

**** Mary and Bernhard visit Bryn Mawr and Baltimore,
Jan. 26-Feb. 9, 1904⁸¹**

Entries in Mary's diary from Bryn Mawr, 1904

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Jan. 23, 1904

We saw Mr. Frick's collection in the morning. Fine Terburg and Rembrandt and Watts, besides the usual more or less boring Barbizons. Came here 12-10.15, a long, long journey. Carey met us, most kindly. She is wonderful. The house so splendidly organized. We have deliciously comfortable rooms.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Sunday, Jan. 24, 1904

Quiet delicious morning.

Walked in the afternoon, called on John and poor Mamie, admired Walter Cope's⁸² fine architecture.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely came to dine; he the bridge-maker, etc., of the

⁸¹ This visit to Bryn Mawr is not mentioned in Jennifer Holmes, *Working Woman: The Remarkable Life of Ray Strachey* (Matador, 2019), but see p. 38.

⁸² Walter Cope was born in Philadelphia in 1860. After attending Germantown Friends School, Cope opted to learn architecture in the office of Addison Hutton, who designed buildings for Lehigh University and Bryn Mawr College. His next position was in the firm of Theophilus Parsons Chandler. Following a brief stint in 1883 as a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts as a student of Thomas Eakins and Thomas Anshutz, Cope in 1884 undertook extensive travel in Europe to observe architecture.

When Cope returned to Philadelphia in 1885, he formed the firm of Cope & Stewardson with John Stewardson. In their first five years together, Cope & Stewardson designed more than two hundred buildings, attempting to apply past styles for modern needs.

The partners became masters of Collegiate Gothic style, greatly influencing American collegiate architecture with their designs for buildings at Bryn Mawr College, Princeton University, Washington University in St. Louis, and the University of Pennsylvania.

Walter's death in 1902 is mentioned in Mary's diary:

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 15, 1902

I heard today of Walter Cope's sudden death. **He was the first person I was in love with** — all the sentimental memories of my girlhood centred round him. From time to time I dream of him, young, handsome, talented and in love with me, but delicate dreams, like the scent of flowers on the wind. For we were so shy in those early days, we were afraid to look at each other, and he only once ventured to touch my hand.

He died suddenly in the night, of apoplexy, and only my age. I thought of it all day — it made a mysterious, almost poetical background to the actual events of life. I cannot say I am acutely pained. I have not seen him for twelve years, and in that time he got married, and had four children. I wrote to him on his marriage, and also on my own, but he did not reply.

Where is he now? What value, I wonder, does he give to those early, faint memories? They are a part of one's stream of consciousness, and a pleasant part.

One can never have two first loves — a truism!



Pennsylvania Railroad; she, alas, a chatterer.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Monday, Jan. 25, 1904

Another quiet morning.

In afternoon went to town.⁸³ I revisited our house — all run to seed.

In Broad Street we instinctively paused in front of the most hideous building we ever saw, feeling in our bones it was the Fine Arts Museum. It was. Inside was a loan exhibition. We had great sport going round, and discovered a new master whom we called "*lontano di Whistler*".

Met Fridenwald, to our horror, who, with the director, Mr. Morris, and his secretary, Mr. Trasky, came round with us.

Mr. Caseby and Mr. Jones dined here, and Mr. Caseby explained the Panama question — that there is no possibility of making the canal except by Nicaragua!! He seems a very intelligent interesting man, but Carey says his wife, a Southern belle, generally makes conversation impossible. Tonight she was ill and could not come

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1904

Lunched with those awful Frienderwalds and Miss Moss (their friend) and Mr. Morris. Then paddled out in the rain to see Memorial Hall and its few waifs and strays of Italian pictures.

Dined with Elys, and heard her chatter.

Music in evening, Miss Helen Sawyer. I begged for a Handel suite, but then we had to have Liszt, Rubenstein & Co., who are as much like *Music* as a Kaleidoscope is like Painting.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1904

Went with Carey and Miss Gwinn to Elkins Park, to see Mr. Widener's pictures — mostly *horrors* masquerading under great names.

Dined quietly and greatly enjoyed hearing Carey and Miss G. tell about their experiences when they first "went abroad" 25 years ago. They *were* green — alas no one *could* be so green now, I fear. But it was naive and earnest and enchanting.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1904

Went to lunch with Auntie Lill, Alban and Emma, then called on Pearlie Whitall and Madge Rhoads. They are all the essence of lower middle class — it is too awful. Bernhard went through it bravely!

Mr. Leuba,⁸⁴ student of the Psychology of Religion, and Mr. Whitney, Professor of Metaphysics, came to dine.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Friday, Jan. 29, 1904

Saw Mr. Johnson's mixed and crowded collection.

I lunched with Mamie Morton, my old friend. Lower middle, too. They have a Pianola.

Went with her to Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Heard some Mozart,

⁸³ Philadelphia.

⁸⁴ James Henry Leuba.



and horrors.

We heard that Arthur Strong had died. It is an immense relief. They say she⁸⁵ is left practically penniless, so we suggested to ask her here as Professor of Archaeology at £400 a year. It might be an asylum to her for awhile.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Jan. 30, 1904

Quiet day — bad headache.

Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Williams to dine — he a great disappointment — only a journalist.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Sunday, Jan. 31, 1904

Bernhard lunched with Mr. Johnson, who was eager to know all his attributions, and was very nice.

I went out to Morristown with Will Nicholson and had lunch with Eliza and Whitall and their children.

Good talk in evening about aesthetics.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Monday, Feb. 1, 1904

Heavy cold. Stayed in all day. Read *Awkward Age* (Henry James) but eyes gave out.

Mr. Morgan (biology) and Mr. and Mrs. Hoppin⁸⁶ (archaeology) to dine. Dull. Hoppin seems a bounder. They all went early fortunately.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1904

Lunched with Aunty Lill.

Reception at Coates' — not half bad.

Good talk in evening.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1904

Horace Eaton came down for the night delightful as ever. Talk on aesthetics.

Carey took us over Rockefeller.⁸⁷

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1904

Talk with Eaton — showed him college.

Lunched with John Thomas.

Afternoon tea here, "Readers".

Dined in Pembroke Hall.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Friday, Feb. 5, 1904

Alumnae lunch here — Oh how depressing.

Bernhard went to Johnson's and lunched in town.

Barrett Wendell lectured on "Puritanism".

⁸⁵ Eugénie Sellers.

⁸⁶ Joseph Clark Hoppin

⁸⁷ Rockefeller Hall, a gift from John D. Rockefeller, was the last residence hall designed by Cope and Stewardson. Completed in 1904, 'Rock' is Bryn Mawr's largest residence.



The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Feb. 6, 1904

Bernhard lunched alone with Mr. Caseby, who predicted that St. Louis would soon be the really important city of the centre.

I lunched with Cousin Carrie Lawrence and her family and the Everetts — a dull, long, drawn out, middle-class lunch, ungarnished with conversation.

Then they trailed me a mile through the mud to "the most beautiful building in the United States", the Art and Science Building of the Pennsylvania University, where I was to lecture. This kind of building turned out to be a horrible be-mosaic-ed Romanesque structure of disagreeably coloured brick, it looked thoroughly German, and of course horrible.

The organization of the lecture was bad, but still the hall got packed, and I spoke for an hour. Miss Rapplier⁸⁸ introduced me. I felt it up-hill work, because the audience was peppered with faces of cousins and uncles and relatives of various degrees of kinship, who I *knew* cared absolutely nothing about Art in any form or shape (except the culinary). Still, I suppose it roused me to an unusual effort, for it appeared to be *enormously* successful.

There was a "reception feature" afterwards, Miss Harrison, daughter of the Provost, presiding — such an awfully nice, eager, intelligent girl. Carey told me afterwards that the dream of her life was to come to Bryn Mawr, but her fashionable mother made her "come out" instead. She evidently hates it, for she said to B.B. "Haven't you got a brother to marry me and take me away?" (I wish Uncle Logan was in the field!)

B.B. came after the lecture to the "social feature", and heard, as the people were streaming out, two ladies say, "Wasn't her speech interesting?" "Ye-es — but the *really* interesting thing is that she is the daughter of Hannah Whitall Smith!"

In the evening Bernhard dined with Mr. John G. Johnson, the picture collector and company lawyer, who listened with interest to all B.B. said about his pictures, and gave him a lot of advice about his own business affairs.

I dined quietly with Carey and Mamie Gwinn. Poor Miss Gwinn, she is absolutely enslaved by Carey, and treated as a silly wife. It's her own fault, but the truth is she never cared particularly about the outside world till she met Mr. Hodder. Now she is madly in love, and Carey has made it as nasty for her as possible. But the Casebys say that they think the fickle Hodder has no idea at all of marrying her. Poor Miss Gwinn! Her idea is that, as her mother disapproves of divorce, she would leave her money away from her daughter if she married Mr. Hodder. As long as the Mother lives, Miss Gwinn can feed on her romantic illusions. But people who know them, say that she will have a bitter awakening when the Mother dies.

c/o Miss Garrett, Baltimore, Sunday, Feb. 7, 1904

Packed, chatted, and came here to find poor Baltimore in flames.

⁸⁸ ? Elizabeth R. Repplier (1877-?).



Miss Garrett's kindly planned reception and dinner were shorn of all the active people, including the Mayor, who had to attend to the fearful fire. We watched it from the roof — great "sky-scrapers" flaring like giant torches against the sky, and showers of burning cinders pouring over the city.

Zoe and Harry and Margaret and Dr. Wright and Miss Dawson came to dinner. Margaret was wonderful, so calm, and bright, when she knew her husband's warehouse was burning

Miss Garrett's, Baltimore, Monday, Feb. 8, 1904

The fire is still raging. The whole of the business part of Baltimore is being destroyed.

We went nevertheless to see Mr. Walters' collection, which is horrible as regards the pictures and mixed as regards the thousands of Chinese and Japanese *objets* that bewilder you. Really a horrible perversion of the uses of art!

We also called on Zoe. Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte (he a grandson of Napoleon's brother Jerome and his American wife Miss Patterson, Princesse Mathilde his half-aunt) dined there, and Mr. and Mrs. Brackett. Pleasant evening.

Miss Garrett's house is positively Sardanapalian⁸⁹ in its luxury, but it is hideous, hideous! All stencilled over in red and blue and yellow and filled with modern Indian carvings. And in spite of its luxury it isn't quite comfortable.

Miss Garrett's, Baltimore, Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1904

Fire out.

Went out and saw the Bonaparte relics at Mr. Bonaparte's.

Saw over the Bryn Mawr school.

Lunched with Margaret. Clover Carey was there, a tiresome goose.

Drove with Carey and Miss Garrett in the afternoon and saw the Johns Hopkins University and the Medical School, to which Miss Garrett had to give about half a million and endless trouble before it could be open to women. It was most exciting hearing the adventures of Carey-Aeneas and Mary-Achates in regard to it. Carey is a real "Founder", and this Medical College has made an enormous difference to the standing of women doctors everywhere.

Dined at Harry's. Zoe in bed with threatenings of a miscarriage — her fifth! This is fine for a doctor's wife. Mr. and Mrs. Palin, Mr. and Mrs. Buchler the other guests.

⁸⁹ characterized by the luxurious way of life attributed to the Assyrian king Sardanapalus.



B-HS 1904. __ [761-768]
a four-page letter on writing paper

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr,
<Tuesday> Jan. 26, 1904

Dearests,

What joy when we arrived late Saturday night to find such delightful home letters! Thine, Ray, telling about the glorious hunt I did thoroughly enjoy — much more than I should have enjoyed the hunt itself! Thee must get thyself a top made, to go with that perfect riding-skirt [1.2] I gave thee — the flapping green one is too awful. I daresay thee could get a ready-made jacket at Gorrings⁹⁰ or somewhere like that, to go with it perfectly well. I not, go to Aunty Lu’s tailor and get one made at once. I am sure thee can afford it, and it does really make such a difference! I am too glad, though, thee had the (so-called) “fun” of the hunt — it *sounded awful!!* [1.3]

Well, we are here at last, reposing in a comfort and luxury undreamed of. There never was anything more perfect than Carey’s hospitality. She has given us two extremely comfortable bed-rooms, and a sitting-room with two desks — all sorts of electric lights, endless books, writing-paper, stamps, a “thermostat” to regulate the heat of the rooms by turning a little [1.4] screw under a thermometer — This is a luxury!

This is our third delicious long morning with nothing to do, though I have written more than 50 letters and notes. Our curtains are drawn, à l’anglaise, at 8 by her nice coloured servants, and at 8.30 we have delicious coffee and hot rolls in our sitting-room. Do not think we are dressed by then — no, it is the luxurious hour of [2]

On Friday at Pittsburgh Frank and Bessie took us to see the Westinghouse electric works.⁹¹ One out of 50 of their buildings is a third of a mile long, filled with machinery. It seemed like a sort of Inferno, and there was even a mechanical Gergon floating above the abyss in the shape of a huge basket-crane, moving slowly along under the roof, carrying men to see to the tops of 8000 horse-power generators, and the like. [2.2] To see this black thing in the air come crawling along, starting more than a quarter of a mile away, between sky and earth, gave one the shivers. In fact, I couldn’t stand any of it, and I longed to be back where one’s nearest contact with machinery is the sight of a contadino driving two white oxen and a wooden plough through the furrows under the olives on a Tuscan hillside. I have to stomach for machinery, but, strange to say, B.B. was

⁹⁰ Frederick Gorrings’s Department Store, Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1.

⁹¹ Mary’s diary, Pittsburg, Pa., Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904

We took the 8 o’clock train, arriving here for lunch. Bessie Taylor met us and took us to her Club to lunch, up in the 19th story of Mr. Frick’s building. I looked out into the semi courtyard and saw many rows of plate-glass windows, brilliant lighted, opening upon interminable rows of type-writers whose hands went (to me) noiselessly moving, moving over the small machines, ceaselessly, endlessly. I can never forget it!

We went to Bessie’s (7422 Penn Avenue) and had dinner, and then went to hear her husband, Frank Taylor, talk to his foreman. They have 9,000 employees in their Pittsburg works — Westinghouse Electric.



a page 3 cut away by Hannah

[4] able, is able, to take all this side of America, the vast industrial expansion, and the iron roads across the continent, the opening out of lakes and mines, and so forth, as a sort of heroic, pre-Homeric stage in human history, the time of the Founding of Races and the Conquest of the Forces of Nature (I have to use capitals!). He is very much [4.2] inspired by it, and feels himself to be a mute, inglorious Homer. I daresay that's the way to take it. But machinery appalls me. I liked Frank Taylor, though, he is a typical business man of the best sort. Bessie's development has not kept pace with his — the Nicholson element has grown stronger in her than I imagined it possibly could; [words crossed out] [4.3] her house is most amazingly "middle", considering their wealth. She hasn't advanced a step artistically or intellectually since the Filbert Street days.

Which reminds me, I made a pilgrimage there, to Filbert St. 1315, 1317,⁹² yesterday. The neighbourhood has gone all to the bad. Grandpa's house is a low-down eating [4.4] house, ours a nasty second-hand clo' shop, with the doors off their hinges and the window-panes broken. Arch Street, too, respectable Quaker Arch Street is a horror.

We walked along Broad Street and instinctively stopped in front of the most hideous building we ever saw, feeling in our bones it must be the Academy of Fine Arts. And it was! The only interesting thing in it is thy famous group of "Hero & Leander" (such a horror!) [5] and Story's Jerusalem. That we were amused to see on account of Henry James' *Life of Story* which we have just been reading. Bad taste and lifelessness could scarcely go further than he managed to do in that figure — no, I am wrong, taste *might* be worse.

We had great sport going round the loan exhibition and discovering [5.2] new painters like "Lontano di Whistler" and so forth. Bernhard was very amusing, and various people drifted up to us to enjoy themselves, and went away saying it was the most diverting hour they had ever had in a picture-gallery.

I must close hastily now, for it is time to dress and go into town. We're going to "Memorial Hall" today, to [5.3] see the few Italians that have strayed there.

On Thursday we lunch with Aunt Lill. We are to see all the collections and collectors here. Carey arranged *everything*. She is superb.

We stay here till the 7th, then go to Miss Garrett for 2 days, then to Washington.

Write always to Baring, Magoun & Co.

Ever and ever so much love (in haste),

Yours,

M.

⁹² in downtown Philadelphia, now next to The Notary Hotel.



<Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1904>

Let me see, where was I in my last letter? It must have been Monday,⁹³ when we went to the Academy of (so-called) Fine Arts. I forgot to say that as ill luck would have it, we met a kind but awful Jew named Friedenwald at the door of the Academy, a worthy but somehow unbearable young man whom Zangwill sent to us last Spring. In a sort of despair (for we have lost our Baedeker!) we [2.2] arranged to let him take us to Memorial Hall on Tuesday, and when the appointed day came the appointed victims were ready. We were fattened up for the sacrifice by a lunch at Philadelphia's smartest restaurant, the Bellevue, where a band deafened our ears as we partook of Mr. Friedenwald's elaborate lunch. His sister was there, and a Miss Moss of sub-literary fame, also Mr. Morris, the director of the [2.3] Academy. Miss Friedenwald was to me somehow so awful I could hardly endure it, but Mr. Morris told some very funny stories. Among them was a Quaker one which thee, Grandma, will appreciate.

It was of a Jersey Quaker farmer who brought in butter twice a week to his Philadelphia clients. One of them said one day he had heard that this farmer's daughter was married. The old man was most reluctant to admit it, but at last, with a groan, he confessed [2.4] it was so, that his daughter had married a man employed in the manufacture of pianos. "But" he added, "it is a matter for rejoicing that the young man is not employed upon their carnal parts!"

After the lunch the Friedenwalds took us out to Memorial Hall, the last remnant of the "Centennial" of 1876. There we found a lot of indescribably modern pictures, and a few odds and ends of Italians that we had known about knocking round in the shops of the London [3] dealers. Why anyone ever buys such rubbish, I cannot understand. However, there it was, purchased by a Mr. Wilstack, and by him left — as Dooley says — "to a defenceless Art Museum".

We struggled home in the rain, and went to dine with the Elys across the way. Mr. Ely is the head of the "motor construction" of the Pennsylvania Railway, a very interesting man of the type we like, but his wife is [3.2] of the chattering, putting-herself-forward variety, so of course Mr. Ely, with true American chivalry, kept quiet.

In the evening we had music; I wheedled in a little Suite by Händel, but the rest was chosen by Mrs. Ely and was that sort of modern stuff that to my taste is as much like "Music" as a rapidly changing Kaleidoscope is like a "Picture". The thermometer dropped 50 degrees in the night!

On Wednesday Carey and Miss Gwinn [3.3] came with us to see Mr. Widener's pictures. He keeps them in a gallery in his magnificent country place about 12 an hour out on the Reading Road, at Elkins Park. His house is not bad at all, XVII century Italian style, with beautiful terraces, and

⁹³ Written above 'Tuesday' (crossed out)



splendidly placed on a hill. His pictures are about the rottenest we have seen yet. Agnew has just simply dumped off all his unsellable [3.4] rubbish upon this ignorant squillionaire – including a vile copy of Mrs. Gardner's Chigi Botticelli which we knew for years in Florence, and which they told Mr. Widener was "the original". But was was worst of all was to see the place of honor occupied by a worthless picture my cook, Carlo, took me to see years ago in the Via Santo Spirito, which I refused to buy at 500 lire. the Agnews got it and prettified it up a bit, and sold it as a priceless [4] Filippino! Mr. Widener's Italians are bad enough, but I really believe his Velasquezes and Watteaus and Rembrandts and Van Dycks are worse!

We came back much more quickly than we had expected to, and were in time to get lunch at Dexter's, that place on 15th and Walnut St. where thee used to take us, Mother, when we had been to the dentist's. It is exactly the same, with the same sign [4.2] "White Mountain Cake" hanging outside. I had quite a thrill of sentiment upon going in, and I was greeted by the same smell it had in my childhood.

Afterwards we shopped a little and got our cabin on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite, sailing on March 15 and due in Plymouth March 21. It begins to seem every near, thank heavens! We had a quiet dinner in the evening.

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the remaining half of the page evidently eliminated



B-HS 1904. __ [775-781]
a four-page letter on writing paper

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr,
<Monday> Feb. 1, 1904

Dearest Mother,

Thee and Ray can decide about the length of "leave of absence" necessary, as you know about her holiday and Winnie's. But it is just as well, I should say, to ask for four weeks. I hope my letter to Mrs. Buckley reached you all right. I wrote at once upon receiving Ray's request, I think from Chicago. If it has [1.2]

the verso of p. 1 (scan 775) missing

[2.4] I am afraid she has not an easy road before her, as Mr. Strong⁹⁴ can't have left her money enough to live in the style she likes — or in any independent style, I fear. But of course America may seem to her like a dreadful exile, and she may prefer struggling along somehow or other in England. But it is beautiful here, and quiet, and her work would be useful and appreciated. [2]

I am so sorry I gave thee no address. Thee must have missed a post card of mine, for I wrote to thee saying to direct to the Bankers, that, after the Plaza, I wouldn't try private addresses. it is only a delay of one post any how.

We aren't trying to do much in Philadelphia. This is no vineyard for our vines! Carey [2.2] says — and it seems true — that it is a very unintellectual and inartistic town. Certainly the collectors, and the director of the Gallery, are perfectly uneducated people. The President of the Academy, Mr. Ed. Coates, is giving us a reception today, in Germantown, but I know we shall be bored to death. We have met Carey's most vaunted friend, Mr. Talcott Williams, [2.3] but he is nothing more than an agreeable journalist, a type we don't care much for — we didn't tell her this! We have met the professors and their wives, one or two of them very interesting. We *could* have made an effort, and gone out a great deal more, but it has been bliss to stay quietly here in this extremely comfortable haven. I think we needed the rest after that [2.4] Western trip. And now that we are quiet and resting, B.B. begins to feel homesick for Europe, for all the beautiful things there, and for the sort of life we try to lead. Nothing, now, would induce him to stay over here! But it has been worthwhile to come, and I hope it will be profitable. I think it can't help being, although nothing definite has come of it yet. If nothing does before we leave, we shall be rather hard up for a time. [3]

We took dinner the other night with the Casebys, who were Mr. Hodder's best friends here. They say they are perfectly sure he does not want to marry Miss Gwinn, and that a fearful tragedy is in store for her. For she is as much

⁹⁴ Sandford Arthur Strong (10 April 1863 – **18 January 1904**) was an English orientalist, art historian and librarian



in love with him as a romantic woman can be with a man. The moment we are alone with her she talks of him. Carey evidently hates the whole [3.2] affair as thoroughly, that she won't even admit any virtue in Mr. Hodder's chief, Mr. Jerome. She doesn't like Mr. Caseby either, though he seems to us a very able man, and I think it is because Mr. Hodder stays there when he comes. He used to come every week, but now he hardly comes at all — only twice since College opened in the autumn. They are quite [3.3] sure that he wants to get out of it.

Thee mustn't, however, say a word of this to Carey; it would make endless trouble. She knows, too, I daresay, and she will be ready to stand by her friend when the crash comes. They all think she has behaved in a very kind and dignified way about it, but they blame Hodder and Miss Gwinn a great deal for making such [3.4] talk as they did among the students, when they were both professors here, and he married. However, that is past. he is divorced, and his wife and two children are away in Switzerland, and Carey is now *au courant*. But Miss Gwinn is so charming, and so pathetically in love, that it makes one's heart ache to think what is probably in store for her. However, he may be nicer than his friends imagine! [4]

You will see from the enclosed card that I am to lecture next Saturday, "with a reception feature added", as they said in Cleveland. We are to lunch first at the Lawrences, and I will get all thy Circular letters, Grandma. Which reminds me to say that everybody I meet in crying out for more. They have been really appreciated I can [4.2] assure thee.

I spent Sunday at the Whitall Nicholsons in Moorestown, while Bernhard was with the collector, Mr. Johnson. Will Nicholson came out and in with me on the train. Whitall met us, looking old and bent, and broken. He seems to have no more go left in him. Whitall, Tatum & Co. have rolled over him, as over [4.3] John Whitall, who, they say, never goes anywhere and sees anyone, though he is in England now on a little trip for his health. Eliza was lively and very lower middle, and the children seemed to me unspeakable.

I am going over to Aunty Lill's to lunch today, before Miss Coates' reception. Carey has asked Will Hills and his wife to come to lunch tomorrow [4.4] and we lunch with Mamie Brown Morton on Friday, and with John Thomas on Thursday.

I must close now, and go for my train.

My congratulations to Ray on her early rising!! How I do long to see you all again.

Lovingly,
M.



a fragment of a letter [701-702]

<? Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1904>

the world getting Carey and Mamie to tell about their experiences when they first came abroad.

Today has been a day laid as a burnt offering upon the altar of the family.

We lunched with Aunty Lill, who seems very well recovered from her illness, and who rose to the occasion and "entertained" B.B. as well as her deafness would admit.

We had a rather weird lunch, though, with Alban and Emma, both fearfully deaf, and very strange [1.2] combinations of food, which Aunty Lill was very eloquent about.

First raw oysters, then "okra" soup, then — the truly marvellous course — *fricasse* of turkey with ham, cranberry, potatoes, celery, turnips, water-ice (in glasses) and lobster à la Newburg (reeking with sherry) all together.

B.B. was quite bewildered, **but I ate everything all at once and was very happy**. We ended up with cheese and salad, and then another ice cream, with wine sauce. When this repast drew to



B-HS 1904. __ [782-785]
a two-page letter on writing paper

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr,
<Friday> Feb. 5, 1904

Dearests,

You must excuse a short letter today, but my eyes have gone very queer, and I can't read or write. The letters simply dance about on the page, and the lines [1.2] run into each other. If it goes on I will consult an oculist, but it has only been going <on> a few days, and I am just resting my eyes. It came on with a heavy cold which I checked by rhinitis, but which left a [1.3] toothache, ear ache and these queer eyes.

We have seen a great deal of the College by now, and are simply amazed at Carey's ability in organizing Rockefeller Hall — the new one — is going to be almost perfection; and it is beautiful. I saw a "suite" of [1.4] four rooms, looking out on the Campus that would be ideal for the Twinnums!!

We haven't done much except see relatives since I wrote. We are going to lunch with Uncle William today. I had lunch with Aunty Lill on Tuesday — she was going to Lakewood with Emma [2] and the children. She seemed very lively, but silly, and Emma said she seemed queer sometimes. But this is no new thing, is it?!!

The Coates gave us a nice reception, really it was rather nice; and we could have been on the go all the time. But B.B. [2.2] has not felt well, and has enjoyed the rest, and nice talks with Miss Gwinn to the full. Mr. Johnson, the picture collector, has written him a very enthusiastic letter, and begged him to come in and dine on Saturday. [2.3] Carey thinks it will lead to business.

I lecture tomorrow, Miss Repplin "introducing" me. The next day we go to Baltimore. I am coming back to lecture at the College in March.

In six weeks we shall be half way over — what [2.4] joy to think of it. We both wish it were now, in spite of all our introductions in Washington and the Whistler Exhibition in Boston and everything.

B.B. is beginning to get homesick, I'm glad to say.

But farewell. I won't try my eyes any more.

Lovingly,
M.



MB-HS 1904. __ [631-632]
a one-page letter on writing paper

Miss Garrett's, Baltimore,
<Monday> February 8, 1904

Dearest Mother and Children and Family,

My eyes came to of themselves the day after I wrote to you. I think the trouble was just a general inflammation in the head, which included mild ear-ache, tooth-ache, and a lot of other Gummiding complaints — all passed by now. My eyes seem all right too.

Let me see — [1.2] where was I? It must have been Friday morning when a home letter came, and also a cheque for £82, which I sent on to thee, Mother, asking thee to pay the Dentist and Debenham. (I enclose their bills, which came to about £4 more than I thought.)

I went into Philadelphia and posted the letters, and then went to old Wanamaker's and did some long-delayed shopping, buying myself a hat to replace [1.3] a battered old brown scow I have worn too long. We were to have lunched with Mamie Morton, but her children fell ill with influenza, so it was put off. Bernhard, however, lunched in town, got his hair cut (thrilling and difficult event!) and went again to see Mr. Johnson's pictures, but I came out and had lunch at the Deanery with Carey and Miss Gwinn and half a dozen of the alumnae. The afternoon was spent in a long talk with Miss Gwinn, the evening in listening [1.4] to a College lecture by Barrett Wendell.

Evening

I will post this, with some newspaper cullings Carey brought, for she came down to find out the truth about this terrible Fire — all the telegraphic and telephonic communication being cut off. It is most awful. I will tell you about it in a letter posted tomorrow.

I just send this tonight, in case the "mails" are upset and tomorrow's doesn't come in time [1] to assure you that we aren't burnt up, but well and happy, although distressed in this calamity to Baltimore.

Lovingly,
M.



MB-HS 1904. __ [629-630]
a one-page letter on the stationery of
101 West Monument Street, Baltimore, Maryland

<Monday> February 8, 1904

Dearest Aunty Lill,

Thy letter has just come, with its good news about thy health. I am sure it was a wise thing to go, difficult as it is to tear one's self away from an attractive and thoroughly comfortable home like thine!

When I stood up to begin my lecture on Saturday, the whole room (which was full) [1.2] seemed alive with faces of relatives, familiar faces, grown a little older, but friendly and home-like. This, however, made it difficult to speak! I felt like saying, "Dear Cousins, I know you don't care (for I knew they didn't) about Italian Art, shan't I just spend a pleasant half hour telling you about Mother and Alys and Logan?"

But I had to pull myself together, and go on with my subject, and I daresay it [1.3] went off fairly well, for, although I was not really satisfied with myself, the people afterwards were most kind, and eager for me to speak again at the Contemporary Club. Bernhard did not come to the lecture (he was not at all well), but he arrived in time for the reception at 4 o'clock. He said he hears two ladies saying, "How well she spoke!" "Yes, and she looked very nice!" "Yes, but the *really interesting* thing is that she is the daughter of Robert and Hannah Smith!" [1.4]

So thee sees I had an audience already disposed to be friendly to me. Mr. and Mrs. Coates were there, and were very cordial and kind.

Mrs. Harrison, the Provost's wife, was ill, but her daughter received in her stead, and we found her a charming girl, and hope to see more of her.

Dear Alban was there, and I nearly kissed him afterwards, I was so glad to see him!

I told Carey about May Cosse, and I will ask Miss Garrett about a maid for thee.

We have arrived in a city of disaster, for an uncontrollable fire, raging for 24 hours, has already consumed fifteen millions worth of buildings in the business part of the town. It is [1] a most terrific spectacle — we watched it from the roof last night. But it is a horrible disaster. No headway yet has been made in stopping it.

I will write soon again.

Thy loving niece,
Mary



MB-HS 1904. __ [633-640]
a four-page letter on writing paper

Baltimore, at Miss Garrett's,
<Tuesday> February 9, 1904

Dearest Family,

I sent off a hurried note last night, because I suddenly grew afraid that the disorganization of things by the Fire might throw a letter posted today too late to catch tomorrow's boat. I will now take up the tale where I left it off, which was Saturday morning.

I spent it packing and going over my lecture, giving in a Philadelphia finish, about my "old home" and so forth. Then I went to the Lawrences' to lunch [1.2] taking excuses for B.B., who really wasn't feeling very well, but who had a quiet lunch with the man at Bryn Maur, Mr. Caseby, who struck us as the beset of Carey's Faculty (he is in Political Economy).

The Lawrences live in a nice little old fashioned house, in the back yard of a bigger house, out in West Philadelphia — Lina, her Mother, Frank and his wife and their baby Marion, who is the real head of the household. The Art Professor and his wife, "Zug"-ey sort of people, came to lunch — a long, elaborate [1.3] meal of a mediocre, semi-fashionable kind, ungarnished with conversation, and made heavy by having chocolate to drink instead of coffee.

Cousin Carrie seemed very much bent in the shoulders, and not very bright. Lina was bustling and good-natured, but her face is all seemed with tiny wrinkles and she looks more like Aunt Alice than like a young girl, I mean the way Cousin Carrie's mother used to look. Effie, Frank's wife, was all wrinkled too, like the fine hair-cracks in an old picture, [1.4] they seemed to be just drying up and fading like flowers cut off from their roots and laid on a shelf. It was a funny impression.

Then we went over to the lecture at the University Science and Art Building ⁹⁵ Mr. Everett, instead of having a cab, dragged me along, and holding up my best clack crêpe dress with both hands, through nearly a mile of slush — for the thermometer had risen in 24 hours from 2 below freezing to 20 above. There was a crowd of people going in, and we joined the throng, [2] but this "Zug"-man was so incompetent that he rushed off to talk to some people leaving me standing for five minutes without an idea where to go. At last I gave up waiting, and followed along, and finally got to the hall where I was to speak. The whole thing was very badly managed, no one was told where to go, and parties of people wandered forlornly about the Museum for as much as half an hour. Also the papers had said 4 o'clock, and the invitations 3 o'clock.

Nevertheless [2.2] when I got there at five minutes past 3, the hall was pretty well crowded. Miss Replin introduced me, and then I stood up to speak. It was very strange, the whole audience was peppered over with faces of Relatives — people I knew card nothing for Art — and I felt as if I

⁹⁵ At the University of Pennsylvania.



couldn't say anything but "My dear long-forgotten Family, suppose I don't bore you with Italian art, but just tell you a little about Mother and Alys and Logan. I'm sure you'll [2.3] be much more interested!"

There were all the Nicholson tribe, all the Smiths, Sally Harlan, endless Pearsalls and Montgomeries, Pearlie, Minnie, Copes, Rhoadses, Kate Shipley, Lawrences and their connection, Fosters — goodness knows who! I saw their faces as if it were a vague dream

six lines of writing crossed out

However, as it [2.4] was not a purely family Occasion, there being about 300 other people present, I had to brace up and give my speech. I spoke for 50 minutes, and the audience was, I must say, very attentive. I explained why it was important to name pictures correctly, how we did it, and then tried, at the end, to say something about the value of learning to see the world through the eyes of the great masters. I wonder what Uncle William thought of that! I fear he never made the effort!

Then came "the Reception Feature", as they call it out West. To this [3] Carey and I had insisted that B.B. must come, so he arrived in the glory of a frock-coat and a Family Smile. I introduced him to the whole lot, but before he was spotted he overheard the following conversation:

"How well she spoke!"

"Yes, and how nice she looked!"

"Yes, but the really interesting thing is that she is Hannah Whitall Smith's daughter!"

That, I think, was certainly the general feeling, and I had the benefit of all that good-will, so that people came and overwhelmed me with congratulations and nice speeches. They asked me to speak again at [3.2] the Contemporary Club, but I'm afraid I can't manage it, unless I work it in with the Bryn Maur Lecture, which is to take place on March 7. (On the 6th I'm going to lunch with the Nicholson clan at Uncle William's, and spend the night with Aunt Lill.)

The person we liked best at the reception was the Provost's daughter, Miss Harrison. Her Mother is the "leader of Philadelphia society", and has forced this girl to come out, instead of going to Bryn Maur as she longed to do. She said to B.B. "O *haven't* you a brother to [3.3] marry me and take me away! It's the only way I can ever escape." B.B. thought of his brother-in-law, but held his peace. She is, however, coming to England this summer.

In the evening B.B. dined again with the picture-collector Mr. Johnson, who has taken the greatest fancy to him, and gave him all sorts of fatherly advice as to how to "get on."

Saturday we came here. Our train was 40 minutes late, for we brought down a couple of Philadelphia fire-engines to this stricken town, where by now, Tuesday, a Fire has been raging for 48 [3.4] hours. I sent a paper last night to tell you about it. Engines, hundreds of them, have come from everywhere, but, so far, they are unable to get it under control.

Miss Garrett met us, and we came at once to the house, where a



"Reception Feature" again confronted us, as soon as we had changed our clothes; followed by a dinner. Miss Garrett was greatly upset because the Mayor and various other notabilities were occupied on the scene of the catastrophe and could not come; but everything went off very well. Her house is the most [4] Sardanapalian⁹⁶ in its luxury we have ever been in — and one of the most hideous! It is full of Eastern gorgeousness, carvings and metal work, and sham metal-work done in stencil. Crowds of servants flit about.

But nothing is quite right. The cooking, though endlessly elaborate and expensive, is not good; the writing tables are furnished with brass-handled drawers underneath so that you can't get your knees under, and I have to write on my lap, there is no heating in the gorgeous bath-room, and the [4.2] hot tap runs only luke warm; the bathroom wash-stand is of such exquisite and highly varnished wood that you are afraid to wash your hands there, and are reduced to a makeshift in the bath-tub; the towels are so heavily embroidered that they scratch your face ... and so on. It is really awful to be so wealthy and so devoid of taste. But she is *kindness itself*.

I have seen Harry and Zoe, and Margaret, and B.B. is delighted with them all. He says there is something special about all the Thomas clan [4.3] that makes them nicer than other people — and it is true.

Here is Carey, come down for the Fire. Every Bank in Baltimore is totally destroyed — including the one where the Bryn Maur School deals. The safe I that was burst open by the furious heat, and every paper destroyed. The loss is almost all that Baltimore is worth, and they are in despair. Poor Morris Carey has had heavy losses, and Margaret is expecting her fifth child in June. She is [4.4] wonderfully brave, and cheery. I admire her immensely for the way she takes it.

But I must close now — things are stirring in the house — it is nearly 11, and I must dress and go out.

I will write more about the Thomases in my next.

We saw the Fire at night from the roof — it was an unforgettable sight — although no one but a Nero could have enjoyed it. The great 15 story buildings were like flaming torches.

Farewell, and endless love,
Mary

⁹⁶ characterized by the luxurious way of life attributed to the Assyrian king Sardanapalus.



MB-HS 1904. __ [641-650]
a five-page letter on writing paper

Washington, D.C., <Wednesday> Feb. 10, 1904

Dearest Family,

I enclose some letters — two of Aunty Lill's original compositions, a jocular note of Alban's, and an enthusiastic note from the man who got up my lecture at the University of Pennsylvania. I felt I spoke so badly that day, I can't imagine how he could have felt what he says! I seemed much more like a goose than an orator. It was the sight of all those faces of relatives in the audience that seemed to me to [1.2] make speaking a very up-hill affair. However, it's over. I have, though, several more speeches to make — on the 20th, in the morning, at New Haven, and in the afternoon at Hartford; on the 25th at a Boston Club and the 27th at Wellesley again; on the 7th of March at Bryn Maur, probably the 8th to the Contemporary Club, Philadelphia, and on the 10th to the Barnard Club in New York.

Carey agrees with B.B. that it's *much* better for me not to take any money for them — otherwise I might make quite a lot! But Carey says you have far more influence if you accept [1.3] no fee — she never takes one herself, although she could quite easily make a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year by it. So I daresay they are right. Let us hope it may be a net to catch larger fish!

I said I would tell you in this letter about our Baltimore relatives — who, between ourselves, are the ones B.B. cares about. He says it is an axiom that "All Thomases are nice", and certainly no one in Baltimore belied the saying. The first one we saw was Zoe, who was really charming. B.B. made great friends [1.4] with her at once. She expects another baby in June, and the night we dined there she was not well enough to come downstairs. But we had a good long gossip with her the day before.

Margaret was the next one we saw — she also has expectations for June. Morris lost heavily, all the Careys did, in the fire, but Margaret kept perfectly calm and bright. She was a wonder! In some ways she reminds me more of Aunt Mary than any of the others, and she is the only one to take up Aunt Mary's mantle. It did not look [2] strange to see on the bulletin-board of the Y.W.C.A. the announcement that "Mrs. Morris Carey would lead the Bible Class". She seems to me the only one of the clan who corresponds to my childish ideal of "being grown up". Carey seems a skittish young woman beside Margaret's broad, matronly, easy-going, sensible personality — and Grace — oh well, Grace is just a frivolous young thing!

We lunched with Margaret, and saw her four children — nice bright children they are. Morris was [2.2] off getting a new "office", so we did not see him. Margaret gave us a very nice luncheon, well-served.

Clare Carey was there to entertain us — what a perfect goose of a woman, I thought her most tiresome! Very different was Grace's friend, Georgie Buchler whom we met at Harry's. O how nice her "English accent" sounded — I could have hugged her for it. She and her husband both seemed very agreeable. She resembles Trevy in the most extravagant way.



Harry is the [2.3] same old dear as ever, charming and full of good talk. I felt as if I had been seeing him every day for the past 20 years. He seemed pretty busy though — getting on very well, I should say. His children are very nice — Trudeau a perfect enchanter.

Cary came swooping down when she found herself cut off from both telegraph and telephone. And with her came a sense that it was going to be all right. From the beginning, though, B.B. prophesied [2.4] that the Fire would do great things for Baltimore, and tonight the papers are full of the splendid courageous way everyone is meeting the disaster, and how capitalists are swarming to help rebuild the city, and how all the Banks and Insurance Companies are stepping in to make up the losses. So I hope the stress will not be what it looked like at the first go-off.

One of the most interesting things of our stay in Baltimore — or, indeed, of our whole trip — was driving round the Medical Department [3] of the University and hearing Carey (Aeneas) and Mary⁹⁷ (Achates) tell of their mighty deeds in founding it. Mary Garrett finally had to give about half a million to get it open to women, and then they made her life a burden because **she would not allow them to say "equal instruction" instead of "the same instruction" in her contract!** But she won at last, and the whole standing of women doctors all over American and Europe is raised, tremendously raised, by [3.2] her action. Carey counts to us among the "Founders", who are making American civilization. They are the people over here whom, on the whole, we have most enjoyed.

Mary Garrett's extreme kindness and lavish hospitality continue to the last — she really was awfully nice to us.

We reached Washington about noon yesterday, and sent out our letters of introduction, and then sallied forth to see the town. The White [3.3] House is really beautiful, but the Capitol is a sad instance of a marvellous site and an excellent plan (on the whole) frittered away by irrational proportions and vulgar detail. It is a great disappointment. And as to the "decorative" fountains and lamp-posts in front, they "knock even German vulgarity into a cocked-hat", B.B. said, when he was them. Generally speaking, the dwelling houses are pretty bad — almost none [3.4] of those beautiful new ones we admired so much in Boston.

It was very cold and damp yesterday, and as we wandered about, alone and unknown after all our feasting and triumphs, we felt like shivering

⁹⁷ Mary Elizabeth Garrett (1854-1915) was an American suffragist and philanthropist. She was the youngest child and only daughter of John W. Garrett, a philanthropist and president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Well-known for her "coercive philanthropy," Mary Garrett donated money to start the Johns Hopkins University Medical School in 1893 on the condition that the school would accept female students **"on the same terms as men."**

She founded the Bryn Mawr School, a private college-preparatory school for girls in Baltimore and generously donated to Bryn Mawr College with the requirement that her intimate friend, Martha Carey Thomas, be the president. Like many other suffragists of the nineteenth century, Garrett chose not to marry; instead, she kept a lifelong working and emotional relationship with Thomas.



Babes in the Wood, and longed for some friendly Robin to come and lay a protecting leaf upon us. But today came in sunny and exhilarating, like the best winter day in Rome, and dear Ellen Hale came even before we were dressed to cheer us up. And other Robins have shed other leaves [4] upon us, so we are rather more lively by now. B.B. is going to lunch tomorrow with Secretary Hay, whom he greatly admires as a statesman, and I am going to lunch with Ellen Hale at the Senate.

Tonight we are going out to a Musical. We spent the afternoon receiving calls, some pleasant and interesting, others dull, but even these <were> interesting for it is all a spectacle, and we have no continuing responsibility. [4.2]

We called also upon the Waterlows today, but they were out. Tomorrow I shall look up Miss Sward and Miss Upton, and Judith Ellen too. There will be plenty to do here no doubt.

One of our callers today was of the "Founder" type, the head of the Electric Lighting in Cleveland, and President of a Ban, besides owning a Company of some kind. He is also a great traveller, and cares a good deal about art, especially Eastern art. [4.3]

We find lots of these people, and they are apt to be very intellectual people, in a way, remarkably free from prejudice, and remarkably outspoken. It is a fine type. There is scarcely anything "middle class" about them — they transcend divisions of that kind — and their children may be anything they like.

I have a hundred home matters I am think about, but it isn't much use writing. I am quite willing for Ray to follow her natural bent if it really seems [4.4] best, but I want to talk it over with her again. Where does Mathematics lead once her College course is over? It opens out to absolutely nothing except more Mathematics, and she isn't likely to keep on at them seriously all her life. Whereas studies that partake of general culture, even if they are not so easy, and don't come with quite such a knack, while she is doing them as lessons, nevertheless lead on and on and on to all that makes the mental life of a civilized person interesting. Carey [5] feels this as strongly as Uncle Bernhard and I do; although we all know there is a point beyond which it is not wise to constrain a young person. But all this we can talk of better.

As to their over-work, dear Gram, we must let them stand in with their fellows. If they show any signs of illness, we can take them out of school for a year and give them a complete rest. But, unnatural as it seems, they must go through [5.2] the mill the same as the other children. After all, what with sleep, and their summers and their games, we ought to be able to keep Mr. U. A. at bay for awhile.

I enclose a bill for the Dove Press, which I bet thee to pay, Grandma for me.

Now I must close my long dull letter. All the fish with long tails and shiny scales have swum off out of my reach, [5.3] and I send you only miserable



minnows and sculpin,⁹⁸ and the scum of the stream.

We are both beginning to be homesick. How glad I shall be when March 15 comes, even with that hateful voyage in prospect.

As we shall be in the Plaza Hotel, 59th Street, New York, from March 1-14, thee might write there from the 23rd on — sending thy last letter, though, on March 5th, for we sail early [5.4] in the morning on the 15th.

Hurrah for Europe!! I do long to get back, and seeing you again will be bliss.

Lovingly,
M.

⁹⁸ Muddler minnows or **sculpins** form a significant part of the diet of most large trout.

