Olive Rush Diary, 1890

Extracted on Mar-09-2020 11:32:07

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March 3.'91.

Just left Marion. Just arrived in Jonesboro. A little bit excited at present. It is the jar of the train that causes me to write so awful tho! I was certain I was on the wrong train. I expect I acted a fool. But it seemed so funny to come back to Jonesboro.

Then I had in my mind such a fresh remembrance of getting on the wrong train once before.

Walter came to Marion with me. He had put me on the train and bade me farewell - The old train backed down the track and stopped. A fellow came into the car, and was hailed with "Where are you
going?" "Oh I'm going west- to grow up."

Why, I thought, he's surely joking. I looked at the name of the road, there at my ticket. I was not a bit surprised to see Walter appear at that moment. "We're on the wrong train." We were off just as the train started and just as this train pulled into the depot. I guess I'm all right now, till I reach Pittsburg. Then, oh-la-la!!

Later I felt pretty bad to think I was leaving home again so soon. I bade ma and pa goodbye and away we flew in the mud-boat. It was good sleighing and I enjoyed it. I took the book on Art home and there(Station)went down to see Emma. My poor dear sister, her eyes were full of tears as she lay in the little darkened bedroom. The baby seemed as contented as could be. Ruddy Little Jola climbed up and kissed him over and over again. Mrs. Beasley was hoping I should get along safely.

We have just crossed into Ohio. The women with children are fixing to get off. We'll be lonesome without them. The sun is setting in the south for me, it is very beautiful nevertheless.
Mch-6-Fri

We are nearing Harrisburg Pa. did not change at Pittsburg, but did at Columbus.
I have found some sociable ladies. One is a little lady from Nebraska. She is going to Baltimore to her old house. Her husband is a Prof. in the State University at Lincoln. I first noticed her when she was helping some women with their little children. The other lady is also going to Balt. We all go the same road, so can help each other. We have been passing thro' some lovely scenery. Here is a stream with the angriest sort of little waves and yonder are the mountains. Went through Pittsburg at three o'clock A.M. It was a magnificent sight. We passed along by the side of the river. Away to our left the city lights rose in tiers; and dotted over the hills, they looked looked seemed to be hanging in the sky - now and then we passed by the furnaces, whose red light glared in the blackness.

We are now going over a bridge. We scarcely know we are going at all. They must be desperately afraid of iron. The train is about two hours behind time. But it is surely a different road from the one Myra thought I would come out. I will reach Washington, if naught haps at about four o'clock this evening. They
will not be to meet me until 8:30. Don’t know hardly how I shall manage. The "little lady" says I can get a message-boy."

Didn’t sleep very good last night. The “hot-box” (whatever that be) caught fire and was one of the things that so delayed us. There have been some odd people on the train ever since we started from Marion. They are from Nebraska, "The starved-out-state" as the old lady called it. Regular old farmers. "My husband" is a very knowing individual, who is continually trying to find a place to "change cars." The old lady is quite anxious to have something to say, and is very afraid of getting left. (by the train.) The three children tried to enjoy last night with refreshing sleep; but their mother thought cold water equally as refreshing; and was making them move to change cars.

They are going East, to "his folks." Left Neb. on account of "my husband’s poor health." We decided that the big red-faced fellow did look exceedingly delicate.

Later - As fore beautiful scenery. Along the Susquehannah. river is very wide here an island, hills beyond. Just passed between two mountains. River ran between them, was very wide and rippled surface. The Horseshoe Bend was grand. Around we went
around the side of the mountain with a lake just beneath us. Could see our own engine easily.

Sat. Mch. 21, '91.

If my Journal has been neglected I think it must be because it is so hard to settle oneself after coming into a strange place. I have had a hard time answering all my correspondents.

Have met with some disappointments since I came. None of our plans have "come out."

Myra is telling me to "hurry and get ready." She is fixing Mark to go down to stay with Mrs. Swift while we go down town. We want to get Everette some kind of a birthday present; and may go to Woodard & Lothrop's Art Gallery, also.

Sunday - M. 22.

This is a most dismal day. "Cold and dark and dreary."
To look down our street makes it have the appearance of a big canal.

We almost didn't get up this morning. Had breakfast [[strikethrough]] in [[strikethrough]] between ten and eleven. The days usually seem very long and it seems that I have been here for months. How the days are spent I can hardly tell. On nice days, when all are well, Myra and I go someplace. Yesterday we visited the "W and L" Gallery. Spent some time in looking at the pictures of Washington artists. Some of them are very good indeed. I wonder to myself whether or no my corn-picture would sell up there.

Coming home, we passed some noted houses. Among which was the residence of J.G. Blaine. Some former occupants were; Henry Clay, J.C. Calhoun, W.H. Seward. Key was shot by Sickles in front of it. Another was the former house of Bob Ingersoll; another of Wm. Windom; another of James & Dolly Madison, Genl. McClellan.

A few days ago we passed through Lafayette Park and as we came out on the north, we passed a little brown church. It was of brick and covered over with some sort of stuff to give it the appearance of brown stone. "What a queer old church," I exclaimed. "See that stuff is breaking off, showing the brick underneath." "Shows it's bogus!" "It must be old." These were some of our remarks Just beyond it, we passed a neat looking residence whose green lawn was noticeable. A "darkey" was standing with his horse.
and carriage, at the gate.
We passed by there again yesterday, but they had a new interest for us. We had found that the church was "St. John's Episcopal," built for Madison, and attended by all the presidents prior to Lincoln.

The cottage beside it is a former home of Lord Ashburton. Here also lived Sir Lyton Bulwer and his son and Sec'y. "Owen Meredith", now Lord Lytton, who began here that admirable poem "Lucille".

We also passed the "Arlington" where Sara Bernhardt is staying at present, and where Chas. Sumner was a former occupant.

I am indebted to Mark for this swearing

Well I must hurry thro' with my Diary.

With but few misgivings or miserable forebodings did we, on the next Tuesday after I came fear my precious drawings o the school. Precious moments were those passed during the next day or two. Yet we little feared but that I should be admitted. At last the letter came. "Here is thy fate, Ollie" and Myra handed the letter to me. With trembling fingers I tore it open. I looked at the heading. I did not dare read the letter though, but glanced over it. My heart sank. Was I reading it right? I commenced and read it through. "I'm not admitted," I called to Myra who was in the kitchen. "What! not admitted! ph, I know better."

"Read for thyself." She grabbed the letter and read it, whilst I calmly looked my thousand stars in the face. "For Heaven's sake, what's

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“Theres some mistake.” Myra was saying. “Well I guess not.” I said dryly, and trying to keep from feeling cheap. “They are not good enough and that's all there is of it” [[smear or erasure]]

Well, there were two pretty blue girls for a few days.

Edgar through it was a slam. He declared that if jacked up by a Curator, no matter if the pictures were not half so good they would have been passed. Myra and I were sure we never saw such cranks in the world as everyone we had seen that was connected with the Corcoran. I didn't like to see the Catalogue Edgar had bought me. I didn't want to look at Mr. Corcoran's picture. I considered him as an enemy.

“Oh,” Myra would say, “I feel so heart sick.” “But it's all right, we'll go as soon as Edgar and Mark are well enough and see the Curator.”

We went full of fear and trembling. Oh, how we wished it was over with. I should have given up, but Myra was the braver one, and would not listen to such a thing. I remember I said to myself while going, “What a nice sister I have! I can't trust myself at all, but Myra knows how to get around little things and big things too. I feel perfectly confident of her ability.”

And when we came into the presence (and we felt it) of that sage personage, the Curator, it was Myra who did the talking, who steered our bark so safely.
As he fluttered out of the
room to "see about it." Myra gave a sigh of relief, "Oh, it wasn't so awful bad,- very."

I hardly know what all was said, but he took the other pictures - which Myra had prevailed upon me to take - said he would look over them, asked a few questions, and told us to call again on Monday. We called, of course. The Curator was busy, and one of the trustees waited on us. The pictures submitted were hardly the kind required, but they thought the work showed ability to make the pictures from casts, as desired. A month or two of training would enable me to enter and be "a credit to the School." He gave me the name and address of an assistant teacher who gives lessons outside of the School.

I wrote to her, and have not yet received an answer tho' it is almost a week.

Apr. 3. 1891. Friday

Myra & Mrs. Swift are at work and Mark is helping them.

I am obliged to give some stale news when I say that I have started to work.

It was a week ago Tues. that Myra and I, in answer to Miss Minnigerode, appeared before that lady at the Corcoran. We had had terrible forebodings of the possibility of Miss M. being the sauce lady who sat at the desk when I submitted my drawings. We had not formed a very favorable opinion of her,- a part of which,
was, I think, due to my not being admitted.

And sure enough, there she sat. And, rising as we came in, she said (almost sweetly, I had to confess) "This is Miss Rush is it not?"

She took my hand and bade us be seated. She was sorry it was so, but she could not go to her studio today. It was arranged that I should go alone on the next morning.

She was very afraid that I should feel strange with the girls and asked me many times if I would let them frighten me.

Wed. morning found me dreading a journey as I had never dreaded one before. I was to go by my self to 2904 P St. I hadn't the slightest idea where that was.

The nearest car to our house is the one I took, and the Conductor told me he would take me "right there".

How relieved I felt. On and on we went. "Transfer for Georgetown" was called. I was under the impression that G. was where I wanted to go, but the conductor surely knew. The first thing I knew I was at the end of the line. The conductor recognized his mistake, kindly gave me a transfer and put me on another car.

Well I changed for G. The conductor told me I was on the wrong car and sent me back. A policeman told me I was right before, and and aay I went, determined not to trust to another car.
I could hardly believe my eyes when I found the place. But the old colored housekeeper reassured me.

I hurriedly knocked at the studio door. There was a pause then half a dozen (no, not so many) hesitating "come in's." I opened the door, and faced some questioning faces. Every girl had dropped her work and stood staring at me. What could I do but stand and stare too. I suddenly thought that I ought to say "Good-morning", and I said it and was answered by "good-mornings" from the other side.

Instead of helping me any, the "good-morning" process left me as lost as ever, tho' the tones had as much as said, "well, what next?"

I determined what was "next," by, as I said, introducing myself. This consisted in handing them Miss Minnigerode's letter.

I remember that Miss Burns took it. After reading it, she looked up with a bright "Oh, she wants us to fix the baby's arm for you!" Then turning to the other girls she explained that I was a new student, introduced them to me, and in her own happy way proceeded to make me at home. There was the usual swishing about among the girls, hunting things and getting them arranged.

I gasped at one girl in utter amazement. It was Miss Grigsby. She had been back in a dark corner behind her easel – and she stepped forward it seemed
to me, as a queen would do.

And there she stood, so tall and graceful, with her fair head erect, suggesting this and wondering that. She was an object of extreme wonder for me. Were blue eyes like those, and fair coils of hair like that, and arched brows and red lips like those ever seen outside of a story book?

But she is very kind and I have found her to be quite common (?) in spite of my surmises that she was haughty. Miss Wyckoff was the life of the class. Everyone must prepare to laugh when she came but she has gone to Wash. (State) now.

I have finished four drawings and have good headway on another. The work is entirely different from any I have ever done before. But I am doing very nicely. This is the sort of work required for entering the Gallery.

I work from casts altogether, am on a black head now.

Some of the more advanced girls are at work on a life study. The model is an old man. Dr. Chandler.

We think he is quite a vain old soul, and he is radiantly happy when some one accidentally praises any point in his face.

The girls are all ever so much older than I am and I am "the baby" or "the little girl". Miss M calls me her baby all the time.

I go to work at about 9.30 and work until about 1 P.M.

I wrote to our folks at home and to Prof. Bundy
about not being admitted to the school - but I have attempted to keep
my other correspondences in blissful ignorance. I pretend to them that I
am now in the Corcoran. I don't think there is anything wrong with that.

My letters from home and from Prof. are all full of encouragement.

Rec'd from pa, yesterday, a draft on bank for $20. Was somewhat
surprised but was of course delighted.

Myra and I went to town (Myra would laugh if she saw that) on the 1st. I
bought that indispensable article, the umbrella, and now I don't intend to
get a ducking every other day as I have been doing.

We visited the botanical gardens, took Mark with us.

Had a delightful time. There was more green and not so many flowers as we expected. Mark is bothering
me so I positively can't write respectfully.

April. 3. 1891. Sunday.
Myra and I have just returned from a walk. We took Mark with us and tho' his cheeks glowed with the cold and the wind blew tears into his
eyes. He ran and scampered until we could hardly keep track of him.
After wandering over the Capitol grounds we changed the scene
remarkably by turning down a "darkey alley."

Some grown girls were playing rope with some children. The little black
scamps with their yelling and the big black scamps with their wrestling,
along with the dirt and squalor of the alley.
made me feel as though I wished I was some where else.

An immediate flight for very fear we should never get away from the dreadful place, was what I advised, but Myra answered with a decisive "I'm not going back."

Yesterday I did not have enough to do, so to kill time I went to sketching. As the gladiator just in front of me had been started in another idle mood, I gave it a few more touches; then fell to sketching from imagination. A back view of a little "Kate Greenwood girl" was one production. Another, a dainty little winter maidens surrounded and hidden by big hats and furs. Between them was a profile of a little boy's face.

Miss Grigsby's old man became surrounded by ladies. Miss Sawyer sketched an excellent little lady: a fashionable one, with her pet pug standing on a curb-stone waiting for a street-car.

When Miss Minnigerode came I hustled my gladiator with his tiny children around on the other side my board. While giving my lesson, she suddenly said "what have you on the other side of your board!" and she had it over before I knew it.

I explained that I hadn't aimed for her to see it. It is my way, and I couldn't help it, so I just blushed.

The red dress I had on must have looked dull. And there was Miss Minnigerode almost
almost praising my drawing.

But she turned on me. What was I blushing for? All the girls laughed at me and I can't describe how silly I felt. My teacher shook me and boxed my ears with a laugh and told me to go on with my gladiator for my next work.

We had a great deal of fun the other day. Miss Wykoff wished to take some groups away with her so she brought her little camera down and we posed.

In one, we dress up the block-head in a toque, the ties of which were brought around and tied under his stony chin. Then one of the girls' capes was thrown around his cold shoulders.

Miss Grigsby held him in her arms and Miss Sawyer stood by her with an old philosopher, who was play peek-a-boo with the block-head, in her hands. Oh, we laughed until we cried and our picture is, I expect, a mass of grinning faces among block-heads, Apollos etc.

I must quit and write to my friend Louie.

Apr. 9. 1891
Myrtle has gone to the dairy for milk and if I can find respite enough between Marks demands for new "doll-babies" I will give my Journal a "dose".

Now Myra has come and Mark is feeding me on chocolate creams.

We just came home, a moment ago, from the park.
Lafayette's statue is just erected. We think it very nice: a great deal of fun is made of the cherubs with their giant heads.

We thought there was to have been a review before the Patent Centennial which is now being held and the President.

But Mark and I sat in the park while Myra walked around to the South front of the White House to see if there was any sign of the affair commencing: she returned with the information that she saw one man over there. Moreover, the man looked very nice: but Mark and I didn't decide to go back with her.

We had quite a jolly time yesterday. We went to the very top of the Washington Monument, and spent a half hour gazing out of the "pigeon holes".

From the car up to the Monument, we walked up a winding beaten track. As we went up and down over the little hillocks, we thought of Rush Hill and we thought it delightful to be again upon the "bare ground" as Myra said.

We ascended in the elevator as Mark was with us. We were charmed with the scenery and while we were enjoying it the elevator with its load left us. We discovered the fact just as it started and of course we felt the greatest [[strikethrough]] of [[strikethrough]] consternation. My cry was "Well, why on earth didn't they let us know?" while Myra's was "Oh, we'll have to stay up here a half an hour."
But there were still miles and miles of beautiful things to see, so we made the best of it, and had our fun.

I was “turned around,” but I knew which was north. From the east we saw, directly adjoining the Monument grounds which were below us, the Agriculture Department buildings. The grounds for these buildings, the Smithsonian Institute grounds beyond it, the Commons beyond [[strike-out]] them, the Botanical Gardens beyond the Commons, and the Capitol grounds beyond the Gardens are all parallel with and of the same breadth as, the Monument grounds.

This row of illustrious places as we look down upon it from the Monument makes a striking picture. The city lies beyond and, with its suburbs reaches almost as far as the eye can reach. The main point of interest on the North is the White House. It is surrounded by beautiful green lawns. Parks are near it, and on one side is the Treasury Dept with its great Corinthian Columns. On the other side is the W. S. & U.[?]. From the South windows is a lovely view of the Potomac. The boats were standing along the wharves and far down the river the white sail-boats appeared as tiny specks.

The wind was blowing and near to us we could see the tiniest bit of ripples upon the surface of the water. Adjoining the Monument grounds on the west is the
Fish Commission. I looked down upon this network of ponds and thought how very like child's play they looked. It was nice to imagine we were gazing upon fairy land. The street cars herdils, and carriages, drawn by the horses and mules were the tiny chariots drawn by mice. The houses appearing so little and toy-like, were the castles for the fairies who moved abound everywhere. Here was our crossing a bridge here they were walking the streets, here they clustered in the parks, and they seemed so small that they would make a fairy story seem exaggerated.

I found a sprig of grassed and picked it up to bring home as a souvenir. Myra caught the fever and began looking around. I told her about a brown I had seen in a dark corner. I had thought of getting a straw but was afraid someone would see me. Away she went to get one. She had just gone when with horror I saw the elevator door open - I ran for her. I came in collision with several persons. I finally bumped against he. We hustled into the car and were doomed to stand up. Mark sat on a lady's lap, and went to sleep. We had to carry him to the street car asleep. Just as the elevator reached the floor an old man fainted over.

We had a great deal of fun over our prolonged stay.
in the Monument and thought it a great joke that we should (to use slang) "get left in the monument"

We visited the National Museum the other day. Didn't get a third through. Among other things we saw were several personal belongings of Genl. & Martha Washington. There were some lovely cut-glass dishes, two suits of the General's clothes, a reticule of Martha's etc. We saw the original "Declaration of Independence", diamonds that made out eyes burn, etc., etc.

Had a little disappointment today. Miss Minnigerode did not come as expected and I didn't get much work done.

were with me you wouldn't see anything but brown jolliness and green silliness. But really I do feel very sorry because one of the girls leaves the school tomorrow. She is my favorite among the girls….She is a very good artist but doesn't intend to work in the class anymore.

[[left margin]] Letter to Ira [[left margin]]

It seems so funny, all the girls here dance. They don't think any more of it than they do of music. And to go to a dance or ball is no more.

It seems so funny all the girls here dance. They don't think anymore of it than they do of music. And to go to a dance or ball is no more than to go to a reception or social.

It breaks my heart to think I can't dance. I do love it and would rather watch it than to eat. Myra and I went to an entertainment given by one of the public schools the other day. And they had excellent stage dancing.
It was by a little girl not more than ten years old and more graceful movements I never saw.

Well I'm all "wound up" as you say, and I've not begun yet. Wish I could see the horror on your face now.

It's all right about Bertha. She might afford to write me a little slim letter if she can write you big fat ones. Don't you see I'm jeal (But you know I'm not)......." Oh apples and honey! But won't we have fun when I come home- "When the robins nest again."

I really glory in your enterprise. You are in a noble cause Long live the ducks. May they arise up and call you blessed.

By the way I think Mark ought to do the same by me. I've made enough "doll-babies" for him today and now I'll have him my big bouquet of violets. Oh I believe I'll stick one in the envelope for you. Remember it once graced the bosom of your friend.

Do you say you want to see me? Well my dear child I yearn day and night for one more sight of you. Positively it's getting serious. I have dreamed of you every night for a week.

.... Perhaps if there was a pretty boy in Washington that I ever saw more than once, I might get stuck. But you know I see them once then they are gone forever. Myra says tell you the pretty fellows here are like shooting
stars - you see them and then you don't.

"Does Flinn still stay with the other girl? Now 'fess up. if there are any moon-light walks, or any other kind, for that matter, over to "wild-rose farms." to tell the truth, I have no inclination to see the Strange fellow. I think it was to strange an affection. "In your rides over to [[? Wils ]] please look out for Everette Troash. Do you remember? lukewarm correspondence. "Good-night." now you know. Ha ha. Bravo for you in your mule-riding. I am crazy to ride something. ... "You may follow your watcher's advice if you will but your last letter was a jolly good 'un."

p.s. I think it's sad about the beau don't you? This poor little figure you find en-closed represents your friend in the streets of the great city searching for a - "Someone to love me."
To Ira from Olive(r).
[another way is] "My dear Ivy-leaf. and "From your Olive-branch.

Apr. 26 Sunday
Myra and I have just finished the dishes. Also some lively chats about various things: home-folks; big folks; prospective trips to [[? Wm Fenore ]]; John J.Ingalls, and his strange conversion to the Farrowers Alliance; the rediculous style of trailing dresses for the dirty streets. etc. etc.

Miss Worcester just passed in a carriage and waved to
Mark. She is intending to leave for down-town this week. We shall be sorry to have her go. Miss Worcester, Fred, Myra, and I went last Sunday, to the woods. We had a delightful time. The day could not have been finer. We started out about nine in the morning and the air, purified by the shower of the night before, was simply delicious.

A long walk down New Jersey Avenue and we found the streetcar. Electricity took us out of the city in a short time. We passed lovely country residences, meadows and groves, and at last landed on Glen Horn Cemetery.

Our avowed purpose in going was to find arbutus but the modest little blue flowers that we found, we did not slight. And indeed, we have since learned to prize these much. For the few little scrubby arbutus we did find took more trouble than they gave pleasure. Believe I'll take that back for their odor was very sweet. We found a queer, but sweet little pansy growing out there. Fred gave a great shout when he found the first one, and carefully took up the roots and clinging dirt. Thereafter, we treated all we found in the same royal manner, often having lively races for them, until they became plentiful, when, as a matter of course, we trampled them under our feet.

We read in the "Chronicle" last evening that Clint Haisley and Cora Cox had
license for marriage. It seems so very queer. Clint is nothing but a boy. Why I had lots of fun with him this winter and never dreamed that he was a man ready to start on the matrimonial expedition.

And Cora used to be a confidential friend of mine in the balmy days when we went to school at the old tumble down "public-school". I well remember that she was my first seat-mate. It was out at Back Creek school house. Not quite seven I started out on my career with my heart beating high with ambitions and my head full of wonder.

Emma was my guardian angel and she soon put me in a seat with Cora. It was all for the furtherance of her own interests however. A place with Nora, Cora's big sister was what she asked the teacher for.

Also we noticed the names of Tilman Cox and Cora Doherty.

Monday Apr. 27
Just been writing to Cora. The afternoons of last week and the week before were worried through in trying to make a study of Myra.

Saturday with much care did I transfer the result of my work over to the studio for Miss Minnigerode's criticism. I expected Myra over at 11.30 to sit for it.

The girls were perfectly delighted. Without doubt it was the best I had done. Miss Byrne said it was very artistic. They wanted me to join the life-class.
I told them I thought it would be impudent to even ask such a thing of Miss Minnigerode. They protested. But by the way, I noticed that when Miss Sawyer mentioned my entering it to that Lady, she answered not a word. (They have not spoken to me since on the subject.)

The girls' remarks and praises seemed to be pretty evenly divided between Myra's beauty and my success.

When Miss Minnigerode came, she was not so flattering. She said it did very well. Then my little girl needed several criticisms; and she saw dreadful Ajacks (Be that right.) the back of my board and commenced to criticize him. I stopped her by saying that I was thoroughly disgusted with him anyway. Oh I need not be at all!

To cap the climax, Myra didn't come and at last the teacher went home, leaving me with a great lump in my throat.

I have felt very much discouraged at times ever since Miss M. praised Miss Byrnes so much and sometimes I think if I do so much worse that her I had better quit.

Well after our model and almost everyone else had gone home and I was thinking of it, I heard a knock. I ran to the door. There stood Myra, panting and sweet, and Mark, innocent and wondering, and both with their big eye full upon
we, Myra was in her black satin, and little lace turban with my black scarf thrown over her shoulders. Mark's white summer-hat spread out quaintly from his yellow hair, and his black cape looked not unlike a priest's robe. All I could say was, "Oh lovely!"

"What! Too late?" and Myra's countenance fell.

Well we came home and left. Miss Byrne and Miss Patrice talking their affairs. Miss Byrne thinks today that any picture has the "character but is not a likeness." One of its principle faults is its size. But that is my failing-

I am now doing Becky Hyde in the second position. She is a handsome child. tho' not pretty.

May 1 1891. Friday
Hip hurrah! I'm admitted to the Intermediate. Yesterday Miss Minnigerode took my six best drawings for examination. I had no idea of hearing from them for almost a week. But this morning I took Mark for a walk to keep him out of Myra's way. We were at the Capitol grounds having a fine time. We sat on the grass and Mark pulled dandelions and fairly bedecked us. Another girl was there with a boy like Mark. We turned a corner and who should we see but Myra with my letter from the Corcorau. She could not wait and so had torn the letter open.

I put all the interrogation my soul contained into
my eyes as I took the letter and said "I'm not in the higher class?" In a painfully serene way Myra said she "wouldn't say." Happy as a queen was I when I read my ticket.

Myra turned Marks's head toward home. I flew away down the Avenue, walked "plum" to the School.

Mr. Andrews greeted me. "Rush, Miss Rush, Oh yes I remember," as he put his register book in its place. "Begin? Oh right now if you wish. Come and I'll show you the school."

Through halls and statuary rooms he led me till we reached the school rooms. There were girls by the wholesale and I remember one boy who didn't look like he belonged there.

When we reached the middle room he said "Here you will work." To my delight I found Miss Grigsby in there. She gave me a cordial welcome. I shall feel at home wherever I am with as sweet a girl as [strikethru] her [strikethru] she. Mr. Andrews left me in her care of course I forgot to thank him. After a pleasant chat, Miss Grigsby showed me the way I should come, how I should do, etc. I left feeling very much elated indeed. I reached home as tired as girls usually get. I was so delighted I can hardly express myself to think I hadn't failed in the least. I was so afraid I should only make the
Elementary Class. But Mr. Andrew said he remembered my work and two or three were especially excellent.

May. 4. '91: Monday.

Just been writing to Iva. Mark thinks I must "dance" with him. So I can't write much. Mr. Andrews criticized my drawing this morning Oh but he's stern. I wonder what life is harder than an art student's life. My work was too "round" today. Some parts did very well, but that was "bad, very bad." I heard him among the others. "Oh" I thought "if he talks to me like that, I shall simply despair." I did, almost.

Wrote to Emma yesterday – also a card to pa. Sent four of my drawings. The sketch of Myra to Emma. The others, to our folks, simply to show what I am doing.

A lady just called, trying to find rooms. Mrs. Swift was not in. I took the privilege, however, to show her the second floor rooms.

Miss Worcester called on us last evening.

Was sick yesterday. Brought home a big pineapple Sat. and now I don't eat pineapples.

Wednesday. Went to my first opera Wed. night. Edgar and I went to hear "The Mikado" Of course I was highly delighted. The brilliant Japanese scenes, the harmony of color, the graceful movements of lovely forms, the pretty faces, the sweet voices, the comical gestures – held me almost paralyzed.
Ko-ko was encored the eighth time on his "Flowers that bloom in the Spring."

I don't see how there can be anything wrong about going to see the opera. Unless it be that, after the frillious scenes one is apt to be discontented with one's own lot. But I do not believe that to be the case enough to form an argument - especially after one is used to them. Perhaps money could be spent in a better way.

Myrna has gone on the Av - -Bought me a sketching-book this morning. The girls have a sort of an independent sketching class. One of the member poises while the rest sketch her. I think I shall write to Prof. Bundy of my success

Olive Rush

Oh yes, Mr. Andrews criticized again today. Little better. Yes much better. I had blocked it in in a severe manner, determined that he should find no fault in that line. He didn't. He even had to tell me to "[?] in more shape". He always gives a parting shot, repeated the second or third time. This time it was "Very good! Very good!" I pitied the girl beside me, with whom he left a disgusted "bah!"

Mark has dropped asleep standing up by a chair. I've a notion to sketch him.

May 15 Fri. Just been doing my bangs in papers. That is, what there is of them. I am letting them grow, and they somewhat
resemble the dreadful "two".

That is what I started out with, and they were, at the time, the disgrace of my life.

Had my picture taken with the rest of the young hopefuls at school once. Pa scolded Emma because she did not put back the graceless two from the forehead of this forlorn one. How badly I [??!!]! I had tried to paste them back (they were ever present in my mind) but had failed. And how my big brother did laugh and tease.

By the way I had a jolly good letter from my brother other day. He thinks he can't write letters. But I never had a letter fuller of humor, sense, nonsense, and news than was his. In my answer I told him that really it was the best I had from any of my gentleman correspondents since I had been there, and I knew that was a compliment.

Well I am just finishing up the head and bust of Apollo Belvedere. Folks think it good. One of the girls told me today I would soon be in the antique class - belonged in there now. All she knew about it!

I sketched Mark tonight after I [carrot] had [carrot] [?] him to sleep - Oh yes and I sketched him once before and the girls thought him to cunning. And I started to sketch the white house one day and Edgar is giving Myra sketching lessons in my
book. (Myra and I convulsed with laughter.) And I forgot my book this morning so of course they posed. And we went to the Cosmos Club and saw ever so many nice pictures. And oh everything else but I must retire (Is that the proper term?)

Ah so! I rec'd a letter from Calvin yesterday. He passed on the County examination. How glad was I. And now he is worrying over the selfsame question that bothered my own brain a year ago. What to write about. Myra sent him a good subject. Something about our old school-house – I was such a dummy I couldn't think of any thing.

May. 25 '91. Monday. Myra is getting supper. I have just returned from the grocery. Put some letters in the box – for Emma and Nathan B. The people at the grocery amuse me. They are all just up from "the country." Mr. Shacklett, the proprietor, is quite a "I'm pretty nice," good-natured man. He has a weakness for pretty women, (and doesn't blush to give his opinions); Trusts everybody, asks for cash if you wish to give it; and has fun at the expense of Mr. Nash, who is his superior in some respects.

Mr. Nash is chief clerk. Tall, ungainly, awkward, his appearance causes you to smile at the 1st glance. He is purely American; You would never take him for anything else.
He is also just out of the cornfield, You almost fancy sometimes you can see the hay seed on his coat.

Clegget is a young crank, who knows a great deal. When I entered the store, Nash, Clegget and myself form a triangle. There is an awkward interval in which each corner of the triangle glances at each other corner. No telling how long the silence might continue. They both tried to wait on the same customers at once, and leave another customer in the cold. The first time I traded with Mr. Shacklett he asked me – "Where I was from, – the country?"

I have been on figures social time?. Finished Venus in less than a week. The girls raved over her. Mr. Andrew said, "Yes! Yes! that's like it! That's like it!"

Began Apollo Belvedere Sat. and oh but he is hard.

Mr. Andrews handed me the card this morning for entering next year. It seems pretty hard that I can't come back. I want to go to school next year, without interruption. Then in 2 or 3 years from now, probably come back here. Edgar has been sick a great deal lately, so it is doubtful if I get to finish this term. He is determined to leave Wash. I guess. Myra would like to stay. Mr. Andrews sales for Europe June 30th. Wish I could go. (Strange, passing strange!) School closes just one month from today. I have been at [illegible - page ripped] just was richly laden with flowers. A beautiful effect was

Olive Rush Diary, 1890
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Mar-09-2020 11:32:07
He is also just out of the corn - a [[?]] almost [[?]]

Stopped in the Gallery as I came home today. Miss Gwynn and Miss Winnigerode are copying from the paintings. I should like to ever so much, but paintings must be shown for entering. Visited the Life Class one day. Our crazy to work up there. Up again today. Miss Simmons is posing for the portrait. She has brilliant red hair. Had on a lovely pale purple fall dress. Will make an exquisite painting.

Went to the Metropolitan Church yesterday. Heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Corey. "Honor all men" was his text.

I thought I should certainly have gone to Quaker meeting (they have no church) [[strikethrough]] illegible [[/strikethrough]]

grounds were sent to go on the grass of some of the voted honors. These flowers were sent to the brotherinlaw, who took a bouquet [[bouquet]] of these home. His wife gave Mrs. Swift two. So we have a flower from the White House.

Yesterday was a day to be remembered by me. We visited the historical Arlington Heights, saw the [[strikethrough]] [[g?]] [[/strikethrough]] graves of Sheridan, Meigs, Porter, and hundreds of less important ones. They were highly and most beautifully decorated. Sheridan's saddle and stirrup, the badge of the G.A.R, enormous crescents, wreaths, were most charmingly wrought in flowers. The monument "to the unknown", was nicely done with flowers. A beautiful effect was
produced by covering the ground around the base with rose petals and words, crowns and stars laid in daises upon them. The pedestal was entirely covered with roses. We were in the old mansion of Genl. Lee. The exercises were fine. We did not know the Marine Band when we heard it. We thought the music sweet all the same. We liked the oration. It was noticeable that the cheers were much stronger when the speaker referred to the conquering of the South, declared that right must rule. Confederate parties must die, etc; than when he spoken of peace, kindly feeling, all hatred dead, etc. In the latter cases the applause was painfully scarce. I do not think it true in the least that hatred has fled, good feelings established.

We walked home and enjoyed it immensely. I mean we walked to the nearest car. The two miles seemed very short. We gathered ferns and daisies. By taking a path that ran away from the road, we wandered through woods and thickets; over little streams which rippled over the rocks, and over hills thickly studded with daisies. Now we would be almost running down a hill, the path trodden just enough to give us a way, not clear from rocks and moss and overhanging branches that brushed in over faces, and flowers and ferns that nodded across out pathway. Now we would
come to a little stream which we forded by stepping from stone to stone. And we stood on some pebbles and watched it as it emerged from the black underbrush, dashed over the rocks and around the roots of trees till it lost itself again in the shrubbery. We could hear its murmur and dash as it fell over some precipice, small, but like a child's trouble, large enough for itself. I picked up a shell from one of these streams and am going to keep it. It is an oyster shell, and got there by artificial means, I suppose, but I am not so particular as to care. We were tired when we reached home, but not so much so as Edgar said we "would have been if we had gone."

Myra and I are going to walk. Edgar went to Marshall Hall this morning. Asked me to go but I didn't care to.

June, 6, 1891. Saturday

thought I should have written to Ma, but the fact is I haven't enough money to even pay postage. Dead broke! I am now living on the charities of my sister.

Well Apollo Belvedere is finished. And if he knew how he is praised, he would bow down in thankfulness to me. Some gentlemen were in visiting yesterday, and Mr. Andrews called especial attention to A.B. Miss West said I wouldn't be able to contain myself after while, I asked her if she thought it had that much effect on me. I am doing Michael Augelo's Torso, at present. There! Mark
bumped his nose and I guess I must pity him.

All over. We sketched today. Miss Gwiner would have me bring home her new sketchbook and put the first sketch in it. Said she wanted to remember me. - of course she would forget me without a reminder. She is certainly a very interesting girl. At least she makes us laugh a lots-

I am almost confident that I saw Pres. Harrison on my way home today. If I did I can never say that the president never looked at me very straight.

Mrs. Harrison gives a reception to the artists next year.

How I want to come to school next year! I covet the medal that is to be given then. Myra says I shall come if she does. but I don't know as I ought. It is certainly kind indeed of her.

We went to bed early last night, as Edgar had been to a banquet the night before. It was between nine and ten. - the rest had [[strikethrough]] n't [[strikethrough]] gone to sleep. I hadn't - that I heard a knock at my door. I knew not what to do. I called Myra, but she was sound asleep. At the second knock I went to the door and demanded "who it was, please." It was Mrs. Turner so I opened the door. Well, she had brought us some ice-cream. I could do nothing but take it with thanks, of course. So she left me alone. I don't know whether I was alone to misery or not: in one sence I wasn't I am sure. But there I was with a lot of ice-cream on
my hands. I saw no other way than to waken Myra - which I did after a great amount of calling and shaking. She was terribly frightened, said she thought the house was on fire. And I was laughing all the time. Being disappointed in not finding the house on fire, she did not deem it necessary to leave her bed of ease for ice-cream, until over and over again laid before her arrived the desperateness of the case, the utter impossibility of my eating all that ice-cream. I won my point, for she arose; and we set to, and finished the ice-cream. And I do hereby certify that it didn't finish us although we went to bed immediately after eating it.

Mark and I went down to see the crabs while ago - Mrs. Swift had a great basket of them and they were fairly kicking. They amused Mark very much. I rather shuddered at the idea of cooking them alive; but I gladly took the ones that had been cooked (which Mrs. Swift gave me). I relished them too. Maybe I shall paint a shell -

June 10th, 91! (Wednesday) - A date that I write only once a year. Nothing strange about that. But it is my birthday, is why the fact needs mention. Eighteen!!!!! Whew! Getting along in years, ain't I? I used to think I should be a "big girl" when eighteen, but I seem to be only a little girl, after-all. I have years before me if I live; and if that "if" proves to be very large - then I shant need to accomplish anything. Keep that charming philosophy?
But, anything " - only!
Some of the girls guessed today, that I was seventeen. Dreamed last night I got a "ducking." All the one I have so far is the one I gave myself. My hair is drying at present. Guess I'll cut off a lock.

Sketched Miss Grigsby today. The girls said it was almost a likeness. Miss Bukey and I went sketching yesterday afternoon. Wandered around the No. 8. Fish Ponds. Sat on the ground and sketched. A fellow passed by and sang "Down by the river-side, you and I." Came back past the monument, etc.

Oh yes, Myra and I failed to see over the White-House Mon. but we shook hands with Pres. Harrison. It was an informal reception. He has a very kindly face, is quite grey, and does not look to be very strong. I saw him once before. - As he passed the old school-house at Fairmount.

Mark had a glorious birth-day. Rec'd a letter from Emma today. Myra had one from pa, too. A birthday present of a few dollars would have been acceptable. But I didn't get it. My days of probation are over. I broke my pledge. But Myra advised me to. And I knew the organ was all bosh. Don't know whether I am sorry I did it, or not.

June 18, '91 - Oh dear - I can't write for Mark's crying "No'un, Ollie, doll-baby!" Myra has gone shopping. Bought a new hat yesterday. It, with face-veil, amounted to 54 cents - as I trimmed it myself. I don't intend to get much this summer, - not even a single new dress, as I would much rather spend the money for the use in any work. I should like ever so much to have some water colors but I guess I can't well afford it now, and I have some India Ink. Am anxious to begin sketching with it. Did my first in Mary Chapin's book. Rec'd $26 from home - $18 of them take me home this.

Myra came out of the house the other day just as I was
coming home. She had started to Marshall Hall to be joined by Edgar. Would Mrs. Swift keep Mark and let her go? At Fred's "Yes, Miss Ellie, go on we'll keep Mark, go on. By very great hurrying I caught M & E just below the Capitol. We had a splendid time. It was my first ride on a steamer. It was, well I don't know but a little larger than I expected. The scenery was grand. I was thoroughly captivated with it. Here ran the river upon whose wide bosom we were sailing, with its beautiful green banks and fringe of weeping willows. Far away were the hills, blue in the distance. And there were green hills that were nearer. And there were white sails gleaming far away on the river, and dark sails that made long shadows in the water. The bell tolled, as it always does, when the boat passed Mt. Vernon. The house of Washington is a beautiful place. It was far away and we could only catch a glimpse of the house with its pillars through the trees. A sort of a wide pathway seems to lead from the house to the waters very brink. I shall never forget that glimpse of Mt. Vernon.

We passed old Fort Washington. Old, so old and weather-beaten! Ivy grows over its walls and hangs from its battlements. Quiet ruled over all. And the,
river flowed on in a manner suited to the peaceful times; and boys and girls laughed on the decks; and the sun smile and the breezes blew; and we were all glad there was no war.

Marshall Hall proved to be an old-fashioned southern mansion with other old-fashioned houses around it. The land was deeded to John Marshal and some one else for so many pounds of "tobacco and various other good deeds which had been done," by an Indian chief, "Emperor of

A party of young people were making merry inside the house. A fellow whistled a most beautiful solo.

On the way back the city presented a lovely appearance. All was blue haze but the monument tall and slender, and perhaps a few tiny spires and domes, a little stretch of land and the river with its sails in the foreground.

June 27. '91 - Mark and I just came from the Capitol. I am making sketches of places of interest. Am making on of our house so the folks can see what sort of a place we live in anyway. Well school is out. We had quite a day of saying good-bye on Wed. last. The Exhibition is to be Mon. + Tues. Edgar is sending out cards for me. I shall have five pictures on Exhibition. Ajax was returned. There are to be no promotions this term. Mr. Andrews told me I must go somewhere to learn to draw if I didn't come here - Mrs. Digney, hearing some of his complimentary remarks, rushed to me immediately with a smiling face and some word for me. I had to laugh
She has since shown a different kind of a spirit toward me from that she had shown before -
Ever so many of the girls sent sketches to the Ex. - I didn't tho' Miss Minnigerode wished me to - Daisy Kind did some excellent babies and old "darkies." Poor Daisy! She was disappointed in her last picture - She did it for the prize and her teachers advised her not to send it in. I do right well in India Ink - that is, better than with pencil. In my last sketch at school Miss Grigsby and I sat down and caught Mrs. Digney - Myra's dinner smells good. good-day.
Later - Well Myra and I gave up hearing Ingalls and yesterday we went to Mt. Vernon - The MacAllister was crowded but we finally found seats. We had Mark along and he thoroughly enjoyed the ride - more so, as it proved, than he did the stay at Mt. Vernon. The bell tolled + we seemed to pass Mt. Vernon; I rushed down to the dining-room, in search for someone, finding a waiter. I asked him if this boat did not go to Mt. V. "Yes." "Well why don't it go then?" "It's going there now." Returning, I found we were nearing the landing. We passed to the lower deck, the ropes were thrown about; and soon we were three of a little company making its way up the hill of the hold house of America's great hero - In each side the walk is forest, grown with underbrush - Virginia Creeper, honey-suckle, smoke-tree, wild-roses, etc. Little parks darted around through these thickets. The first place of interest we reached was the tomb.

[Sketches]
Mark
ITEFOPRNMBHDLKQS TUVWXYZ

[Sketches]
Within are the sarcophagi of Washington and his wife, Martha. Near them were buried some of their relatives, to whose memory several monuments are erected. The guide hurried us on to the mansion. Going around to the front, we entered the old Banquet Hall. In it is a large painting of Washington ordering the troops. The mantle-piece with its beautiful marble carvings and the frescoed ceiling were especially beautiful in this room. In here was also the proof-sheet of Washington's inaugural address in which appears some of his hand-writing, giving directions for changing and showing where insertions were to be made. Then there is a plan of the Bastille given by Lafayette to Washington. This is made more interesting from being cut in one of the stones that formed the Bastille, taken from the ruins.

We next entered the main hall. Interesting rooms open from this. One is the West Parlor, in which is a chair presented by Lafayette's grandson; another is Miss Custis's music-room, in which is a zither, given by W. to his adopted daughter, and an old flute of W.'s - Over the door hung his old spy-glass in its accustomed place. Opposite, is Martha Washington's sitting-room. The dining room opens from this hall. It is hung, like all the rest of the rooms, with old paintings. The library is filled with old books etc - On one paper I noticed the date 1804. Up the old winding stairs we passed and found the room Lafayette always occupied when visiting Mt. V.
Miss Custis's room is a pretty little room with its old white curtained bed, (brought from Eng. away back in the eighteenth century. The outlook from the window is lovely, being a view of the Potomac beyond the Vernon grounds. Passing through a queer little passage way, we reached the room in which Washington died. There was his old armchair, very greatly worn; dilapidated leather-bags; surveyors articles; the old bed- [[strikethrough]] stead [[/strikethrough]], spred with a coverlet, made of flax raised in Ky. when that state was a part of Va.; A curious old secretary; and oh ever so many things. As was the custom in those days, the room was never occupied after his death.

Martha W. Died in the room just above this, on the third floor. It is thought that she chose this room for her last illness because it was the only one looking out upon the tomb. It is a little low room, lit only by a tiny dormer window. It impressed us as being a queer room for the death-scene of the Queen of American hearts. But after all the room had a refined air about it that we could not but feel, and the bed was hung with costly heavy curtains.

Not all of the furniture used in the house is the original used by Washington, tho' a great deal of it is. What other is in there is furniture of that age. The association, controlling the property, which by the way is composed mostly of ladies, is doing all in its power to restore the original property and condition of things. The rooms are all small, and the ceilings low. - surprising
surprisingly
so, on the upper floors. Myra and I thought they were more like some of
our old rooms at home than anything we had ever seen. One of the
guest rooms was almost the very likeness of the old rooms up the "Boy's
stairs" at home.

In the court, south of the house is the sundial. Not far from it is a
magnolia, planted there by Washington, said to be the last tree he ever
planted. As we left the grounds an old darkey stopped me with his relics.
He had little hatchets and magnolia buds and leaves, the two latter he
said were off this tree that W. planted. Whether it was true or not I did
not know, but I bought a bud. I stole a twig off the box-wood in the
garden. It was planted a hundred and fifty years ago and makes
beautiful hedges for the walks, and is planted in quaint and curious
designs over the garden. We only peeped inside the green-house. Near
it is the tree that Lafayette planted. Roses and lime-wood were in bloom
and sent a sweet perfume over the whole garden. There were also
cactuses, geraniums, and other flowers in bloom. We took a drink from
the old family well - In the kitchen [[strikethrough]] was [[/strikethrough]]
is the great old fireplace, with its crank, its kettle and its tongs. Mt.
Vernon looked like a miniature town to us, and it looked very funny to us
northerners to see clustered around the mansion the smaller houses.
There was the gardeners house, the laundry, the butlers house etc.
Then there was the shed under which were old vehicles, the smoke-
house, and the barn.
The latter was built in 1733 by George's father. The brick were brought over from England. Out in the lawn was the man with the camera. As his pictures were a dollar apiece, we did not choose to throw any shadows on Mt. Vernon by having our pictures taken with it. Under an old tree was the summer house. Below it ran the river, and a path led through the thickets to it. Myra and Mark started on an exploring trip whilst I sat in the summer house and sketched the old farm. As a matter of course, we had made just enough progress in our undertakings to make them extremely interesting when the bell rang and we hurried off to the boat. Had a breezy ride back and a great deal of fun. I did some sketching. Myra has just been down town wore her new dress, and looked very sweet. She bought herself a new hat.

June 29 '91. Thought I would finish my Washington journal. The ink is up in Edgar's new room, and the pen is packed away, so I use pencil. Well first and foremost in my mind is the fact that - we are going home tomorrow. At 10:30 we start. Mark is about rid of [?] as also is Edgar. We have been awfully busy today. Packed this morning and fixed up Edgar's room, and tore our rooms topsy-turvey. After noon we went over to the Exhibition, Received many compliments. And really I feel quite encouraged about any pictures, considering the fact that
I am the latest arrival who exhibited. Saw every so many of the girls. Miss Grigsby had her usual cheery little word for me. Miss Bukey will send my 2" sketch-book to me. I was afraid I should not get it. Myra was right well pleased with the Exhib. She just now read an article in "The Star" about it and in giving honorable mention to students in charcoal gave "Olive Birch." Now I think it's mean! I know I wrote my name better than that. People are always twisting my name. I am Miss Rusk yet with some of the girls at school. Juliet Thompson was the happy winner of the gold medal. Daisy King received the honorable mention. Miss Schmidt goes to Germany this fall to study. In coming back I bought some very nice views of Wash. to take home, also some canvas to use in my business this summer - if I am not so dreadfully busy as to neglect it. And I bought a book for Calvin. J. W. Howell's "Boy's Town." I felt perfectly ashamed myself to think that I did not send him something to be given at the commencement; but to be truthful, I actually did not think of it. I think it shows a remarkable degree my remarkable forgetfulness. But it is too late now. The commencement is over. Hope he was honored with with presents enough anyway. Think this book will please him.

Yesterday morning, after much deliberation, I started myself off to Quaker meeting
I found a nice little company there. After meeting I stayed to the Bible-class. Some one handed me a bible. I hoped that for pity's sake the Book in which the lesson was found was [[strikethrough]] in [[strikethrough]] a familiar one. Sure enough it was Isaiah and I turned straight to it. After [[strikethrough]] church [[strikethrough]] school I spoke to those with whom I was acquainted, and [[?]] whom do you think? - Mr. Test. The very fellow that my teacher, Alise Test, wished me to become acquainted with. He is her cousin and is in the Smithsonian. I find him to be a handsome, jolly fellow. It did not take many explanations for us to learn that we had many mutual friends and relations. We were so glad to have met. Someone said it was at the eleventh hour. Sorry learn of my going away so soon, he wished to call in the evening - As he did with a Mr. Eastman. Myra came in to "help me out," and we had a very pleasant time indeed. I thought I never could meet him in this big city - but there I found him - at church, where I ought to have been long before. Perhaps if I come back here next winter I shall have a friend. As it is, I go away with merely acquaintances, to tell the fact. Miss Worcester called soon after the gentlemen left. Goodbye - Olive Rush.
July 3 - '91. I am at home but I will simply make note of our departure from Washington. Of course the morning of the 30th was a busy one for us. And we were already tired when we started on our journey. Freddie accompanied us to the depot and Mrs. Swift soon joined us. In the ladies room where we waited is the site of the murder of Garfield, a brass star fixed in the tiling in the floor marks the spot that his head struck when he fell. A beautiful marble piece and a [?]-box for the Garfield Hospital are above it. On the latter are the words: "I was sick and ye visited me." With goodbyes and best wishes we left our Wash. friends and a day later joined our Fair. friends.
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