Johnstown N.Y. Apr 17th 1919.

My dear Miss Tarbell.

My honored President of The Pen + Brush

I have never forgotten the warm clasp of your hand that Sabbath afternoon, at the Pen + Brush rooms just after we had listened to the reading of portions of the Lincoln volume, and had turned back to greet yourself and the reader before passing out. One daughter was with me, or possibly both daughters were there that day, their names, Mrs Robbins and Mrs Kennedy. Last week, Mrs Robbins sent up from the city to me your new book "The Rising of the Tide." How appropriately named. I have read it twice, and soon shall read it again. I wish to do more than thank you for the wonderful

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illumination it gives of America's thought and feelings through the rapidly changing conditions of all the war period, and could go step by step in the portraiture of my own feelings and anxieties as I read.

In a little city like Johnstown, where we live, I can see a counterpart of Sabinsport the same things right over again. The circumstances are so exactly alike in the first somnolence, and then the awakening. With the exception of the coal mines so alike as this is not a mining locality. By the way what graphic description of the terrible disaster in the mines. "On fire! One hundred and fifty men shut in!"

At this moment appears our first introduction to a young man, whom one hopes to meet again without fail. His simple words were to an apparent leader in the excitement

I'm a stranger, but I might be useful. I understand something of relief work. I speak languages. I would be glad to go.

This stranger proves to be one of the characters beloved throughout the book, so natural, so wise

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such a help to his editor friend, both being often puzzelled to know how to meet the changing conditions of those first terrible war years. and how to meet the facts of the slowness of the U.S. in coming to discern the necessity for action, and the fervor of that action later. How wonderfully you have interpreted the varying moods of the Sabinsport people, as if you could read their inner thoughts; and not only that, but that it is history. Your spiritual insight has gauged the feeling of the whole country through those years, a perfect history of the "ups" and "downs" of those terrible months, and just what every city - either East or West, experienced in its awakening. I must confess to feeling in my own spirit some of the fervor of Rev Dick Ingraham's sermon, and a comprehension of how some of the village people [illegible] rather he had waited a little, but dear Nancy knew his soul.

Oh, I must not go on. though I would love to do so. The book will always be a [illegible] to me, and shall always be at my elbow. where I can refer to it often.

Affectionately Yours.
Jeanie Oliver Smith
— Temple Oliver