

Dear Father, I thank you very much for the Christmas money. Mother says you want us to buy souvenirs of Geneva, and suggests enamel-works or cut leather. But if the money is a present, and I can do what I want with it, I am going to buy suppers for some of the miserable Foyer girls. I have no heart to buy souvenirs this year, and the evening dresses in my trunk disgust me because they are not woollen slirts that can be given away.

The misery is something appalling everywhere in the street you see sunken eyes and drawn mouths - and you know that under the ragged blouse there are pang of hunger as well as shivers of cold. It sometimes makes me wish that the bombardment would come here and wipe it all out -

at this point comes a telephone message from Madame Gautier asking us all out to tea tomorrow. I hope we find a little gaiety there.

Estelle King wrote to me asking me to visit her in England between Paris and New York. I am very glad, as I feel incapable of judging the world without having seen England. Do you know that I have never met a single Englishman from England itself? I've met Scotch and Irish and Canadians & English

① women in plenty, but no Englishmen. ②

We all had a fine time at Chesières. It was a relief to have nothing to think about except sport. You should have seen Lois sledding! She went down a long steep ~~road~~ ^{road} all alone, and steered very well. She is a great favorite at school. One of the children's mother told Mother "Elle est bien-aimée à l'école, la petite Lois." Did any of us tell you about the pocket she embroidered for Mother for Christmas? Marjorie and I bought the embroidery, and then it seemed to me too hard for Babsie. However, I ~~showed~~ ^{showed} her how to do it, and together we did three leaves. Some days later I said to Lois: "Mother is going out this afternoon, it's a good chance for us to do some more of the embroidery." Her eyes danced. "I've already done a little" - and she told me that one day she had gone into my room, locked both doors, took the sewing from the drawer, and all alone did several more leaves. They were well done, too. She has a mania for reading. When a street-car passes she spells out: "Ca-Ca-o Su-chard." And when we pass a door labeled Gendarmerie, she says: "Look, there's a gendarmerie!" But one could write pages in her praise -

with love to all
Jean
Geneva, January 9, 1913.