This is Minnie Barney (9/Hunt 58)

MRS. ARTHUR EDWARD WILSON
128 NEWBURY STREET
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Nov. 5, '39

Dearest and Only Bigt,

"This is the day that you were born in, Early on a frosty morning", or was it late on a sunshiny afternoon? I am hoping you are spending it happily among loving and beloved friends, that you are well, and that all your deepest desires may be realized.

In an old diary that in some way has survived I find, "Monday, Nov. 4, 1895, in N.Y. City, having come from Buffalo, lunched with Miss Tarbell and Miss Boland at the St. Denis. Met all the McClure staff in office. Was introduced as "a young woman who has had the temerity to start a new magazine." (This was the ill-fated one called "The Youngsters") "Mr. McClure talked pleasantly and gave me some excellent and valuable advice."

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Then on Wed., Nov. 6, is the record, "Lunch with Miss Tarbell at the Black Cat".

How characteristic of you that you did not mention your birthday that intervened! And how kind and generous you were to little insignificant me! I'd like to add some notes to your autobiography, so that readers could know your whole life has been filled with just such sweetly thoughtful deeds.

I reveled in your book, and seemed to be living through all your experiences. What a helpful little tribute to Josephine! I wish she could have lived to see it. When my husband saw my picture there, he laughingly remarked that I had achieved immortality in a very roundabout way. The reviews were so appreciative and fine; and your lovely portrait with the pearls chosen for the N.Y. papers was just the right one.

Edith Russell sent me an account of

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your lectures in Meadville, and your "Goodbye. See you next year".

When I read in "The Magazines of America" the history of the Chautauquan I boiled with rage to have no mention of your work in it - and Dr. Vincent's "The Chautauquan is my monument: I want no other fame". Grrrr. Can you hear me growl? After you left he began to write editorials, and poor Harriet would work herself into a fever trying to make them readable. You called him once "a curious psychological study" - a charitable description.

A 60-mile wind is blowing and the rain is coming in torrents, so this won't be mailed until to-morrow, and won't reach you until all your other birthday letters have been read. Among

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them all, none could carry more love and
grateful memories than mine.

With every good wish.

Always yours.

"Little Dee".

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