Adams Centre N. Y. 7/24/1912

Dear Miss Tarbell.

A kind of sick feeling came over me when all my letters came back yesterday, and I saw my own words" Please send back the letters I have sent you"

I meant the letters from my niece, and the one I had written to the unhappy married woman,- - I not daring to allow the latter to be printed verbatim, after I found out what I did later.

She is the wife of a well to do New York lawyer.
She is in love with another New York lawyer.
She sent me the photo of her husband, which I requested, before I knew of this affair. He has a face to make a woman tremble.
The other has a beautiful idealistic face.

She informed me that she was six months prehnant by her lover.

She has now left her husband and disappeared.
The parties are known in the literary circles of a cetrain line of thou.ht, she writing for those magazines.

She is, unless she has been forcibly prevented, now publishing a book in which she tells everything.

She is sincere in believing that she has broken only the man made law--- not the moral law.
When I found out who she was, and all the circumstances, I deemed it wiser to recall the letter. The others I return under separate cover, not because they are worth anything, but because you may have proof that it was a mistake in wording on my part.
You can stuff the lot in the stove if you do not want to keep it.

About my daughter and her criticism.
I have thought much over the matter and have concluded that I have a moral right to tell the world how I brought up my childrend , if I say nothing derogatory to them.
So please feel that the embargo is taken off from your literary judgment. You act as you seee fit hereafter with anything I may send you.

The way this is developing seems to be rather in the way of pointing out tde reasons why such a scheme will not work, that in making it work. There are certain reasons inherent in humanity as it now is, which will make such a dream as mine hard if not impossible to realize.

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I want to tell you all about it, when I find out myself.

I have succeeded in getting together people of the very highest moral character with ideals far above the average.

It seems that only that kind answered, as a rule.

My latest came last night, from Chicago. A fine young fellow with ideals too high for ordinary business life.

He is hoeing potatoes to day, much happier than when he was at work in one of the big mail order houses.

O, I am learning large lessons in Life!

This is a regular psychological laboratory!

Did I tell you Marietta Holly is a neighbor of mine?

There is a woman coming here soon who says she wants to write up this idea of the simple life.

There is that idea, about as prominent as that of the community.

When I read such articles as "The Spenders" and "The pauper Million -aires" by Will Irwin, I think that this movement is certainly needed

I do not believe the average American would believe it if he we e told how simple and democratic this neighborhood is and how untouched by the modern snobbery.

The same simple life is lived here that was lived seventy five years ago. The people in our village would not bat an eye if an Empress were to drop down here.

They neither fawn nor bully.

A "hired man" or a "hired girl" is just exactly as much a member of the family as we are ourselves

No "second table for the help" in this locality.

And, as a result, the help we have this year works over time over and over again. He takes as much interest as if the farm were h is own. Everyone goes by the first name here.

At first, some of these things "ground" me.

They do not now. The Quaker simplicity of manners, and, in a way of morals, and the rail fences, and the stone walls, and all, make an elegant setting for my idea, and helps to point the moral and a dorn the tale.

This must be a startling and dramatic contrast, to arouse public attention.

Two or three people who wrote after that article was published in t he magazine said" If this is true, and not fiction-----"

Well, if I wrote the bare truth about the conditions here they would not believe it at all.

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I took my Chicago young fellow to the creamery this morning, to show him how to do. As we drove back, through the beautiful road, bordered on each side, with overhanging maples, and with rail fences and stone walls on either side, he said
" I would not have believed there was a place like this in the world!".

O, I shall have something to say, all right, when the time comes!

I aim to have everyone who comes here and stays for awhile, feel that they have a farm home to which they can come as long as they live.
I do not expect them to be satisfied, and live here permanently but I want them to get a glimpse of Life as it really should be lived and have a place to come and rest up, when they are tired of the vain effort to try and dip the ocean dry with a teaspoon, which is about what trying to get ahead in a city amounts to.

I thank you most deeply, and sincerely for the great kindness you did me and the Cause, by printing my letter.
I can hardly state what it has done--- hardly overstate it.
It is like bringing fresh air into a room, and renewing life and ambition.
It has been a stone thrown into the water whence the ripples, ever widening, never stop.

Dear Miss Tarbell, I know you are busy.
But I hope I may be allowed once in awhile to turn to you when so moved, and pour out my inner thoughts to one who, I feel will under stand and appreciate.

I was interested in the fact that you have studeid the " "daughter" problem. I have a little to say on that mysself having brought up two. I overshot the mark, in one way, perhaps.
It is a difficult question.
Next time, I should bring them up on a farm.

Yours with sincerest gratitude

Ellen Eames deGraff.

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