To Miss Ida M. Farwell

My dear Miss Farwell,

July 4th, 1917.

Today, in need of refreshment of spirit, I went for a walk deep into the mountains, and picked up in an old lumber camp a monthly called the American Magazine of January 1917, protected by the advertising matter, or the inside, raft smelted from the frontispiece; no confidence that across the page in bold type, "Joseph Barbero de Mexico, Then there: 'It is almost as if the head of the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust and the great railroads were themselves members of the Cabinet." I read and stiffened. Gunpowder! When it was first fired in 1848! Then I found the sea, and inspiration.

Turning the corner on, I found "The American Woman" by Ida M. Farwell, author of the Standard Oil Company. The First Opposition. Chapter III. I have read it all through. I am comforted, unspeakably. Frances Wright you say was called a dangerous person. Angelina Grimke, well born, violated the proprietes, lost herself to family and friends: Lucretia Mott with her dignity and charm; all these women strove steadfastly for something not gentle in their day.

It gives me courage to go on striving.
North Bend, Washington

not known of most of these women. Few will know me, I am just a woman living on a homestead. Thousands of women have done it, and more will.

But I have lost family and place, though, I won, because, gently born, am denied of friends, and persecuted for a cause that I refuse to make my cause.

I would help turn an estate to hand down to my children in open defiance of a railroad that has secretly contracted to railroad, relying on its vested right.

I would light and equip a homestead from a river that has water power. I would have big trees instead of stump land. So alone, in the woods, my husband in jail, they threaten me—see that railroad up there.

On the 14th of last month, marvelously, they did convict Mr. Bull of petty larceny in a petty court, but he has appealed his case—and more, and the children

I have found the magazine that has lain waiting in rain and snow, I am comforted, and my sense of honor has revived. Old John D called you the Tar barrel. He's have done awful things to you if kid been able. "It requires great faith to trust truth to take care of herself in all encounters." You quoted Mrs. Childs.

yours sincerely,

Bartha E. Bull

Mrs. Emerson K. Bull