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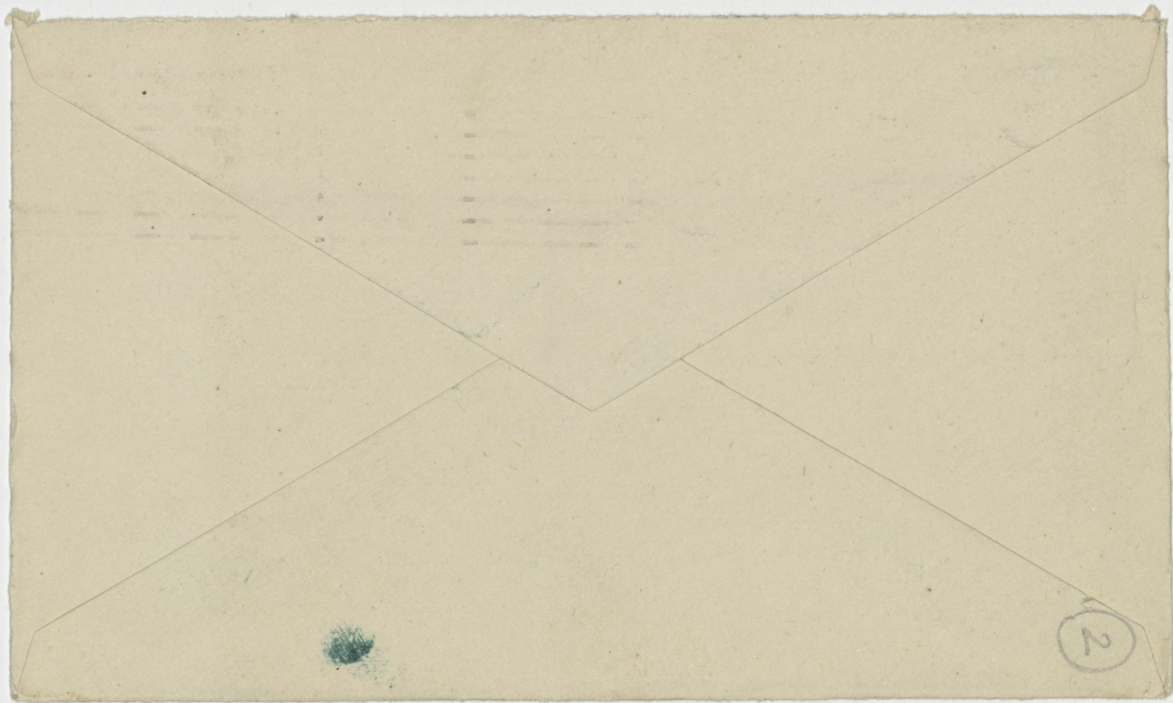
CHICAGO, ILL.
JUL 15
7-PM.
1913

2
CANAL STAT
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U.S. POSTAGE



Mrs. John D. Davis
Silver Bay
on Lake George
N. Y.



2

Chicago, (3)
July 15 1913.

Dear Mother—

That last was a nasty letter which I wrote you— I guess it was the bacon. Do you know that I have had it every morning since I left Princeton, June 13?

And the change from the refinement of the Herds to here was a shock.

Mr. Hobson is not so bad. He is prejudiced, and he states his opinion in a soothing way which bars discussion, but otherwise he is quite bearable — I am growing very fond of Mrs. Hobson. She has no ideas of housekeeping or getting clothes on properly, but it's not her fault. She always had plenty of dachies to do things for her, and never learned. Jessie is really a nice girl — and she plays the piano very well. It makes me feel dreadfully to be called the

"Oracle of Delphi" but I make the
root of ~~the~~ delusion, and give my opinion
strongly when it is asked - and
shut my mouth between times. (4)

My ticket is bought for Friday.
Caroline Allport is out of the city,
so I cannot visit her. And I
must hurry home to Mantuan.

I wish you felt like having a
picnic down the lake on Saturday,
and picking me up. But it is
too late now to arrange. I shall
not write again, as the only
place to write is at Dr. Hobson's
desk, and I feel as if he wanted
to be here.

Love to all

Jean.