

New York, 327-W. 56. —
Sept. 21. 1917.

Dear Miss Tarbell; —

This isn't a letter
to answer! — It's just ^{an} I-love-
you letter to tell you that
we're thinking about you, and
caring, or hating to have you
ill and sad and fagged.

As the club I heard from
Elizabeth your whereabouts,
and as a little over two years
ago I also was in the Harpner
Hospital, getting mended up,

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I'm hoping the experience
may help you as it helped
me. - It was a comfort to
just be taken care of and
bullied: at least so I felt at
the time, and so I hope you
may feel. - Please try to
relax and rest and remember
the happy things, especially, dear
Ledy, to remember how people
love ^{you} people like myself who
have only known you in a
group, with others, yet

The
who deeply feel your beauty
of spirit, your vigour, your
significance as a worker
& a writer and just yourself!—

As I walk you in Washington
I sat at your desk and met
the two women in your office
and was very proud to have them
know me through you.

Down in Virginia the clever
young married woman whom
I visited Champe Meade, said
discriminating appreciative

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things about your Lincoln,
and the guest from Chicago
was immensely impressed
because I knew you. — Which
was pleasant, since I happen
to feel about you as I do: —

Being ill you can't read
everything, as I'm going to mail
you last Sunday's Times
Magazine supplement containing
my "Fire Cities," on the theory that
you missed it & won't mind having
it sent — or enclosed.
Sincerely yours
Charlotte M. Stephens.