

1015 1/2 Leavewood Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.
April 26, 1918

Dear Miss Tarbell,

It was so good to hear from you again. So many times in N. C. I've longed to see you, but knew how busy you always are, & didn't have the heart to be another of the countless interruptions. I give a course of lectures on mental diseases at The Francis College on 101 Stoney Year, & so am there for about two months each fall. Once I tried to find you, but you were out of town. I'm going to be selfish next time & try again. If I had Mr. Burroughs with me (& I may leave) I should feel less guilty, now I have to be dragged to the city when he goes.

We were in Washington this winter, but they said you were not there then. J.P. fell ill there & we got about a very little. Then we spent some weeks in Tryon, N. C. — a delightful place to us.

We have now been gone home 17 days, & are turning our faces homeward this p. m. J.P. went to Toledo where the large statue you saw on the dock at Brooklyn & Judge, (man in bronze) was given to the city by a public spirited man whose German parents, real as they were, were not enough to prevent him from being a big-hearted loyal American. The statue was unveiled in front of the Art Museum & over 20,000 school children passed in review before J.P.

— a thrilling, never to be forgotten scene. A few days later at Mr. Ford's home, at Dearborn, we saw a statue of J.B. (also made by Pietro that same summer) placed in a Burroughs' work they have built there, above a spring. The stone work being formed of the rocks brought from Rosbury by Mr. Ford, so J.B. would feel in the proper environment.

Do not get a glimpse of all the things Mr. Ford is doing to help win the war — time & again I marvel of your & your enthusiasm for the character of W. F. — the strangest combination, I think, I ever encountered, such a genius, such a big heart, such brotherliness, such guilelessness, but so illogical. I tremble when I think of what power you hold in his hands, yet how his diabolic belief in human nature may betray him into letting Teutonic fiendishness thrust all he is trying to do. But enough of this.

I've been here in Chicago, & Evanston, to see friends, for a week, & out to Polo when J.B. went over the scene where as a youth of de la Tourette school for a few months 61 years ago — a sad kind of a time out there for J.B. wandering down La Rue du Temps perdu. He is tired of seeing & being seen, yet he has enjoyed it all. And now we are going back to the Nest — my cottage where you have never been, but where I wish you

would come some week - and when it would do you
good to flee the many demands made on you in the
city. I'm going to stop at my old home on the return
trip, & take back two of the little girls of my brother's - two
of the younger ones who have never been with me - adorable
little beings. I had two others with me last summer, younger girls
than Katherine (whom you met at Woodlawn Lodge), & they did
all the washing & ironing ~~for us~~ during the summer,
& for all the guests - giving me the freest summer I've had in
years. Katherine graduates from High School in June & after her
summer with me, must seek work in the fall. Unless we find
something right for her, I may bring her to N. Y. & see if you can
help us with suggestions. She thinks she wants to be a nurse, or did
at year.

Miss Doolittle, whose address I inclose, wrote J. B. so pathet-
ically - She is capable & earnest, has few or no home ties &
is so eager to help, but says they don't want her because
of her age. She appears younger than she is & ought to be of great
service with two very useful fields of activity - massage
& a practical dietician's experience.

I am no conscience-stricken at being of so little personal
help myself that I try every time I can to help others to get to
work - my duty (& it happens to be my greatest pleasure also) seems
very clearly defined to look after J. B. - so my help has
been confined to what Kintley Dean did at taking Liberty Bonds -
but I'm ashamed to mention the last, it is so clearly a means of
self-help as well. Maybe later, when our boys come
home, I can take a couple of them to my home &
help that way.

(Miss B. by illness & death, March 1917)

J.B. you know is just 81 - Last year was a hard one for him, & the year before, he has had several illnesses but his recuperative powers still help him to throw them off readily, & his spirits continue buoyant, & he is vinting with the old vigor & cheerfulness. The war weighs him down, but he has no doubt of the final triumph. It would be a boon to both of us to see you. How much you would have to tell us! If you found you could, ^{run} away, even for a brief trip to West Park, in ~~April~~ ^{May} or June, do tell us when & we will show everybody else away.

We did not know of the loss of your mother. I know so well what it means to you that my pen refuses to write about it. When I read of it to J.B. his pained look & his brief exclamation of sympathy would have told you how he felt for you.

What a lot of your precious time I have taken!

Affectionately yours,

Clara Parres

This is a poor photo of us taken here at Dr. DeLoach's a few days ago.