Monday Afternoon

Miss Tarbell,

Mr. Mills just called up to tell me they have decided not to have an Allegheny Dinner. Telegrams from Dr. Tolley, etc., brought the matter to a pleasant close.

I took the opportunity, when he asked about you, to tell him about the Lincoln piece you hoped some one could transport safely to Meadville. I think he will be calling you about it very soon. I told him, yoo, that you are giving up your apartment, and we feel pretty lost and forlorn about that.

I did not suggest another Tea. If you were going to be here it would be a different matter. Still-- maybe we ought to run another one in May-- maybe it takes two a year to keep the interest alive. But I don't think you ought to be giving any thought to it until your moving is behind you. Next fall you should institute a "tickler system" in your country office so that at a certain date you'll have a memo: "Write Yost to arrange a Tea!" Just give orders like a Napoleon, and I'll move.

Mother's reactions yesterday largely duplicated the college student's who wrote "She wasn't at all like a celebrity. She seemed like one of the family." In a long life filled with good deeds, you never did one that was more deeply appreciated. I hope you were not over-tired and that your skin spots are not being painful. Take care of yourself, and let me do any little thing that I can to help you get away. I have plenty of physical energy now--It's just the head that refuses to be natural.

Jno. Yost