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First Day of 1924.

My Dear Miss Farbell;

"I touch my heart, as the Easterners do, -
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,

May the Peace of Allah abide with you";

For of all my friends I pray most for you on this
First Day into your life's to-morrow, because I am
sure your life's last two years' of yesterdays have left
you somewhat weary. You have been a long way, -
trudged paths through byways and highways gathering
in History's golden urn the Forgotten and ^{that} Past. You arrived.

The story you have told of your pilgrimage along
the Footsteps of our First American, week after week, has
been well told. It could not be better told. I know of
no one who could found so much as you, or told it so well.

My own little MS. that you gave so unique a First
Hood, has gotten through the "galley" and "book proof" and
the "Index" about half grown. These have been, principally,
Miss Young's, - though when finished and the little
child proves to have been well "proofed" and "indexed", I'll
come down the title page smiling into prole notices saying
"I Killed the Bar!" What egotist's "es" men" are, when if one woman
had not "foreworded" me, and another "proofed" and "indexed" me, -
where would have been your aged friend, Henry B. Rankin?