

Paris,

April 27, 1915.



Dear Father,

Your letter came today. By this time you have my letter that I'll plunge into settlement work next fall, and ask "experience" from this summer. I had hoped to learn much from relief work here, but I find that there are already more workers than are needed, so there is no use in my hanging

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around over here. I think the best thing will be to go home with the family. And then when the war is over I can come back some day to London, & work with the Associated Charities people there, who are doing about the best work that is being done anywhere to test social legislation.

Some letters which I let Herbert Gibbons read, and his comments on them, have given me an idea of something I could do at Silver Bay, without wasting the summer. And the reason I never liked Silver Bay was that there was no productive work for me to do there - I seemed to be merely killing time. If I could be working, that would be different. Well, Herbert said these letters worked up would make a book as popular & "selling" as Daddy Long Legs, which was a widely-read collection of letters from college. So I

thought I could go over my
college & even school letters, &
see what could be done with
them. If I could stop over at
the house in Princeton, & get the
letters from where they are in
with a lot of private papers.
Or perhaps Ben could get them,
he helped pack the box last
spring.

Thank you for the clipping.
I can see that Miss Thomas
dictated that will. She's a sly
woman.



I have been having a beautiful time in Paris just seeing people. I have never spent more than a few days at a time in New York, so I can truthfully say that I never experienced a city until now. But on the whole I don't like Paris - it's nearly as dirty as Pittsburg. And the French seem to take to dirt like

a duck to water. I asked for ⁽⁴⁾
a fire the other day, because
my room was too cold to wash
in, + Mademoiselle answered -
"Il faut éviter ces grands
lavages en hiver"; and when
I answered that I could not
respect myself if I were unwashed,
she ~~answered~~ ^{said} that it is all in
the customs of different countries!
But there is a class of French
who are very nice, they are
really polite, and their accent
is very pretty - unfortunately
they don't take boarders.

I received a postal written in
Russian - now I must hunt up
someone to read it for me. My
Russian can ask simple
questions, but it cannot decipher
script yet.

We went to Seulis yesterday.
Regular excursions run there
now, and women sit on the
ruins selling postal cards.
I believe there are tourist-

excursions to the front, now,
too.

Today faces are very grave.
So many sons have been
killed in the last few weeks.

After a week of cold rain
the sun is out, and Mother & I
are going out for the afternoon.

With love,

Jean.