510 South Second St., Springfield, Ill.

June 15, 1916.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell,

381 Fourth Ave.,

New York, N. Y.

Dear Ida:

Your letter of the 13th inst. is received and by your permission I address you, "Ida",-- but, in Irish parlance,-- if this letter never gets to you please read it "Miss" when you don't get it, so it may not offend the maidenly dignity of the"accomplished authoress,--Miss Tarbell". Please don't neglect this caution.

What a hustler you are to be for these next "six weeks coming, swinging a Chautauqua circle"! I dare not start an autographed copy of ye author's ancient memories after your far-flung talking trail by any other post save an aerial one,-- and even on that where and how would my wing-borne little book alight? Aye, there's the rub. I learned when a boy how easy it was to fly; the lighting was the only trouble I ever found,-- and so I can't instruct my,--"parcel post 3 lb., pre-pd, Special Delivery" bundle of musing-memories where, or how to alight in the hands of this circle-swinging "Ida".

So, then, as a "next-best" possibility, I send this "first class" messenger, via the New York office, bearing the legend,"To Forward",-- and when this comes to the vision of "Ida aforesaid", if the latter can write me and tell this ancient memory-monger (by U. S. Post where to send an autographed copy, to rest and abide, until the arrival of Miss Ida Tarbell, I will certainly do so.

Digital Image, 2009, The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

Thereafter, with such patience as an octogenarian's "second childhood" can summon, I will await fulfillment of your mention that, "one of these days when my ("Ida's") mind is a little more at leisure I ("Ida") hope to have a say about it".

It is now necessary to "call time" on this garrulous chatter;—to make my most "old-time-gentleman-bow", and subscribe myself as the admirer of the fruits of the Tarbell-pen that I have heretofore read. But now, in anticipation of what your "grey goose quill" (finger-printer, I mean) might squawk and click about my little book,—I tremblingly subscribe myself, in humble-old-time parlance, as

Your Humble Servant and Octogenarian Friend,

Henry B. Rankin

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