

216 Maryland Avenue, N.E.
Washington, D. C.

February 6, 1930.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

I had the faith that you would give a measure of your overcrowded time to Mrs. Key and her case against the Daughters, and it is always comforting to know that your faith is supported by fact - and I am not a so-called Scientist, either. This sounds involved, but the drift is there.

Your conclusions drawn from reading the brief and the appeal are just. If you should find yourself in Baltimore some time with an hour to do it, Mrs. Key at the Rochambeau Apartments would be keenly appreciative of a call. She is too ill to go about, but her spirit has moved mountains and will again, I trust. She is a gentlewoman of that small circle of brave souls not confined to any time or place or sex. If she should die, and that is the hope of those whom she is opposing, for she is suffering from a grave heart trouble, there will be needed someone to vindicate her cause before these hundreds of thousands of women who hear only what it is meant they should hear. and no one can give you so vividly the story of the wrong as she can, and fairly, too.

Her father and her grandfather were both able lawyers and pioneers of the Michigan country, where she was reared. When her father died and left her the eldest of several children, with their mother, she supported them and educated the children by writing for the Boston Transcript, for which she was the Western correspondent for years. It was this which led to her meeting and marriage ^{with} John Ross Key, the grandson of Francis Scott Key, and an unsung painter whose works are beyond anything I, a layman, have ever been privileged to see.

It is interesting now to recall that she would not marry him until he should consent to allow her to devote part of her time to the cause of the Daughters. He replied that he was opposed to it because, some day, a hard, selfish woman would come into power who would undo everything her labor had attained, and she would be scorned. She refused to believe a Daughter could do such a dishonorable thing, and, he, because he could not live now without her, he said, consented. And, ~~every year~~ until he died some seven years ago, ^{he} paid out of his own pocket thousands of dollars toward the expenses incurred for this cause.

Their life was a beautiful one together, and deserves a story by itself. You will hug yourself with satisfaction if you ever can go to see her, for you do not often meet her like. I must confess it depresses me, though, because I am so helpless before this great wrong that is being perpetrated ~~upon~~, not alone upon Mrs. Key, but ^{upon} the organization of women who subscribe to so high a standard as they have placed above the entrance to their new Hall on 18th Street, and the white marble statue on the other street.

Accept my thanks, and the thanks of Mrs. Key herself to whom I am sending your letter, for your courteous reception of the whole matter.

With best personal wishes, believe me

Very friendly,

Adelaide Borah

Everyone wants to know - so, I'll
say it - Senator Borah is
my dear cousin.
AB