

Margaret Tee
109 South Bradburn Avenue
Westminster
Colorado

5000 Words

EDUCATION ON A SHOESTRING

Late in the year 1898, it became necessary to take Mother out of the rigorous Wisconsin winter to Colorado Springs, where I had two married sisters living. Father who was a physician felt that he could locate and build up a practice there, while Mother received the benefit of her older daughter's care and more sunshine. The effort, however, was futile for she passed on early in the spring of 1899, leaving Papa, my smaller brother and me in a city new to all of us, and feeling very much that we had nothing to live for. Here Father's efforts to re-establish his practice were not very successful, as the field was already over supplied with physicians. My life in the local high school the following autumn was not well adjusted, and the brother was equally unhappy, so a change of location again seemed wise.

Papa decided to relocate in the town of Cripple Creek, in the high hills of Colorado. In the year following Mother's passing he had become acquainted with a comely widow, who lost no effort to comfort him in the

period of his loneliness. The family hoped that the change of location would break his interest in this forty-ish lady, whom we will call Mrs. Z.

Cripple Creek was a treeless and forbidding town, located almost at timberline. Trees and even flowers were scarce, and houses sat uncomfortably on their hilly side street sites. One was always going up and down hill no matter where he went. The town was past its prime as a boom town and had settled down to the business of getting gold out of the hills for the other fellow, who dwelt in marble halls in Colorado Springs or New York.

Closer at home, the trade was confined to mining and the activities of a doctor named Slaughter, and a lawyer named Cheatum, along with the merchant, chief, countless other people, and their children. Also important to a certain contingency in the town was another activity conducted on Julian Street.

The Shortline Railroad, high on the rim of the mountain range separating the Cripple Creek district from the prairie country, had been built that year, cutting through the hills through Cheyenne Canyon south of Colorado Springs. Daily a train, puffing white steam, would arrive into the very heart of this Julian Street district; in fact, it had its only terminal reaching directly into the center of the street with a long platform extending beyond it for half a block, with crib houses

lining the street on each side, plainly labeled "Rosy", "Mamie", "Tilly" and numerous others. The arrival of the train brought the local population of these houses out in force, to display their charms. Those who did not feel like promenading could conveniently lean from the low windows and attract likely prospects with handkerchiefs. The ladies on the sidewalk wore knee length, sleeveless dresses, styles unknown to women in the common walks of life until many years later. Equally unheard of types at that time were ladies in men's trousers who worked at men's jobs -- Tilly the toiler and Rosie the riveter.

Papa, after deciding to locate in this town for the practice of medicine, had gone on ahead to find an apartment and office to which he could bring my younger brother and me. I looked forward to being the housekeeper. I was without anything constructive to do, and a very deep void had been created for all of us by the breaking up of our home.

When I arrived at the Shortline terminal, my education with the ways of the world started. I was nineteen, but small, inhibited, not very strong, and had been living the life of an unawakened child. The veritable barrage of red-light inmates, strangely, did not shock me but caused a terrific curiosity. I always loved to come and go on that train so I could watch them.

Arriving at our new home, I found that it had six

rooms over a store on a main corner, which was a very good location for a doctor's office. The surprise came when I found Mrs. Z also arriving as a boarder, general advisor and companion for me. With her was her twenty year old son whom Papa had gotten a job in the bank, and her unmarried brother, near middle age, with no job. Together with my young brother and me, we were a family of six, and my budding idealistic ambitions to be Papa's little homemaker died an untimely death.

Mrs. Z and Papa at once announced their engagement to me but explained that they would not marry until he had his practice established.

There was nothing in the situation to which I could really object. However, when we would all start out of a Sunday morning for the Presbyterian Church and sit in a row as a happy family, Papa in his Prince Albert coat and his silk hat, and Mrs. Z dressed in her Sunday best, I was vaguely disturbed. It was not long before the church elders sent a committee to inquire into the status of the lady. Since they were unable to put the situation into any clearer focus than I, they let the matter drop.

I did not really complain to my older sisters when writing them, but, of course, they found out that she was there. When Papa wrote them not to worry about any reports I had made on the situation, defending the lady on the assumption that I had objected to her, he let more

of the cat out of the bag than I had ever done. Then they started to wonder just what it was Papa was so afraid of my telling. Not long afterwards, late in October, my older brother found occasion to come up to Cripple Creek on a seemingly casual visit. When he returned home the next day, he took me and all my belongings with him.

On the trip back through the canyon country on the Shortline, we slid slowly down the tracks through one of the thickest snow storms I have ever encountered. The trainmen hung off the bottom steps watching the brakes, and the train crawled along with no regard for time as it was a one way track. Still I think no one was really afraid.

Arriving in the city where my older brother and two married sisters lived, I created a puzzling situation. One sister had two children, very poor health, and very limited means; even one more mouth to feed was a burden. The other sister had three children and here too circumstances made it impractical to have me live with them, so it was decided that I could live where I could help the most, so I went to the sister who was ill, and here felt that I was earning my home for the time being at least.

An art department was being publicized at the local college where a newly arrived teacher of art was forming classes. As this was my one talent on which my family could build any future for me, my brother who

was connected with the local morning paper, wrangled a scholarship for me to enter this class. He also supplied me with car fare and this, with my helping activities in my sister's home, started me on a very constructive winter.

The teacher in this school was a newly arrived young Frenchman who could speak very little English, but burned with the true spirit of Art. His name was Louis Souter. He had recently married a local girl who, visiting in Paris, married him there. She, through local home connections, had helped him to procure this school opportunity.

This small class responded as one to his spontaneous instruction. With mutual help, we understood the universal language of Art and overcame our language barrier. It was no lack within the school that still left me greatly in need of a broader contact, and I was getting to be more of a question mark to my family each year. Finally, my sister who could not help me in other ways, evolved the idea of sending me to New York to study. She had heard of Cooper Union, an endowed and free educational center, and wrote to them.

Through her husband she procured family passes, which in those days were easy to obtain, and was able to send me to New York on one of these. She also contacted a girl's boarding home through a friend, who had a relative on the board of directors. I was admitted sight

unseen which was a most unusual circumstance.

The board at this place was four dollars a week with a roommate. Papa who had felt a little uneasy at the turn his idea for living had taken was anxious to do his share and thought that he could send me thirty dollars a month. His lady, on finding that no easy living was soon coming, had become unhappy at the situation and had broken her engagement, so his interest was centered on me again. I should add that from then on he kept his end of the bargain with me very faithfully.

I had one new dress and some older ones and considered myself well dressed, especially after my sisters shopped for a bright blue coat and a new hat. I found out later that my eastern relatives did not agree, but I was blissfully ignorant of this at the time. In a small hand bag I had fifteen dollars and my pass. Since all arrangements for my living in the big city had been made and several skeptical relatives awaited to keep an eye on me, it really was not too hazardous. For my part, I was not in any doubt as to the ultimate success of my venture.

On a January night, just after the turn of the year 1902, I took the train in Colorado Springs to "Go East". No boy ever left the East to "Go West" and meet the world with higher hopes. I was well supplied with advice, and I am sure, fears on the part of my older sister. She repeatedly listed verbally, the things I

must not do and the people I must avoid. High on the list was the lady with a sympathetic manner who would invite me to go home with her to avoid my being lost in the city. Next came the "fresh" or too interesting young man, and, of course, I was warned against the purse lifter. I was well equipped with a worldly outlook with which to meet the pitfalls.

As I started late in the evening, I soon curled up in my black, fringed cashmere shawl which my sister had insisted that I bring for this purpose, and went to sleep fully confident that the world was good, and was mine.

I awakened very early with a moment of bewilderment as to where I was and sat up to look around, and looked directly at a not too frightening young man who was staring at me in surprise. As if to explain it, he remarked, "I thought that was a little old lady sleeping in that seat."

I was sure he was too nice to be on the list of "dout's" and yielded to a natural impulse to talk, so I assured him that I was just wrapped up in my grandmother's shawl, which was warm but light and easy to carry. By that time he was on my side of the aisle and we slipped easily into a friendly acquaintance. When fully awake I went to freshen up in the small and not too commodious ladies' wash room. Here a large blond soon followed me in. She was fair, fat, and she hoped would pass for forty. She addressed me as "girlie" and inquired if I was travel-

ing alone, or was the nice young man my brother?

After I admitted I was alone, she inquired if I was going to Chicago, and as to who was meeting me. I told her that I was stopping there and that friends were meeting me, without going into any details, sure that here was my check-off number one on my list. Sure enough she assured me that she would be watching and that if my friends did not meet me, she had a nice home and that I called "dearie" now, was to come home with her. I doubt if I would have followed her even had I not been warned.

Later in the day a news boy popped into the seat beside me and remarked, "Say, I believe you are the girl I have been looking for." I replied, "I am sure you are not the boy I have been looking for," and proceeded to bury my nose in a book. Check two -- the fresh one. I thought my adventure was going very well, and according to specifications, but the next one left me a little shaken. While we stopped for breakfast, I went up the long platform to get a cup of coffee. Upon returning to my car I realized that I had left my purse on the counter, with my tickets and all my money in it. I thought the worst had happened to me, and hurried back in a panic to find the young waitress smiling. She promptly took it out from under the counter with the pleasant remark, "I thought you would be back." This time my list received a white mark.

When we neared Detroit it was nearly midnight.

The conductor came and explained to me that my car did not go through that point and that it would be necessary for me to take my things and go into the station to wait about an hour. I was terrified at the thought of leaving the security of my car, for the loss of my money and tickets had really frightened me, but he reassured me and was very kind.

In the strange, large station, I spent an uneasy hour watching and listening to every train call. They were numerous and hard to understand, but finally a friendly train man in uniform came and directed me to the right train. In spite of this expert direction, it was a rather forlorn and lonely girl who lugged her little bag and her old black fringed shawl up the long and nearly deserted platform at one A.M. to the last part of my journey, and after that -- what?

Upon entering the car I saw down the aisle, a man who looked familiar, a welcome sight. How glad I was to see him! He was the principal of the high school in the small town in Wisconsin where I had grown up. He knew all of my family and registered the greatest surprise, if not delight, to have me come ambling in alone and forlorn into the chair car coach at midnight, in the "Far East".

Mr. Langly, accustomed to being responsible for young people of irresponsible age then took charge, and I

reverted into being a clinging little girl for the rest of the trip.

Nearing New York City, two girls entered the train who had an air and clothes worn with a style, far different from our western standards. My spirit of adventure was revived! It was my first real contact with the new world I was so vividly anticipating. At Hoboken my Uncle Tom and Aunt Elsie met me. As a little girl I had known Uncle Tom, but his second wife I had never met. As she was younger than he, I considered meeting her an important stepping stone. I liked her at once and again felt free to enjoy the new experience of the approach over the ferry crossing to the great goal of my aspirations.

At the Twenty-third Street landing, we took the cross-town car on that street and transferred to the Third Avenue car to reach my destination at East Sixty-second Street near Lexington Avenue. This was before the days of automobiles and traffic regulations, except for the efforts of tall New York policemen who, on Fifth Avenue, somehow managed to bring a semblance of order out of the horse drawn chaos. Horses were for the rich; street cars with open platforms, clanging bells, and harrassed conductors who had to struggle through the crowd to collect the nickels, were for all of the not so rich.

At the Third Avenue intersection we pushed our way in, I resplendent and very western in my bright blue

coat. We wormed our way towards the center of the car and found a place to stand near a very old and poor looking, bearded Yiddish man. Before him, a young boy of his own race, was seated. He routed the boy out with some very forceful language and I sat down surprised, but thinking the East very polite, amidst a good deal of gesturing, and remarks about a gentleman giving a lady his seat, and much amused attention from the crowd. Everyone apparently overlooked the fact that my older Aunt was left standing. Even Uncle Tom, who was Irish and usually very vocal, was left speechless with surprise.

The house on Sixty-second Street presented a solid row of brownstone fronts with high stoops and deeply vestibuled double doors. Our number was 153. We were admitted by a maid in black, with a neat white apron and cap, to meet Mrs. De Main, the house mother. She received us in her private parlor, which was very English Victorian, as was Mrs. De Main with her strong British accent, daintiness, white hair, seventy odd years. She seemed like a little bit of London transplanted into New York. I could see that Uncle Tom was satisfied that my four dollar a week home was all right, and that Elsie was impressed that such an environment, a little on the old New York traditional side, but very safe, would be mine. As for myself, I was thrilled with everything and felt at home at once. Mrs. De Main seemed pleased with my complete

lack of, what now days would be called "glamour" and soon assured me that I could be quite free to follow my own inclinations in going about the city, so long as I did not get lost.

Soon my relatives left and a maid was called to take me to meet my roommate, but as it had grown late we found her in bed with her head covered up, so I quietly undressed and climbed into my own separate cot. I noticed that the rooms had separate dressers and writing tables, and while not large were comfortably planned for two.

In the morning we uncovered and smiled at one another and from then on were fast friends. Her name was Zadie and she taught me to love good music.

Zadie was in New York to study painting, but she was really a fine musician and played Brahms, Rachmanioff, Greig and Chopin for pure enjoyment. It was practically my first introduction to really fine music. She was a student of Frank Dumond, and I found later, the feud between the Dumond and Chase students could wax as violent upon the slightest provocation, as it now can between the "old school" and the extreme "Moderns".

I had not been in New York very long before I spent three precious dollars for a season ticket to the Damrosch young people's matinee series of the New York Symphony. Here I had the unforgettable experience of seeing Isadora Duncan dance with the orchestra. With her,

the simple tossing of three balls into the air, could put one back with three maidens playing on the shores of the Aegean Sea; or again, a purple deeply textured curtain, mysterious in its depth, a classic urn with gray incense rising slowly from it in a straight diminishing line, a long diaphanous scarf floating out behind her in a measured dance; these with the funeral music, could silence the great audience of young people into an awed stillness in which the very spirit of a passing soul seemed to have a tangible presence.

The group at the "Eva Home", as our house was unhappily called, was an alert and busy one, and on the whole had a very good time. My art school connection was not so satisfying, as I found the very first morning when I registered there. I started out on the first Monday, early, to contact the school for its opening mid-winter session after the Christmas holidays.

I started out alone to take the Third Avenue Elevated line to the Ninth Avenue station at Cooper Union Square. Armed with directions as to where I was to leave the train, I was never afraid of the city, having once found my place in a home with friends, I never again had the sense of being in a strange place. When I climbed the little wooden stairs and poked my silver dollar into the ticket window, the ticket seller said, "You must be from Colorado," and this made me feel at home. I must

had had a look of contentment like a Cheshire Cat, to invite the next adventure. As I walked up the platform, I was quite alone as a train had just pulled out. A man who had been greasing the tracks climbed up onto the platform, approached me, and putting his face close to mine said, "sweet little girl." I was annoyed but not frightened and walked quickly back to where people were coming through the gate.

At Cooper Union I was directed to the office of the Art School on the fourth floor of the austere old building, heavy with tradition. To me it seemed no place in which "Art The Divine Goddess" could dwell with contentment, but I afterwards came to see the value of tradition and appreciated that this place gave me my starting point in the East. The immediate contacts were discouraging, here a not too pleasant woman, whom the art school girls dubbed "Mary Jane", was in charge. One of her duties, I later found, was to circulate about the classrooms to see that no erasure dust or charcoal was allowed to fall on the floor. I am sure that this attitude came from the almost universal idea of that time, that art school students were an irresponsible lot, and that if old Peter Cooper was so kind as to give them free tuition, they must not be allowed to despoil his legacy. Mary Jane's attitude was definitely one of custodian, rather than one of receptionist, and a new student was to be

regarded with suspicion, rather than as an asset.

I handed her my letter of admission. She looked it over and said that I was to enter the beginner's cast drawing class. I was surprised as the letter stated that I had done one year of drawing under an accredited teacher at a college. We, with our French teacher, had worked mostly from costume models as he did not favor too much cast drawing. I saw the sign "life class" on a door and asked her if I could enter that class. I felt that I had come a long way in order to advance, and my time was precious.

I found later that this class was really a costume model class taught by Howard Chandler Christy, and here in lay its inaccessibility. It was popular with society buds who hoped to rate as magazine subjects. Not knowing all of this at the time, I ventured to protest, but the lady said to me, "You must not think that because you can do something that pleases your friends in a little western art school that you can ever hope to "arrive" in New York. You go over there and wait until someone shows you the cast drawing class."

No wonder that art students were reputed to be a fighting lot! I waited until noon, and the class went home before she saw me again. Thus wherever I went, my westernness seemed to wave before me like a flag. It must have been my blue coat.

So far as any constructive art education was concerned, I learned by exhibitions, lectures, and the city. That was in 1902 and I left for greener pasture in the spring.

While at Cooper Union, I was invited to join the Catherine Wolfe art student's club for social teas at the Grace Church Neighborhood House. Here many kindred spirits met and passed along gossip of the Art world. I here met a girl with whom I had studied in Mr. Souter's class in Colorado Springs. She invited me to go with her one Sunday evening to have tea at a little club where a group of girls had an apartment and were trying out group living under the leadership of Miss Hall. Here we sat on the floor and drank our tea before an open fire, while Miss Hall told us of her hopes of establishing a living club where students representing all of the three arts could join in a protective club home, and have a really large center with big reception rooms, a wardrobe and a good dining room. Here the nucleus of the Three Arts Club was brought into form with the enthusiastic approval of these girls, and brought to such great good for art students by the work of Miss Hall.

This contact with the city was a delight compensating for the fact that the school was not just what I had looked forward to.

For the most part, my experiences in traveling

were uneventful but when an occasion developed where I needed help, I received it from an unexpected source. One late afternoon during the rush hour, I attempted to go home by the convenient Third Avenue elevated road from the Bowery district at Ninth Avenue. Here the platform was packed and when the train stopped I was directly in front of a gate. It was opened in some way although the platform was already full to capacity. The guard, who had the job of keeping the crowd from killing themselves and each other, got behind me and literally stuffed me onto the waiting train.

I found myself with my face in someone's back and my feet off the floor wedged between other people's shoes, and my arms pinned down at my sides, in danger of being smothered, but unable to help myself. As I just miss being five feet tall and at that time weighed ninety pounds, the guard may have packed me in there to save me from a worse fate on the edge of the pushing crowd on the platform, over the electric rails. The shoes I was standing on turned out to be those of a big prize fighter type young man with the face of a Bowery tough, but the proverbial heart of gold. The gentleman looked down on me and exclaimed "O Mama! This is awful!" Whereupon he put his arms around me and literally pushed the crowd back away to give me breathing room, keeping it off until the need was over. I have loved prize fighters ever since.

One Sunday morning I had an experience, which except for my older sister's careful instruction as to conduct, might have been the end of my career. I was trying to reach the Dutch Reformed Church at Fifty Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street from my east side home. Someone told me to take the Third Avenue elevated to the Battery, change to the Sixth Avenue train and leave the train at Twenty-ninth Street which would have been within one block of my destination. I understood the directions but was careless at the Battery and took a Ninth Avenue train. As it was a lovely spring morning, and I liked to walk, I decided to walk the three blocks across town, not realizing that I was planning to walk alone through what, in the year 1903, was reputed to be the worst tenderloin district in the city. My friends said that even the police went in pairs.

When I came down from the elevated station, I had what seemed to be an entirely empty street to traverse for three blocks. This appeared to be a safe enterprise, as I thought that all good people in a red light district slept late Sunday mornings. The neighborhood seemed dead; not even a cat was stirring, so I started blithely out. In the middle of the first block three young men came out of a basement entrance, tipped their respective hats to me, and on each side, fell into a friendly line to walk down the street. Something out-

side of myself took charge and I never quickened my step nor looked at them. I walked exactly as if they did not exist and it worked! After a short distance they tipped their hats, fell back, and I went on to the Dutch Reformed Church. If the brush off had not been effective I would have been another missing girl, for not a person knew where I was at that time.

In the city I had for close friends and advisers my Uncle Tom, Aunt Elsie, and a young man cousin whom I adored and about whom the Irish doormmaids at the house always had their sly little joke when they announced my "Couzen". He faithfully called for me every Saturday afternoon and took me to see things. One night we went to some social function where a large dinner of rather mixed groups were seated at small tables. I was seated as a partner to a young man classmate of Ned's at Princeton. I think this was a deliberate frameup, as two people less liable to get along could hardly have been found.

Unlike my cousin, he was definitely bored at the whole affair. Finding himself with me did not improve his outlook on life at the moment. As my partner had at his command only a certain kind of dinner talk, and I had ^{at} mine, only a fund of western ideas, I promptly asked him if he had "ever been West" hoping it might touch off something, but my expectations were blasted

when he said in a tone that definitely settled the subject "Never west of Philadelphia."

"Oh, East is East, and West is West,
and never the twin shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
God's great Judgment Seat."

Kipling.

I also had an old friend of my mother's whom we had been brought up to call "Auntie Belle". She had married a second time, a Mr. John Marin, Sr., whose son at that time was just coming into prominence as an American water-colorist. Young John was then considered a queer and little known factor in the Art world; and like others of his modern world, was among the group who gained fame at the Armory exhibition in 1913.

In spite of a somewhat incredulous and highly conventional father, his step-mother was more sympathetic to his kind of expression and faithfully followed his career. I often found her assembling notices in a scrap book which would in time be very valuable.

She was interested in all young art students, and had a friend who was also a patron of the arts. Mrs. Marin interested this friend in my desire to enter a different art school, with the result that Miss Schirmer adopted me for the summer, also a young girl who was singing in the Metropolitan chorus. We both lived with her at her apartment on Seventh Avenue opposite Carnegie Hall. That summer she sent me to the Chase School to

enter the life class of Kenneth Hayes Miller.

When I went to the school to enroll, I found a rather crowded, dingy entrance on the second floor. It consisted of two studio rooms, one a "Men's Life" and the other the "Women Life". There was no office, one merely paid the class monitor for the class one wanted to join and started in. Neither class room had very much benefit of janitor service. The Men's Life classroom was labeled "Leave soap behind, all ye who enter here."

Art schools in the first decade of the new century were strongly influenced by the standards of Paris, and also by the Victorian idea that two separate life classes were more moral than the customary French mixed classes. Either way I loved these paint-smearred schools with a deep sense of relief from the carping and limiting neatness of the first one I had attended.

The summer with Miss Schirmer was a happy one and gave me a chance to find my objectives, which finally turned toward something quite new in the realm^{Art} of art education; neither smearred paint nor commercial art, but the study of the fundamentals of color, design, and the history of art. I developed a desire for a broader knowledge of the things which underlay the reason for any art at all, and from this new desire I felt my way to a new approach in the fall of 1903.

The summer interval also gave me broader contacts in other ways. The life with Miss Schirmer was full of contact with interesting people. One of her friends, an interpreter of Russian hymns, took us to the Greek Orthodox Cathedral on the East Side. Here we found a little bit of Russian peasant life untouched by any self-conscious effort to be American. The great church was free of pews and had, in its wide floor space, alters, a reading stall for the priest conducting the mass, many candles were being burned for the souls of the departed, and a group came for the "churching" of a woman. This one had lost her infant, but had to be purified from her earthly contacts; another brought her child and both were purified. This child was later presented at one of the baptismal fonts; and our friend who was loved by the Russians was allowed to bring her friends down out of the gallery, to join the group. Here the priest ducked the tiny, squalling infant into the marble font, and somehow one could not fail to see that a seed of protective love and calm trust had been planted for the child.

Earlier in the service we sat in the singing gallery where these lusty young Russians with their great voices had poured out the songs which our friend had translated into English for them.

Another contact experienced at Miss Schirmer's home was enlightening, but not so inspiring. One week

end Edith, the singer, went home to Vermont to rest. Miss Schirmer went to the country, leaving her house maid to run things for me and her "nevue" recently arrived in New York from Berlin. He had come to enter some business in New York. He spoke German to his aunt, but also could converse in good English to anyone to whom he found it necessary to speak. To rate this honor, one had to be a servant or a social equal. Neither Edith nor I were in this category, so William and I spent two entertaining days eating at the same table, served by the maid, without a word of conversation to each other. He taught me what a real dyed-in-the wool Junker was like, and as this was only ten years before the first World War, one wonders what his mission really was. His name was not Schirmer, so I do not know just what his connection to her really was. I believe that she was a loyal American.

In the autumn I entered Teacher's College at Columbia as a special student, which meant that I received class marks, but no college credit. But I consistently earned high grades, and worked as hard for them as if I had been getting a degree, because by this time I knew that I was getting what I had come to New York for.

The first semester at Teacher's College, I joined a class in outdoor sketching. We did not have to go far for subject matter as the entire block across One Hundred and Twenty-first Street was still a primeval

pasture. An original squatter's shanty perched picturesque, and appeared to lean against a large gray rock. On this rock was usually perched a very mean billy goat. On the other side were some ancient trees, which had undoubtedly sheltered Indians, but in 1903 they cast their shade over a pastoral of true rural character spread like a stage setting for a painting class. This was complete with cows, and an old woman; not too pleased to have her country invaded by college students who had become, through no fault of hers, her very near neighbors.

Her reprisal came when the university was sued for damages following the untimely demise of two cows, caused by their unnatural appetite for oil rags carelessly left in the lot by art students. Needless to say, we had to seek greener pastures for our future activities. Six years later I again found it necessary to seek a rooming place in New York City, and found a very pleasant one on the sixth floor of an apartment located on the very self-same lot on which the squatter's shanty had rested. The entire block was then built up solid with apartment houses, all six stories high.

In the subject of Color and Design, I worked under one of the newer teachers. Under Frank Alvah Parsons in these subjects; Louis Monte' in teaching methods, and History of Art. I also took a lecture course on Art Interpretation given by Alfred Vance Churchill. I also

signed up for a painting class but soon made the decision to center all of my time and resources on the preparation for teaching these other subjects, and this was just as well, for I was borrowing all of my tuition money from Cousin Ned. I returned to my girl's home to live after the summer with Miss Schirmer was over.

This year of 1903-4, Mr. Parsons was entering his second year on the faculty of Teacher's College. This led him directly into the establishment of his own school under the rather cumbersome name of New York School of Fine and Applied Art. This school, after his death, took the name of "The Parsons School". It was here under Mr. Parsons' personal direction that I later worked as a student teacher and really laid the foundation for my later work in Colorado where I functioned as a special teacher of Color, Interior Decoration, Design and Children's Art in several places.

All of this was closely interwoven with my domestic career, and I, in retrospect, would not want to relinquish either one of them.

This conflict of career and home life never came to the surface, as I always kept my outside activities on a part time basis, but when my daughter was about six months old I had a dream which showed that it was buried somewhere in my consciousness. In this dream, I thought the building was on fire in which we lived, and in which the private Art

school was also housed where I taught.

At Teacher's College, and later at the Parsons' School, I had kept very careful outlines and notes on my lecture work, and it was the basis on which I was then forming my own courses. I had not reached the point where I could carry on without them. When this dream came, that the place was on fire, I dashed in and carried my note books out, and then went back for the baby. Evidently, the fear was for the loss of my expensively acquired knowledge, while my baby was an assured and wonderful fact, in whose possession there was no fear.

The summer that my daughter was born, Mr. Parsons was traveling in Europe with a class, so that it was not until after he again reached New York that I heard from him. When a student at his school, I had spent two summers at their summer home at Chester, deep in the Birkshire Hills, as aid and companion to his mother. A warm and lasting interest was established at that time which the following letter shows.

"NEW YORK SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART
Frank Alvah Parsons, President
Susan F. Bissell, Secretary and Treasurer
Telephone Schuyler 9645
2237-2239 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

"Dear Margaret:

Believe me I was knocked senseless when my secretary, Miss Smyth, sent me the announcement of that baby. I could not answer because I had not

your address; but I sent it at once to my mother, who was as perplexed and as much as I. Ye Gods, wonders will never cease! Why is it that I can't have something startling happen to me instead of this humdrum existence day in and day out. I congratulate the baby, if I cannot consistently congratulate you. It certainly is a job to think of raising kids these days with cornmeal a dollar a pint and no milk to be had. However, you are young yet, that is by comparison with me, and you probably have courage that I haven't. Go to it!

Yes, I want to affiliate the school this year with a number of institutions throughout the United States. We are opening a school in Paris next summer for three months and will have a summer school there from now on. I am sending you some new material. A tiny schedule of our new plan for training teachers; the Constitution of our Students' Self-Government Organization that the head of your school will be interested in, I think, and also a circular of requirements for affiliation with this school when we give one year's credit for work done in other schools.

Will you let me know more about the school in Denver and what we can do in that matter.

I went up to see my mother last week. She is very bad. Her eyes give her no end of trouble and she is pretty feeble. I wish you would write her. She would like so much to hear from you.

Thank you for the picture. I am going to send it to my mother this morning.

With personal regards and wishes many, I am as always,

Very sincerely yours,

/S/ Frank Alvah Parsons

October 13, 1920

My mother's address is care of C. A. Parsons, 313 Main Street, W. Springfield, Mass."

For several years, until the time of his death we carried on an occasional correspondence, always keeping the student and teacher friendship warm and helpful, and this was one of the many rewards of my adventure in education on a shoestring.