Ida Tarbell

986 Jefferson Ave
Brooklyn

Dear Miss Tarbell:

Just a word to say it was grand of you to write me the advice, and I mean it. Only I'm not a miss but a Mr, and I can't handily go back to Kentucky, because I'm from Harlan, and the sheriff doesn't like me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for writing, your letter was encouraging, it's encouraging to know there there is kindness. Perhaps I'll do something worth-while in time -- but poverty and insecurity are hell, particularily so in a world well supplied with raw material and machinery and wealth. My God, I can't understand why the millions of starving and oppressed poor, unable to eat and live in peace because SOMEBODY can't make profit from their labor -- I can't understand why they don't all go radical and fight it out. What is it that separates them from a decent living, from a feeling of security? All I can see is the private ownership of property and factories, and the whole works are gummed up, millions suffer, and the only reason is that the machinery can't run if the OWNERS can't make money, as tho MONEY were the measure of life. Pardon me, but I feel deeply about it, being a victim of the same crazy state of affairs.....May you long enjoy life and I'll always remember you kindly.

Tess Huff

Tess Huff

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