

April 11th 1939

Dear Ida Tarbell;-

I have just been looking over my notebook kept while in Bermuda and I find much that is interesting concerning Mr. Rogers and Mark Twain. It was in the winter of 1908 that they were in Hamilton. Mr Rogers was there late in February and in March, as I remember. I have not the exact dates. The incident to which you refer is as follows.

"We were out sailing one day and Mr. Rogers had been telling me some interesting incidents of his life; his early bringing up; his first ventures in the business world; some of the great men he had known. I exclaimed. "Mr. Rogers, you should have a written record of your life. Why couldn't you find some one to whom you could tell these things so that a worthy biography might be compiled?" He replied that he had often thought of it and that he had even thought of the person to whom he might entrust such a task. Naturally I asked him who that one might be. He answered with a twinkle in his eye. "You may be surprised, but I think that Ida Tarbell would do an excellent piece of work. She is able and she is honest and I beleive that she would be fair. I have met her several times and talked with her and I have a great respect for her".

This was the conversation as accurately as I recall it. I remember that I expressed my surprise as to his choice for I thought he might have cherished some resentment towards one who had written as you had concerning the Standard Oil, but he evidently felt no bitterness whatever. The conversation took place in March of 1908.

I am glad that you asked me to send you this. It has revived one of the most delightful experiences of my life, namely the friendship of Mark Twain and Mr Rogers. I kept up a correspondence with them both until their death. In May of 1909 Mr. Clemens wrote me of Mr Roger's sudden death in these terms;

"It is indeed, dear Betsy, a heavy stroke. It bruised many a heart: how many we shall never know, for his helpful kindnesses went far and wide and made no outward sign. Here we shall not look upon his like again; hereafter——

Affectionately

X S.L.C.

To end with, it was a joy to see you again after so many years and to see the light in your eyes as eager and youthful as ever. I have your Autobiography and am reading it with keen interest. May I ask you a favor? Some day will you write for me on a slip of paper, your name so that I may paste it in the book?

Affectionately yours

Elizabeth Hallare
(not Mrs - but still Miss)