Paris
April 27, 1913

Dear Fallies,

Your letter came today. By this time you have my letter that I’ve plunged 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 any changing
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, I work will the Associated Charities people there, who are doing all 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 — it 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 as Daddy Long Legs, which was a widely-read collection of letters from college.
thought I should go over any college or even school letters to see what could be done with them. I could also go over at the house in Princeton, get the letters from where they are in with a lot of private papers, or perhaps Mr. McC 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 a fire the other day, because my room was too cold to wash in, and 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 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 the script yet.

We went to Seulus yesterday. Regular excursions run there now, and women sit on the ruins selling postal cards. I believe there are tourists—
excursions below front. now

so many sons have been
killed in the last few weeks.
After a week of cold rain
the sun is out, and mother and I
are going out for the afternoon.

with love,

Jean.