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Few persons carry through life so gay and indomitable a spirit as our friend Temperance Read. I knew her for forty years and the last time I saw her shortly before her death she impressed me as when I first met her in Washington, D. C., back in the '90's.

There was a marvellous continuing quality in her. She never lost her eager interest and curiosity over the world and its ways. Who does not recall ~~the~~ fun and excitement ~~of~~ flying back and forth from California? Most of us at her age - myself included - would much prefer to tuck ourselves comfortably into a state room ~~and~~ cross the country at leisure, but not Tempe. Here was something new and she wanted to know all about it.

To the end she made the most out of her surroundings. A few years ago she announced that she wasn't going to Europe as usual. She was going to "discover New York City," and all one season she made regular sight-seeing trips looking up old churches and houses, visiting museums and quarters. I never heard a fiesta more gayly described than one she followed through a whole week of that summer in one of the City's Italian quarters.

