

31 WEST TWELFTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Nov. 5. 1937

Dear Ida Tarbell,

I send you a few of the
Christmas roses that
have just come to me
from Long Island.
Don't trouble to acknowledge
them. Life is short
and birth days are
exacting. Yours such
a weary world made
more endurable by
your gallant presence.

May their horizon never
be reached!

Forgive my leaving the
flowers where I hear you
are to dine tonight.
I wanted you to receive
them while yet they were
fresh from the country.

Faithfully yours
Helen Moore.