

McDonogh School,
McDonogh, Maryland,
October 31, 1939.

My dear Miss Tarbell:-

Thank you for your letter and also for being willing to autograph my copy of your autobiography. I got the copy back from the friend who was to have it for these two weeks to read and mailed it to you yesterday. Someway, I can not but feel that even though "One does his work and it goes into the pot, and that's that" that what is worthwhile undures eternally and even bears a bit of the personal mark of the giver, book or child or whatever it may be. And books are not so apt to fail in a personal way - unless they are complete

failures which yours are not. So far my four children have on the whole made me exceedingly happy but I yet realize that nothing which comes into life possesses the power of joy or pain as do children. I have often said that children lay open the door to either in a way which one who does not have children can with difficulty understand. Do you see what I mean? And as for your books being a thing of the past, just the one, "The Business of Being a Woman", is as filled with good sense and sound advice as the day it was written. I have always enjoyed it. The book I have returned to you I have had a chance to (only) dip into, but I can see what deep pleasure I have in store for me and I personally thank you for writing it and likewise for putting the very beautiful picture of you in as the frontispiece. Why do so many people think that youth only has beauty to give the world?

I gave Sister your message and she sends her love to you. She and Anna are busy making beautiful, for they always do that to any spot they touch, their charming, new, little house.

With always my deep affection,

Faithfully yours,

Virginia Bevan Edwards.