

Material taken

down by a woman  
who once wanted to  
write Grampy's life -  
some quite incorrect

Titles.

In Germany, everyone had to have a title.  
Mrs. Criminal Inspector Smith.

Shopping in Germany.

Where are you going?

I saw something advertised ~~and~~ for a dollar.

How much have you to spend for it?

A dollar.

Tell them you have only 75 cents.

After a lecture at the Brooklyn Museum,  
said to me- "there is something in your pictures I do not find in  
any others'. It's not the photograph- it's the power of <sup>the</sup> personality  
that counts. It's self-expression that counts.

I changed photography all over the world. I got them  
all started.

Long ago I recall her saying- "Let them chop open  
my head if they can find out anything that way- I don't care.  
I have no secrets."

She has also said, "There's a man who does n't mind  
stealing."

She was telling the story of the five men who had kissed her -  
Then she said-

Men do not like a woman to be smarter than they are. They like the kind they can boss. I never wanted to be bossed.

"Then," said the little gray lady to whom she was telling her story, "you have never had to fight men's kissing you?"

"I suppose you have." When the old lady rallied from this jovial rapier thrust, she told in her gray way, how she had been saved by the counsel of wise parents who had taught her how never to put her hands on a man's knee, how never to be in a room with <sup>one</sup> ~~them~~ alone, how to deny them <sup>everything</sup> until she found the one <sup>to whom she</sup> ~~she~~ could <sup>give everything -</sup> trust, and how she was teaching her daughter <sup>the daughter</sup> the same lesson, and how grateful ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> would be in her turn, and on and on, ----- when Madam Kasebier interrupted-

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Sense of humour.

"I had a beaux. He was a millionaire. I <sup>did</sup> ~~would~~ n't stay in a room alone with him- He had bunions!"

"In College, I had a professor of Mathematics. He was the old professor type with long hair. I was <sup>a prodigy in</sup> ~~very quick~~ with mathematics and he used to visit me and <sup>then</sup> sometimes I'd do problems in advance of the class. Then he <sup>would</sup> call upon me in class to demonstrate, and, of course, I could always show the others how to do it. Then one day the girls presented me with curlpapers for my professor's long hair, and I was so embarassed, I lost my professor.

"Falling in love is like having the measles- it has to run its course."

"I married for legs and got legs."

"Also he had twenty shirts. I thought I would travel."

asked me "What has been the greatest obstacle you have had to overcome?"

"The general irresponsibility of women."

I can talk and tell good stories, and get people laughing- but I can't write to make interesting reading. Two or three people have wanted to write my life but if I started in that way, it all flattens out.

It would not be ethical for me to write my life, It concerns too many other people.

It would n't do in print.

I had an uncle who was a methodist minister. In those days all the men used snuff and a cob pipe. The minister's wife was not supposed to smoke so she'd do all her smoking off in the smoke house.

One night the minister said to his wife, "You needn't turn your back. I can smell it all the way through ~~your back~~."

As I sit here alone I recall the men who have kissed me-

There are five.

- Nathan.
- Chas.
- Bob.
- ?
- Mr. McC.

Who's Who.

Some one called one day and said he wanted me to get into "hoose'-hoo" I didn't know anything about hoose'-hoo, but when we were ready to make the bargain, I said, "I believe that's worth \$150.00."

Then he beat me down to \$100. And <sup>finally</sup> then proposed \$50." So I put him out with my two hands and ~~that's him~~ I got into hoose-hoo. (over)  
But when I saw myself in ~~the~~ who's who with my age included. I ordered it out. Only they never took it out.

But when I saw my age was in —

My husband's \_\_\_\_\_ was consul to \_\_\_\_\_ from Germany, and when they had to entertain Grant and his wife, they did not know what to do, they were so uncouth, so common- and here he has that big tomb.

I had been entertaining an engineer and two others. While the others talked together the engineer came over to me and ~~he~~ said *confidentially* "I have been all over the world and seen photographs of all kinds- I have been in Hollywood- but I have never seen such photographs as yours."

I went to Philadelphia to give a talk about Art. It was a general get-to-gether Art Union. I knew about everyone there. There was one representative of everything present. Cigarettes so when it came my turn I got them all laughing . In my address to those quaker ladies I told them that the photograph of my quaker grand-mother was holding down my cigarette coupons.

Only I had found cigarettes <sup>too</sup> annoying. They would go out. I would burn myself with them. I <sup>would</sup> find two in my mouth at once. But when I got too old to manage them I would use a pipe. Only the men ~~had~~ said, "The pipe would go out too."

But when I went home from that meeting I moved the picture. I'd been a little too

Tidies for dinner.

People used to come to me but not so much lately.  
I seem to have lost that power.

One night I was lonely and wishing some spirit would return. I was restless. I felt a tremor passing through me. I peered through the dark, I was all anticipation. I felt another tremor. I thought, now I shall hear from some one, living or dead. I felt another tremor--- It was the rumble of the subway.

It might be Lord Northcliff- I hoped he would not be embarrassed if he found me in my bed.

I could never please my husband. He was never satisfied with anything I set before him . Finally I decided to live my own life. I never neglected my home duties, but I went on with my work. He did not like it. He wanted me to keep boarders.

A Couple Call.

She does not recall the name.

"Don't you remember his hands? Every one you did of him had his hands in." "I did that, a great deal".

"My dear Woman, I took 100,000 negatives."

When we were engaged you took our pictures.

"Now what are you going to do with your hands?"

"Oh you'll have to watch me or I'll be naughty".

"She'll like that!" How lucky to have an understanding daughter.

We were a song and dance team. I was sure you would remember his hands. You took them in so many different positions.

You've stayed together all these years?

Yes.

Still doing things?

Yes, I'm still at it but not so much as I used to do.

"When I made a photograph the person who was in the room had my entire attention. I gave my whole self to him. Each one was for the time being the whole world to me. They were in a way my children. I was creating them.

Do you remember Moray's

I remember Moray's.

Down at Moray's we used to have one table every Wednesday night. .Everybody paid for his own dinner.

I was so mad when that prohibition came in!

We didn't drink so much. Everybody had what he wanted.

I remember I had cigarettes there.

Do you still smoke?

I don't smoke much but I smoke when I want to.

I don't know what it is but there is something about your face I like so much. Yes, I remember you now. You have

a better face than you ~~xxxxxx~~ had. I often didn't hear a person's name. I saw the face- that was what I was after.

The Library of Congress has a collection of my prints for a public show in Washington.

That Eastman has done so much for Music and Art, but never has he done anything for those who have become great in photography. He has no use for the art in photography- All his prizes encourage the sale of his goods. That's all he cares about. He's a good man, but has no taste for the Art of Photography.

The caller had his hands on her knee.

"Keep an eye on me! You'd better.

I recall you now. I'm so glad to see you again. What is your business now?

"I made pianoes for a while. But I sold out. "

Wife-" He works too hard. He almost kills himself working.

You're lucky. There was an Englishman here visiting and as he came down all dressed up in his evening clothes, an American in his business suit, said to him, "You're a lucky dog." "You call me an animal?" protested the Englishman. Oh, that's just a familiar way we have of greeting your friends." "I'll remember that."

Soon a young lady came along all dressed in evening clothes. "You lucky bitch." was the Englishman's greeting.

You haven't changed a bit. Just as naughty.  
Do you like me still?  
How much?  
So much.

As you go out see my photograph of Rodin. That's the best photograph ever made of Rodin.

Can you read what he wrote on it?

In London at a big dinner I was the only woman there.

"There is no happiness equal to being a grandmother."

"Yes", Madam Kasebier, "but we can't all be grandmothers.

I'm so delighted to see the both of you.

These people coming in give me something fresh to cherish. I like to have them come in- I like to have you come in.

Every day I see some one in the paper whose photographs I have taken. For some I have records of a life time.

Stieglitz. Wants to be first. Mrs. Stieglitz' father was a brewer. Prohibition knocked him out. He lived on her money. Had a following of dead beats. But I didn't have a brewer's daughter for my cash register. I told him once that if he had had to work he might have gotten somewhere. I wrote on the back of his photo, "The only man I ever loved."

I was perfectly devoted to him. I thought he was grand. When I saw he was only hot air, I quit.

I remember saying to myself as I was coming home from Moray's one night- I earn my own money. I pay my own bills. I carry my own license.

Yes, Moray's got too stylish. The old crowd went away. Prohibition knocked him out.

Davies. He was devoted to me. He was so wrapped up in his work He was very shy.

He provided for the family- a car for his wife. The last I saw him his face was very red. He went away to die.

How many years have you been married? 24.

A good many for these years. We can stand it. there has come a better understanding with the years.

A young married woman calls.

What do you do? Just look pretty? Like house-work? I don't mind it. Any children? No, but I want some.

They're an awful bother. But a woman never reaches her fullest development until she's a mother- You have to pay the price.

Your husband is an advertising man? Yes.

How long have you been married? 5 yrs.

Guess its8 going to last. O yes. We're about the same age. He's just a boy. I'm 28.

You'd never think it. Do you think I would make a good picture?

I can't tell.

When my grandmother was in her 76th year, she made 700 yards of cloth.

She had blue and white bed spreads piled up on the shelf by the dozens. She would neither sell me one nor give me one She said they had all been made on her husband's time.

My grandmother would go off on a trip with the horse and buggy and something would catch her eye, and she come home and weave it into a rug.

When she was 72 she broke her leg. It did not mend. So she had her brother wheel her about the farm in a wheel barrow so she could look after things herself.

When I was there visiting, she was selling her milk.

How much do you get for the milk? 7¢ an inch.

Would you keep it for me and let me have it while I am here ~~ixeanitxgatxmilkxk~~ She did and I had all I could drink. for two weeks.

I was my g.m.'s favorite grandchild. She had no daughters. I got from her whatever art sense I had.

I was born and brought up among the Indians and never got over it.

You look younger than you are. I don't know how old you are, and don't tell me, but you look younger than that!

Showed a Missionary Book in which her photos of Indians were being used. "It reminds me of my Indian days.

My daughter has a son. He brings his friends here and one night there was a crowd of them here, but one of them sat there in the corner of the couch, and I noticed he seemed uncomfortable. I called my grandson to me and whispered to him, "May be that young man wants to go to the water closet." Whereupon everyone in the room shrieked. ~~So now I've found out~~ ~~XXXXXXxxxxxxx~~ That's how I found out I couldn't whisper.

When I ~~xxxxxx~~ first had my first camera my children  
 all I was interested in,  
 were little. That was ~~the only reason why I got it~~ to get pic-  
 tures of them. One day I took it out into the country and met  
 an experienced  
~~xxxxxx~~ photographer, and began to talk to him about my camera.

"How long have you had it?" He said.

"Six months."

"Come to me in six years, and then we can talk ."

~~xx~~

The pupils in Mrs. Clarence White's Photography Class were in  
 here to see me last week. One of them said, "I have heard your  
 work is considered superior to Clarence White's?"

He was an Italian- I never did like Italians.

I knew the man who invented the kodak.

All the while he was at work on his invention he had to take care of a sick wife, and rock the cradle containing an imbecile child.

Then when he made his money, he didn't know how to ~~enjoy~~ enjoy it. So he hired architects <sup>to build a mansion in the Berkshires</sup> and gardeners ~~to build him a~~ ~~and where there was natural beauty in the Berkshires, they are~~ and landscape architects to make a ~~garden~~ <sup>destroying thereby</sup> garden ~~where there was an abundance~~ of natural beauty, which he never noticed.

One day I was invited to visit in that garden. Plenty of his blood suckers were standing around waiting for me to be duly impressed. But wasn't I helping to create a market for his goods?

"Have you bought a Liberty Bond?" I asked him.

"Yes, Mr. Eastman told me I had to buy ~~one~~ a one hundred thousand one. I had to borrow \$<sup>at 6%</sup>55,000 to get the cash. Then he and all his bloodsuckers waited for me to be duly impressed.

"I bought a bond with 4/5 ths of my income." was my answer.

"The widow's mite," he reverently whispered.

"Yes, the widow's mite," I replied.

And as we were walking about, he kissed my hand. That was the bond.

And again as I was leaving and he was helping me into the carriage, he kissed my hand- the bond, the widow's mite again.

Then I knew what would come next- He'd call me mother. All men who look as if they were going to have a baby - the butcher, the green grocer, the baker, it has never failed- sooner or later they call me mother.

My grandson often brings his young friends here. ~~of an~~  
 One evening, when the room was filled with them, some one remarked  
 that I could read fortunes in tea cups. So they all brought me  
 their tea cups and I read their fortunes. But there was a young  
 couple in the group and as I looked into ~~xxxxxx~~ the wife's cup  
 I hesitated to talk about what I saw there.

Later in the evening, the young husband came to sit  
 beside me on the couch. ~~and~~ "Tell me what you saw in 's  
 tea cup," he said.

"I saw a stork trying to get in at the window."  
 And they had to admit it was true.

At my bank I was always joking with the tellers and the  
 clerks.

One of my patrons happened to come into the bank  
 as I was there, I said to her, "I want you to meet my friends  
 the teller.

When I had them both together, I said, "Now listen to  
 what I am going to say."

At that all the clerks in their cages pricked up their  
~~ears,~~ <sup>and</sup> lifted their eye brows.  
~~Then I said~~ <sup>putting my arms about their and holding their attention, I said,</sup> again, "Now attend to what I am saying!"  
~~Then I said,~~ <sup>I said</sup> slowly and distinctly, "This is the dearest man I  
 know."

The teller blushed, ~~and~~ looked sheepish and embarrassed,  
 when I ~~finished~~ <sup>went on</sup> with-"It costs me one hundred dollars a month  
 to speak to him."

I was in a terrible automobile accident, and my daughters  
 My son was afraid I would n't.  
 were afraid I would die. My son said, "Mother when you die-"  
 Then I said, "See here, young man, I could go to the City Hall  
~~tonight~~ and get married any time I wanted to- I'd only have to  
 the man  
 promise to support ~~myxxxxxxxx~~"

Kittens to be drowned- he chopped off their heads.

I have meant a great deal to so many people. I have  
 helped so many- one was so poor he refused my invitation to  
 dinner. As he was accustomed to only a lump of sugar, he was  
 afraid a dinner would be too much.

In Germany, one afternoon, my -in-law invited  
 me to have coffee at on the Rhine. She took her own  
 cake with her, and as we were leaving, she wrapped up the sugar  
 in a paper and took it home- "Why should n't I? I paid for it."

On the way to the Fair, we had taken the route that  
 would enable us to see a bend in . It had meant  
 much to me that winding stream at that point, and as we came to  
 it, he was sound asleep and refused to open his eyes.

We were walking along The Avenue, my husband and I  
 when he recognized one of his friends driving by in an open  
 carriage. A young lady was seated beside him.  
 "One of your friends?" "Yes."  
 "Is that his wife?" "No."  
 "He keeps a mistress?" "Yes, why should n't he? He can  
 afford to."

One day I had a man come to me to be photographed and I was trying my best to put him in the right light, to get a satisfying expression and as I kept talking away I said, "Do you know I can look into a persons face and read his mind?" And he picked up his hat and went out of my studio like a shot. I never saw him again. I found out he was a lawyer.

One of the first big commissions I had was to make portraits for the Worlds Work of the leading men of the day. This brought me in touch with all the celebrities of my time. Rodan came to me to be photographed. He was the only man I ever saw with a halo about him. I finished a portrait of him and mailed it to him and soon after that I heard of his death, so I was wondering if he had received my photograph of him.

One night he appeared to me in a cloud, he was in profile. I asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to let me know he had received his photograph.

Lord Northcliff also came to me. I could see at once that he was a sick man. <sup>he</sup> I did not live long and before he died he lost his mind. We corresponded.

After he had died he came to me in a dream. There was a great crowd of people gathered and out of the crowd Lord Northcliff came toward me. He rested his head on my shoulder a thing he never had done in real life. Then he beckoned to some one and a nurse came toward us. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ "I want you two to help me." he said. But that's the last I have seen of him.

I have psychic power. Several times I ~~have~~ prophesied that things would come to pass and they did. Two days before the battle of Chateaux Tierrey I saw that battle. They asked me to make a drawing of it. And later some one who was in the battle said it looked just that way.

One day an old friend whom I had known before I was married, met me after my husband had died and aksed me how I had made out since last we had met, so I told him, "If my husband has gone to Heaven I want to go to Hell." He was terrible. I could never cook anything he liked. Nothing was ever good enough for him. I spoke to his mother about it, and she said, "He has an uncle who is just the same." Even one of the little cousins was playing with <sup>was just like that</sup> my children. One day <sup>my children</sup> and they had a table set on a chair only it was all pretend <sup>nothing was there, but they were feasting</sup> and they invited him to play tea party with them and he with one gesture brushed everything off the table and said <sup>"No, it isn't</sup> it wasn't good enough for <sup>me"</sup> him. So when we needed more money <sup>my husband</sup> he wanted me to take in boarders.

My son was a handsome little fellow, but he had terrible stomach trouble. Children used to have it in those days. It was terrible- in one day's illness I could see him fading away. So I said to him, "Come tell me when you feel the first indication of any trouble."

Then one day, he said, "My bowels are loose."

"How do you know?" I asked him.

"I can hear them rattle."

My legs are no good.

Looking through the camera was what did it.

They would tell me you must look *this way not this way.*  
*I could see in my way what they could not see in their ways.*

But I had to look in my own way and it's taken it out on my legs.

I went out on the Avenue one afternnon, and noticed people were looking at me, more than usual.

When I stopped to visit with a friend we were talking about the way I dressed, <sup>They commented upon the fact</sup> ~~and~~ that I was an unusual person and was entitled to dress in my own individual way. On the Avenue again I held up my head and let them look and stare at me if they wanted to. Finally I reached home and when I removed my jacket I discovered I had it on wrong-side out.

My ~~grand~~ parents lived to be 96 years old. And after that accident a doctor went all over me very thoroughly and told me he had never seen such a sturdy constitution. He said I'd live to be 100.

But when they told me I had ruptured a blood vessel in my left eye, and that I might lose my eye-sight altogether. I never said a word. I just collapsed. They said I had turned white. They told me if I had said something or done something it would have relieved the pressure on my heart.

My mother was a quaker and she had to order her bonnets from Philadelphia.

Shortly after ~~she had~~ a new bonnet had arrived, our house caught fire. She picked up the baby and the new bonnet and went to neighbors for help.

Everybody for miles around came. As ~~some~~ men ~~were~~ <sup>the kept</sup> <sup>would say</sup> passing a woodshed, some <sup>^</sup> ~~said~~ "Let's look in!" Others, "It's only a wood shed. Come along. Let's get to the house."

Finally, a man did open the door, and there I was with five other <sup>had gone there to play and</sup> ~~six~~ little children, our neighbors, We <sup>^</sup> ~~had~~ let the latch fall in such a way that we could not open it, and the roof had already begun to fall.

Anyway, mother's new bonnet was uninjured.

---

An old friend

called here the other day and when he met someone whom we both referring to me knew he said to her, "There's a priceless person. She should never be allowed to die." That made me feel good.

I have known him for a long time. When his son died he came to me to weep on my shoulder. I told him to go comfort his wife. He remembers all these things.

---

On Monday we would begin with the week's washing, and through the week would get the cooking done so that over Sunday we could all go to the beach.

My Aunt was fussy about sitting on the sand, so my

Uncle bought her a buffalo robe from the Indians.

She spread it out on the sand and sat upon it but was soon alive with lice.

Someone there knew what to do. He found ~~an~~ ant these hills and threw the robe, fur side down, over ~~the~~ ant hills. Soon every louse was eaten, and Auntie ~~enjoyed the~~ had an immaculate blanket.

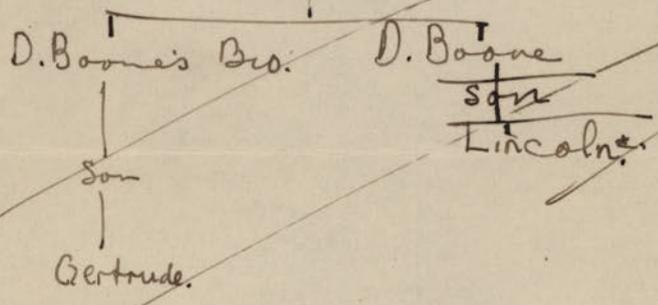
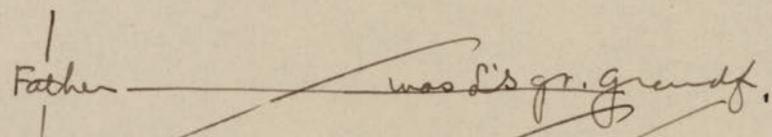
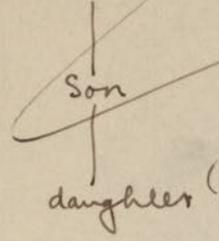
I have seen Indians collecting ~~them~~ from each other, one by one, and putting them into their mouths, and when they had a full mouth, chewing them.

My father went West ahead of his family and my Uncle brought us out in the covered wagon.

I recall one terrific storm. My Uncle was standing in the wagon, holding on to the structure, as he preached and prayed, in the midst of a steady downpour and incessant lightning. I remember peeping out through the canvas and seeing the lightning run around the wheels, <sup>The lightning itself seemed to be on top</sup> of the reflection in pools in the road. ~~xxx~~

Evenings around a fire the adults would talk about the Indians, and ~~their~~ tell stories of their cruelty, apparently never noticing that the little children were taking it all in. One night I was in such a state of terror that I said my "Now I lay under the stars, me" kneeling against the shaft of the wagon. As I prayed, I heard the Indians give their war cry and ran in to tell my uncle.

Dani. Boone. D.B.'s brother.



Father — great grandf.

grandf.

