

Dionne March 18 [1903?]

My dear Miss Tarbell

I have been very anxious about you. Jac is here & he told me when he arrived that he had sent you a love letter & explained that he was moved there by news from Boyde that you were sick.

I had been intending to send you a love letter myself even before I heard of your illness. I dreamed about you last night & awoke this morning very anxious about you. You are infinitely precious to me. I have decided this: to organize next year's program so as to get along without The Standard Oil & if it is going to press on you, I decided

on awaking to hurry to New York & I hope to land
very shortly after this letter.

You cannot imagine how we all love
& reverence you. You are the real queen of
the establishment.

Another thing I really must have you here
by June 1. You see we spend July traipsing
west; Mont. Blanc, Matterhorn, & Jungfrau
&c. & you must have a month here before
a month after June, July, August & I
must get home by Sept 10.

Next year I propose to give you six
splendid months of rest & happiness.

The truth is you have taken the foremost
place in my heart of all my friends, I never
thought I could be compensated for the loss of
Drummond, but utterly unconsciously, ^{to myself} you have
more than compensated me for all the dear
friends I have lost.

When you get strong we will side by side
found McClure's Review, which I have just fully
invented, business scheme & everything; I have