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Letter: The Editor

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Dear Editor -

I have just finished reading 'The Twenty-Cent Dime' and I can do nothing but exclaim, 'A shame, shame on you!' and if she could hear those words just as I say them she could not help but feel abashed - her heart full of terror to take the dying statement that she was nothing but an unemployed girl who committed suicide in
Chicago to mean that it was only the dinner-drive Darrell, you write your train down better than that — you say train then conquer the twenty-cent dinner train, piled with determination, you don't speak the truth as we who struggle with existence know it to be — my husband, a man of thirty-five, graduated one of our best institutions, a man cultured, parentage has tried in vain to keep upright office
in the last five years and this
failed not through lack of
or energy but because there is
little demand for his fine goods
during time hard times— to pay
our rent and buy what food
we needed for ourselves and
these children— I have parted
with two costly diamond rings
which I cherished because of
their significance to me, me my
engagement ring the only given
truly by my husband when our
first baby came— Apr 1910
in again wrapping at me and
we cannot fly though or cross
and employment for my love -
and he had tried and
Tried again and again -
My father was me of the most prom-
inent and efficient surgeon in
the United States - and a philan-
thropist that he left his family
almost nothing -We gave five-
裡ore as gladly when there was
not a cent in the new and
his her times and dollars -
I shall remember me offering to
return to you very beautiful
home exhausted after performing
four very serious operations.

At 10 P.M. came a call saying
a little boy in an orphan home
was ill—acute appendicitis would
fate come and operate at once?

With no hesitation he dragged
him from tired body to the hospital
and by his quick skill saved the
little life for a few weeks. My
baby, and that distinguished man
Abraham—needed medical atten-
tion and when lacked a phy-
cician here to come. He only pre-
sacred by plane and left my late me to suffer great physical pain
and my mother's heart and brain
great mental anguish — if the
world is like this I say for all
merciful Father will not blame
me if we end it all — and you
Mme Tarbell who have come
home in the world as we have
can have no conception of our
provocations —