

7 rue Honoré Chevalier -
Paris.

Dear Cousin Lucy and Cousin Pierre.

Since last writing you, I have changed house four times, and breath a sigh of relief to think it is ended at last. When I came back, my ^{new} room at the Club was being newly papered and cleaned, - a big pleasant room with minuscule closet and a glass balcony belonging to it. It promised beautifully for the winter so I waited till finished & moved in & settled things beautifully - to move out suddenly the next morning - a sorry looking sight. I learned afterwards it was because of its being inhabited it had been so carefully done over, but evidently it had little effect. Then I went to a temporary place by the rue de Rennes, until I found a "French family" who had a fairly pleasant room - when the young girl from home who came this summer, Sara Whitney, ^{had} become to leave the Club for the same reason, and as she had

promised her mother to stay at the Club, or where I
was, was in a fix. My place only had one room,
and it not exactly a congenial sort of family though
very kindhearted, but she has been sharing my
room for the month passed while we hunted. There
many fifth story, fourth story, places have been
visited. I don't like to think, for boarders nearly
always in this quarter seem to fall to these stories,
probably that the boarders have not very large
purses. Finally the Maybuds came and said the
apartment under them was vacant, and if we
would come there, they would let us have our
company in their parlor, and though entirely
free we could still say we were living with
them. It seemed the pleasantest solution possible.
so now it's ours. It sounds extravagant to say
one has four pretty rooms: kitchen, hall, big
closets, five places in each room, all with strict
views, but in reality it is no dearer than the
one furnished room apiece at the Club or elsewhere.
We have one chair for each room, and the furniture
absolutely necessary, - which will not make much
housekeeping, - and will get our own breakfasts
and dinners, with lunch out, as now. As to the
location which takes my especial feelings, right
one block from San Sulpicio, and half way

between the Altier and the Beauv Arts, the towns
all right at hand, and very healthy neighborhood.
I'll tell you the details of it later - Sara is
about Tina's age, and her mother wanted me
to look out for her. I did not like the idea
when they wrote me of it, for I knew her very
little, just having seen her at the art school.
Her mother knows Trama. She turns out to be
a very earnest worker; modeling, and a bright
unselfish, pretty to look at, girl, - without
the slightest idea of looking after herself or her
money. It looks as though we could have
a very pleasant winter.

The hunting, with an attack of Grippe,
has interfered with the work for the Examination
for the Beauv Arts which commences Saturday.
I have not very much more hope than before,
for it depends so much on not being nervous
to be able to work fast enough to do well in
your twelve hours. Last week I took the
Esquisses for the last month to Mr. Maybuck,
who did not say much then but a day or so
afterwards came and said suddenly, "Don't you
want to come with me and see what Mr. Laloux

thinks of your work?" It was sudden, but we
went, to find him still out of town - Then he proposed
my going to Mr. Pascal, but only with his card of
introduction, as he did not want to let it look like
he was trying to use influence for me, Pascal being
named for the French U.C. Competition judge. He
is a husky grey haired man, with a fine sensitive
face, and very keen grey eyes - He thought I'd
come to ask to be taken as a pupil, and began at
once saying he would not take me, had no room,
did not want the bother of only one girl, etc - before
I'd even asked a bit - ending with advising me
to enter with one of the Professors who have
ateliers in the Beaux Arts buildings themselves. He
looked questioning at my roll of drawings before I
left, so I mustered the courage to ask if he had
time to give me his criticism - He did, a very
careful, helpful one, ending by a most unexpected
approval. He said any one of them at the Examen
ought to have a very good mark, and some
would bring one out first - So if one fails utterly,
there is still the sense that one can do better
things in reality. When I told Mr. Maybuck he
laughed, and said it was why he wanted
to have ^{me} know some really good man's opinion.

That does not mean much, that is that one can do
any really good work, but it saves one's pride in case
of failure. Mr. Maybuck is going again with me to
Mr. Talony Thursday, for his idea. It will let me
see if I'd like him for patron in case of being
succeed, for he might not have Mr. Pascals objection.

While hunting for pensions, some one told me
Miss Hasbuck had been here a long time, and might
know some places - they had met her this summer in
Italy - Venice. It suddenly popped into my head it
must be your Miss Hasbuck's cousin, and I went
to see her. She is a very thin, delicate looking
little lady, very gentle and busy - living alone in
a little apartment and working in a friend's studio
an Oakland girls. She told me of your Miss Hasbuck's
ill health, - I am sorry, - of how she has lived
here and advised the apartment above boarding - she
must have a very lonely adrift sort of life, is very
homesick and goes back to America this winter.

The only other visit of interest was one with
Lara Whitney to Macmonnis - she was introduced
by the architect who is building the little Palais
de Champs Elysees - the name is gone this minute -
He has a large old atelier on the Blvd
a miserable sort of quarter, - I won't say anything
of him, for probably you know him - but he
has some fine work there - just now two big

new shifts - He makes the horses gallop in the yard
& strings them up in the trees to get the prancing
movements - all the figures are modeled first in
the mud, and afterwards uniformed - which is
an imitated sums lost labor. He is instructing
as a teacher, though poor Michel Angelo came
out a sufferer, and advised Lora to do no
modeling, nothing but drawing for the next
three years - which I am sure she will not
follow.

I am sorry the Libanus names were not
on the Library list of the six outsiders - but
it seems that such choice would be entirely
by the amount of influence one could use -
Mr. Warren, who was chosen among the
competitors on the first trial, is to do his
second here in Mr. de Monelos Atelier, which
will make it quite lively for a time, as he
will have to have helpers - Mr. Stokes, one of
the students won a College Settlement house
competition in New York and has gone back
to see to it, and another went, Mr. Goodyer,
to take a \$25 a month position in some ⁽²⁾
office, as a start - It seems few here, and

no new ones seem to appear.

The home letters say all are well and happy, and some amateur Kodaks make them look so - I carry them in my pocket & laugh over them in odd moments.

I hope your summer has been very pleasant, and both families are well. The little Pierre must be very much of a baby now. Does Elvira speak English well?

When you find a few weeks to come over we have plenty of room for you at our home, and promise to make ^{you} very comfortable - just imagine the happiness of this girl.

Will you remember me to the Cousins, -
with love for yourselves.
Julia Morgan -

October 12th 1897.

P.S. I am very proud, having bought my first expensive book, *Trésors d'Architecture Antique, et de la Renaissance*, edited by M. L'Espérandieu who last year was last winter, and who arranged the price. He is always very kind.

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