Stampeded though she was Titusville refused to give up her idea of what a town should be. She kept a kind of order, waged a steady fight on pickpockets, drunkards, wantons and in this she was backed by the growing number of men and women who having found their chance for fortune in oil wanted a town fit for their families. After churches the schools were receiving the most attention. It was the Titusville schools which had determined my father and mother to make the town their permanent home.

But school did not play a serious part in my scheme of things at the start. I went because I was sent and had no interest in what went on. I had never been in a crowded school room before, In ~~always~~ a small private school ~~where~~ the teacher had been my friend. This was something new. Here I was not conscious my teacher ~~had any~~ recognized ~~of~~ my existence. I soon ~~had~~ became a truant. But the competent ruler of that school room knew more than I realized. She was able to spot a truant and one day when I turned up after an unexplainable absense she suddenly turned on me and read me a scathing lecture. I cannot remember that I was ashamed or humiliated, only amazed, but something in me asserted itself, ~~I recognized that~~ ~~my little game was up~~. I became in the instant a model pupil.

[illegible] a decent
respect for the opinion of
mankind [illegible]

A few months later I passed into High School and when at the end of the year the grades were averaged at a ceremony where everybody was present I stood at the head of the Honor roll. Nobody could have been more surprised; I had not been working for the Honor roll , I had simply been 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 a little bored.~~ Having made the top, once, I knew what would be expected of me. I couldn't let my father and mother down or my teachers, so I continued to learn~~ed~~ my lessons. It was a good deal like being good at a game. I liked to work out the mathamatics and translations - good puzzles but that ~~any of~~ they had any relation to my life I was unconscious. And then suddenly among these puzzles I was set to solve I found in certain text books the ~~sprig of~~ sesame which was to free my curiosity, stir new desires to know, set me working on my own, to find out more than the~~text~~se books ~~which had awakened my mind~~ had to offer. The texts which did all this ~~to~~ for me were a series, I suspect a modern teacher might laugh at - Steele's "Fourteen Weeks" in Zoology, Geology, Botany, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry.

Here I was suddenly on a ground which meant something to me. From childhood, plants, insects, stones were what I saw when I went abroad, what I brought home to press, to put in bottles, to "litter up the house." The hills about Rouseville were rich in ~~treranes~~ treasures for such a collector, but nobody had ever taught me more than their common names. I had never realized that they were subjects for study like Latin and Geometry and rhetoric and ~~the~~ such other unmeaning ~~but necessary~~ tasks. They were too fascinating. But here my pleasure became my duty. School suddenly became exciting. Now I could justify my tramps before breakfast on the hills, justify my "collection" and soon I knew what I was to be - a scientist. Life was beginning to be very good for what I liked best to do, had a reason. No doubt this

~~I thought "resumé" was a glowing, airy way. I think the idea would enter the mind easier if you just said "I found the resumé";~~

uplift was helped by the general cheerfulness of the family under our new conditions of life.

#

Things were going well in father's business; there was ease such as we had never known, luxuries we had never heard of. Our first Christmas in the new home was celebrated lavishly. Far away was that first Christmas in the shanty on the flats when there was nothing but nuts and candy and my mother and father promising, "Just wait, just wait, the day will come." And the day had come - a gorgeous Christmas tree, a velvet cloak, and a fur coat for my mother. I haven't the least idea what there was for the rest of us, but those coats were an epoch in my life - my first notion of elegance.

This family blossoming was characteristic of the town. Titusville was gay, confident of its future. It was spending money on schools and churches, ~~had built~~ was building an Opera House where Jo Jefferson soon was to play, Christian Neilson sing. More and more fine homes were going up. Its main street had been graded and worked until fine afternoons, winter and summer, it was cleared by four o'clock for the trotting of the fast horses the rich were importing. When New Year's Day came every woman received - wine, cakes, salads, cold meats on the table - every man went calling. That is, Titusville was taking on Metropolitan airs led by a few citizens who knew New York and its ways, even spoke familiarly of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, both of whom natrually enough had their eye on us. Did not the Erie road from which they at the moment were filling their pockets regard oil as one of its most profitable freights? / we were grain for thei mill.

what I want to know more about, this then
place for it might be a little later on,
is this first theatre going

Expand in book not article

-7-

There was reason for confidence. In the dozen years since the first well was drilled the Oil Creek Valley had yielded nearly thirty three million barrels of crude oil. Producing, transporting, refining, marketing, exporting by-products, had been developed into an organized industry which was now believed to have a splendid future.

shipping points

Then suddenly this gay, prosperous town was hit a blow between the eyes. Self-dependent in all but transportation and locally ~~then~~ there through the [illegible] pipe lines it was rapidly ~~to the railroads~~ laying, it was dependent on the railroads for the carrying of its crude to outside refining points and for a shipping of both crude and refined to the seaboard - a rich and steady traffic for which the Oil Regions felt the railroads ought to be grateful, but it was the railroads that struck the blow. A few refiners outside the region - Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, concocted a marvelous scheme which they had the persuasive power to put over with the railroads - a big scheme - by which those in the ring would be able to ship crude and refined oil more cheaply than anybody outside. And then, marvelous invention, they would receive in addition to their advantage a drawback on every barrel of oil shipped by any one not in the group. Those in the South Improvement Company, as the master piece was called, were to be rewarded for shipping and those not in to be doubly penalized. Of course it was a secret scheme. The Oil Regions did not learn of it until it had actually been put into operation in Cleveland, Ohio, and then it leaked out. What did it mean to the oil regions? It meant that the man who produced the oil, as well as all outside refiners, were entirely at the mercy of this group, ~~that is~~ why if they ~~would~~ ~~they~~ could make the price of crude oil, as well as refined. But ~~It~~ it ~~really~~ was a ~~lovely~~ plan, which ~~but it~~ couldn't survive daylight. As soon as the Oil Regions learned of it a wonderful row followed. Nighly frantic-[illegible] meetings, violent speeches, processions and trains of oil cars loaded for members of the offending corporations raided, the oil run [illegible] on the ground, their buyers turned out of the oil exchanges, appeals to the state legislation, to Congress for an interstate commerce bill, ~~the~~ producers and ~~the~~ refiners ~~of the oil region~~ uniting for protection. I remember a night when my father came home with a grim look on his face and told how he had signed a pledge with scores of other producers not to sell to the Cleveland ogre that alone had profited from the scheme ~~and which under its own~~ a new name, that of the Standard Oil Company ~~had~~ replacing the name South Improvement Company in popular contempt.

# 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~~ stand in my mind as the sign of ~~his daily~~ his relaxing at home after a hard ~~day~~ ~~broke his sternness~~. ~~He~~ no longer told of the funny things he had seen ~~and~~ heard during the day ~~in the day as was his practice~~; he no longer played his ~~Jew's harp~~, nor sang to my little sister on the arm of his chair ~~in his~~ the verses ~~song~~ we had all been brought up on:-

Gets out of repeating "day" & runs better

~~If you put "times", plural, in there it does not go with the rest of the sentence~~

~~That geographical song had one tune~~

I find this better as giving
a suitable importance to the
entrance of the Standard Oil

See 2a-1-3

~~the~~ S.O.Co representatives and

"Augusta, Maine, on the Kennebec River

Concord, New Hampshire, on the Merrimac, etc., etc."

~~There were days of it, but finally an agreement for~~ fair play all around, It ~~was~~ signed by the ~~Standard Oil Company, as~~ all the oil carrying ~~the~~ railroads united ~~well as the~~ The railroads. ~~The railroads were~~ ~~independents were they~~ were the first to succomb 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 and politicians of all the country. "I told Willie not to go into that scheme," said old Commodore Vanderbilt and Jay Gould whined, "I didn't sign until everybody else had."

Out of the alarm and bitterness and confusion, I gathered from my father's talk a conviction to which I still hold - that what had been undertaken was wrong. My father told me it was as if somebody had tried to crowd me off the road. Now I knew very well that on this road where our little white ~~pony~~ horse trotted up and down ~~that~~ we had our side, that there were rules, that you couldn't use the road unless you obeyed those rules, that it was not only bad manners, but wrong to attempt to ~~do so.~~ disobey them. The railroads, so said my father, ran by the consent of the people; through the valley; they had given it a right of way. The road on which I trotted was a right of way. One man had the same right as another, but the railroads had given to one something they would not give to another. It was wrong. I sometimes hear learned people arguing that in the days of this historic quarrel everybody took rebates, that it was the accepted way. If

26-1 to 2-A

The commotion spread. The N.Y. Petroleum
Association, left out of the original conspira-
cy as their fellows of the Oil Regions had been
and like them in a number of cases as
was seen to be shown outraged [illegible] for
that reason sent a committee to see
what was doing. The committee was
promptly enlightened partly because its
chairman was well known ~~[illegible]~~ to them all –
It was was Rouseville neighbor, Henry H.
Rogers.

Mr Rogers had left the Creek in 1867 and
become a partner in the Pratt firm of
refiners & exporters of Brooklyn New York.
He [illegible] saw as clearly as his ~~associates~~ old friends that
4 in the Oil Region that – let the South
Improvement Company succeed in its
plan for a monopoly and everybody not
in the ring would be forced to get out of
business. The new york men seem to
have been convinced that the [illegible]ans for saving
themselves which the young oil men were

26-2 B

were laying aside a good chance of success for each in N.Y. Mr Rogers gave a long interview to the Herald. He did not mince words. [illegible] Cleveland & vicinity were "obtaining" only means to create a monopoly." "They aimed success of their control of the railroads to continue — He said their fellows felt as the men in oil region did — the breaking up of the South Improvement Company was the marking of an epoch in independence"

They were as bold in action as in words for men ~~from~~ a little later ~~the newspapers to date~~

the president of the S.O.Co. of Cleveland Mr John D. Rockefeller to date the only beneficiary of the South Improvement Company sought an interview in New York with Mr Rogers & his N.Y. committee he was treated cavalierly and according to the newspapers retreated from his brief reception "looking badly crest-fallen"

It thus was the Henry H Rogers of '72 out of the long struggle begun as a scrimmage came finally a well-developed co-operative movement guaranteeing

See 26 B.

[illegible]

they had lived through those days in the oil regions ~~in~~ 1872 they would have realized that far from being accepted it was fought tooth and nail. Everybody did not do it ~~everybody had never done it.~~ ~~Only the strong had wrested the privilege out of the railroads and~~ the railroads never dared give the privilege save under promise of secrecy.

made by known few men

~~At every period~~ there is a choice for a man to make in walking through the world. He can choose the fair and open path, the path which sound ethics, sound democracy and the common law proscribe, or choose the secret way by which he can get the better of his fellow man. It was that choice that suddenly confronted ~~burst upon us in~~ the oil region. The sly, secret, greedy way won intervened and bitterness and unhappiness and incalcuable ethical deterioration for the country at large came out of that struggle ~~victory~~ and others of similar nature which were going on all over the country - an old struggle with old defeats but never without men willing to make

A. In the nature of the offense ~~[illegible]~~?
everybody would not do it. The strong
~~wrested~~ from the railroads the
privilege of preying upon the market, and
the railroads ~~etc~~ Roughly exaggerated
to replace what follows in their
~~[illegible]~~ after insert here right
Mr B

[illegible] lived through these days in the oil regions [illegible]
they would have realized that far from being [illegible] it was
[illegible] everybody did not do it [illegible]
~~[illegible] done it. Only the [illegible] had wrested the privilege~~
~~of the railroads and the railroads never used it~~
~~privilege [illegible]~~

At every period there is a choice for a man to make in walking through the world. He can choose the fair and open path, the path which sound ethics, sound democracy and the common law prescribe, or choose the secret way by which he can get the better of his fellow men. It was that choice that suddenly burst upon us in the oil region. The sly, secret, greedy way won and bitterness and unhappiness and incalculable ethical deterioration for the country at large came out of that struggle and others of similar nature which were going on all over the country, - an old struggle with old defeats but never without men willing to make stiff fights for their rights even if it cost them all they ever hoped to possess.

At all events, uncomprehending as I was, there was born in me in that fine fight a hatred of privilege, privilege of any sort. It was all pretty hazy to be sure, but still it was well to have at fifteen one definite plank based on things seen and heard, ready for a future platform of social and economic justice if I should ever awake to my need of one. At the moment, however, my reflection did not carry me beyond the wrongness of the privilege which had so upset our world, Contradicting as it did ~~Its contradiction to~~ the principle of consideration for others which had always been basic in our family and religious teaching. ~~More was impossible for me.~~ Also # for now my whole mind was absorbed by the appalling and over-whelming discovery that the world was not made in six days of twenty four hours each.

My interest in science which meant for me simply larger familiarity with plants and animals and rocks had set me looking over my father's books for what might be there on these matters. Among them I found Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" and sat down to read it. Gradually I grasped with a combination of horror and amazement that instead of a creation the earth was a growth - that the creative days I had so clearly visualized were periods, aeons long, not to be visualized. It was all too clear to deny ~~but~~ backed as it was by a wealth of geological facts. If this were true why did the Bible describe so particularly the work of each day, describe it and declare

A I could not ~~think~~ go farther in that direction, for now its [illegible] seems so fuzzy in appearance.

"and the morning and the evening were the first day, etc.". And ended, "and God rested the seventh day." Hugh Miller labored to prove that there was no necessary contradiction between Genesis and Geology. But I was too startled to accept what he said. A Bible that needed reconciling, that did not mean what it said was not the rock I had supposed my feet were on; that words could ~~mean anything other~~ have other meaning than ~~what I supposed~~ that I had always given them ~~they meant~~, I had not yet grasped.

I was soon to find that the Biblical day was disturbing a great part of the Christian world, was a chief point of controversy in the orthodox church. I had hardly made my discovery when Genesis and Geology appeared in the pulpit of the Methodist Church of Titusville, Pennsylvania. Filling the pulpit at that time was a remarkable and brilliant man, Amos Norton Craft. Dr. Craft was an indefatigable student. It was told of him to the wonder of the church that he laid aside yearly $200.00 of his meagre salary to buy books. Like all the ministers of those days he was obliged to face the challenges of science. Many of his fellows, most of them so far as my knowledge went, took refuge in heated declarations that the conclusions that science was making were profane, godless, an affront to divinity. Not so Dr. Craft. He accepted them, strove to fit them into the Christian system. He startled his congregation and interested them and the town profoundly by announcing an evening course of lectures on the reconciliation of Genesis and Geology. The first of the series dealt with the universe. I had never known there was one - the stars, yes. I could name plants and constellations and liked nothing better than to lie on my back and watch them, but a universe was a staggering with figuresof its size. I went away from those Sunday night lectures fascinated, horror-stricken, confused - a most miserable child; for not only was my idea of the world shattered, not only was I left dizzily gyrating in a space to which there was no end, but the whole Christian system I had been taught was falling in a general ruin. I began to feel that I ought to leave the church, ~~that I had "lost my faith."~~ I did not believe what I was supposed to believe. I did not have the consolation of pride in emancipation which I find youth frequently has when it finds itself obliged to desert the views it has been taught. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~I had no of pride in its emancipation;~~ indeed I doubted greatly whether it was an emancipation. What troubled me most was that if I gave up the church I had nothing to put in place of something it had given me which seemed to me of supreme importance; summed up that something was in the commandment, "do as you would be done by." Certainly nothing which Hugh Miller or ~~Mr.~~ Herbert Spencer whom I began to read in 1872 in the Popular Science Monthly helped me here. They gave me nothing to take the place of what had always been the unwritten law of the Tarbell household based as I ~~had~~ knew upon the teachings of the Bible. The gist of the Bible, as it had come to me, was what I later came to call the brotherhood of man. Practically it was that we should do nothing, say nothing, that ~~would~~ injured another. That was a catastrophe and when it happened in our household - an inarticulate household on the whole - though one extraordinarily conscious of the minds and hearts of one another. When it happened the whole household was shadowed for hours and it was not until by sensitive unspoken efforts the injured one had been consoled, that we went on about our usual ~~business~~ ways.

This was something too precious to give up and something for which I did not find a substitute in the scientific thinking and arguing in which I was floundering. ~~Not only did the scientists~~ offer me nothing to guide me in human relations, and ~~they~~ did not satisfy ~~something~~ from which I could not escape and that was the need of direction, the need of that which I called God, and which I still ~~call God.~~ Perhaps I was a calculating person, a ~~cautious one~~. At all events I made up my mind ~~to stick by~~ and find out something which better took the place of those things which I so valued. It cost me curious little compromises, compromises that I had to argue myself into. The chief came ~~of course~~ in repeating the creed.

I could repeat, "Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," because for many years I did not know what that meant. It was the resurrection that disturbed me. I could not accept it, nor could I accept the promise of personal immortality. That had become a grave doubt with me when I first grew dizzy with the consciousness of the vastness of the universe. Why should I expect to exist forever as a conscious mind in that vast emptiness? What would become of me? I did not want to think about it and I came then to a conviction that has never left

Ethic of mine is not so strong
as yards of yards were not
so uncertain in its connotations, but

me that as far as I am concerned immortality is not my business, that there is too much for me to attend to in this mortal life without over-speculation on the immortal, that it ~~was~~ is not necessary to my peace of mind or to my effort to be a decent and useful person, to have a definite assurance about the affairs of the next world. I say this with humility for I believe that some such assurance is necessary to the peace and usefullness of many persons and I am the last to scoff at the revelations they claim.

And yet it was hard to give up Heaven. Among the books on our shelves - many of them orthodox religious books was one that had a frontispiece which I had accepted as a definite picture of the Heaven to which I was to go. Jehovah sat on a throne, Cherubim and Seraphim around him, rank upon rank of angels filling the great amphitheater below. I always wondered where my place would be and whether there would be any chance to work up in Heaven as there seemed to be on earth, to become a Cherubim.

It cost me something to give up this Heaven, but Dr. Craft's first lecture on the universe swept it away.

It was while groping my way frightened like a lost child I found a word to hold to - evolution. Things grew. What did they grow from? They all started somewhere. I was soon applying the idea. Nothing seemed to matter now, but to find the starting point of things and having that see why and how they grew into something else. How were you to go to work to find the start of life? Looking with a microscope, and I soon was in the heat of my first intellectual passion, my first and greatest - that for the microscope. With a microscope I could perhaps get an answer to my mystification about the beginning of life, where it started and then I believed I would find God again.

I was a practical person apparently for I at once began to save my money and soon had enough to put into a small instrumant. The house in Titusville, like many of its period, had a tower room, a steep staircase running up to it. This room was surrounded on three sides with big double windows. I begged to have it for my own. Here I was allowed to set up shop; here I had my desk, my papers and my microscope; here I was alone with my problems. It was that little microscope that had a good deal to do with my determination to go to college. If I was to become a microscopist, and I had already adopted that word, I must study, get an education.

This determination of mine to get an education, go to college, was chiefly due no doubt to the active crusade going on in those days for what we called woman's rights. Ours was a yeasty time, the ferment reaching into every relation of life, attacking and remodeling every tradition, every philosophy. As my father was hard hit by the attack on his conception of individualism in a democracy, freedom with strictest consideration for the rights and needs of others, as I was struggling with all the handicaps of ~~an~~ my ignoran~~t~~ce, ~~inarticulate child~~ with the nature of life, a search for God, so my mother was facing a little reluctantly a re-adjustment of her ——

status in the home and in society. She had grown up with the Woman's Rights movement. Had she never married I feel sure she would have sought to "vindicate her sex" by seeking a higher education, possibly a profession. The fight would have delighted her. If she had gone to Iowa she surely would have soon joined the agitation led there in the late '50's by Amelia Bloomer, the inventor of the practical and ugly costume which still carries her name, the real founder of dress reform. We owe it to Amelia Bloomer that we can without public ridicule wear short skirts and stout boots, be as sensible as our feminine natures permit which is not saying much for us when it comes to fashions. But she found herself a pioneer in the Oil Regions, confronted by the sternest of problems, ~~to~~ which were to be settled only by immediate individual effort~~s~~ and goodwill.

The move to Titusville, however, soon put ~~her~~ my mother in touch with the ~~woman's~~ crusade ~~of the '70's~~ for equal ~~suffrage.~~ Rights. ~~Our New York Tribune was full in those days of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, now, 1870, in its third year.~~ But the passing of the 14th Amendment in 1868 for the first time introducing the word male into the Constitution ~~had been desperately fought but without success. It~~ aroused a sense of outrage not only in the advocates of equal ~~woman's~~ rights ~~as well as~~ but in many women who had mot approved of previous agitations. ~~The leaders~~ Elizabeth Gary Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, the great early leaders, failing to keep the humiliating distinction out of the Amendment began a tremendous national crusade for woman's ~~suffrage~~. They marshalled a group of splendid women, ~~(Girls of my~~ and undertook

undertaking

OWRA

B

Digital Image, 2011. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library.

Tarbell [illegible]

~~which after the war~~ was taking ~~took~~ the place of the Earlier ~~early~~ movement for Women's Rights — The Civil War had slowed up that agitation, indeed many of its most-talking points — had been conceded. Most of the militants ~~threw~~ had thrown themselves into war work and after the war into the campaign for negro suffrage, but

Ins B.

s were slowly going into practice

~~day grew up with their names on our tongues.~~ (~~Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony always came first in respect whatever your attitude toward the cause. They were noble and valiant souls~~) ~~but there was a long line of others and a few of them in their~~ an intensive campaigning ~~which was~~ meant to reach every woman in the country, It ~~sooner or later~~ reached us in Titusville, then reached our home where my father and mother always hospitable to crusaders opened their doors to them. I remember best Mary Livermore and Frances Willard, not that either touched me, saw me, and ~~of~~ this neglect ~~which~~ I was acutely conscious and noted, too, that the men we entertained did notice me, talked to me as a person - not merely as a possible member of a society they were promoting. There was Neal Dow - father by this time was a prohibitionist - who let me show him our Dante with Gustave Dore's picture. Men were nicer than women to me I mentally noted.

35-1-A

anecdote of

The two figures in the movement of that time which interested me most were Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Clafin, dabblers in all the spiritual quackeries of the day, stock speculators, advocates and practioners of free love, entirely disreputable from the point of view of my world, but the place they took in the newspaper entirely over-shadowed for me the agonized pleas of the suffrage leaders. [illegible]

B Out of the agitation for rights ~~woman's rights movement~~, as it came to me, the two quite definite g ~~rights~~ segregated themselves ~~as~~, worth pursuing going after - the right to earn my living and the right to an education - economic independence - education. ~~Suffrage meant nothing to me. Moreover, my experience did not back up the talk~~

See 36 P.

3.5—1

As the struggle for Equal Rights grew in heat I became aware that it was far from a united struggle, that as a matter of fact leaders and followers were spending almost as much time ~~fighting~~ [illegible] each other as fighting for their cause. The friction came largely from the propensity of ~~the~~ Mrs Stanton and Mrs Anthony to form alliances shocking to many of their ~~best~~ oldest and wisest friends. Before the war they had rather recklessly from a political point of view supported easier divorce, as one of their friends wrote them they had by so doing broken the heart of the [illegible] *Evening Post* and nearly driven the *Tribune* to the grave. T[illegible] had not curbed their ardor in making strange bed-fellows. They made one of which I heard no little talk by my mother and her friends, it was with the two most notorious women in the eyes of

~~with~~ disapproving

A I ~~heard about the subjection of women. So far as I had observed~~ ~~subjection seemed~~ to me ~~fairly divided.~~ between the ~~That is I saw there~~ were

A "hen-pecked men," as well as a "down trodden women," ~~/experience~~ but ~~convinced me/~~ too ~~that there was something~~ the chief unfairness ~~about~~ women & everyone was in the handling of household expenses. Women who must do the spending were obliged to ask for money or depend on charging. My mother had not been trained to live on as generous a scale as was now possible, but my father never said, "we have so much and no more to spend." They worked often at cross purposes. So I gathered as I listened to intimate talks between women, listened to suffrage speakers,

# read their literature ~~as~~ —as did most American husbands & wives ~~women~~. I felt no restraint myself for I always had at least a little money and I, too, could charge. This foolish practice led me into funny ~~extravagances.~~ expenditure

I had no sense of ~~the~~ appropriateness in clothes. Often I had an ardent desire for something fitted only for grown ups and always had a keen ambition to fit myself out for occasions. Sometime in the early '70's ~~Caroline Neilson~~ Christine came to town. My father and mother were in the West but they had arranged that I was to hear her. It seemed as if some kind of a regalia was necessary so I ~~bought~~ charged a wide pink sash and a pair of yellow kid gloves. ~~That was what charging did for me.~~

Clara Louise Kellogg

C Cll The older I grew the more determined I became to be independent. I saw only one way - teach - but if I was to teach I must fit myself, go to college. My father and mother agreed. I had a clear notion of what I wanted to teach - natural

?

* ~~a duty now - make your [illegible] a [illegible] for living [illegible]~~

(maybe you won't like that repeated "so"; I find it a godsend in pinches as here I can find no other way to keep these phrases linked up comfortably. The second change in this sentence is of course imperative) M

(I find your first version good & I can't stand the awkwardness of that word "appropriateness") M

(I wonder if you mean Christine Nilsson (or Nillson) or Adelaide Neilson? I never heard of Caroline)

yes

science, particularly the microscope, for I was to be a biologist. I made my choice - Cornell first opened to women in 1872, but at the moment when the steps to enter Cornell 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. Amnng the patrons of that College was the Methodist ~~Church of what was~~ organization known as the Erie Conference, to which the Titusville Church belonged. I had heard of it annually when a representative appeared in our pulpit, told its story and asked for support. The president, Dr. Lucius Bugbee, was a delightful and entertaining guest and learning that I was headed Cornellward he adroitly painted the advantages of Allegheny. It was near home; it was a ward of our church. It had responded to the cry of women for educational opportunity and opened its doors before the Institution ~~which~~ I had chosen ~~had done so~~.

Was not here an opportunity for a serious young women interested in the advancement of her sex? ~~had no right to pass by?~~ Had I not a responsibility in the matter? If the few colleges who had opened their doors were to keep them open, if others were to imitate their example two things were essential - women must prove they wanted a college education by supporting those in their vicinity and they must prove by their scholarship, what many doubted, that they had minds as capable of development as young men. Allegheny had not a large territory to draw from. I must be a pioneer. # As a matter of fact the only responsibility I had felt and assumed in going to college was entirely selfish and personal. But the sense of responsibility was not lacking nor dormant in me. It was one of the few things I had found out about myself in the shanty on the flats when I was six years old~~.~~ and

There was a new baby in the family. ¶ The woman looking after my mother said, "Now you are old enough to make a cup of tea and take it to her." I think ~~I havenever had~~ in all my life since nothing has ~~anything that~~ seemed more important, more wonderful to me than this being called upon by a [illegible] ~~bossy~~ elder to do something for mother, be responsible for it. I can feel that cup in my hand as I cautiously took it to the bed and can see my mother's touching smile as she thanked me. Perhaps there came to her a realization that this rebellious ~~revolting~~ experimenting child might one day become a partner in the struggle for life so serious for her at the moment, always to be more or less serious.

But to return to Dr. Bugbee and his argument; before he left the house I had agreed to enter Allegheny in the Fall of 1876. And that I did.

What did I take with me? Well I took what from my earliest years I had been told it was necessary to ~~that~~ everyone ~~have~~ - a Purpose, always spelled with a capital. I had an outline of the route which would lead to its realization. Making outlines of what was in my mind was the one and only [illegible] point ~~so far~~ that I

You don't know how I was baffled & startled when I got here my charge saw the drafting

Your word avid painfully ambiguous

had gathered so far from long terms of struggle over grammar, rhetoric, composition. Outlines which held together I had discovered cleared my mind, gave it something to follow. I outlined all my plans as I had diagramed sentences. It was not a poor beginning for one who eventually, and by necessity rather than by intention, was to earn her living by writing - the core of which must be sound structure.

One thing by choice ~~in the life of a woman~~ left out of ~~my~~ the plan I carried from High School ~~by choice~~ was marriage. I would never marry. It would interfer with my plan; it would fetter my freedom. I didn't quite know what Freedom meant; certainly I was far from realizing that it exists only in the spirit, never in human relations, never in human activities, that the road to it is as often as not what men call bondage. But Above all I must be free and to be free I must be a spinster. When I was fourteen I was praying God on my knees to keep me from marriage. I suspect that it was only an echo of the strident feminine cry filling the air at that moment, the cry that woman was a slave in a man-made world. By the time I was ready to go to college I had changedmy prayer for freedom to a will to freedom. Such was the baggage I carried to college where I was soon to find several things I had not counted on.

When I entered Allegheny College in the fall of 1876 I made my first contact with the past. I had been born and reared a pioneer; I knew only the beginning of things, the making of a home in a wilderness, the making of an industry from the ground up. I had seen the hardships of beginnings, the joy of of realization, the attacks that success must expect, but of things with a past, things that had made themselves permanent I knew nothing. It struck me full in the face now, for this was an old college as things west of the Alleghenies were reckoned - an old college in an old town. Here was history and I had never met it before to recognize it.

The town lay in the valley of a tributary of the Allegheny River - French Creek. Its oldest tradition after the tales of Indians was that George Washington once drank from a spring on the edge of the campus. Certainly he ~~came~~ passed that way in 1753 when he came up the river valley from Fort Duquesne, Pittsburgh, following the route which led to Fort Le Boeuf on Lake Erie. He ~~had~~ commented in his Diary published the year after his trip on the extensive rich meadows through which he had passed, one of which "I believe was nearly four miles in length and considerably wider in some places." To this particular "rich meadow" a few years later came one David Mead and laid out a town and sold land. Here soon after came the representative of the Holland Land Grant Company, colonizers of first quality. Good men came, distinguished names in Pennsylvania's history, and they wanted a college. The answer to their wish came in 1815 when one of the most scholarly men of that day, Timothy Alden of Massachusetts heard their call and picking up all his worldly possessions made the two months trip by coach and boat to the settlement called Meadville.