I have your good letter of the 4th, with the address of Trup's mother. I do not know when I will be able to look up his mother but you may be sure I shall certainly do it if possible. Getting into Czecho-Slovakia and hunting people up is some job. The feeling between these different States beats anything you ever heard of. Even with Reparation Commission passports and all such things, traveling is an agony. But there is a Czech Delegation here in the Commission and I am going to talk to them and see if there is any way that either I can get up there, or that they can find out for me about her. If I am here when the good weather comes in the spring, I certainly hope it will be practical to motor up there and see her myself.

I am sending you some interviews in the London Times that our friend E. gave out. I wrote you, I think, about his being here.

I wish I could write you about this situation here. It seems too hopeless to try to tell about it in a letter but I would give anything in the world to talk it over with you. This Treaty of St. Germain is certainly a wicked thing. You are well accustomed to the stupidity of human documents; this is one of the most glaring examples of it. You can doubtless make a lot of kicks against the Treaty of Versailles but it is a wonderfully perfect affair compared to this thing. Nevertheless, I still think we ought to sign it and then see what can be done about interpreting it. One has to continually remind one's self that the people in every country are something entirely different from their politicians and politicians. There are a fine lot of people here that are pegging away trying to do something, and they will work it out some way, but the bunkers they run up against every way they turn beats anything you ever heard of. Austria is doubtless being punished for her past sins, which doubtless were great and many, but even then I can't help thinking that punishment is too fierce. I have never been so interested in anything in my life as I am in this mess out here.

I was amused to hear of Miss Morgan elevating the gentleman sport and her taking the stump in Wall Street.
Ida M. Tarbell .... 2

Of course, it all sounds crazy and I don't wonder you feel as if you wanted to go back to your farm and get away from as many of these exhibitions of idiocy as possible.

Do tell me the next time you write what you are doing and what you are working on, and above all, how you are feeling.

Always, affectionately yours,

[Signature]

Miss Ida M. Tarbell,
120 East 19th Street,
New York City.