Dear Miss Tarbell,

Getting a card from you with the good wishes of the season made me think I would write you a line. Someone told me you had not been very well. If this is true I am very sorry to hear it, and hope you may by now be feeling better. I am too near you in age not to realize that as one gets old the machine doesn't work as well as it did and that like a second-hand automobile it has to be patched and tinkered with to get it to go at all.

I think it was John Phillips when I saw him at the Dutch Treat— as you probably know a lunch club—that I talked to about you. How few there are still alive that figured in the days when McClure's Magazine was in its great booming success and how vividly you brought it all back in your interesting reminiscences. This doesn't need any answer. I know what a bother writing is. Yours sincerely,

Paul R. Reynolds