

947 Sheridan Avenue, New York
November 9, 1921.

My dear Miss Tarbell:

I'm afraid I'm like the bad penny, and keep bobbing up when I 'm not wanted; but at the risk of seeming a nuisance to my former employers, I am asking those I have done work for recently to keep me in mind of they know of anything I can do. The reason whereof is as follows:

In January Mr. Blair was "laid off" by the New York Central R. R. As Dr. Ames's work had been steadily increasing and he had been wishing I could put in full time there, I

did so until our second calamity came along. Early in March my husband was laid up with Phlebitis - the inflammation of a vein in the leg --. Of course I had to give up my office work then. He was in bed six weeks, and not out of doors until May; and then he could not walk without a crutch and cane. I got him to the country about the end of May, rented this apartment, and he was there all summer, gardening, after he was able for it. In July I had a telegram from home that my sister was ill, and went to Nova Scotia, leaving Janet with her father to look after her. I was away five weeks seemed like five years, in the interval getting my sister to a hospital and seeing her through an operation there. We came back to N.Y. in October, as the people who had the apartment were leaving, and have been ever since trying to get something to do. There is almost nothing doing in the engineering line. I suppose eventually the Bridge Department of the Railroad will renew its activities, but we can't starve in the interval. There really seems more likelihood of my getting work than he; but I've answered dozens of ads without success. There are so many competent women also out of work that I am only one of many. I would be glad of either part time or full-time.

I hope you and all those dear to you are well, particularly that the babies of the family are thriving.

Yours faithfully,

Janet Mack Blair

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