

15 Colonial Circle
Buffalo

New York State

April 5, 1912

Dear Editor of American Magazine:

The series of articles by Mrs. Tschell started a line of thought in the brain of one humble house-keeping woman which the contribution of Miss Austin brought to a decision question. It is this, and ask it seriously and with respect. If the business of being a woman is big and interesting enough and should occupy all the time and attention of the one who plays the role; is not the business of being an editor also a proposition which should require

all the time and mind of the one who
occupies that position in these decadent
days.

"Not by head alone" it must be remembered
"do men live". And I'm wondering if I should
admit that the best trust and the noblest
trust has grown out of my neglect, would Miss
Tackell admit that the present low state of
literature had some relation to editorial
indifference?

Are the American Editors doing the
best they know how when they admit on
their cover a story that has played for its
medium of expression and for its matter the
diverting idea that a barbaric queen is
as good as any other woman provided she
knows how to ice a cake?

Is the last Ernest and Thorpe story really

a good story or not it printed is all right
Caring that these charming characters are
And not the least - I want to ask you what good it
does (and your purpose is so plainly to do good) to print
Mary Austin's personal recollections of The Resurrection
Tell the people, if you must, that He did not Rise.
Tell them His Body was stolen, that the apostles had
hid to them but for God's sake do not tell them He
rose like that. It turns the Easter anthem into a
sort of pity. And could anything be so criminal as to
silence a song. Heaven knows we need them. If
we had more singers we would have more courage and
more children.
With all kindness I say to the editor

and especially to Miss Tarbell. Do not
worry so much about us, let give us songs
and high romance and we will make
a joke of the hatcher's short nights and
be warm under cotton blankets.

I am not romantic, not a bit; but could
anybody be? But I do believe that she regrets
that will earn for us the scorn of our grandmothers
is not the regret that produced the first heart
but the regret that flighted our literature.
"Only that society is vulgar whose poetry has not
been written." We are, surely vulgar.
This is not for publication and is from
one who sympathizes with the heart breaking
problems of the magazine editor.

Yours sincerely
Katherine G. Fenwick

Not for publication