paper, published with flourishes with what has come to be already
oil regions -
the noisest mouthpice of the/Oil City Derrick. One night the oil

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producers and the refiners of the oil united region/- I remember the night when my father came home with a grim look on his face and told how he had signed a pledge not to sell to the Cleveland ogre that had caused all this trouble. We knew the company then as the South Improvement Company. Later it became a Standard Oil Company, it being the only one that ever profitted out of the South Improvement Company. We would not sell, announced my father.

There were long days of excitement, Father coming home at night, silent and stern, not even his after-dinner cigar which had come to be in my mind the sign of his melting, perhaps singing my sister to sleep with the same melody she had used for me and offering at the same time to teach us the important names of the capital of the states.

There were days of it. When an agreement was reached the railroads were at the feet of the producers. Indeed they were the first to succumb knowing as they did that they were going contrary to the common law of the land and being thundered at as they were by the press of all the country. The favoritism of the railroads had got to stop, and the states began gathering themselves and passing laws and bills began to go into Congress demanding that its power over Inter-state Commerce be exersized. Sometimes these days I hear learned people saying with great suavity in explanation of the particular episodes in our economic history that the universal practice was the biggest shipper got the best rate.

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If they had lived through those days in the oil regions in 1872 they would know the popular sentiment backed as it was by the Federal Government and the newspapers of the country. Everybody did not do it; everybody had not done it. Only the strong had it out of the railroads.

At every period there is a choice for a man to make in walking through the world. He can choose the honorable and fair op en path, the path which sound ethics, sound democracies and the common law proscribe, or choose the secret way, down his fellow man. There is always the choice and such is man's love for power and greed, the exercise of his ability that he is often willing to take the second way. He must do it under protest and in doing it he pulls with him because of the advantage multitudes of men whose economic necessities and ambitions are greater than their ethical sense.

It was an old struggle that suddenly burst upon us in the oil region. It won. The sly, secret, greedy way won and bitterness and unhappiness and incalculable, ethical deterioration for the country at large came out of that victory and others of similar nature which were going on all over the country - an old struggle.

Well, I learned it from my father's grim lips, his willingness to let his oil flow on the ground. And for years I was to be conscious of what that victory meant to the one who wanted to call himself independent. Here was the break in me of the sense of the necessity of fair dealing, an indignation against

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privilege, privilege of any sort. I got the word then - a man's just privilege and while it was only the railroad on which it centered the time was to come when I was to enlarge my list of privileges against which you must fight if you were to save the Constitution.

It was all pretty hazy though there was one definite point to be established by facts and experience and it was a good thing to have even one definite in your platform, something that is born, that which goes on before your eyes.

But it was not working consciously this budding economic revolt in my soul; it was altogether over-shadowed by appalling and over-whelming discovery - at least I thought it was discovery - the world was not made in six days of twenty four hours. A day was twenty four hours but that the word day should mean anything else but what I had learned it to mean was an altogether a new idea. And what did that mean?

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When I left High School in Titusville I had then a definite idea of earning my living so I might be free. I had gotten a horror of the idea of marriage. You see I had still to learn that earning your living xxxxx entails sometimes the worst of slavery, and that being free from the natural ties of man means not only It was clear enough I was to give myself that freedom and to use that freedom by running down the origin of life by the help of a microscope.

As I said I intended to go to Cornell but at the moment when the steps to enter were to be taken there appeared in the household as an over Sunday guest the President of a small college in our neighborhood - only thirty miles away, Allegheny. I had only xxxxxxx heard of it when annually a representative appeared in our pulpit, told his story and asked for help. Among the patrons of that College was the Methodist Church of what was known as the Erie District, Northwestern Pa. Dr. Lucius Bugby was a delightful and entertaining guest and learning from my family that I was headed Cornellward he very adroitly painted the advantages of Allegheny, the fact that here was a small near-by institution which had responded to the cry of women for educational opportunity and opened its doors, opened it with much protest. I would be furthering my cause if I went to Allegheny. I have never been able to stand up against any kind of persuasion from the life of a man and before Dr. Bugby had left the house I had agreed to enter Allegheny in the Fall of 1876. And that I did. It had a history that school, and it was written all over it. It is a fine story

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of noble aspiration.

Back in 1915 Timothy Alden of Boston, Mass., an educated gentleman full of that holy   for education, the spread of democratic ideas in which men found plenty of reason for struggle in those days if they do not them sufficient to justify struggle in these. Alden had gathered himself up and by way of Philadelphia and stage coach took its   north by horseback had come to Meadville, Pa. and started to found a college.

Meadville was a famous old trading post for those who knew the history of the opening of what was/then the West. An Indian trail ran through it, ~~hmkxitxxgreatxxandxxxxxxxxxxxxthexchiefx~~ and they told tails of the corn planter, the Indian chief. The great story was Washington and how he had passed that way in those early days when he made his way North to find out the route to Lake Erie. At all events here came Timothy Alden and here in a log building - the court house of the county - he opened in   his school. The town lived in a valley surrounded by most beautiful wooded hills. On the slope of one of them land was secured and here in   he began the building what is I think one of the finest college buildings of its period in the country - Bentley Hall - belonging to the category of Harvard Hall. Here a little later came a grist of books which Thomas Jefferson was to write to Timothy Alden when he received the catalogue "that this is one of the finest collections in the country. And there was a tradition of

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struggle for the ups and downs of the place had been many. And the war had swept it clean of young men and when it gathered up its forces after the war to answer the cry of women it started its duty to open its doors.

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Autobiography: Titusville:

Nettie Grumbine recalls that our acquaintance began in the High School. She graduated before I did and I used to go down after school to her school room and we read Corinne and Shakespeare together. We, laughing over it, guess that this was the origin of the Titusville Shakespeare Society. That has always been a serious moment in the so-called cultural life of the town.

Locke:

I call on Mr. Locke. He came to Titusville with his family at the suggestion of an uncle I believe who was an engineer, had built the early saw mill about 1835, wrote Lime Vermont about the discovery, the influx of people and they packed up and came on and built a house south of the Drake Well. There seems to have been a considerable settlement formed on the flats on the side hill. It was there that Nettie Farrell lived. Mr. Locke has a picture of the well - Nettie and his sister sitting on one side. I certainly should make a note of this somewhere. They remember things about me that I have forgotten. For instance Iris and I talking of Heaven is My Home and the early ideas that we were taught, at least I was taught or imbibed. She was not. She tells me of coming down to walk with me one evening, our favorite exercise I believe, and my telling her of the struggle I was going through, the way my ~~literary~~ religious faith was

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being undermined. It made an impression on her which she has never forgotten obviously. But I cannot ever remember confiding in anybody, although I longed to take my troubles to Dr. Craft but was too shy in his presence.

Certainly the whole problem of genesis - geology and their reconciliation which was stirring the intellectuals of the day must be sketched in as it was reflected in a town like Titusville.

And there is a chance for a few paragraphs on what is not so generally realized I think that whatever agitates the world agitates Titusville, Titusville being an example of American ~~an~~/community . Just at the moment I find them greatly agitated over the New Deal and find myself put to it to argue.

~~My~~ listen to ~~Bird~~ Byrdie Carter and generally I think the liberal ones agree. They read all the periodicals and swear by the Herald Tribune.

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Autobiography:

I rather think there should be more in my autobiography on the development of the oil trading, the matter of speculation on the Exchange. Father's condemnation certainly had a great effect on me. I find in the Herald for the 5th of January, 1871, an article on the Titusville Oil Exchange. It says it was at that time nearly a year old, organized on the 23rd of January 1870. The article goes on to say that before this orders had been made. There had been very little order in the buying and selling of oil, that it was done wherever a group got together. One place was the American Hotel, another around the Telegraph office, the street corners, too, were utilized. The buying and selling became regular. It must have been in 1873 or 1874 - I was in High School - that there came exciting days when the teachers and others practically abandoned the schools to trade - wild speculation.

It was then that I went home and asked my father if he would not give me $100.00 and let me go into the market. He did not often refuse me. There was a little twinkle of his blue eyes were like steel. "No daughter, no child of his, could ever demean himself by gambling." Up in Bradford, he told me - but this was later after he went to Bradford and he used to come home and tell how there was a ~~clock, a~~ dial on the facade of the exchange which registered the fluctuations in the market back and forth and he used to tell how always outside there was a group of men, not having money I suppose to trade, betting a few cents on which way the hand would go.

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He was very severe in all forms of speculation, considered that after the discrimination of the railroads speculation was the greatest evil in the oil industry.

Might be worthwhile to follow some of these speculative ups and downs with any recollections that I can get out of ~~give about~~ myself. And also, to note somewhere my own personal satisfaction, as well as fathers, when the Standard Oil Company became the one purchasing agent. While it shows their complete control over the prices it takes away the temptation from gamblers.

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Titusville:

My impressions about the liveliness of the town, its interest in lectures, entertainments, etc., is correct I find, although much more picturesque than I recall, that there is picturesque features which made no impression upon me.

In 1870 the only place of amusement of importance was the Corinthian Hall and here Anna Dickinson lectured on the 23rd of March. Her theme was the "Veiled sepulchres;" it was a discussion of Mormonism. In March of the next year - 1871- Anna Dickinson spoke again in Titusville, this time on "the demagogues and the working men." I did not examine all of the amusements recorded in the period, but I find that the Y.M.C.A. carried on a good lecture course. It was A. D. who spoke in this course. They had Wendell Phillips and James Patton down in the year 1871. Carol Louise Kellogg sang in January of 1871 and Ole Bull played on the second of February, 1872. Something I do remember outside of these high lights was the Bohemian Glass Blowers They were very popular in the country at that time and I remember my delight in them, my amazement that you get out of such common bells the music that they did. Another popular entertainment was the Bohemian glass blowers who were in Titusville in March 1870. I think I must have seen them later for I doubt if we had come to town by March of that year.

There were other entertainments to which I have no recollection and to which I imagine I was not allowed to view. There was a Dr. Hoffman who had a Museum opposite the Post office conducted it perhaps a month showing a bearded lady and an educated pig.

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At that time a fairly good travelling Opera Company was giving Fra Diavolo a two-legged calf was being exhibited not far away. Needless to say they were not under the same management. Late in '71 or early in '72 - I did not get the exact date - the Opera Parnell House took place of the Corinthian Hall for the better class of entertainment.

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Autobiography:

I think there is something to be made of my coming awake in High School - standing at the head of the Honor Roll as I did in my first year did not mean anything to me. I cannot remember reflecting on the meaning and the relation of having my imagination awakened to anything. I was good at mathamatics - excellent - it was a fascinating puzzle but I think it never meant anything more to me. When it came to Geometry I took real joy in the prefecting of the solution, the demonstration, but it had no relation to me. Nor did the Greek and the Latin and the other stuff I studied. It was when I began that blessed series called "Fourteen Weeks in this that and the other thing" that the world suddenly assumed a new light. I had discovered something - growth. I think it was. Things began, ran their course. Here was something that kept me awake at night, something that I was constantly trying to relate to myself - the beginning of life - tadpoles - evolution.

Now all of this tied up with what was really occupying my mind. It was after the realization of an outside economic world that was hampering and interfering with this world that I knew, that was going on so briskly, so satisfactorily to my father. Here was something. Something had happened that had upset the very foundations of life for me and began with those little text books but would not have carried me far if it had not been for a course of lectures which Mrs. A. N. Craft gave from the pulpit of the Methodist Church.- evening lectures - Genesis and Geology.

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My conception of the universe, or my faith in it, was as ~~little~~ as that of any fundamentalist in Tennessee. The world was created in six days and God ~~blessed us~~ rested the seventh. I took Adam and Eve literally. A fear of snakes was justified in my mind by the fatal part they had played in destroying God's plan for the happiness of man. I ran True to form at least, I tried to ~~and~~ belonged to the Church, taught in the infant class and while I was always conscious that I was something of a hypocrite - I went through my formula consciously, seriously, believing. And here came Genesis and Geology, and the world was not created in six days, that is the kind of six days I understood.

Mental, emotional, spiritual shocks, revelations, have always carried with them for me a visualization of the scene, of the moment, when they occured. That is, if painted on a wall. And that was what happened in Mr. Craft's lectures. The M.E. Church - the simply Cleanders -

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25-0
125-0

Household Budget -
Unbalanced spending
quarterly -
no exact accounts
spending money
Cleaning account -
Cost of living - Should Homelike
to bear on upper Collin
upper stripe I
no a spendthrift - sense of
my father's presence -
Elder stripe -
par Patti - pinch Father 2
elder kid glove -
no great interest in clothes -
my small income increased
in marriage by Andrew

Independent -
Teach - science biology
Cornell -
~~wanted~~ to what college
supplied - Part of College
Year - not certified really
Wellesley - major Greek
- Allegheny Fine Art in A.C.
College women
Have not risen in Olympus
Capitol - Man - Play in Church
& so I went to A.C.
a beautiful & intimate
place - Skill & Work - I love
Women admitted in Europe a
5 in my time -
Campfire = labor -
Wilderness of my - 2 stripes
Boy Troop - for a
Law Office - Work loved -
girl in Wellesley
Graduate Class
Chaperone

Cafey ray:
Her corrspdcn - I equally
y appreciy - impeded
by her ~~sickness~~ sickness & her
leaving in 72 - had seen
Dr Ayer a principal
one rea

W. y. Tribune - in the 70's
N. y. York - Carl Mark-
smelzendorf - Anarchy
~~Dr~~
Dr - all events when I
came out in 1880 I was
published & personal
a mkg prog - pecdm
grad in the Early -
the end of the Presidential
campaign of Hahn

Chicago
went stump with pair reindeer
in empty - but came not
without any concepts of
the realities of my life
Hist = Mediaeval
economics - Political -
a World de publica -
Calamity worry about
money - depression -
expansion -
But I had nothing
my passion in the west
I had changed myself
without - in spirit my
appeal in poetry to
people F Cumbria
with him I was ~~letting~~
adding to my earning
power in a great

1.
Carnal (adj) – Slowly 2
Tenuity –
Half philosophic men to be
despised as the real
2 upon of experience.

Did adulation
1 kept alive and fed my
natural proclivity
2 Enlarged my sense of
character
3 ~~stopped~~ supplied my religious revel-
4 ~~the~~ Modified my ~~about~~ it be a spiritual
all set for freedom!

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(1)

Rough outline is in folder

Autobiography: There were three in my life - to earn my living which meant to be independent, to be free, and an opportunity to go on in my search for There was another - the beginnings of revolt against what I suppose we would call economic and social injustices but which if called anything was the unfairness of things. My first objective was born of the very general discontent of women at the time, against the habit of the man in the family of doling out money. There were very few households which ran a budget - spending was unbalanced. Certainly in the household where I was born there was no exact accounting. I had no allowance; both my parents were generous with me but with the generosity of giving, with more or less caution, when I asked, and of allowing me to charge at the store.

I cannot remember the time when I did not have a cent, but my father's problem was not so easy, even if I did think it unfair for my mother to have to ask for money. I had no sense of clothes. I had an ardent desire for something unappropriate, a desire to fit myself out for an occasion. Sometimes in the early '70's Patti came to town for we had risen to the dignity of an Opera House and everything that was worthwhile in that day made Titusville. My father and mother were in the West but they had arranged that when Patti came I was to hear her. And so now it seemed as if some kind of a regalia was necessary. I remember buying a wide pink sash and a pair of yellow kid gloves.

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End(?)

Autobiography: The Speciality:

I began with a determination to have one, to spend my life on it, to learn the last ultimate bit about that thing which in my case was the atom to be sought with a microscope. I would not be diverted by the things of this world. If I could find the beginnings of things that would be enough for me. It was for that that I sought secondarily what we called economic independence; it was for that that I went to college; it was for that that I spent my savings for the miscroscope; it was that that I had in mind when I took my first position as a teacher. But then came the divergencies, the necessities and the final peek into an entirely different kind of objective. My next great determination was to find the basis of the inequality of society. My formula was clear in my mind - privilege - transportation - franchise - tariff. I would spend my life fighting the three, demonstrating how they caused all our misery.

How was I to come around to a point where it doesn't make much difference to me what I do or where I do it - do the thing that comes my way as well as I can. As I have gone on trying to specialize I have had a clearer and clearer notion of relationship as the whole thing belongs and the only important thing is to do what you undertake as well as you can. It was hard to see finalities enough for finite minds and the longer I have lived the more conscious I have been of my finiteness. It doesn't lay with me to settle things; it doesn't lay with me

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to search a thing to its bottom; it doesn't lay with me to overcome anything.

Where does this leave me? Would this take all the joy out of effort, stifle initiative, if you knew you were not going to come to a point where you would be the final word? I am rather inclined it is quite as interesting to see youself as a part, as a part however infinitesimal in a related whole as it is to see yourself as the only thing of importance in that whole. And I am not sure but that ~~is~~ the greatest trouble in the world today ~~so many~~ are people willing to think that the thing must be final with them. ~~by~~ must settle it:

former - one with value

steel ruler -

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